

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER

PROUDHON

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Whole No. 79.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

I call attention to Gertrude B. Kelly's well-directed criticism of E. C. Walker in another column. I have followed Mr. Walker and his writings for several years with the greatest care, interest, and admiration, and this remark on Malthusianism which Miss Kelly quotes from him is the first really foolish thing I ever knew him to say.

Liberty's valued contributor, Gertrude B. Kelly, made her *début* as an Anarchistic lecturer in New Era Hall, Boston, on Sunday, March 28, delivering a remarkable discourse on "Anarchism and Expediency." Some idea of the position she took is incidentally given in another column in the controversy to which it has given rise between Mr. Appleton and myself. After the lecture she stood a running fire of questions, meeting them all with a calmness and coolness that were unsurpassable and a readiness and keenness that were marvellous. On the next Sunday she lectured in New Haven, and scored, I am informed, an even greater success than in Boston. Of this Liberty may give some further report later.

In concluding a feeble effort at reply to a Galveston "News" criticism of the "Truth Seeker" in its recent struggle with Anarchism, the editor of the "Truth Seeker" remarks: "There is a scholarly courtesy in the criticisms of the Galveston 'News' becoming to a great journal, which we miss in the editorials of the smaller Liberty. Whether or no it would not give force and dignity to their utterances to copy the style of Mr. J. L. Walker of Galveston is a question we leave to the judgment of Messrs. Tucker and Appleton." If there is one thing more than another that Anarchists believe in, it is the principle of contract. Now I have a contract to propose to the editor of the "Truth Seeker." If, in all future discussions between the "Truth Seeker" and Liberty, he will show one half the brains and one tenth the honesty of J. L. Walker, I will show twice his courtesy. Is it a bargain?

The latest piece of governmental infernalism is the proposition to raise the "age of consent" to eighteen years. It sounds quite harmless, and belongs to that class of measures which especially allure stiff-necked moralists, pious prudes, "respectable" radicals, and all the other divisions of the "unco guid." But what does it mean? It means that, if a girl of seventeen, of mature and sane mind, whom even the law recognizes as a fit person to be married and the mother of a family, shall love a man and win his love in return, and if this mutual love, by the voluntary and deliberate act of both parties, shall find sexual expression outside of the "forms of law" made and provided by our stupid legislatures, the man may be found guilty of committing rape and sent to prison for twenty years. Such is the real nature of this proposition, whatever attempts may be made to conceal it beneath the garments of sentimentalism and moralism. It is an outrage on manhood, and on womanhood not only an outrage, but an insult. And yet it is put forward in the interest of young girls' honor. Honor, forsooth! As if it were possible to more basely dishonor a woman already several years past the age at which nature provided her with the power of motherhood than by telling her that she hasn't brains enough to decide whether and in what way she will become a mother!

"Der Arme Teufel" Speaks.

The following article by Robert Reitzel, a man of unimpeachable character and editor of "Der Arme Teufel," a German weekly published at Detroit, and one of the best in the country,—will serve, I think, together with the manly and beautiful letter from Justus H. Schwab which it embodies, to convince such as needed confirmation of my own words that the charges recently preferred in these columns against the Most party, or members thereof, were no wanton lies, but fearful veracities. It is translated from "Der Arme Teufel" of April 10.

Serious charges have of late been raised against the Most faction of the Social-Revolutionary party.

At first only the rumor was afloat that particular members of the party, for their personal enrichment, had instituted a deliberate system of crime in New York; then came the story of the schism between Justus Schwab and Most; and finally appeared in Liberty,—an Anarchistic journal published by B. Tucker in Boston,—a set charge against Most and his *confrères*. Tucker asserts that since 1884 different houses have been set on fire by members of the group, after having first been insured, and that in several cases grown people and children have been burned. On account of these crimes, as well as on account of the robbery and murder of an old woman in Jersey City, several of these bandits are said to be in custody. In a word, murder, robbery, and perjury are said to be the weapons of these Anarchists, who had openly declared that at all events they were bound to die on the gallows.

Naturally these charges are published by the capitalistic press with great gusto and satisfaction. But since the matter as yet only rests on assertions, and Most has assured us in the last "Freiheit" that he will clear up the whole matter in the next number, I feel constrained to withhold judgment on the case till the other side has been heard.

That, on the part of the Most clique, crime, as such, has been glorified is unfortunately true, and I can well understand the feelings of my friend Justus Schwab, whom I hold to be a square and honest man, when he feels himself constrained, after all he has sacrificed for "Freiheit," to openly secede from Most and his fraternity. I hereby subjoin Schwab's letter, which, though it does not go into the facts, nevertheless leaves no doubt as to the writer's sentiments.

My dear Robert:

Before these lines reach you, you have probably been enlightened through Liberty as to how I stand with Most. As for myself, I have so far "amended the Jesuitical maxim: 'The end justifies the means,' as to say that the means must not desecrate the end.

I regard myself as a member of the International Working-People's Association,—first, because I stand upon its ground principles, and, secondly, because, as far as my conception of integrity sanctions, I fulfil my duties to the same.

I am no party man, in the narrow sense of that term. May I also be preserved in the exercise of an independent judgment over all deeds that come to my view! I hate orthodoxy in every form. Behind the scenes there are people from whom I am minded to turn away, on account of their peculiarities. However deeply I may be involved in the whirl and confusion of citizen life, I have not yet lost my conceptions of love, nobility, and decency. So be it well, if former "friends" choose to attack me: I can bear it, in the consciousness of never having proved recreant to the highest good and welfare of society.

Vive l'Humanité.

With hearty greeting, thy

JUSTUS H. SCHWAB.

P. S.—I rejoice in the prospect of being able to salute you in person this summer. I have a few lordly drops of wine imported by myself, and some Frankfort cider.

POSTSCRIPT OF "DER ARME TEUFEL."—That these deeds have been committed admits of no doubt; the record of them has escaped the knowledge of the police. The matter of concern now is, whether these rascally deeds are chargeable to the party; for, if so, the concern must be, in the eyes of every honest man, an organization of gallows-birds, who the sooner they reach their destination the better. But if, on the other hand, the party has nothing to do with them, and they are only the brutal deeds of some men who use the name of the party to disgrace it, then is it the duty of the leaders—Most above all men—to emphatically repudiate

them. Most will probably by this time have realized what it signifies to appeal to the lower passions of men. In his pamphlet, "The Property Beast," he says: "Seize upon private property,—kill the innocent, if necessary,—but seize upon it at all hazards!" Of the spirits whom he summoned, many a one is already past reclaiming.

The Firebugs' Defence.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I suppose you have seen Most's answer. It seems to me very much like the defence in the famous kettle case: 1, Such actions were never committed; 2, They were committed, but not by our people; 3, It may have been our people, but not with my approval. But, seriously speaking, can anything be more absurd than Most's claim that these acts were private affairs, and did not concern him? Assassination and robbery private affairs! And when Anarchy comes? Of course any act committed in the name of a party or a cause is not private, but is a fit subject for discussion. So of two things one,—either these men acted in the name of the party, and then it is our right and our duty to consider what they have done, and, if we find them to have acted wrongfully or injuriously to our cause, to disavow and condemn them; or they acted to advance their own private interests, and then they are but common criminals,—worse than common criminals, as they profess to be soldiers of Liberty, and we who seek to establish the reign of Justice can have no solidarity with them.

Yours truly,

JOHN F. KELLY.

HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY, APRIL 9, 1886.

Malthusianism.

It is with the greatest surprise that I see in "Lucifer," of March 26, E. C. Walker, whom we have long been in the habit of regarding as a first-rate Anarchist, one who had probed to the bottom the cause of the present unjust distribution of wealth, propose Malthusianism as a measure in any way calculated to relieve the distress of the laboring masses. Can Mr. Walker really be so ignorant of the "iron law of wages" that he does not see that the reduction in the number of the members of a family, the very moment it becomes good, can have no other result than a reduction of wages? Small families under present conditions are of advantage to men only as long as they are confined to a few.

Mr. Walker says that, "when the laboring masses shall for two generations have had the practical sense to limit their offspring to two to each family, the great robberies of which our reformers complain will no longer be possible." I think that the verdict of history is against Mr. Walker. France has had small families for now nearly three generations, and the working-people are there no better off, no nearer to a solution of the social problem, than they are in any country in which large families prevail. The strikes at Lyons, Montceau-les-Mines, Decazeville, the statistics of wages and of the mode of living of French working-men and women, published not long since by M. d'Haussonville and Mme. de Baran in "Revue des Deux Mondes," the fact that 346,000 houses in the agricultural districts of France have no other opening than the door, while 1,817,535 have only a single window, do not speak very much in favor of small families as a remedy for the social disease. The only effect decrease in the size of families could have under present conditions would be to increase the proportion of the products of the laborer absorbed by the capitalist. It is only when a man is guaranteed the full product of his labor that thrifit, a small family, etc., are matters of concern to him. Why, even John Stuart Mill admitted that the large families of the Irish were the result, not the cause, of their poverty; for there was no incentive to have fewer children, as misery was their lot in any case.

It must not be argued from this that we are opposed to small families, but what we do maintain is that small families are of no advantage to the people until after the industrial revolution is accomplished; and, when that is accomplished, the small families will come as a natural consequence. Emancipated woman will no longer consent to be a mere reproductive machine.

Original from GERTRUDE B. KELLY.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 78.

Today, the patient was sitting up, convalescent, but trembling, feeble, feeble, his wounds barely closed; hence, as the young girl had just begged it of them, they felt the necessity of restraining themselves.

So quiet was established, and every one pretended to be quite indifferent to the bill-posting by the soldiers, who had first thought of the church for that purpose. Under the porch seemed to be the proper place for the placard, but the cemetery preceded it, and so the bill-posters preferred a less retired spot, especially as they knew that to the United Irishmen the priest virtually closed the house of God.

Nevertheless, in spite of themselves, in spite of their appearance of absolute indifference, the poor Buncloyans betrayed the secret which they imagined shut up in the profoundest arcana of their discretion, as in a tomb heavily sealed.

At intervals, regularly, their looks converged on Arklow's hut, and, quickly as they were withdrawn, Tom Lichfield surprised them, and instantly suspected that here was the retreat of the agitator.

From Gowan, who had become furious as soon as he had sobered off, and who had run to the gibbet to take away his prisoner, the spy had learned the story of his discomfiture, and he did not doubt that the "bird"—to use the word of his choice—had not flown far, but had lodged somewhere in the vicinity; using his business as a pretext, he tried to thrust himself into the houses.

They had not resisted him everywhere; but Arklow's door, relentlessly closed, had awakened his mistrust; now, he did not doubt that his man was there.

What confirmed him still more in his opinion was the fright of everyone when the soldiers, charged with the posting of the everlasting placard, stopped before the threshold of the old sailor.

Suddenly, a deadly silence reigned, in which nothing was heard except the measured and rhythmical tread of the squads marching hither and thither in the vicinity.

And no one breathed till after the departure of the bill-posters. Tom Lichfield, applying his fore-finger to the rubicund side of his hollow nose, reflected on the way he would adopt to get his twenty-five thousand pounds.

But his preoccupation, his absorption, put a flea in the ears of the Buncloyans, especially Paddy's.

Though Lichfield glanced more discreetly than the others at Arklow's door, his pupils sparkled with such an intense fire that they excited attention. Then he talked to himself, debated with himself, approved himself, criticised himself, now rubbing his hands contentedly, now snapping his fingers in spite.

"Business is not good, then?" asked Paddy Neill, suddenly; "or are you considering the plan of an operation which presents difficulties?"

Tom Lichfield looked at him. Was he expressing himself frankly, or was he setting him at defiance? With his devil of a face, it was impossible to be sure. And the other comrades who had drawn near with the mutilated man, and surrounded the merchant, were not frowning.

Nevertheless, he was not long in comprehending that the bantering Irishman looked upon him suspiciously.

As Lichfield, in the centre of this bulwark of men, which cut off his view of the precious hut, threw stealthy and anxious glances in that direction, Paddy interrogated him squarely.

"You have, then, no spectacles?"

"Pardon me! all sorts and excellent ones," responded he, mechanically, but instinctively disturbed about the motive of this odd question.

"In that case, why don't you put some on?" said Paddy. "You seem to be looking for something that escapes you."

This straight thrust excited in Lichfield a fit of coughing, but he would not be put out of countenance by such a small matter, and answered:

"Certainly, I am looking for customers. I have hardly made a sale for a week."

"And you will not make more, though you should stay here for years. I know but one article which they would willingly buy of you, and you will hold on to that for sure!"

"Tobacco, pipes, good Birmingham knives?"

"No, no," denied Paddy, at each object enumerated.

"Religious books?" continued the merchant.

"Pounds sterling at a shilling each."

"Oh! you joker!" exclaimed Tom, giving the flayed man a dig in the stomach. And, laughing with everybody, and putting on a jovial expression, he repeated his words.

"You joker! you joker!" said he; but he could think of nothing more to say, and his mouth was entirely dry.

Pierced deeply to the heart, knowing that he was seen through, the desire seized him to hasten the dénouement, to cry out to the little sergeant: "Bagenal Harvey is there in that wretched hut!" But what would happen?

Instantly, the Irishmen would rush upon him, and at once strangle him like a dog; they would send him to kingdom come at the first word, at the first syllable. Dead, rotting under the grass in the cemetery,—that would be a fine way of earning the reward! They would pay it to Madame Lichfield, and, consoled, she, with little delay, would marry William Grobb, the clerk, for whom, yellow and dried-up, she had a fancy. He swallowed again his wish. Moreover, John Autrurn gave the order: "Support arms, forward march!" and the Britons, executing an about-face, left the place, going back toward the camp.

Quite alone now in the bosom of the alert enemy, his problem was no longer how to precipitate events, but to get away without injury; a cold sweat moistened his skin, lifting his heart-breaker from his temple, and weakening his legs; he compared them to the cotton stockings which he sold over his counter, which three washes reduced to rags; his whole body seemed to him to be melting away, and he had the horrible sensation of becoming a soul floating without muscles, without bones, without flesh, in the wrappings of his clothing, which the first comer, at his pleasure, might do up in his handkerchief.

Ashamed of this unworthy weakness, and anxious that the trader should rise superior to the man, he lashed himself unsparingly. His cowardice he called by the worst name he could conceive; he made it equivalent to bankruptcy. They would judge him at Glasgow not as a victim of circumstances, of fatality, of forces superior to human energy; they would treat his memory with disdain; they would cite him as an incompetent merchant, incapable of guiding his bark, foundered miserably on the rocks, the danger of which they would purposely and dishonestly underrated.

And this when he had dreamed of having, on his return from his expedition, the unanimous esteem of his fellow-townsmen, and, rich and fawned upon, of finding the reward of his good fortune, of his intelligence, of his courage, of his talents,

in honors, flattering distinctions, high places among his associates, and, perhaps—why not?—the supreme magistracy of his city, the patent of nobility conferred by the sovereign in reward for his distinguished and important services.

Baronet, baron of Buncloy! What prestige, what pleasures, what prerogatives would result from this elevation! And all this flattering prospect to vanish in death, under the blows of mad-men! He nerve himself up, conquered his weakness, regained his tricky peddler's gift of gab, and proposed a glass of whiskey, of extra quality, such as King George did not drink at his gala dinners, and which he, Tom Lichfield, reserved for his personal use.

And, feigning secrecy, assuring himself, by careful survey, that the suspicious ears and eyes of the soldiers had disappeared, exhibiting his Philadelphian papers, his credentials from societies in sympathy with the miseries of the natives of the sister-island, he represented himself as hostile, even more so than themselves, to the tyrants. Ah! the vows that he framed for deliverance, for the extermination of the oppressors! Into the sea with all those who should not be destroyed! there must not a single one set foot again in England. Food for the fishes, all those who should escape massacre; any trap, any treachery, with regard to these monsters, would be justifiable in the sight of heaven.

But his insinuating eloquence, his perfidious violence, were all spent in vain; they sounded so false, and, besides, Arklow himself had enlightened Paddy in regard to the merchant.

To be continued.

THE WIFE OF NUMBER 4,237.

By SOPHIE KROPOTKINE.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 78.

A cousin of Jean—he had no other relatives—persuaded Julie to leave the village for the city, where she could find occupation. She learned the trade of winder, and was soon working by the side of her cousin.

The separation of the young people had been painful.

"You will not forget me during my absence?" said the young man. "You will wait for me? It is happily only a year; it will not be long. Be patient a little while. As soon as I return, we will be married; I will take care of you, my beauty; you will rest from all that you have suffered."

"Can you doubt it?" answered Julie. "Never, no, never, can anyone take your place in my heart."

"Take care, Julie. If you should love another, you know that I would be capable of anything: of killing you, you, and of putting an end to my own life."

"Why do you say that, Jean, dear? You do not know me. Go, since it must be, and return as quickly as possible. Your Julie will wait for you. But you, take care that, with your hot head, no misfortune comes to you: I could not survive you!" . . .

The young people passed the whole day together in this way, driving away the anxieties of the separation by dreams of happiness after the return.

The year was painful. A day of twelve hours in a little stifling work shop, under the superintendence of a bigoted old woman; the poverty that is inevitable on wages of forty sous a day; the revolting advances of the employer's son,—one must bear everything to avoid being put out on the street. But she had the sweet words of her mother and Jean's letters, which the atmosphere of the barracks had not been able to soil with its fetid breath.

At last, the year had passed. Jean had returned, and a life of peaceful happiness began for the three. Julie worked no more in the shop; Jean, who made a good living, demanded that she should rest a little and care for her mother. This lasted some months, a year of happiness.

All the little details of these months that had passed so happily, sprang up again in Julie's memory. They were so happy, and everything had been so brutally shattered.

She shuddered at the recollection of the evening when they came to tell her that her husband had been carried away to the police station: that, quarrelling with an overseer, he had almost killed him with a knife.

"Jean, Jean, why did you do this?" murmured Julie. "How happy we might have been without this!"

And immediately the image of her cousin rose before her, a child on her hands,—the child of this overseer, a rascal who had abandoned her after having seduced her,—and Julie hastened to say:

"No, no, forgive me for having dared to make you, even in my thought, this reproach. Alone in the world, without relatives, were you not bound to take her part?"

And she sees the court-room: an indifferent public, come to seek impressions and something to gossip about; her cousin, pale and trembling in a corner of the witness bench; her husband between two policemen. Before him, the judges, somnolent, fair-spoken, tranquil; an attorney-general, choleric, furious at having obtained only six years' confinement for a child-murderer of eighteen years, who had just been tried before the same court.

Her husband's voice, tranquil, assured, a little tired, still resounded in her ears. What could he say more? That he was his cousin's sole defender, that he had done what he ought to do? An advocate would have talked an hour; he confined himself to relating what this overseer was, what his cousin had suffered.

But the attorney-general made a long speech. He spoke of the immorality of the working-classes, he insisted on the need of reacting, of treating the turbulent rigorously; he dwelt especially on the resistance Jean had made at the moment of his arrest, and he begged the judges to give him five years' imprisonment.

Jean was condemned to three years in prison.

The old mother could not endure this sorrow: they carried her to the cemetery a fortnight after the sentence. The handsome fellow was shaved, dressed in ignoble garb, and sent to the central prison.

The moon was already descending towards the horizon. One moment more, and it would disappear behind the forests which covered the summit of the hills. The silent night enveloped the prison and the hamlet. A thick mist, heavy and cold, was condensing in the valley and covering it with a veil, effacing the sharp lines of the heavy buildings.

Julie did not feel it penetrate her clothes, her flesh, her bones: the fatigue of the journey, the emotions of the day, had had their effect. With her head bent forward on her arm, she slept, still leaning against the window open to the cold night breezes.

III.

At five o'clock Julie was up; at seven o'clock she was already ringing at the grated door of the prison.

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

"Has the director returned?" was her first question, as soon as the porter appeared behind the grating with his bunch of keys.

Yes, he had returned. But he would not be there before eight o'clock,—and the porter started to go back to his lodge.

Julie begged him to let her enter, to wait at the clerk's office. Dreading to lose a single minute, she wished to see the director as soon as he arrived. And she resumed her place on the bench, mute witness of so much suffering. All expectation, she was ready to spring up each time that she heard a door open.

Nine o'clock, ten o'clock. No director. They said that he had gone directly to the pretorium. Guards came and went, exchanged words in a slang peculiar to their calling, of which Julie could comprehend nothing. She still waited, each moment seeming an eternity.

She caught at last some words in the conversation of two guards; one of them came from the hospital, and she accosted him at once.

"Tell me, sir, what must I do to speak with the director? I have come to see my husband, but I have not yet obtained a permit."

"And who is your husband?"

"Jean Tissot: he was in the hospital yesterday."

"In which shop did he work?"

"In the correction quarter, in the shop where they make mother-of-pearl articles."

"Jean Tissot? correction quarter? number 4,237?"

"Yes, yes, that is the one."

"But why do you wish to be allowed to see him? He is to be buried in an hour. Do you not know that he died yesterday?"

To be continued.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

ON

His False, Absurd, Self-Contradictory, and Ridiculous Inaugural Address.

By LYSANDER SPOONER.

[The author reserves his copyright in this letter.]

SECTION XXIV.

John Marshall has the reputation of having been the greatest jurist the country has ever had. And he unquestionably would have been a great jurist, if the two fundamental propositions, on which all his legal, political, and constitutional ideas were based, had been true.

These propositions were, first, that government has all power; and, secondly, that the people have no rights.

These two propositions were, with him, cardinal principles, from which, I think, he never departed.

For these reasons he was the oracle of all the rapacious classes, in whose interest the government was administered. And from them he got all his fame.

I think his record does not furnish a single instance, in which he ever vindicated men's natural rights, in opposition to the arbitrary legislation of congress.

He was chief justice thirty-four years: from 1801 to 1835. In all that time, so far as I have known, he never declared a single act of congress unconstitutional; and probably never would have done so, if he had lived to this time.

And, so far as I know, he never declared a single State law unconstitutional, on account of its injustice, or its violation of men's natural rights; but only on account of its conflict with the constitution, laws, or treaties of the United States.

He was considered very profound on questions of "sovereignty." In fact, he never said much in regard to anything else. He held that, in this country, "sovereignty" was divided: that the national government was "sovereign" over certain things; and that the State governments were "sovereign" over all other things. He had apparently never heard of any natural, individual, human rights, that had never been delegated to either the general or State governments.

As a practical matter, he seemed to hold that the general government had "sovereignty" enough to destroy as many of the natural rights of the people as it should please to destroy; and that the State governments had "sovereignty" enough to destroy what should be left, if there should be any such. He evidently considered that, to the national government, had been delegated the part of the lion, with the right to devour as much of his prey as his appetite should crave; and that the State governments were jackals, with power to devour what the lion should leave.

In his efforts to establish the absolutism of our governments, he made himself an adept in the use of all those false definitions, and false assumptions, to which courts are driven, who hold that constitutions and statute books are supreme over all natural principles of justice, and over all the natural rights of mankind.

Here is his definition of law. He professes to have borrowed it from some one,—he does not say whom,—but he accepts it as his own.

Law has been defined by a writer, whose definitions especially have been the theme of almost universal panegyric, "*To be a rule of civil conduct prescribed by the supreme power in a State.*" In our system, the legislature of a State is the supreme power, in all cases where its action is not restrained by the constitution of the United States.—*Ogden vs. Saunders*, 12 Wheaton 347.

This definition is an utterly false one. It denies all the natural rights of the people; and is resorted to only by usurpers and tyrants, to justify their crimes.

The true definition of law is, that it is a fixed, immutable, natural principle; and not anything that man ever made, or can make, unmake, or alter. Thus we speak of the laws of matter, and the laws of mind; of the law of gravitation, the laws of light, heat, and electricity, the laws of chemistry, geology, botany; of physiological laws, of astronomical and atmospherical laws, etc., etc.

All these are natural laws, that man never made, nor can ever unmake, or alter.

The law of justice is just as supreme and universal in the moral world, as these others are in the mental or physical world; and is as unalterable as are these by any human power. And it is just as false and absurd to talk of anybody's having the power to abolish the law of justice, and set up their own will in its stead, as it would be to talk of their having the power to abolish the law of gravitation, or any of the other natural laws of the universe, and set up their own will in the place of them.

Yet Marshall holds that this natural law of justice is no law at all, in comparison with some "rule of civil conduct prescribed by [what he calls] the supreme power in a State."

And he gives this miserable definition, which he picked up somewhere—out of the legal filth in which he wallowed—as his sufficient authority for striking down all the natural obligation of men's contracts, and all men's natural rights to make their own contracts; and for upholding the State governments in prohibiting all

such contracts as they, in their avarice and tyranny, may choose to prohibit. He does it too, directly in the face of that very constitution, which he professes to uphold, and which declares that "No State shall pass any law impairing the [natural] obligation of contracts."

By the same rule, or on the same definition of law, he would strike down any and all the other natural rights of mankind.

That such a definition of law should suit the purposes of men like Marshall, who believe that governments should have all power, and men no rights, accounts for the fact that, in this country, men have had no "rights"—but only such permits as lawmakers have seen fit to allow them—since the State and United States governments were established,—or at least for the last eighty years.

Marshall also said:

The right [of government] to regulate contracts, to prescribe the rules by which they may be evidenced, to prohibit such as may be deemed mischievous, is unquestionable, and has been universally exercised.—*Ogden vs. Saunders*, 12 Wheaton 347.

He here asserts that "the supreme power in State"—that is, the legislature of a State—has "the right" to "deem it mischievous" to allow men to exercise their natural right to make their own contracts! Contracts that have a natural obligation! And that, if a State legislature thinks it "mischievous" to allow men to make contracts that are naturally obligatory, "its right to prohibit them is unquestionable."

Is not this equivalent to saying that governments have all power, and the people no rights?

On the same principle, and under the same definition of law, the lawmakers of a State may, of course, hold it "mischievous" to allow men to exercise any of their other natural rights, as well as their right to make their own contracts; and may therefore prohibit the exercise of any, or all, of them.

And this is equivalent to saying that governments have all power, and the people no rights.

If a government can forbid the free exercise of a single one of men's natural rights, it may, for the same reason, forbid the exercise of any and all of them; and thus establish, practically and absolutely, Marshall's principle, that the government has all power, and the people no rights.

In the same case, of Ogden vs. Saunders, Marshall's principle was agreed to by all the other justices, and all the lawyers!

Thus Thompson, one of the justices, said:

Would it not be within the legitimate powers of a State legislature to declare prospectively that no one should be made responsible, upon contracts entered into before arriving at the age of twenty-five years? This, I presume, cannot be doubted.—p. 300.

On the same principle, he might say that a State legislature may declare that no person, under fifty, or seventy, or a hundred, years of age, shall exercise his natural right of making any contract that is naturally obligatory.

In the same case, Trimble, another of the justices, said:

If the positive law [that is, the statute law] of the State declares the contract shall have no obligation, it can have no obligation, whatever may be the principles of natural law in regard to such a contract. This doctrine has been held and maintained by all States and nations. The power of controlling, modifying, and even taking away, all obligation from such contracts as, independently of positive enactments to the contrary, would have been obligatory, has been exercised by all independent sovereigns.—p. 320.

Yes; and why has this power been exercised by "all States and nations," and "all independent sovereigns"? Solely because these governments have all—or at least so many of them as Trimble had in his mind—been despotic and tyrannical; and have claimed for themselves all power, and denied to the people all rights.

Thus it seems that Trimble, like all the rest of them, got his constitutional law, not from any natural principles of justice, not from men's natural rights, not from the constitution of the United States, nor even from any constitution affirming men's natural rights, but from "the doctrine [that] has been held and maintained by all [those] States and nations," and "all [those] independent sovereigns," who have usurped all power, and denied all the natural rights of mankind.

Marshall gives another of his false definitions, when, speaking for the whole court, in regard to the power of congress "to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States," he asserts the right of congress to an arbitrary, absolute dominion over all men's natural rights to carry on such commerce. Thus he says:

What is this power? It is the power to regulate: that is, to prescribe the rule by which commerce is to be governed. This power, like all others vested in congress, is complete in itself, may be exercised to its utmost extent, and acknowledges no limitations, other than are prescribed by the constitution. These are expressed in plain terms, and do not affect the questions which arise in this case, or which have been discussed at the bar. If, as has always been understood, the sovereignty of congress, though limited to specific objects, is plenary as to those objects, the power over commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States, is vested in congress as absolutely as it would be in a single government, having in its constitution the same restrictions on the exercise of the power as are found in the constitution of the United States. The wisdom and the discretion of congress, their identity with the people, and the influence which their constituents possess at elections, are, in this, as in many other instances, as that, for example, of declaring war, the sole restraints on which they [the people] have relied, to secure them from its abuse. They are the restraints which the people must often rely SOLELY, in all representative governments.—*Gibbons vs. Ogden*, 9 Wheaton 196.

This is a general declaration of absolutism over all "commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States," with certain exceptions mentioned in the constitution; such as that "all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States," and "no tax or duty shall be laid on articles exported from any State," and "no preference shall be given, by any regulation of commerce or revenue, to the ports of one State over those of another; nor shall vessels bound to, or from, one State, be obliged to enter, clear, or pay duties in another."

According to this opinion of the court, congress has—subject to the exceptions referred to—absolute, irresponsible dominion over "all commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States"; and all men's natural rights to trade with each other, among the several States, and all over the world, are prostrate under the feet of a contemptible, detestable, and irresponsible cabal of lawmakers; and the people have no protection or redress for any tyranny or robbery that may be practised upon them, except "the wisdom and the discretion of congress, their identity with the people, and the influence which their constituents possess at elections!"

It will be noticed that the court say that "all the other powers, vested in congress, are complete in themselves, and may be exercised to their utmost extent, and acknowledge no limitations, other than those prescribed by the constitution."

They say that among "all the other [practically unlimited] powers, vested in congress," is the power "of declaring war"; and, of course, of carrying on war; that congress has power to carry on war, for any reason, to any extent, and against any people, it pleases.

Thus they say, virtually, that the natural rights of mankind impose no constitutional restraints whatever upon congress, in the exercise of their lawmaking powers.

Is not this asserting that governments have all power, and the people no rights?

But what is to be particularly noticed, is the fact that Marshall gives to congress all this practically unlimited power over all "commerce with foreign nations, and

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Liberty.

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"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions." — PROUDHON.

Time Will Tell.

To the fearful charges of crime made in the last issue of Liberty against the "Communistic Anarchists" of New York and vicinity John Most makes answer in "Freiheit." After exhausting his choice vocabulary of epithets upon myself and parties whom he supposes to be behind me, he says that the press have ignored the charges as foolish; that I could not know that such deeds had been done, because I live in Boston; that the two Bohemians referred to by me did not belong to the Bohemian group; that Schwab left the "Freiheit," not to separate himself from crime, but out of cowardice and fear of the police; that he (Most) was never informed that such crimes had been perpetrated; that, if he had been, he would have done nothing about it, because he never meddles with private matters that do not concern the party; and that he has not had criminals for lieutenants. I do not see why he did not add one more to this catalogue of lies by saying either that the crimes alleged by me were never committed, or that they were not committed by members of the organizations which I mentioned. Perhaps he was deterred from this by the memory that he has admitted in the presence of a dozen persons the perpetration of the crimes, and attempted to apologize for or excuse the guilty parties.

I do not propose to bandy words with John Most. It has never been my intention to try these charges, or prove them, in these columns. Sooner or later that will be done elsewhere. But I have nothing to retract. On the contrary, I reiterate all my charges, as emphatically as before, and declare that I kept far inside of the horrible truth. Those who know me know that I would not make such charges lightly. I came into possession of certain facts, and I used such of them as I chose in what seemed the wisest way. I have done what I could to save the lives and possessions of unoffending people and to save Anarchy from being smirched by association, even in name, with crime and criminals. The poor fools who choose to attribute my course to jealousy, envy, revenge, or any other petty motive whatsoever, may wag their tongues as they will; I wait for Time to do justice to the firebugs, to their friend, John Most, and to their enemy, myself. And I shall not wait in vain.

BENJ. R. TUCKER.

Anarchism and Expediency.

The late lecture of Dr. Gertrude B. Kelly in New Era Hall in this city was a phenomenal treat, such as has rarely gladdened those who were fortunate enough to hear her. Whether the subtlety of the young lady's intellect or her personal loveliness be the more captivating it would be difficult to say. That her effort was a magnificent one need not be repeated to any of her fascinated auditors.

But since no human judgment is final, and "truth's a gem that fears no light," I wish to register a few points touching her subject, "Anarchism and Expediency." I confess to being far looser in my notions on this topic than people organized so severely on the plumb-line principle as Miss Kelly and Brother Tucker; and, lest I should gradually drift into a laxity that might imperil my mental integrity and moral soundness, wish to set myself aright, or else be set aright.

Miss Kelly argued that the eight-hour movement

was no final settlement of the labor question,—in fact, no settlement at all. She was right.

She further argued that the Knights of Labor were organized on essentially the same evil basis of force of which they complained in capital, and that their main drift was squarely against liberty. She was right.

Again she showed that co-operation organized upon a concession and utilization of the present prerogatives of capital is only an enlargement and popularization of the very curse that enslaves labor. She was right.

So the fair speaker went through a lengthy programme of social remedies now being put forth to heal social wrongs and make us industrially whole, and with masterly power avowed that they were all quack remedies. She was right.

Well, then, what? What's to be done? What is my business as an Anarchist? Miss Kelly and Brother Tucker say it is my business as an honest man to keep away from these movements and to discourage and denounce them with the keenest and most merciless weapons of argument and satire. I say it is my business as an anti-bigot and broad, rounded philanthropist to affiliate with them all they will let me—to speak upon their platforms—write for them—work for them—love them. If this be expediency, then make the most of it! I had rather err on a broad-gauge love of all who struggle for liberty than be a logical Pharisee.

Miss Kelly pays me the high compliment of having done more to open the eyes of her countrymen through my "Honorus" letters in the "Irish World" than any other man in this country. Yet all the time that I was writing those letters I was an Anarchist, and knew that there was no final settlement for Ireland's woes but to pitch popes, priests, and statesmen down the back stairs. Had I said so, Patrick Ford would have pitched me down the back stairs upon the first attempt at displaying the true remedy. But instead of this I "compromised," by quietly fishing out whatever I could find of Anarchistic method in the Irish movement, calling it by some other name than Anarchism, and by a dexterous handling of my readers gradually working the choice material among them up to a point where all they needed was simply the finishing label, —Anarchist. I point with pride to several staunch Irish supporters of Liberty whom I thus served up on the expediency plan. The loveliest, the brightest, and the most promising of them all is Gertrude B. Kelly. But for my expediency tactics she would not have been at New Era Hall on Sunday, March 28, to prove that the method that saved her for liberty is false, pernicious, and dishonest.

On that occasion Mr. McKenzie, with far-seeing sagacity, pointed out that there is a very strong nucleus of Anarchism in the methods of the Knights of Labor. There is indeed far more of the Anarchistic method in the Knights of Labor than was afforded "Honorus" as a basis for making an Anarchist of Miss Kelly. Shall "X" of Liberty retrieve "Honorus" of the "Irish World" by denouncing the Knights of Labor, or shall he get upon their platforms, win the hearts of poor children of toil and sorrow who are not gifted with so much brains as Miss Kelly and Brother Tucker through kindly words, emphasize the Anarchistic points where they will do the most good, and thus save more precious souls like theirs to Anarchism?

I never can forget the sublime response ascribed to Thomas Paine, whose rugged soul crowned the bombastic toast: "Where liberty is, there is my country!" by that grand aphorism: "Where liberty is not, there is my country!" So, in humble imitation of that great man, I say: Where Anarchism is not, there is my place. I hate this I-am-brainier-than-thou spirit. It would have told Christ to have stuck to the Pharisees. It would have told Socrates to have kept out of the slums. It tells me to keep out of the eight-hour meetings, off of the Knights of Labor platforms, and to turn my back upon Miss Kelly's poor ignorant countrymen because their methods are not up to the level of her and Brother Tucker's brains.

I decline to do so, in the sight of human misery, and of ignorance which should be met with love and charity, rather than the haughty relentlessness of big heads of ice, stuck up on dyspeptic poles. I had rather my heart would warm the brain into inconsistency than that the brain should freeze the heart and make me a bigot.

Possibly Brother Tucker has yet to learn that compromise is a true scientific principle under Anarchism, and that in its proper sense it is logically enjoined upon the faithful. I have never found a final settlement of any problem yet, save that of my own ignorance: therefore do I rise for prayers, and ask Sister Kelly and Brother Tucker to keep me from going astray. x.

Plumb-Line or Cork-Screw, Which?

I have no wish to discuss the personality of the writer of the foregoing article; in fact, I am decidedly averse to doing so. But if he publicly disputes a position taken by me upon a question of ethics and policy, and so interweaves his personality therewith that I cannot escape its discussion except by that silence which he almost insists that I shall not persist in, there is no alternative for me. Compelling this discussion, then, he must take the responsibility of its results. If he finds that it involves the saying of things to him unpleasant, harsh, and severe, the blame will rest with him for forcing me, his friend, to speak of him in public with that frankness of characterization which neither he nor I have ever hesitated to employ when addressing each other in private.

He champions the policy of compromise which I assail, and offers in defence thereof nothing except his personal career as a compromiser and its results. Therefore I am obliged to examine that personal career and those results, to see what they are and what they might have been. And in view of this necessary personality, I shall disregard the pseudonyms, "X" and "Honorus," and deal, in my direct, plumb-line fashion, with Henry Appleton.

Mr. Appleton's chief claim appears to be that by his expediency tactics in the "Irish World" he succeeded in making a great many Irish Anarchists. Against this assertion I put the counter-assertion that by his articles in Liberty, which have always—until very lately, at any rate—been of the uncompromising order, though addressing a constituency only one-fiftieth as large as the "Irish World's," he has helped to make at least twenty times as many Anarchists as were ever made by his "Honorus" letters. My assertion is as susceptible of proof as his, and if it be true, it is fair to presume that, if all the work of his life had been of a similarly uncompromising character, it would have had similarly important results.

And after all how many staunch Irish Anarchists, with a deep-rooted comprehension of Anarchism, did the "Honorus" letters ever make? I doubt if Mr. Appleton could name over half a dozen. But whether half a dozen or a dozen or more, how many of the number were made Anarchists by the expediency tactics rather than in spite of them? Not one, in my judgment. Certainly not Gertrude Kelly, or any person of her type. She was never wheedled or cajoled into an acceptance of Anarchy by the insinuating methods which Mr. Appleton describes so proudly. She became an Anarchist principally because she had brains in her head and was bound to become one in very short order. She very likely found the seed-thought in some of the many flat-footed Anarchistic sentences contained in the "Honorus" letters; but, if she had not found it there, she would have found it elsewhere, and, "Honorus" or no "Honorus," she would by this time have been in New Era Hall or somewhere else spreading the light thus acquired. Certainly her conversion cannot be placed to the credit of expediency. Nor can those of the few other brainy people to whom the "Honorus" letters gave a start and who have landed on solid Anarchistic ground.

It is undoubtedly true that these letters, by their author's great capacity for illustration, by his fund of anecdote, by his habit of connecting his thought with daily life, and by his faculty of concretely presenting abstract ideas, did greatly charm and captivate a multitude of readers; and it is not unlikely that over many of them any other than expediency tactics would have made it impossible to exercise this charm. But these people were simply charmed; they never got any adequate idea of the meaning of liberty from the letters and were incapable of getting any. Their mental calibre may be estimated by the fact of which Miss Kelly assures me that some of the most intelligent of

them, who were loud in their praise of the "Honorius" letters, as loudly denounced Mr. Appleton's unsigned editorials appearing at the same time in *Liberty*, supposing them to be written by me. Upon such minds as these plumb-line reasoning has no effect, and the only effect that cork-screw insinuation has upon them is to insert itself in the yielding fibre called their brains only to find, when the attempt is made to exercise the supposed grip, that the fibre simply tears away, and that the convert is no convert at all.

Again, in apportioning the credit for whatever Irish Anarchists have been made, it must not be forgotten that, at the time when the "Honorius" letters were appearing in the "Irish World," another Anarchist was doing some pretty tall writing for that paper,—a certain "Phillip," now known to readers of *Liberty* as "H," a man who is no compromiser, who abides by the plumb-line, and who nevertheless possesses, to a degree which only the most favored mortals attain, that warmth and abundance of heart and depth and breadth of human love which Mr. Appleton seems to think consistent with nothing save expediency and the cork-screw. True, he doesn't have so much to say about his heart and love as Mr. Appleton. The latter's praiseworthy hatred of Pharisaism clearly does not extend to the I-am-heartier-than-thou form of it, and in consequence of this limitation loses much of its force.

I am quite willing to admit that Patrick Ford would have kicked Mr. Appleton down the back stairs much sooner than he did, if it had not been for the expediency tactics. But I add that in such case Mr. Appleton, if he is the zealous missionary that he professes to be, would have expended the same amount of effort in a less compromising form of propagandism, with more benefit to the cause, though possibly with less profit to himself.

Mr. Appleton seems to be under the delusion that Miss Kelly and I object to his going to a Knights of Labor meeting and there emphasizing Anarchistic doctrines. Not at all! I, for one, only wish he would. It is because he goes to such meetings and does not emphasize Anarchistic doctrines, but on the contrary emphasizes Knights of Labor doctrines as superior to Anarchistic doctrines, that I condemn him. I find fault, not that he uses the Knights of Labor, but that the Knights of Labor use him. My complaint is that, when Mr. Appleton goes to Rome, he does as the Romans do. Does he call for proof of this assertion? I have it under my hand. In the foregoing article, writing as an Anarchist, he says that the eight-hour movement is no settlement of the labor question at all. At Faneuil Hall on Tuesday evening, March 30, he said that "the eight-hour movement is the most rational, most justifiable, most defensible, of all the methods conceived for the amelioration of the condition of the working men and women." I take it that Anarchism is method conceived for the amelioration of the condition of the working men and women. And yet Mr. Appleton, an Anarchist, goes to Faneuil Hall and virtually admits its inferiority to eight hours. This may be an instance of the "true scientific principle of compromise" which I have not yet learned; I certainly do not recognize it by that title; when I have met it heretofore, it has borne the name "dishonesty." This is the sort of thing that I find sickening in Mr. Appleton, just as I used to find it sickening to read in his "Honorius" letters all kinds of pious phrases about God and the Almighty when I knew that his real views about God were just what he has so often expressed in these columns.

Were it not that an Anarchist can hold nothing sacred, I should pronounce rank blasphemy Mr. Appleton's citation of Thomas Paine in support of the policy of compromise; as it is, I pronounce it an outrage upon the memory of one of the most uncompromising men that ever lived. Thomas Paine said: "Where liberty is not, there is my country"; but, when he went where liberty is not, he did not go there to "affiliate with" slavery "all it would let him," or to "speak" for slavery upon slavery's platform, or to "write" for slavery, or to "work" for slavery, or to "love" slavery; he went there to smite slavery hip and thigh. When Mr. Appleton follows Thomas Paine's example, he and I will be at peace on this point.

Or, if he will rise to the level of Jesus and Socrates, I will be equally well satisfied, for both of them were "severely organized on the plumb-line principle." Mr. Appleton is indeed unfortunate in the types he selects. Socrates a compromiser! Jesus a compromiser! And, because he was a compromiser, he left the Pharisees! Why, I had fancied hitherto that it was Jesus's hatred of compromise, indirection, and hypocrisy that led him to separate himself from the Pharisees. If Mr. Appleton takes a similar view of the Anarchists, by all means let him do likewise. If he thinks that the Anarchists "shut up the kingdom of heaven against men, neither going in themselves nor suffering them that are entering to go in"; if he thinks they "devour widows' houses and for a pretence make long prayer"; if he thinks they "compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, make him twofold more the child of hell than themselves"; if he thinks that they "pay tithe of mint, and anise, and cummin, and omit the weightier matters of the law"; if he thinks that they are "blind guides who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel"; if he thinks that they "make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within are full of extortion and excess"; if he thinks that they are "like unto whitened sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness,"—if he thinks all these things of the Anarchists, as Jesus thought them of the Pharisees, then let him be a man, as Jesus was, and say so; let him leave them, as Jesus did, and no longer pretend to be one of them; and as he goes, let him leave these parting words ringing in their ears: "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" Then he will be as uncompromising as Jesus. Jesus did not dodge about from Pharisee to publican and from publican back to Pharisee. He did not champion the one today and coquet with the other tomorrow. He took his stand definitely with the one and against the other, and there was never any doubt about his attitude.

If, on second thought, Mr. Appleton finds these standards selected by himself—Paine, Socrates, Jesus—too high for him, I will then simply ask him to rise once more to the standard which he set in his recent New Haven speech. He can read it in another column, as reported by Comrade Yarros. Perhaps "a little reflection" will suffice to once more "make it clear" to him "that all those who ignore 'first principles' and engage in 'practical' work—meaning by it temporary relief, compromise, etc.—are in reality wasting time and labor, and are engaged in a most ridiculous and fruitless work." That is near enough to the plumb-line to suit me.

Apart from the unpleasant task which it has imposed upon me, there is cause for rejoicing in the fact that Mr. Appleton has been forced into an apologetic attitude. Even if Miss Kelly's Boston lecture had done no other good, she might still find ample cause for self-congratulation in having so skilfully cut the coat of compromise that Mr. Appleton cannot help seeing that it fits him, has put it on, and is now trying as hard as he can to find some ground for feeling a pride in his garment. When she has further shown him, as I have no doubt she soon will in these columns, that this coat cannot be worn by upright human beings and only fits him because of his deformity, it is to be hoped that he will try equally hard to wriggle himself out of his cork-screw shape and become a plumb-line Anarchist.

ism. I hope its figures of circulation—probably lying figures—indicate the high-water mark of mendacity, and that the flood of quackery that now submerges civilization may soon subside and leave some of the facts and veracities of human life and affairs bare to the gaze of men. I do not think Editor J. Pulitzer will copy this among the nauseating blobs of treachy bosh spewed upon his journalistic boots by the newspaper quacklets of the back districts.

PASSING GLIMPSES.

The red men "must give up their superstitions," says Gen. J. D. C. Atkins, commissioner of Indian affairs, in his annual report to the secretary of the interior. He means they must exchange their superstitions for the white man's and worship only government.—The Vanderbilt residence is armed with Gatling gun. The Vanderbilts seem to understand their attitude toward mankind.—Mayor Powell of Newport strictly enforced Sunday law recently, and markets, etc., were closed for first time in half a century. Prayers before grub.—The "Republican" says: "Ireland never did, and never will, object to paying fair rents." Then she never will be free.—Boston "Globe": "As the United States is governed directly and wholly by the people, having no aristocracy save that of heart and no nobility but brains." Dambosh!—Seventeen hundred lawyers in Philadelphia. Hundreds of them, Judge says, don't earn fees enough to pay car fare. Must get living honestly, then.—French mine manager trampled to death by miners. Mere reversal of customary attitude.—Laws against polygamy in Utah strictly enforced. Municipal ordinance under which Federal officials arrested for lewdness declared not valid. Mormon monster must be throttled. Pitch into Mormons! Give 'em hell! They don't vote.—"My brother workingmen, the path of your progress does not lie in the direction of socialism, ably and truly as it may have formulated many of your reasonable complaints and your legitimate demands. The road whither this giant leads you is full of pitfalls of fatal fallacy and untruths, and is grim and fearsome with gorgon horrors and chimeras dire." Rev. Dr. Brown, sky pilot of Providence. Got the holy horrors again awfully.

MAX.

The editor of *Liberty* will lecture before the Equal Rights Debating Club of New Haven on Sunday, May 9, in the afternoon. Subject: "State Socialism and Anarchism,—how far they agree and wherein they differ."

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A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

Continued from page 3.

among the several States," solely on the strength of a false definition of the verb "to regulate." He says that "the power to regulate commerce" is the power "to prescribe the rule by which commerce is to be governed."

This definition is an utterly false, absurd, and atrocious one. It would give congress power arbitrarily to control, obstruct, impede, derange, prohibit, and destroy commerce.

The verb "to regulate" does not, as Marshall asserts, imply the exercise of any arbitrary control whatever over the thing regulated; nor any power "to prescribe [arbitrarily] the rule, by which" the thing regulated "is to be governed." On the contrary, it comes from the Latin word, *regula*, a rule; and implies the pre-existence of a rule, to which the thing regulated is made to conform.

To regulate one's diet, for example, is not, on the one hand, to starve one's self to emaciation, nor, on the other, to gorge one's self with all sorts of indigestible and hurtful substances, in disregard of the natural laws of health. But it supposes the pre-existence of the natural laws of health, to which the diet is made to conform.

A clock is not "regulated," when it is made to go, to stop, to go forwards, to go backwards, to go fast, to go slow, at the mere will or caprice of the person who may have it in hand. It is "regulated" only when it is made to conform to, to mark truly, the diurnal revolutions of the earth. These revolutions of the earth constitute the pre-existing rule, by which alone a clock can be regulated.

A mariner's compass is not "regulated," when the needle is made to move this way and that, at the will of an operator, without reference to the north pole. But it is regulated when it is freed from all disturbing influences and suffered to point constantly to the north, as is its nature to do.

A locomotive is not "regulated," when it is made to go, to stop, to go forwards, to go backwards, to go fast, to go slow, at the mere will and caprice of the engineer, and without regard to economy, utility, or safety. But it is regulated, when its motions are made to conform to a pre-existing rule, that is made up of economy, utility, and safety combined. What this rule is, in the case of a locomotive, may not be known with such scientific precision, as is the rule in the case of a clock, or a mariner's compass; but it may be approximated with sufficient accuracy for practical purposes.

The pre-existing rule, by which alone commerce can be "regulated," is a matter of science; and is already known, so far as the natural principle of justice, in relation to contracts, is known. The natural right of all men to make all contracts whatsoever, that are naturally and intrinsically just and lawful, furnishes the pre-existing rule, by which alone commerce can be regulated. And it is the only rule, to which congress have any constitutional power to make commerce conform.

When all commerce, that is intrinsically just and lawful, is secured and protected, and all commerce that is intrinsically unjust and unlawful, is prohibited, then commerce is regulated, and not before.

This false definition of the verb "to regulate" has been used, time out of mind, by knavish lawmakers and their courts, to hide their violations of men's natural right to do their own businesses in all such ways—that are naturally and intrinsically just and lawful—as they may choose to do them in. These lawmakers and courts dare not always deny, utterly and plainly, men's right to do their own businesses in their own ways; but they will assume "to regulate" them; and in pretending simply "to regulate" them, they contrive "to regulate" men out of all their natural rights to do their own businesses in their own ways.

How much have we all heard (we who are old enough), within the last fifty years, of the power of congress, or of the States, "to regulate the currency." And "to regulate the currency" has always meant to fix the kind, and limit the amount, of currency, that men may be permitted to buy and sell, lend and borrow, give and receive, in their dealings with each other. It has also meant to say who shall have the control of the licensed money; instead of making it mean the suppression only of false and dishonest money, and then leaving all men free to exercise their natural right of buying and selling, borrowing and lending, giving and receiving, all such, and so much, honest and true money, or currency, as the parties to any or all contracts may mutually agree upon.

Marshall's false assumptions are numerous and tyrannical. They all have the same end in view as his false definitions; that is, to establish the principle that governments have all power, and the people no rights. They are so numerous that it would be tedious, if not impossible, to describe them all separately. Many, or most, of them are embraced in the following, *viz.*:

1. The assumption that, by a certain paper, called the constitution of the United States—a paper (I repeat and reiterate) which nobody ever signed, which but few persons ever read, and which the great body of the people never saw—and also by some forty subsidiary papers, called State constitutions, which also nobody ever signed, but which few persons ever read, and which the great body of the people never saw—all making a perfect system of the merest nothingness—the assumption, I say, that, by these papers, the people have all consented to the abolition of justice itself, the highest moral law of the Universe; and that all their own natural, inherent, inalienable rights to the benefits of that law, shall be annulled; and that they themselves, and everything that is theirs, shall be given over into the irresponsible custody of some forty little cabals of blockheads and villains called lawmakers—blockheads, who imagine themselves wiser than justice itself, and villains, who care nothing for either wisdom or justice, but only for the gratification of their own avarice and ambitions; and that these cabals shall be invested with the right to dispose of the property, liberty, and lives of all the rest of the people, at their pleasure or discretion; or, as Marshall says, "their wisdom and discretion!"

If such an assumption as that does not embrace nearly, or quite, all the other false assumptions that usurpers and tyrants can ever need, to justify themselves in robbing, enslaving, and murdering all the rest of mankind, it is less comprehensive than it appears to me to be.

2. In the following paragraph may be found another batch of Marshall's false assumptions.

The right to contract is the attribute of a free agent, and he may rightfully coerce performance from another free agent, who violates his faith. Contracts have consequently an intrinsic obligation. [But] when men come into society, they can no longer exercise this original natural right of coercion. It would be incompatible with general peace, and is therefore surrendered. Society prohibits the use of private individual coercion, and gives in its place a more safe and more certain remedy. But the right to contract is not surrendered with the right to coerce performance. —*Ogden vs. Saunders*, 12 Wheaton 350.

In this extract, taken in connection with the rest of his opinion in the same case, Marshall convicts himself of the grossest falsehood. He acknowledges that men have a natural right to make their own contracts; that their contracts have an "intrinsic obligation"; and that they have an "original and natural right" to coerce performance of them. And yet he assumes, and virtually asserts, that men voluntarily "come into society," and "surrender" to "society" their natural right to coerce the fulfilment of their contracts. He assumes, and virtually asserts, that they do this, upon the ground, and for the reason, that "society gives in its place a more safe and more certain remedy"; that is, "a more safe and more certain" enforcement of all men's contracts that have "an intrinsic obligation."

In this saying that "men come into society," and "surrender" to society, their

"original and natural right" of coercing the fulfilment of contracts, and that "society gives in its place a more safe and certain remedy," he virtually says, and means to say, that, in consideration of such "surrender" of their "original and natural right of coercion," "society pledges itself to them that it will give them this "more safe and more certain remedy"; that is, that it will more safely and more certainly enforce their contracts than they can do it themselves.

And yet, in the same opinion—only two and three pages preceding this extract—he declares emphatically that "the right" of government—or of what he calls "society"—"to prohibit such contracts as may be deemed mischievous, is unquestionable." —p. 347.

And as an illustration of the exercise of this right of "society" to prohibit such contracts "as may be deemed mischievous," he cites the usury laws, thus:

The acts against usury declare the contract to be void in the beginning. They deny it all original obligation; and cannot impair that which never came into existence.—p. 348.

All this is as much as to say that, when a man has voluntarily "come into society," and has "surrendered" to society "his original and natural right of coercing" the fulfilment of his contracts, and when he has done this in the confidence that society will fulfil its pledge to "give him a more safe and more certain coercion" than he was capable of himself, "society" may then turn around to him, and say:

We acknowledge that you have a natural right to make your own contracts. We acknowledge that your contracts have "an intrinsic obligation." We acknowledge that you had "an original and natural right" to coerce the fulfilment of them. We acknowledge that it was solely in consideration of our pledge to you, that we would give you a more safe and more certain coercion than you were capable of yourself, that you "surrendered" to us your right to coerce a fulfilment of them. And we acknowledge that, according to our pledge, you have now a right to require of us that we coerce a fulfilment of them. But after you had "surrendered" to us your own right of coercion, we took a different view of the pledge we had given you; and concluded that it would be "mischievous" to allow you to make such contracts. We therefore "prohibited" your making them. And having prohibited the making of them, we cannot now admit that they have any "obligation." We must therefore decline to enforce the fulfilment of them. And we warn you that, if you attempt to enforce them, by virtue of your own "original and natural right of coercion," we shall be obliged to consider you as a breach of "the general peace," and punish you accordingly. We are sorry that you have lost your property, but "society" must judge as to what contracts are, and what are not, "mischievous." We can therefore give you no redress. Nor can we suffer you to enforce your own rights, or redress your own wrongs.

Such is Marshall's theory of the way in which "society" got possession of all men's "original and natural right" to make their own contracts, and enforce the fulfilment of them; and of the way in which "society" now justifies itself in prohibiting all contracts, though "intrinsically obligatory," which it may choose to consider "mischievous." And he asserts that, in this way, "society" has acquired "an unquestionable right" to cheat men out of all their "original and natural right" to make their own contracts, and enforce the fulfilment of them.

A man's "original and natural right" to make all contracts that are "intrinsically obligatory," and to coerce the fulfilment of them, is one of the most valuable and indispensable of all human possessions. But Marshall assumes that a man may "surrender" this right to "society," under a pledge from "society," that it will secure to him "a more safe and certain" fulfilment of his contracts, than he is capable of himself; and that "society," having thus obtained from him this "surrender," may then turn around to him, and not only refuse to fulfil its pledge to him, but may also prohibit his own exercise of his own "original and natural right," which he has "surrendered" to "society!"

This is as much as to say that, if A can but induce B to intrust his (B's) property with him (A), for safekeeping, under a pledge that he (A) will keep it more safely and certainly than B can do it himself, *A thereby acquires an "unquestionable right" to keep the property forever, and let B whistle for it!*

This is the kind of assumption on which Marshall based all his ideas of the constitutional law of this country; that constitutional law, which he was, so famous for expounding. It is the kind of assumption, by which he expounded the people out of all their "original and natural rights."

He had just as much right to assume, and practically did assume, that the people had voluntarily "come into society," and had voluntarily "surrendered" to their governments *all their other natural rights*, as well as their "original and natural right" to make and enforce their own contracts.

He virtually said to all the people of this country:

You have voluntarily "come into society," and have voluntarily "surrendered" to your governments all your natural rights, of every name and nature whatsoever, *for safe keeping*; and now that these governments have, *by your own consent*, got possession of all your natural rights, they have an "unquestionable right" to withhold them from you forever.

If it were not melancholy to see mankind thus cheated, robbed, enslaved, and murdered, on the authority of such naked impostures as these, it would be, to the last degree, ludicrous, to see a man like Marshall—reputed to be one of the first intellects the country has ever had—solemnly expounding the "constitutional powers," as he called them, by which the general and State governments were authorized to rob the people of all their natural rights as human beings.

And yet this same Marshall has done more than any other one man—certainly more than any other man within the last eighty-five years—to make our governments State and national, what they are. He has, for more than sixty years, been esteemed an oracle, not only by his associates and successors on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, but by all the other judges, State and national, by all the ignorant, as well as knavish, lawmakers in the country, and by all the sixty to a hundred thousand lawyers, upon whom the people have been, and are, obliged to depend for the security of their rights.

This system of false definitions, false assumptions, and fraud and usurpation generally, runs through all the operations of our governments, State and national. There is nothing genuine, nothing real, nothing true, nothing honest, to be found in any of them. They all proceed upon the principle, that governments have all power, and the people no rights.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 78.

XXIII.

They live gayly and as friends, working and resting, enjoying life and looking forward to the future, if not without anxiety, at least with the firm assurance that

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PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

* The above extracts are from a pamphlet published by me in 1864, entitled "Considerations for Bankers," etc., pp. 55, 56, 57.

the farther we advance in life, the better it becomes. Thus they have spent the last two years. Towards the end of last winter Véra Pavlovna said to herself: "Will there be another cold day, so that we can have at least one more sleighing-party?" No one could answer her question; but the days went by one after another, and the thaw continued, and every day the chances for a sleighing-party diminished. But it came after they had lost all hope. There was a heavy fall of snow, followed, not by a thaw, but by slightly freezing weather; the sky was clear, and the evening could not have been more beautiful. "The sleighing-party! The sleighing-party!" In their haste they had not time to get many people together, — a small party collected without formal invitations.*

That night two sledges started. In one they chattered and joked, in the other all the proprieties were disregarded. Scarcely were they out of the city before they began to sing at the tops of their voices. What?

Elle sortait la belle
(The fair one went out)
De la porte cochère neuve,
(Of the new carriage gate)
De la neuve porte cochère en bois d'ébène,
(Of the new carriage gate of maple wood)
De la porte cochère à cauraux.
(Of the tiled carriage gate)
Mon père est bien sévère;
(My father is very severe)
Il m'est défavorable;
(He is disinclined to favor me)
Il ne veut pas que je me promène trop tard
(He does not want me to go out too late)
Et que je joue avec les autres hommes.
(And to play with the young men)
Mais je n'écoute pas mon père;
(But I do not listen to my father)
Je veux satisfaire mon bien aimé . . .
(I wish to please my beloved)

A song! But is that all? Now this sledge goes slowly and lags nearly a quarter of a mile in the rear; suddenly it glides rapidly ahead, its occupants give warlike shouts, and when they approach the well-behaved party, the snowballs fly furiously. The members of the well-behaved party, after two or three attacks of this sort, decide to defend themselves and lay in a stock of ammunition, but it is done so adroitly as to escape the notice of the noisy party. Now the noisy party goes slowly again, lagging behind, and the well-behaved party continues cunningly on its way. The noisy party again starts off at full speed, the warlike shouts begin once more, the members of the well-behaved party are prepared to make unexpected and vigorous resistance, but what? the noisy party turns to the right across the brook, and passes like a flash at a distance of a dozen yards.

"She saw us and has taken the reins herself," say some in the well-behaved party.

"Oh, no! oh, no! we will catch them! we will avenge ourselves!"

An infernal gallop. Will they catch them?

"We will catch them!"

No!

"We will catch them!" with fresh impetuosity.

"They will catch us!"

"They shall not catch us!"

Yes!

No!

In the well-behaved party were the Kirsanoffs and the Beaumonts; in the noisy party four young people and a lady, and the latter was the cause of all the mad conduct of the noisy party.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, we are very glad to see you again," said she, from the top of the factory steps: "gentlemen, help the ladies out of the sledge," she added, addressing her companions.

Quickly, quickly, into the rooms! All of them were red with cold.

"Good evening, old gentleman. But he is not old at all! Katerina Vassilieva, why did you slander him by telling me that he was old? He will be courting me yet. You will court me, dear old man?" said the lady of the noisy party.

"Yes, I will court you," said Polosoff, already charmed by her affable caresses of his gray whiskers.

"Children, will you permit him to court me?"

"We permit him," said one of the young people.

"No, no," said the three others.

But why was the lady of the noisy party in black? For mourning or out of caprice?

"But, after all, I am tired," said she, throwing herself upon a divan, in a corner of the reception room. "Children, some cushions! but not for me alone; the other ladies also are tired."

"Yes, you have harassed us," said Katerina Vassilieva.

"How this unbridled race in the ruts has tired me!" said Véra Pavlovna.

"Fortunately we had but a little over half a mile to go," said Katerina Vassilieva.

Unable to stand any longer, they fell on the divan stuffed with cushions.

"How unskilled you are! You should have risen up as I did, and then the ruts would not have tired you."

"We are tired ourselves," said Kirsanoff, speaking for himself and Beaumont. They sat down beside their wives. Kirsanoff embraced Véra Pavlovna; Beaumont took the hand of Katerina Vassilieva. An idyllic picture. It is pleasant to see happy unions. But over the face of the lady in black a sudden shadow passed, which no one noticed except one of her companions; he withdrew to the window and began to examine the arabesques which the frost had traced upon the panes.

"Ladies, your histories are very interesting, but I do not know them exactly; I only know that they are touching and pleasant and end happily; that is what I like. But where is the old gentleman?"

"He is busy about the house, getting us something to eat; he is fond of that sort of thing," said Katerina Vassilieva.

"Well, let him go on. Relate your histories, then, but let them be brief: I like short stories."

"I will be very brief," said Véra Pavlovna. "I begin: when the others' turns come, they will be brief also. But I warn you that at the end of my story there are secrets."

"Well, then we will drive these gentlemen away. Or, would it not be better to drive them away now?"

"Why? Now they may listen."

* The few pages which follow, in conclusion of this story, the translator does not pretend to understand. He cannot identify the new characters introduced or connect them with the story, nor can he fathom the purpose of their introduction. Whether they conceal some moral so revolutionary that the author fears his book will be censured, or whether the mystery is a device on his part to carry over the interest of the reader to the sequel which he undoubtedly intended to write, or whether the true explanation is something different from either of these, the reader must determine for himself.—Translator.

Véra Pavlovna began her story.

"Ha, ha, ha! That dear Julie! I like her very much. And she throws herself upon her knees, says insulting things, and behaves most improperly, the dear Julie!"

"Bravo, Véra Pavlovna! 'I will throw myself out of the window!' Bravo, gentlemen!" The lady in black began to applaud. At this command the young people imitated her in a deafening manner and cried "Bravo!" and "Hurrah!"

"What's the matter with you? What's the matter with you?" cried Katerina Vassilieva, in fright, two or three minutes later.

"Nothing, it's nothing: give me some water, do not be troubled."

Mossoloff is already bringing some.

"Thank you, Mossoloff."

She takes the glass, brought by the young companion who had withdrawn to the window.

"See how I have taught him! He knows everything in advance. Now it has entirely passed. Keep on, I pray you, I am listening."

"No, I am fatigued," said she, five minutes later, rising calmly from the divan. I must rest,—sleep an hour or an hour and a half. See, I am going away without ceremony. Go and find the old gentleman, Mossoloff; let him prepare everything."

"Permit me, why should I not attend to it?" said Katerina Vassilieva.

"Is it worth while to trouble yourself?"

"You abandon us?" said a young man, assuming a tragic posture; "if we had foreseen that, we would have brought some daggers with us. Now we have nothing with which to stab ourselves."

"They will bring something to eat, and then we can stab ourselves with the forks!" said another, in a tone of exaltation.

"Oh, no, I do not wish the hope of the country to be cut off in its flower," said the lady in black, with like solemnity: "console yourselves, my children. Mossoloff, a cushion on the table!"

Mossoloff placed a cushion on the table. The lady in black assumed a majestic pose near the table and let her hand slowly fall upon the cushion.

The young people kissed her hand, and Katerina Vassilieva escorted the tired visitor to the bed.

"Poor woman!" said with one voice the three persons of the well-behaved party after they had gone out of the room.

To be continued.

"Philanthropic Ladies Providing Vacations for Hard-Working Young Women."

The above heading appeared in the New York "Herald" in August, 1884. It shows the depth of mental and moral depravity in which we exist, when such an announcement may appear in a leading paper in a leading city without exciting a single comment.

A "lady" is a person who does nothing for her living; who produces nothing; who would be most highly insulted, if any one dared to suggest that she had ever been engaged in any useful labor, that she had at any time contributed in the least to her own support; and yet she is enabled by this wondrous system under which we live to give a vacation to a "hard-working young woman."

How long are the hard-working young women and the hard-working young men going to stand this state of things? Is it not enough to be robbed of the fruits of one's labor, without then having to submit to be patronized, without having insult added to injury?

I wonder if Mr. Spencer does not see any "slavery," not "coming," but here, in the long vacations with high salaries that the men and women are forced to give the ladies and gentlemen.

The good work of the ladies still goes on, as we learn from the "Herald" of March 9 that the second annual meeting of the Association of Working Girls' Societies was to be held on that evening; that eight hundred representatives from the societies of New York, Brooklyn, and Hoboken were to be present; that the hall was to be divided by bright-colored ribbons, each club having its own color; a knot of the color was to be worn by each member, so that it may be told at a glance to what society a group of girls belongs. The galleries were to be filled with ladies interested in the association, who, I suppose, would both literally and figuratively "look down" upon the girls.

In what age of the world are we living when girls are marked like cattle at a fair? Would it not be an excellent idea to ticket the ladies in such a manner that those who support them could "tell at a glance" how many men had been ground to death, how many women had been ruined, how many children's lives lost, that they should exist, the elegant things that they are today? I would suggest to the labor-unions that this would be the most effective union-label that was ever gotten out; it would be a union-label that would give a very valuable lesson, that would assist greatly in opening men's eyes to the truth.

What a debt we owe to the philanthropic ladies! The most prominent philanthropic lady in Hoboken belongs to the great robber-family of that city. Hoboken is, or was, a land of salt meadows. Much of this land (under water) was bought by thrifty workingmen at the time when wages were fair and work pretty steady. These men and their wives worked, after the ordinary day's work was over, at collecting materials necessary to fill in the lots, and in trying to erect little houses in which they expected to spend their old age. In order to complete the houses, it was in many cases necessary to mortgage the property, and during the panic of '73 the mortgages were foreclosed, and the Hoboken Land Improvement Company (which practically is one family) raked in, in a few months, the earnings of many men for many years. And now the daughters of these men whose homes were stolen are ribboned by the lady of the manor, so that it can be told at a glance to whom they belong.

The most philanthropic lady in New York also belongs to a most distinguished family. One member resigned the presidency of a railroad company because trains were run on Sunday, but he did not cease, nevertheless, to draw dividends on his stock. The men employed as track-layers, etc., on this road received at that time *ninety cents* a day. It is quite easy with the rest of the proceeds of their labor for the ladies of this most noble family to engage in charitable work.

Another most excellent work engaged in by these philanthropic ladies is furnishing work to needy women at less than the market rates, and then helping them to eke out their existence by charitable donations. The effect of this is to lower the wages in that branch of trade, thus forcing the other women to also accept charity, make up the amount necessary to support existence by means of vice, or to leave that trade and enter some other, thus tending to bring down the wages in that other also by increased competition. How beautifully philanthropy works!

What has become of the pride of the American working-girl? Where are the independent girls who once worked in the New England mills, and recognized no one as superior to them? Mr. Evarts ought to be satisfied: we are coming down to the level, aye, below the level, of our "class in Europe."

GERTRUDE B. KELLY.

Original from
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

The Right Man in the Right Place.

To the Editor of Liberty:

The Knights of Labor have grown very powerful of late in New Haven. Their unusual activity in the line of agitation and propaganda, and the several engagements which they have had with some establishments and institutions, have attracted public attention and made subjects for general discussion. Some enthusiastically praise the order, glory in its triumphs, and see nothing but good in it, while others take an exactly opposite view, and look upon it as a conspiracy of ignorant, selfish, and worthless idlers against all honest and deserving people. The sober and impartial looker-on does not share either of these extreme opinions. There is certainly much to be encouraged and approved of in this growing organization, but there is much room for improvement, much to be severely criticized and rebuked. The Equal Rights Debating Club of New Haven long felt the necessity of giving this subject a good airing. But as this is a rather delicate subject to handle, some difficulty was experienced in finding a speaker. Here was needed a man who had strong convictions and the courage of his convictions; who would dare to speak the unpopular truth and attack lies, wrongs, and fallacies wherever they are found. The name of Henry Appleton naturally suggested itself, and the Club, choosing him, chose the right man for the right place. Nor could he have shown his power to a better advantage.

It was advertised in all the local newspapers that the famous "Honorius" of the "Irish World" would lecture before the Club on labor organization generally and the Knights of Labor in particular. The large audience which greeted Mr. Appleton was made up of Yale students, business men, and mechanics. His speech lasted two hours, and it was decidedly the best ever made in New Haven. The audience fully appreciated it. Professor Sumner, who was a very attentive listener, had a very interesting little debate with Mr. Appleton on the question of rent and interest.

The following is the substance of Mr. Appleton's remarks:

"The greatest calamity that can happen to our struggling toilers, the greatest danger threatening labor organization, is that they will ignore the real sources of evil, and leave the cause of all misery and suffering untouched, while starting off in a wrong direction to wage war against comparatively insignificant and imaginary enemies. They can only make things worse, produce universal chaos and civil war. The grievances and sufferings of the robbed and enslaved drive them into unions and organizations of every possible kind. But what good can come of it, when all these labor organizations have no guiding principle, no scientifically demonstrated sociological truths as to what the relations of man to man ought to be, what justice demands, or what are the imperative conditions of true social order and economic freedom? A little reflection is sufficient to make it clear that all those who ignore 'first principles' and engage in 'practical' work—meaning by it temporary relief, compromise, etc.—are in reality wasting time and labor, and are engaged in a most ridiculous and fruitless work. If the pest and disease-breeding source is not found out and destroyed, how can you expect recovery? Labor must know in the first place what it wants; knowing this, it must investigate why it has not what rightfully belongs to it, and who or what deprives it of these natural rights. Only then are we able to direct our course intelligently and work out our salvation on the line of least resistance."

"The industrious and honest producers are robbed of the fruits of their labor. Now who is the robber? I answer: the State! The three pillars of this despotic State, the devil's trinity, are the monopoly of land, the monopoly of money, and the monopoly of the means of exchange. Remove the State, and you are free to produce, consume, and exchange in any way you deem advantageous and wise. Given the right of the individual to occupy, use, and cultivate a piece of land; given his right to make his own money, make his own contracts, and settle his own prices; given perfect freedom of trade and interchange,—would not the fruits of our labor be secured to us? The State is a conspiracy of cunning schemers to enslave the people and live on the fruits of their toil. Legislation is its instrumentality; it grants rights and privileges to the few at the expense of the many, it fosters monopolies and kills competition by protective taxes, and, finally, it defends the rich criminals and protects them in their 'rights.' The ballot is a cunning device of the conspirators, by which the slaves are made to tighten their own chains. But when the radical reformer raises his voice, he is voted down as a theorist, dreamer, crank. The 'intelligent American mechanic' is practical, and sneers at philosophy and socialistic dreams."

"Well, let us see what the intelligent American mechanic, who was at last reached and swept in by that tidal wave of labor organization, proposes to do. He is thoroughly respectable, pure, conservative, and sober-minded. He will never be converted to Anarchism, Communism, Socialism, and other 'un-American' ideas. He will go to work in a business-like, practical manner. What is he after? *A fair day's wages for a fair day's work.* Is it not beautiful? What a fair and practical demand! No nonsense about it, no dreams; all he wants is justice. But, my friend, what is a fair day's wages, and what is a fair day's work? My intelligent American mechanic is dumb. Here a more intelligent American me-

chanic comes to his side. Why, triumphantly says he, we want all we produce. Is not that simple and clear? All we produce. But, my good man, if you work for an employer, how can you tell how much of what you produce belongs to you? Where is your industrial arithmetic by which you can figure out what would be your just share? My intelligent mechanics grow impatient, and excitedly swear that they are going to take all they can get. And when they are 'organized,' they can get all they want. Why, continue my practical friends, can't you see it? We have to fight the capitalists with their own weapon. They are organized and are determined to crush organized labor. Think of a free American citizen (here they grow eloquent) being discharged and blacklisted for belonging to the Knights of Labor or other union! But we shall put a stop to this infamous tyranny. We shall soon show our strength. In many places we are even now strong enough to dictate terms to the capitalist. We do not allow the rats and scabs to come in and work with us. Everybody must be a Knight of Labor, or he is 'fired out' and boycotted!"

"What a triumph for liberty and fair play! What moral and mental ability the intelligent American mechanic has shown! Ah! I had hoped for better things from the intelligent American mechanic. Think of this conservative, respectable, and practical fellow, who but a while ago turned a deaf ear to the radical reformer and would not listen to his *extreme* views, who wanted only a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, so passionately preaching the gospel of brutality and hate! No measure is too tyrannical for him; he will do anything to crush the capitalists, the 'rats,' and the 'scabs.'

"How can and will this end? Open war will finally break out, riot, confusion, and bloodshed.

"No, this is not a reform movement. The world will never be saved by force, hate, and despotism. Labor must organize for peaceful self-help and cooperation, not for war. Cease to support the State, send the law-makers about their own business, and down goes monopoly. Instead of fighting the capitalists and the scabs, who have as good a right to strike for their rights and liberties as you, refuse to serve your masters, and declare yourselves free. Then you will achieve economic liberty."

Professor Sumner, by request, replied to Mr. Appleton. He spoke with unusual earnestness and animation. He said he was fully in accord with the general ideas and arguments of Mr. Appleton, but that he failed to understand why that gentleman, who stands for freedom of contract, should denounce rent and interest as unjust and criminal. Mr. Appleton then explained that the idea never entered his head to prohibit or regulate interest by legislation, that he has nothing to say against rent or interest chargers, but that under proper social conditions usury cannot exist, for interest is not in nature. Professor Sumner protested. He said that interest *is in nature*. We do everything for gain, increase, profit, reward. There could be no life on this planet, no increase of population, if the soil would not reward our labor with increase. This is true, replied Mr. Appleton, but the professor confounds *increase* with *interest*. It is labor that is rewarded, not capital. The Almighty blesses the toil of His children, and the professor blasphemously asks a part of this blessing for idle capital. He then referred the professor to Edward Kellogg's book.

I could write more, but my letter is too long already. I would like to have such meetings and debates everywhere. Agitate, educate the people, and rational organization will naturally follow. *Spread the light!*

V. YARROS.

Mormon and Caesar.

Cesar's spirit still stalks the earth. Having scaled Olympus and brought the gods into unity, its imperial claims will not relax for man. Driven from the Church, it sought refuge in the State; the power ecclesiasticism lost, politics gained. Progress for centuries has been toward greater freedom. In America, legislation is tending toward greater restriction. Fifty years ago present legislative schemes would have been impossible. "The American Idea" of that day was—"the best government is that which governs least"; hence men looked with jealousy on encroachments on individual rights. Why this eddy in the stream of progress; this rejuvenescence of Cesar's ghost urging centralization and reliance on might?

The answer is plainly to be seen. The spirit of Cesar, rendered powerless in religious systems, castrated of divine right in forms of political government, is entrenching itself in the economic system of the age. British and German empires, Spanish and Italian kingdoms, French and American republics, are but dead *forms*; the animating soul in each is the same. A common (economic) feeling has made them all akin. Statecraft exists for the furtherance of economic interests; *forms* of government are recognized as of secondary importance to "vested interests." Harrington's aphorism: "Empire follows the balance of property," is no longer disputable.

With the opening of the Slavery discussion between North and South came the inevitable conflict. The North, as representative of our transitional economic régime, demanded room. In the way of the extension of *cheap* labor stood the dear labor of slavery. The non-extension of slavery into the territories was not a sentimental issue, but an economic one.

In the name of *freedom* the construction of the constitution was twisted into the furtherance of *power*. Our fathers ate sour grapes, and we wonder that our teeth are set on edge. The anti-slavery sentiment gave the government power to secure ideal freedom. The North, true to the ideal, rushed to the front and established, with the non-extension and final extinction of slavery, the extension and permanence of —*cheap labor!* And for this we display our wounds!

The precedents thus formed, the forced grafts on the constitution (logically necessary), and the exigencies of our alleged commercial competition form the justification of the Edmunds bill. Republican rule has shaped our history; Democracy can but administer on the legacy bequeathed. The whole Mormon system, social, religious, industrial, is essentially based on coöperation. Necessarily in the eyes of monopoly-restricted competition this is a foe. The old cry for *freedom* through increase of *power*—the anti-slavery justification—cannot well be urged again; hence the moral standard is unfurled. Monogamy (with its "twin-relie," Prostitution) is no more a question in the minds of the worshippers at the shrine of the commonplace than Catholicism was a few centuries ago. No man doubted the right to use force to insure Catholic unity, unless his mind was tainted with heretical doctrines. So no man can today assert that monogamy is but an article of belief, a private *credo*, but lo! he is a defender of polygamy or promiscuity.

But let us not waste words on polygamy. *That is not the issue!* That is but the gaudily-colored bait to catch the inexperienced denizens of economic waters. The issue is again an economic one—the extension of cheap labor—the necessities of legalized privilege—the cent, per cent. freedom of commercial intercourse, confronted in Utah by an antagonistic system of social and commercial activity.

The writer served three years to establish centralization of power at Washington, and the extension of free trade in labor at the South, under the glamor of the cry of freedom. Other fools stand ready to obey the behests of Cesar's spirit, if need be, to again make the Republic the pathway to an Empire, their alleged minds lit by the *ignis fatuus* of social morality. The Mormon protest is one of deep significance, out of which, I hold, will yet arise the struggle for freedom. The Eastern demand is that of Cesar. The Mormon is an unconscious ally in—shall it be—a Lost Cause?

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PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER

PROUDHON

Vol. IV.—No. 2.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1886.

Whole No. 80.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

In the next number of *Liberty* will begin the serial publication of a new essay by Dyer D. Lum, entitled: "Eighteen Christian Centuries: or, The Evolution of the Gospel of Anarchy. An Essay on the Meaning of History." It will prove a most valuable contribution to the literature of the Anarchistic movement.

"*Freiheit*," the organ of the firebugs, says that no workingman should ever be seen with a copy of *Liberty* in his hand. Does the workingman who is translating out of *Liberty* for "*Freiheit*" Sophie Kropotkin's interesting novelette, "*The Wife of Number 4,237*," shut himself up in a closet with his dictionary, or does he hire some *bourgeois* to hold the paper for him?

Instead of meeting my charges, "*Freiheit*" continues to discuss my motives. First it was jealousy that prompted me; now, it seems, it was greed. According to "*Freiheit*," I was after gold, and so offered to sell my story to the New York papers. This is an absolute lie. I never offered to sell the story anywhere, never received a cent for it, never shall receive a cent for it, and am actually out of pocket in consequence of having come into possession of the facts about the firebugs.

The fact that *Liberty* is obliged to give short instalments of "*The Wife of Number 4,237*" is a very awkward one for "*Freiheit*," which is publishing a German translation of the same from these columns. As "*Freiheit*" appears weekly, the story does not advance rapidly enough to keep it supplied. When thus forced to omit it, the editor inserts a paragraph saying that, "*owing to press of matter*," the usual instalment of Sophie Kropotkin's novelette is left out of the current number. This is one of the minor lies that Most does not scruple to tell. "*Freiheit*" is not only a firebug organ, but a humbug organ.

Tchernychevsky's wonderful novel, "*What's To Be Done?*" is concluded in the present issue, and will appear a few weeks hence as a large and handsome volume at a very moderate price. This romance occupies a unique place in literature. It is written with a simplicity and elevation of tone never attained, in my judgment, by any other writer of fiction. To the youth of Russia of both sexes it has been an ever-flowing fountain of inspiration for more than twenty years, and mainly to its influence is their present progressive spirit to be attributed. "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" itself was not more potent in moulding public opinion. It has been translated into many European languages, but never before into English. I look for great results from its circulation in this country.

"The Credit Foncier of Sinaloa" issues a calendar every month to its subscribers, in which, opposite each day of the month, appears a quotation from some representative author. On Sunday, May 30, 1886, the readers of that paper, which "asks for duty and not for liberty," and "for State responsibility for every person at all times and in every place," are invited to reflect upon the following remark of that eminent Anarchist, Ralph Waldo Emerson: "The less government we have, the better—the fewer laws and the less confided power. The antidote to this abuse of formal

government is the influence of private character, the growth of the individual." The devil may be able to quote scripture to his purpose, but the authoritarian who attempts to quote Emerson is pretty sure to do so to his discomfiture.

Miss Rose Cleveland is said to have delivered herself of the following: "I approve of evening dress which shows the neck and arms. I do not approve of any dress which shows the bust. Between the neck and the bust there is a line always to be drawn, and it is as clear to the most frivolous society woman as to the anatomist." This attempt on the part of the "first lady of the land" to draw the line where modesty ends and immodesty begins is perhaps even less excusable than that of her brother, in his message to congress regarding Mormonism, to draw the line between marital virtue and vice. The president can at least claim to speak from experience. It was amply proven before his election that he is only a *de jure* bachelor, while the public have no evidence that his sister is not a *de facto* maiden. It certainly is to be hoped that no woman not a superannuated virgin would ever have given evidence of the prudish lunacy betrayed in the remarks attributed to Miss Cleveland.

The Time Has Come to Choose.

E. C. Walker, by way of comment on *Liberty's* exposure of the firebugs, writes in "*Lucifer*" as follows:

It is none too soon that the warning has been sounded. For a long time I have been satisfied that the revolutionists were determined to precipitate a conflict upon us, but I was not prepared for the revelation of depravity which Mr. Tucker makes; and yet I ought not to be surprised, for men who will deliberately invoke the arbitrament of the sword and torch and bomb before they have made an attempt to establish a better order of things through peaceful agencies are men with whom human right and human lives count for little. Bad as is our existing system, it is perfection compared with the iron despotism which these men seek to establish. While fiercely denouncing the tyrannies of our present government, they know, many of them, nothing whatever of natural rights and individual liberty. They aim to destroy one tax-gathering machine simply that they may set up another in its place. These may seem harsh words for one reformer to use regarding others, but they need to be said. I know personally very many of these men, and I can cheerfully bear witness to their personal probity and intense desire to destroy the wrong and lift up the right; but I have never been able to disguise from myself the fact that they have no clear conceptions of the underlying causes of the evils against which they contend, and the further fact that their sole proposed remedy is in bloodletting. They are not able to tell us how the wholesale slasher of the laboring men of the nations is going to establish equitable principles in economic and social life, and the society which they propose to establish in place of the old is to be based upon the principle that the individual is nothing and the society everything. They would have us wade through our brothers' blood from the bad to the almost infinitely worse. They intend no such result as this, but from the sown dragon's teeth of violence and personal subordination shall spring only the terrible growths of hatred, murder, and most horrible despotsisms.

Anarchism stands for the rights of the individual man as against the assumed mastership of any State, nation, commune, or other collectivity. It defends the right of individual initiative, of personal choice in every department and activity of life. Anarchists can not and will not defend or apologize for the criminals who use it as a rallying word to call their followers to the field of rapine and carnage. We will not be held morally responsible for the crimes of those men, for we have ever exposed the fallacy of their principles, and denounced their methods as in every way reprehensible.

Friends of peace, of construction, of liberty, of personal ownership,—separate yourselves alike from the government-

alists on the one hand, and the paternal Socialists, the self-styled "Anarchistic-Communists," on the other. This is the crisis hour; how will you choose?

Another Brave Man Stands Up.

John Shrum, Secretary of Scammonville Group, I. W. P. A.: DEAR COMRADE.—I have read over carefully Tucker's article in *Liberty* of March 27, and I cannot find anything in it to warrant your assertion that he condemns the whole International for the acts he denounces so bravely and fearlessly. He certainly blames John Most. He says that Most knew of the acts of those men; and when asked by Justus Schwab to sever his connection with them, Most refused, and now denounces Schwab in his "*Freiheit*," although Schwab is well known to be a good man. He (Tucker) certainly denounces, as he has always denounced, the doctrines of the Communists who call themselves Anarchists, and denies their right, as he has always done, to the title of Anarchist. He is, and has always been, right in this, as no Communist can claim to be an Anarchist. The two are as opposite as the poles, Communism being the very perfection of collective despotism, while Anarchism is the very perfection of Individual Liberty.

If the Communists are really desirous of realizing their doctrines, they have ample opportunity to do so in the present State. The United States government is getting ready to own the railroads and the telegraphs, and if Parsons and all the other Communists only throw themselves into the work with a will, it is a question of but a very short time when the United States will own the mines and factories, as well as all the other industries of the country, with Parsons and other leaders as the distributing officers of the Great American Commune. It is all bosh for the Communists to shout for the destruction of the present system, when it is drifting as fast as it can to a Communism only a little less despotic than that of the shrieking Communists themselves.

Parsons said at Scammonville last summer that any man brave enough to desire to work outside of the Communist groups, after the Revolution, would soon be compelled by ostracism and the freezing-out process to attach himself to some group, no matter what his opinions were, or how uncongenial he found those with whom he had to associate. If this would not be the perfection of Tyranny, I want to know what is. To what a dead level of mediocrity this would reduce men, were such tyranny possible! But, thank Progress, this can never be possible among men who have the least conception of Liberty. Tucker is right when he calls upon the Anarchistic press everywhere to denounce the crimes he exposes in his paper. "*He who is not against their crimes is for them*." The cause of true revolution cannot be forwarded by hiding such atrocities, or associating with their perpetrators.

If any members of the International believe in such acts, and call them revolutionary, then honest revolutionists can have no affiliation with them, and a revolt brought about by them would not be a benefit, but a curse,—a reign of plunder and murder, like the reign of Robespierre and other demons of the French Terror,—resulting in sending thousands of innocent people to the scaffold and the prison. An able, true Anarchist said once: "Correct ideas precede successful action." The Communists of Chicago who call themselves Anarchists have not correct ideas; the revolutionists of Denver, who do not know whether they are Anarchist, Socialist, or Communist, but believe they are a mixture of all three, are as far from correct as the Chicago fellows; and the Socialists of San Francisco, who are now busy fighting the poor, harmless Chinaman, badly need the light of Tucker's *Liberty* to dispel their gloom.

Revolutionists who desire correct ideas, and are honest in their desire for a state of society founded on Justice, should read *Liberty*, the only paper in America that advocates the complete emancipation of Labor (the "Alarm" to the contrary notwithstanding), the only paper that advocates the abolition of all government of man by man,—perfect Individual Sovereignty,—peaceful, harmonious, pure, unadulterated Anarchy. Yours for truth,

JOHN McLAUGHLIN.

COLUMBUS, KANSAS, APRIL 14, 1886.
[Haven't you forgotten "*Lucifer*," Friend McLaughlin? — EDITOR LIBERTY.]

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

A ROMANCE.

By N. G. TCHERNYCHEWSKY.

Translated by Benj. R. Tucker.

Continued from No. 79.

"She is brave!" exclaimed the three young people.

"I believe you!" said Mossoloff, with satisfaction.

"Have you known her long?"

"Almost three years."

"And do you know him well?"

"Very well. Do not be troubled, I beg," he added, addressing the members of the well-behaved party: "it is only because she is tired."

Véra Pavlovna cast an interrogative glance at her husband and at Beaumont, and shook her head.

"Tired? You are telling us tales," said Kirsanoff.

"I assure you. She is tired, that's all. She will sleep, and it will all pass over," repeated Mossoloff in an indifferent and tranquil tone.

Ten minutes later Katérina Vassilieva returned.

"Well?" asked six voices. Mossoloff asked no question.

"She went to bed, began at once to doze, and probably is now fast asleep."

"Didn't I tell you so?" observed Mossoloff. "It is nothing."

"She is to be pitied, nevertheless," said Katérina Vassilieva. "Let us keep separate in her presence. You stay with me, Vérotchka, and Charlie with Sacha."

"But we need not trouble ourselves now," said Mossoloff, "we can sing, dance, shout; she is sleeping profoundly."

If she was asleep, if it was nothing, why should they trouble themselves? The impression made by the lady in black, which had disturbed their peace for a quarter of an hour, passed away, disappeared, was forgotten, not quite, but nearly. The evening gradually became what former similar evenings had been, and soon gayety reigned.

Gaiety not unmixed, however; five or six times the ladies looked at each other with an expression of fear and sadness. Twice, perhaps, Véra Pavlovna said furtively in her husband's ear: "Sacha, if that should happen to me?" The first time Kirsanoff made no answer; the second he said: "No, Vérotchka, that cannot happen to you."

"Cannot? Are you sure?"

"Yes."

And Katérina Vassilieva also furtively said twice in her husband's ear:

"That cannot happen to me, Charlie, can it?"

The first time Beaumont only smiled in a half-hearted and not very reassuring manner; the second he answered:

"In all probability that cannot happen to you."

But these were only passing echoes, and were heard only at the beginning. But in general the evening went off joyously, and half an hour later quite gayly. They chattered and played and sang.

"She sleeps profoundly," Mossoloff assured them, and he set the example. In truth they could not trouble her sleep, because the room where she was lying down was a long distance from the drawing-room, three rooms away at the other end of the suite.

Therefore the evening's revelry was completely restored.

The young people, as usual, now joined the others, now separated from them; now in a body, now not; twice Beaumont had joined them: twice Véra Pavlovna had turned them away from Beaumont and from all serious conversation.

They babbled a great deal; a great deal too much; they also discussed things together, but much less.

All were together.

"Well, what is there of good or evil?" asked the young man who a little while before had assumed a tragic attitude.

"More evil than good," said Véra Pavlovna.

"Why so, Vérotchka?" said Katérina Vassilieva.

"At any rate life does not go on without it," said Beaumont.

"An inevitable thing," affirmed Kirsanoff.

"Altogether evil, — that is, very good," decided he who had started the question. His three companions nodded their heads, and said: "Bravo, Nikitine!"

The young people were by themselves.

"I never knew him, Nikitine; but you seem to have known him?" said Mossoloff, inquiringly.

"I was then a mere boy. I saw him."

"How do your memories seem to you? Do they tell the truth? Do they not exaggerate through friendship?"

"No."

"Has no one seen him since?"

"No. Beaumont was then in America."

"Indeed! Karl Iakovitch, I beg your attention for a moment. Did you not meet in America this Russian of whom they have been talking?"

"No."

"What caprice has entered my head?" said Nikitine: "he and she would make a good pair."

"Gentlemen, come and sing with me," said Véra Pavlovna. "Two volunteers! So much the better."

Mossoloff and Nikitine remained by themselves.

"I can show you a curious thing, Nikitine," said Mossoloff. "Do you think she is asleep?"

"No."

"Only you must say nothing about it. Afterwards, when you know her better, you can tell her that you saw her. But no one else. She does not like that."

The windows of the room were raised a little.

"It certainly is the window where the light is."

Mossoloff glanced in that direction.

"Yes, do you see?"

The lady in black was sitting in an easy chair, near the table. With her left elbow she was leaning on the table; her hand lightly sustained her bowed head, covering her temple and a part of her hair. Her right hand was placed on the table, and her fingers rose and fell mechanically, as if playing some air. The lady's face wore an immovable expression of reverie, sad, but still severe. Her eyebrows came together and slightly parted again, and vice versa.

"Always this way, Mossoloff?"

"Do you see? But come; else we shall take cold. We have been here a quarter of an hour."

"How unfeeling you are!" said Nikitine, looking steadily at his companion, when they passed by the reflector in the ante-room.

"By constantly feeling one becomes unfeeling, my dear. To you it is a novelty."

The refreshments were brought in.

"The brandy must be very good," said Nikitine: "but how strong it is! It takes one's breath away!"

"What a little girl! Your eyes are red!" said Mossoloff.

Everybody began to make fun of Nikitine.

"Oh! that's only because I am choked up; were it not for that, I could drink," said he, in self-justification.

They took note of the time. It was only eleven o'clock; therefore they could chatter half an hour longer; there was time enough.

Half an hour later Katérina Vassilieva went to awaken the lady in black. The lady came to meet her on the threshold, stretching as if she had just been asleep.

"Did you sleep well?"

"Perfectly."

"How do you feel?"

"Marvellously well. I told you before that it was nothing. I was tired, because I had been acting so wildly. Now I shall be more prudent."

But no, she did not succeed in being prudent. Five minutes later she had already charmed Polosof, was giving orders to the young people, and drumming a march or something of the sort with the handles of two forks on the table. At the same time she was urging a departure, while the others, whom her sauciness had already made quite gay, were not in such a hurry.

"Are the horses ready?" she asked, after having eaten.

"Not yet; the order to harness them has just been given."

"Unendurable! But if that is the case, sing us something, Véra Pavlovna: I have heard that you have a fine voice."

Véra Pavlovna sang.

"I shall ask you to sing often," said the lady in black.

"It is your turn, it is your turn," they cried on all sides.

The words were no sooner uttered than she was at the piano.

"All right! I do not know how to sing, but to me that is no obstacle! But, ladies and gentlemen, it is not at all for you that I sing; I sing only for my children. Children, do not laugh at your mother!"

She improvised a few strains on the piano by way of prelude.

"Children, do not laugh; I shall sing with expression."

And, with a squeaking voice, she began to sing:

Un pigeon moiré . . .

(A watered dove)

The young people shouted in surprise and the rest of the company began to laugh, and the singer herself could not help laughing too; but, after stifling her laughter, she continued, in a voice that squeaked twice as much as before:

. . . Gémisait,

(Wailed)

Gémisait la nuit et le jour;

(Wailed night and day)

Il appela son cher a—

(He called his dear —)

At this word her voice trembled and at once failed her.

"It does not come; so much the better, it ought not to come; something else will come to me; listen, my children, to the teaching of your mother: do not fall in love, and be sure that you do not marry."

She began to sing in a full, strong contralto:

Il y a bien des beautés dans nos aoules;

(There are many beauties in our Caucasian villages)

Des astres brillent dans la profondeur de leurs yeux;

(Stars shine in the depths of their eyes)

Il est bien doux de les aimer, oui, c'est un grand bonheur;

(It is very sweet to love them, yes, it is a great happiness)

Mais . . .

(But)

this is a stupid "but," my children,—

Mais la liberté de garçon est plus joyeuse.

(But the bachelor's liberty is more joyous)

this is no reason,—this reason is stupid,—and you shall know why:

Ne te marie pas, jeune homme,

(Do not marry, young man)

Ecoute-moi!

(Listen to me)

"Farther on comes a piece of nonsense, my children; this too is nonsense, if you like: one may, my children, both fall in love and marry, but only by choice, and without deceit, without deceit, my children. I am going to sing to you of the way in which I was married; the romance is an old one, but I also am old. I am sitting on a balcony in our castle of Dalton; I am a fair-skinned Scotchwoman; the forest and the Bringale River are before me; some one stealthily approaches the balcony; it is certainly my sweetheart; he is poor, and I am rich, the daughter of a baron, a lord; but I love him much, and I sing to him:

La raide côte de Bringale est belle,

(The steep hill of Bringale is beautiful)

Et verte est la forêt autour,

(And green is the forest around)

Original from

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Où mon ami et moi trouvons notre asile du jour,
(Where my friend and I find our retreat by day)

for I know that in the daytime he hides and changes his retreat every day,

Asile plus cher que la maison paternelle.
(A retreat dearer than the paternal roof)

For that matter, the paternal roof was not indeed very dear. So I sing to him: I will go with you. How do you think he answers me?

Tu veux, vierge, être mienne,
(You wish, virgin, to be mine)
Oublier ta naissance et ta dignité;
(To forget your birth and your dignity)

for I am of high birth,—

Mais d'abord devine
(But first guess)
Quel est mon sort.
(What my lot is)

"You are a hunter?" I say. "No." "You are a poacher?" "You have almost guessed it," he says.

Quand nous nous rassemblerons, enfants des ténèbres,
(When we shall gather, children of darkness)

for we, ladies and gentlemen, are children of very bad subjects,—

Il nous faudra, crois-moi,
(It will be necessary for us, believe me)
Oublier qui nous étions d'abord,
(To forget who we were at first)
Oublier qui nous sommes maintenant,
(To forget who we are now)

he sings. "I guessed long ago," I say; "you are a brigand." And it is really the truth, he is a brigand,—yes, he is a brigand. What does he say then, gentlemen? "You see, I am a bad sweetheart for you."

O vierge, je ne suis pas l'homme digne de tes vœux;
(O virgin, I am not a man worthy of your vows)
J'habite les forêts épaissees;
(I dwell in the thick forests)

that is the absolute truth,—"thick forests"; so he tells me not to accompany him.

Périsseuse sera ma vie,
(Perilous will be my life)

for in the thick forests there are wild beasts,—

Et ma fin sera bien triste.
(And my end will be very sad)

That is not true, my children; it will not be sad; but then I believed it, and he believed it too; nevertheless I answer him in the same way:

La raide côte de Bringale est belle,
(The steep hill of Bringale is beautiful)
Et verte est la forêt autour,
(And green is the forest around)
Où mon ami et moi trouvons notre asile du jour,
(Where my friend and I find our retreat by day)
Asile plus cher que la maison paternelle.
(A retreat dearer than the paternal roof)

Indeed, so it was. Therefore I could regret nothing: he had told me where I was to go. *Thus* one may marry, one may love, my children,—without deceit and knowing well how to choose.

La lune se lève
(The moon rises)
Lente et tranquille,
(Slowly and peacefully)
Et le jeune guerrier
(And the young warrior)
Se prépare au combat.
(Prepares for the combat)
Il charge son fusil,
(He loads his gun)
Et la vierge lui dit:
(And the virgin says to him)
"Avec audace, mon amour,
(Boldly, my love)
Confie-toi à ta destinée."
(Entrust yourself to your destiny)

With such women one may fall in love, and one may marry them."

("Forget what I said to you, Sacha; listen to her!" whispers one of the women, pressing his hand.—"Why did I not say that to you? Now I will speak of it to you," whispers the other.)

"I allow you to love such women, and I bless you, my children:

Avec audace, cher amour,
(Boldly, dear love)
Confie-toi à ta destinée.
(Entrust yourself to your destiny)

I have grown quite gay with you; now, wherever there is gayety, there should be drinking.

Hé! ma cabaretière,
(Ho! my hostess)
Verse-moi de l'hydromel et du vin,
(Pour me some mead and wine)

Mead, because the word cannot be thrown out of the song. Is there any champagne left? Yes? Perfect! Open it.

Hé! ma cabaretière,
(Ho! my hostess)
Verse-moi de l'hydromel et du vin,
(Pour me some mead and wine)
Pour que ma tête
(That my head)
Soit gai!
(May be gay)

Who is the hostess? Me:

Et la cabaretière a des sourcils noirs
(And the hostess has black eyebrows)
Et des talons ferrés!
(And iron heels)

She rose suddenly, passed her hand over her eyebrows, and stamped with her heels.

"Poured! Ready! Ladies and gentlemen, you, old man, and you, my chil-

dren, take it and drink it, that your heads may be gay!"

"To the hostess, to the hostess!"

"Thanks! to my health!"

She sits down again at the piano and sings:

Que le chagrin vole en éclats!
(Let sorrow fly away in shouts)

and it will fly away,—

Et dans des coeurs rajeunis
(And into rejuvenated hearts)
Que l'inaltérable joie descend!
(Let unalterable joy descend)

and so it will, probably.

La sombre peur fuit comme un ombre,
(Dark fear flees like a shadow)
Des rayons qui appoient le jour,
(Rays that bring the day)
La lumière, la chaleur, et les parfums printaniers
(Light, warmth, and the spring perfumes)
Chassent vite les ténèbres et le froid;
(Quickly drive away the darkness and cold)
L'odeur de la pourriture diminue,
(The odor of decay diminishes)
L'odeur de la rose croît sans cesse.
(The odor of the rose ever increases)

CHAPTER SIXTH.

Change of Scene.

"*Au passage!*" said the lady in black to the coachman, though now she was no longer in black: a light dress, a pink hat, a white mantilla, and a bouquet in her hand. She was no longer with Mossoloff alone: Mossoloff and Nikitine were on the front seat of the barouche; on the coachman's seat was a youth; and beside the lady sat a man of about thirty. How old was the lady? Was she twenty-five, as she said, instead of twenty only. But if she chose to make herself old, that was a matter for her own conscience.

"Yes, my dear friend, I have been expecting this day for more than two years. At the time when I made his acquaintance (she indicated Nikitine with her eyes), I only had a presentiment; it could not then be said that I expected; then there was only hope, but soon came assurance."

"Permit me!" says the reader,—and not only the reader with the penetrating eye, but every reader,—becoming more stupefied the more he reflects: "more than two years after she had made Nikitine's acquaintance?"

"Yes."

"But she made Nikitine's acquaintance at the same time that she made that of the Kirсанoffs and the Beaumonts, at the sleighing-party which took place towards the end of last winter."

"You are perfectly right."

"What does this mean, then? You are talking of the beginning of the year 1863?"

"Yes."

"But how is that possible, pray?"

"Why not, if I know it?"

"Nonsense! who will listen to you?"

"You will not?"

"What do you take me for? Certainly not."

"If you will not listen to me now, it is needless to say that I must postpone the sequel of my story until you will deign to listen. I hope to see that day ere long."

April 4 (16), 1863.

THE END.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

ON

His False, Absurd, Self-Contradictory, and Ridiculous Inaugural Address.

By LYSANDER SPOONER.

[The author reserves his copyright in this letter.]

SECTION XXV.

But perhaps the most absolute proof that our national lawmakers and judges are as regardless of all constitutional, as they are of all natural, law, and that their statutes and decisions are as destitute of all constitutional, as they are of all natural, authority, is to be found in the fact that these lawmakers and judges have trampled upon, and utterly ignored, certain amendments to the constitution, which had been adopted, and (constitutionally speaking) become authoritative, as early as 1791; only two years after the government went into operation.

If these amendments had been obeyed, they would have compelled all congresses and courts to understand that, if the government had any constitutional powers at all, they were simply powers to protect men's natural rights, and not to destroy any of them.

These amendments have actually forbidden any lawmaking whatever in violation of men's natural rights. And this is equivalent to a prohibition of any lawmaking at all. And if lawmakers and courts had been as desirous of preserving men's natural rights, as they have been of violating them, they would long ago have found out that, since these amendments, the constitution authorized no lawmaking at all.

These amendments were ten in number. They were recommended by the first congress, at its first session, in 1789; two-thirds of both houses concurring. And in 1791, they had been ratified by all the States: and from that time they imposed the restrictions mentioned upon all the powers of congress.

These amendments were proposed, by the first congress, for the reason that, although the constitution, as originally framed, had been adopted, its adoption had been procured only with great difficulty, and in spite of great objections. These

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

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"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions." — PROUDHON.

Stop the Main Leak First.

In answer to my article, "Free Money First," in Liberty of March 27, in which was discussed the comparative importance of the money and land questions, J. M. M'Gregor of the Detroit "Labor Leaf" says: "I grant free money first. I firmly believe free money will come first, too, though my critic and myself may be widely at variance in regard to what would constitute free money." I mean by free money the utter absence of restriction upon the issue of all money not fraudulent. If Mr. M'Gregor believes in this, I am heartily glad. I should like to be half as sure as he is that it really is coming first. From the present temper of the people it looks to me as if nothing *free* would come first. They seem to be bent on trying every form of compulsion. In this current Mr. M'Gregor is far to the fore with his scheme of land taxation on the Henry George plan, and although he may believe free money will be first in time, he clearly does not consider it first in importance. This last-mentioned priority he awards to land reform, and it was his position in that regard that my article was written to dispute.

The issue between us, thus confined, hangs upon the truth or falsity of Mr. M'Gregor's statement that "today landlordism, through rent and speculation, supports more idlers than any other system of profit robbing known to our great commonwealth." I take it that Mr. M'Gregor, by "rent," means ground-rent exclusively, and, by the phrase "supports more idlers," means takes more from labor; otherwise, his statement has no pertinence to his position. For all rent except ground-rent would be almost entirely and directly abolished by free money, and the evil of rent to labor depends, not so much on the number of idlers it supports, as on the aggregate amount and quality of support it gives them, whether they be many or few in number. Mr. M'Gregor's statement, then, amounts to this,—that ground-rent takes more from labor than any other form of usury. It needs no statistics to disprove this. The principal forms of usury are interest on money loaned or invested, profits made in buying and selling, rent of buildings of all sorts, and ground-rent. A moment's reflection will show any one that the amount of loaned or invested capital bearing interest in this country today far exceeds in value the amount of land yielding rent. The item of interest alone is a much more serious burden on the people than that of ground-rent. Much less, then, does ground-rent equal interest *plus* profit *plus* rent of buildings. But to make Mr. M'Gregor's argument really valid it must exceed all these combined. For a true money reform, I repeat, would abolish almost entirely and directly every one of these forms of usury except ground-rent, while a true land reform would directly abolish only ground-rent. Therefore, unless labor pays more in ground-rent than in interest, profit, and rent of buildings combined, the money question is of more importance than the land question. There are countries where this is the case, but the United States is not one of them.

It should also be borne in mind that free money, in destroying the power to accumulate large fortunes in the ordinary industries of life, will put a very powerful check upon the scramble for corner-lots and other advantageous positions, and thereby have a considerable influence upon ground-rent itself.

"How can capital be free," asks Mr. M'Gregor,

"when it cannot get rid of rent?" It cannot be entirely free till it can get rid of rent, but it will be infinitely freer if it gets rid of interest, profit, and rent of buildings and still keeps ground-rent than if it gets rid of ground-rent and keeps the other forms of usury. Both, however, have got to go. Give us free money, the first great step to Anarchy, and we'll attend to ground-rent afterwards. We'll send it to the limbo of all other frauds without the aid of Henry George or his theories.

T.

arguments which he has never considered, and which a little quiet thought and study would enable him to meet; but, finding no time for this in the whirl of his revolutionary work, he runs up against one of them and is stunned into acquiescence, and, before he has fairly recovered, gets a buffet from the opposite direction, which demoralizes—or dementalizes—him more than ever.

It is lamentable. Mr. Seymour is a most earnest young man, and his enthusiasm commands my admiration; but I am compelled to say that the present intellectual status of his paper positively dishonors and disgraces a cause whose foremost representatives and advocates have been acknowledged, even by its bitterest opponents, to be possessed of more than ordinary mental grasp. I say this with the more reluctance from the fact that the "Anarchist" descended from Liberty in a direct line, and has been a source of great pride to its ancestor. It is distressing to disown one's progeny, but occasionally it has to be done.

T.

Boycott the State.

So Jay Gould is to be boycotted by the Knights of Labor!

Poor Gould!

If there were weeds growing in your garden, would you snap off the top of one of them, expecting to exterminate them all, or would you dig them all up, root and branch? If you did the former, you would give more room to the surrounding weeds, and they would grow the ranker. If you pulled them up, every one of them, you would do about the right thing.

The weeds in the social garden are the monopolies, and the rankest of all is the monopoly of the State, from which all other monopolies get sustenance. Don't lop off a little branch like Jay Gould, but pull up the whole rank growth and burn it.

Jay Gould, so far as any one knows, has got his millions according to law, and holds them with the sanction of the State. He has got more than others simply because he has taken more advantage of the opportunities afforded by the State.

Knights of Labor, and you who are not knights, if you wish to make it impossible for men like Gould to exist, boycott the State!

And in order to do this, boycott the ballot.

This may look like a desperate remedy, but it is a desperate case.

C. M. H.

Learn Before You Teach.

Will the editor of the London "Anarchist" accept an item of advice from the editor of Liberty? Namely, that, before issuing another number of his paper, he should take a vacation sufficiently long—whether one month, or twelve months, or twelve years—to enable him to study the questions he is publicly discussing and find out his attitude upon them, to the end that he may thereafter utilize his commendable zeal as a propagandist with some consistency and effect. He started his paper as an Anarchistic Socialist, standing squarely upon the principles of Liberty and Equity and advocating them with considerable intelligence and power. But in a recent issue he abandoned Equity by repudiating the Socialistic theory of value and adopting one which differs but little, if any, from that held by the ordinary economist, and in the next issue after it, or the next but one, he abandoned Liberty by vaulting into communism. These two remarkable feats in intellectual gymnastics are not more inconsistent with the original attitude of their hero than they are with each other. If amid this network of inconsistencies any reader of the "Anarchist," which now announces itself an organ, can find in its editorial columns any coherent body of doctrine signifying to him of what it is an organ, his eyes are sharper than mine.

It had been my intention to reason with Mr. Seymour on his rejection of the cost principle, but I am glad to say that Mr. John F. Kelly, of Hoboken, got the start of me, and sorry to say that his experiment has shown me the futility of such a course. Mr. Kelly gave Mr. Seymour the benefit of a column and a half of as calm, clear, cogent, and compact reasoning as often finds its way into print, and it elicited from him naught but a few straggling sentences each seemingly struggling to surpass its predecessor in the extremity of its insanity. I attribute this, not to any deficiency in Mr. Seymour of native intellectual power, but to a premature assumption of the functions of a public teacher. Attracted by the fundamental force of ideas theretofore unknown to him, he rushed into print as their champion before his mind had thoroughly assimilated them and could withstand any and all assaults upon them. Now he finds himself confronted with

Liberty and Compromise.

The longer I live and the more I see, the more firmly do I become a believer in religion. For what is the essence of religion, after all, but strong reliance in the conviction that the central principle of the universe is perfection? Call it God, natural law, or whatever you will, the aggregate of all is towards the good, the true, and the just. He whose moral nature is so diseased as not to feel this is the only infidel I can conceive.

"Never has the interest in politics been at so low an ebb in the history of this country as now," said a leading politician to me the other day, "and yet," he added, "never before have such momentous issues been before the country as now."

In the above admission I see a sign of the times having the deepest and most gratifying significance. The so-called labor question is before the country. The papers are full of it. It floods the pulpits and surges upon every hearthstone. Railroad men and merchants tremble. It overflows into congress. The president issues messages upon it. Everybody is stirred. And yet never in the history of this country were politics at so low an ebb as now.

The fact is that the industrial question is a social question, and that there is sufficient overweight of intelligence among the workingmen to conduct it largely upon social methods, without calling upon politics. Though it be true that the boycott and other of these social methods grievously violate individual right, I confess that to my mind the penalty which liberty must pay to ignorance in this case is very tolerable beside the steady drift towards social methods in place of political.

The great issues that are coming to shake society will be social rather than political. This can mean nothing else than that a great tidal wave is in motion towards Anarchism. In its first stages there will naturally be cardinal crimes against individual liberty; but let us not lose temper on this account, and ignore the great revolution that is slowly developing in the methods of social amelioration.

The Knights of Labor are the first crude expression of the new social drift in this country. The order needs seasoning with ideas, and its platform in many respects proclaims a square assault upon individual right. Yet, taken for all in all, it is farther divorced from politics than any other reform organization in history. Whether politics will yet overshadow and capture it is the critical issue in its life. Possibly such will be its fate; but no matter. Profiting by experience, the next great labor organization that rises from its ashes will take a farther step away from politics.

Ideas permeate the masses slowly. It is the individual who impregnates the mass with true germs. The aggregate expression of liberty will long be cumbersome and contradictory, but the germ lives. He who holds a large-rounded faith in an irrepressible drift towards true foundation principles will not fly off and proclaim a sweeping repudiation of an organization which must first creep and get off its swaddling clothes before it can stand erect upon the eternal foundation rock of Individual Sovereignty. A steady inoculation with true

germs, wherever the opportunity offers, is the duty of the Anarchist, but we should not rashly cast away from us the body because it was not born whole.

Such a course I do not regard as compromise, in the sense of denying one's principles and acting the rôle of a studied liar and hypocrite. The present collectivized character of society is such that, wherever social aggregations exist, a conglomerate alloy of liberty and despotism is found jumbled together. The most that an Anarchistic reformer can be able to accomplish in one short life is to diligently impregnate the mass with the true germ of liberty, and gradually the gold will separate from the alloy. In how far he himself becomes corrupted by the process of temporizing with despotism must rest upon his own individual discretion and character. The result upon his individual integrity measures his manhood and is the test of his moral weight. Without such tests no man can demonstrate what he amounts to as a factor for good.

But all men are differently organized. In the last analysis the only definition of a true man is one who acts out his own nature,—is true to his own instincts. The radical weakness of men is that one nature, seeing truth and consistency through its own glass, is prone to rash and uncharitable interpretations of the conduct of another. If liberty bears upon its saving wings one glory above all others, it is that unlimited largeness which accords full faith to all creeds, judgments, and acts of men which are honest results of the fidelity of the Individual Sovereign to himself. And who is constituted the final judge but the Individual himself?

x.

COMMENTS ON THE FOREGOING.

Mr. Appleton having abandoned the personalities with which he began this discussion, it is my pleasure to follow his example. What he calls the "steady drift towards social methods" is a source of greater gratification to no one than to myself. Having been engaged for years in working with others to help in creating that drift, it would be strange indeed were I to look upon its progress as other than a most encouraging sign of the times. But it would be equally strange were my comrades and I to now abandon the methods that have proved so potent in creating the drift. The question now is not whether "the penalty which liberty must pay to ignorance is tolerable,"—the word *must* begs the question,—but whether this ignorance can be dissipated, and whether the same methods that dissipated so much of ignorance as has gone will not best dissipate that which remains. Why should we treat the ignorance that now retards the progress of this drift otherwise than we treated that which so long prevented it from starting? Why adopt the cork-screw when the plumb-line has served so well? Having held up truth in all its splendor as a beacon for wanderers sailing in the dark, why dim its lustre by accepting an admixture of error before the wanderers have reached port?

If the next great labor organization that rises from the ashes of the Knights of Labor shall take a farther step away from politics, it will do so only because more men than ever before see the folly of compromising. The power that will influence the Knights of Labor or their successors to take such a step will be by so much weakened whenever a man who knows the truth compromises with the Knights of Labor. And, by the way, the statement that the Knights of Labor is "farther divorced from politics than any other reform organization in history" is a most loose and thoughtless one. Scores of exceptions to it might be cited. For the present, let the Anti-Slavery Society prior to the war and the Irish Land League in its earlier stages suffice. The demands of the Knights of Labor, if realized, would extend the sphere of government an immense distance beyond its present limits? Is that divorce from politics?

"We should not cast away the body because it was not born whole," nor should we, having whole bodies or being members of such, incorporate ourselves with diseased organizations which are to perform their most important function in contributing their corpses as fertilizing material for healthier growths. The inoculator of true germs generally stands outside of his patient.

In his concluding paragraphs Mr. Appleton drops his defence of the wisdom of compromise to champion

the liberty of compromise. That is the last liberty that I should ever have thought of as needing vindication. I have never assailed it, and I never knew it to be assailed. It is the one liberty that, from time immemorial, men have enjoyed in its completeness. It is the one liberty that the oppressors of mankind have always rejoiced to see the people utilize. It may be exercised with impunity. The compromiser has not to fear the dungeon or the rack or the stake. To his conduct attaches but one penalty,—that of criticism. However much an individual sovereign he may be, that he cannot escape. He may act as he pleases and compromise as he pleases, but others will always think what they please and say what they please concerning the wisdom of his conduct. Unless, indeed, after publicly inviting them to do so, he privately begs them not to. In such cases the love of mercy and of peace will sometimes prevail.

T.

Schleman (whose real name is Scharf), one of the firebugs alluded to in Liberty's exposure, has been sentenced to two months in the penitentiary, and his companion, Charles Willmund, who was arrested with him and also belongs to the gang, is to be an inmate of the State prison for three years and a half. Now that Most and his fellows are rushing so madly to their own destruction, it is to be hoped that the authorities will not help to save him by prosecuting him for revolutionary utterances, as it is reported that they intend to do. As long as the struggle is between the State and the firebugs, Anarchists can watch with non-partisan calmness the combat of these opposing scoundrels; but when the issue of liberty of speech is joined between the State and a revolutionist, every Anarchist must stand with the revolutionist, though he be as detestable a person as John Most. "Freiheit" says that Willmund owes his fate to Bachmann and Schwab! Nonsense! He owes it to his own folly and to Most's teachings.

Comrade McLaughlin of Kansas desires to warn all Anarchists against ordering books of P. Argyriades, editor of "La Question Sociale," 52 Rue Monge, Paris. A money order was sent to him last June for the purchase of certain books which he advertises. It is almost certain that he received it, but, although a letter of inquiry has since been sent, nothing has been heard from him and no books have been received. Readers of Liberty will remember that I charged "La Question Sociale" with dishonesty a year ago.

"The Beast of Communism."

The article printed below was rejected by the Chicago "Alarm," in spite of the fact that its author, Dyer D. Lum, the "Alarm's" ablest editorial writer, asked its insertion in that paper as a matter of justice to himself:

The recent article from the pen of Mr. Tucker in the columns of Liberty, exposing an alleged conspiracy on the part of certain Communist-Anarchists in New York for the systematic commission of arson for the purpose of obtaining funds from insurance companies, calls for attention on our part. If the data on which the charge is made be indeed facts, then Mr. Tucker's scathing denunciation of these moral crimes is fully justified. Unfortunately, men in whom I have the greatest confidence, and in whose word I have unbounded trust, have reason to believe that the charge is true.

Certainly no one who has had intimate acquaintance with Justus H. Schwab and knows his character and sterling merits will for a moment believe that he has broken with the "Freiheit" from moral cowardice or desire to please the police! If John Most had said that Mr. Schwab had been deceived by cunningly devised tales, and so misled into severing his connection with the "Freiheit," his denial might be treated with more respect. Mr. Schwab, as I understand, has made no public accusation; as an Anarchist he has simply asserted his right to sever association with men whose methods he disapproves; and to those who know his character, his devotion to principle in the past, and his manly, straight-forward adherence to the cause we advocate, assault upon his character and motives is not the proper method to establish innocence or to prove ignorance.

Liberty calls upon every Anarchistic journal to copy the exposure and send it forth with the stamp of approval. For myself, as a writer for these columns, I feel in honor bound to denounce such alleged acts. I agree entirely with Liberty that "property, as it now exists, backed by legal privilege, is unquestionably a horrible monster, causing untold and universal suffering," but I doubt the justice of calling such acts as are related the product of the "Beast of Com-

munity." For the same reason which led Liberty to give the article this title, another paper might amend by substituting the Beast of Anarchy. Such acts as related are simply scoundrelism pure and simple. Men like the writer, or Justus H. Schwab, who believe communism (or better, communalism) to be a question of administrative detail, and who emphatically "deny all external authority over the individual, whether that of the present State or that of some industrial activity or commune which the future may produce," will not take an epithet for an argument, certainly not from those who have daily to explain that their use of the word Anarchy is not the defence of its popularly received significance. As to Scoundrelism there can be no controversy; invasion of natural rights by either a Communist or a State is equally damnable.

DYER D. LUM.

[Perhaps the best evidence that my phrase, "Beast of Communism," did no injustice to the "Alarm" school, in whose interest Mr. Lum may be presumed to have principally spoken, is to be found in this rejection of his article denouncing the crimes referred to, whereby the "Alarm" virtually accepts a share in the responsibility for these crimes. No matter how you qualify the "Beast," the "Alarm" is clearly on its side. I am happy to know that, in taking that position, it necessarily sacrifices Mr. Lum's co-operation in future. But if those Communists who utterly disbelieve in all forms of authority feel that my unfortunate phrase has done them any injustice, I beg their pardon, and express the hope that no odium may attach to them in consequence. It is not true, however, that the phrase, "Beast of Communism," is unjust in the same sense that the phrase, "Beast of Anarchy," would be, if similarly applied. The criminals in question, whatever they may call themselves, are not Anarchists, inasmuch as they do not believe in liberty, but are Communists, inasmuch as they believe in common property. And since they attempt to justify their conduct by the doctrine of common property which has been taught them, it may be said, and not unfairly, that the doctrine caused their acts; but, as they have never been taught Anarchy and know nothing about it, Anarchy cannot be held responsible for their misdeeds.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Encouraging Words from Topeka.

(Topeka Daily Citizen.)

Mr. Benj. R. Tucker, of the Liberty, is waging a very bitter, but wholly justifiable and commendable, warfare against the fire-eating John Most. He has the sympathy of every decent person in this action. No paper in the country is more independent than Liberty. It always says what it means and means what it says.

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A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

Continued from page 3.

objections were that, as originally framed and adopted, the constitution contained no adequate security for the private rights of the people.

These objections were admitted, by very many, if not all, the friends of the constitution themselves, to be very weighty; and such as ought to be immediately removed by amendments. And it was only because these friends of the constitution pledged themselves to use their influence to secure these amendments, that the adoption of the constitution itself was secured. And it was in fulfilment of these pledges, and to remove these objections, that the amendments were proposed and adopted.

The first eight amendments specified particularly various prohibitions upon the power of congress; such, for example, as those securing to the people the free exercise of religion, the freedom of speech and the press, the right to keep and bear arms, etc., etc. Then followed the ninth amendment, in these words:

The enumeration in the constitution, of certain rights, [retained by the people] shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

Here is an authoritative declaration, that "the people" have "other rights" than those specially "enumerated in the constitution"; and that these "other rights" were "retained by the people"; that is, that congress should have no power to infringe them.

What, then, were these "other rights," that had not been "enumerated"; but which were nevertheless "retained by the people"?

Plainly they were men's natural "rights"; for these are the only "rights" that "the people" ever had, or, consequently, that they could "retain."

And as no attempt is made to enumerate *all* these "other rights," or any considerable number of them, and as it would be obviously impossible to enumerate all, or any considerable number, of them; and as no exceptions are made of any of them, the necessary, the legal, the inevitable inference is, that they were all "retained"; and that congress should have no power to violate any of them.

Now, if congress and the courts had attempted to obey this amendment, as they were constitutionally bound to do, they would soon have found that they had really no lawmaking power whatever left to them; because they would have found that they could make no law at all, of *their own invention*, that would not violate men's natural rights.

All men's natural rights are co-extensive with natural law, the law of justice; or justice as a science. This law is the exact measure, and the only measure, of any and every man's natural rights. No one of these natural rights can be taken from any man, without doing him an injustice; and no more than these rights can be given to any one, unless by taking from the natural rights of one or more others.

In short, every man's natural rights are, first, the right to do, with himself and his property, everything that he pleases to do, and that justice towards others does not forbid him to do; and, secondly, to be free from all compulsion, by others, to do anything whatever, except what justice to others requires him to do.

Such, then, has been the constitutional law of this country since 1791; admitting, for the sake of the argument—what I do not really admit to be a fact—that the constitution, so called, has ever been a law at all.

This amendment, from the remarkable circumstances under which it was proposed and adopted, must have made an impression upon the minds of all the public men of the time; although they may not have fully comprehended, and doubtless did not fully comprehend, its sweeping effects upon all the supposed powers of the government.

But whatever impression it may have made upon the public men of that time, its authority and power were wholly lost upon their successors; and probably, for at least eighty years, it has never been heard of, either in congress or the courts.

John Marshall was perfectly familiar with all the circumstances, under which this, and the other nine amendments, were proposed and adopted. He was thirty-two years old (lacking seven days) when the constitution, as originally framed, was published (September 17, 1787); and he was a member of the Virginia convention that ratified it. He knew perfectly the objections that were raised to it, in that convention, on the ground of its inadequate guaranty of men's natural rights. He knew with what force these objections were urged by some of the ablest members of the convention. And he knew that, to obviate these objections, the convention, as a body, without a dissenting voice, so far as appears, recommended that very stringent amendments, for securing men's natural rights, be made to the constitution. And he knew further, that, but for these amendments being recommended, the constitution would not have been adopted by the convention.*

The amendments proposed were too numerous to be repeated here, although they would be very instructive, as showing how jealous the people were, lest their natural rights should be invaded by laws made by congress. And that the convention might do everything in its power to secure the adoption of these amendments, it resolved as follows:

And the convention do, in the name and behalf of the people of this commonwealth, enjoin it upon their representatives in congress to exert all their influence, and use all reasonable and legal methods, to obtain a ratification of the foregoing alterations and provisions, in the manner provided by the 5th article of the said Constitution; and, in all congressional laws to be passed in the meantime, to conform to the spirit of these amendments, as far as the said Constitution will admit. — *Elliot's Debates*, Vol. 3, p. 661.

In seven other State conventions, to wit, in those of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New York, Maryland, North Carolina, and South Carolina, the inadequate security for men's natural rights, and the necessity for amendments, were admitted, and insisted upon, in very similar terms to those in Virginia.

In Massachusetts, the convention proposed nine amendments to the constitution; and resolved as follows:

And the convention do, in the name and in the behalf of the people of this commonwealth, enjoin it upon their representatives in Congress, at all times, until the alterations and provisions aforesaid have been considered, agreeably to the 5th article of the said Constitution, to exert all their influence, and use all reasonable and legal methods, to obtain a ratification of the said alterations and provisions, in such manner as is provided in the said article. — *Elliot's Debates*, Vol. 2, p. 178.

The New Hampshire convention, that ratified the constitution, proposed twelve amendments, and added:

And the Convention do, in the name and behalf of the people of this State, enjoin it upon their representatives in congress, at all times, until the alterations and provisions aforesaid have been considered agreeably to the fifth article of the said Constitution, to exert all their influence, and use all reasonable and legal methods, to obtain a ratification of the said alter-

ations and provisions, in such manner as is provided in the article. — *Elliot's Debates*, Vol. 1, p. 326.

The Rhode Island convention, in ratifying the constitution, put forth a declaration of rights, in eighteen articles, and also proposed twenty-one amendments to the constitution; and prescribed as follows:

And the Convention do, in the name and behalf of the people of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, enjoin it upon their senators and representative or representatives, which may be elected to represent this State in congress, to exert all their influence, and use all reasonable means, to obtain a ratification of the following amendments to the said Constitution, in the manner prescribed therein; and in all laws to be passed by the congress in the mean time, to conform to the spirit of the said amendments, as far as the Constitution will admit. — *Elliot's Debates*, Vol. 1, p. 335.

The New York convention, that ratified the constitution, proposed a great many amendments, and added:

And the Convention do, in the name and behalf of the people of the State of New York, enjoin it upon their representatives in congress, to exert all their influence, and use all reasonable means, to obtain a ratification of the following amendments to the said Constitution, in the manner prescribed therein; and in all laws to be passed by the congress, in the mean time, to conform to the spirit of the said amendments as far as the Constitution will admit. — *Elliot's Debates*, Vol. 1, p. 329.

The New York convention also addressed a "CIRCULAR LETTER" to the governors of all the other States, the first two paragraphs of which are as follows:

THE CIRCULAR LETTER,

From the Convention of the State of New York to the Governors of the several States in the Union.

POUGHKEEPSIE, JULY 28, 1788.

Sir, We, the members of the Convention of this State, have deliberately and maturely considered the Constitution proposed for the United States. Several articles in it appear so exceptionable to a majority of us, that nothing but the fullest confidence of obtaining a revision of them by a general convention, and an invincible reluctance to separating from our sister States, could have prevailed upon a sufficient number to ratify it, without stipulating for previous amendments. We all unite in opinion, that such a revision will be necessary to recommend it to the approbation and support of a numerous body of our constituents.

We observe that amendments have been proposed, and are anxiously desired, by several of the States, as well as by this; and we think it of great importance that effectual measures be immediately taken for calling a convention, to meet at a period not far remote; for we are convinced that the apprehensions and discontents, which those articles occasion, cannot be removed or allayed, unless an act to provide for it be among the first that shall be passed by the new congress. — *Elliot's Debates*, Vol. 2, p. 413.

In the Maryland convention, numerous amendments were proposed, and thirteen were agreed to; "most of them by a unanimous vote, and all by a great majority." Fifteen others were proposed, but there was so much disagreement in regard to them, that none at all were formally recommended to congress. But, says Eliot:

All the members, who voted for the ratification [of the constitution], declared that they would engage themselves, under every tie of honor, to support the amendments they had agreed to, both in their public and private characters, until they should become a part of the general government. — *Elliot's Debates*, Vol. 2, pp. 530, 532-3.

The first North Carolina convention refused to ratify the constitution, and

Resolved, That a declaration of rights, asserting and securing from encroachments the great principles of civil and religious liberty, and the inalienable rights of the people, together with amendments to the most ambiguous and exceptionable parts of the said constitution of government, ought to be laid before congress, and the convention of States that shall or may be called for the purpose of amending the said Constitution, for their consideration, previous to the ratification of the Constitution aforesaid, on the part of the State of North Carolina. — *Elliot's Debates*, Vol. 1, p. 332.

The South Carolina convention, that ratified the constitution, proposed certain amendments, and

Resolved, That it be a standing instruction to all such delegates as may hereafter be elected to represent this State in the General Government, to exert their utmost abilities and influence to effect an alteration of the Constitution, conformably to the foregoing resolutions. — *Elliot's Debates*, Vol. 1, p. 325.

In the Pennsylvania convention, numerous objections were made to the constitution, but it does not appear that the convention, as a convention, recommended any specific amendments. But a strong movement, outside of the convention, was afterwards made in favor of such amendments. ("Elliot's Debates," Vol. 2, p. 542.)

Of the debates in the Connecticut convention, Elliot gives only what he calls "A Fragment."

Of the debates in the conventions of New Jersey, Delaware, and Georgia, Elliot gives no accounts at all.

I therefore cannot state the grounds, on which the adoption of the constitution was opposed. They were doubtless very similar to those in the other States. This is rendered morally certain by the fact, that the amendments, soon afterwards proposed by congress, were immediately ratified by all the States. Also by the further fact, that these States, by reason of the smallness of their representation in the popular branch of congress, would naturally be even more jealous of their rights, than the people of the larger States.

It is especially worthy of notice that, in some, if not in all, the conventions that ratified the constitution, although the ratification was accompanied by such urgent recommendations of amendments, and by an almost absolute assurance that they would be made, it was nevertheless secured only by very small majorities.

Thus in Virginia, the vote was only 89 ayes to 79 nays. (Elliot, Vol. 3, p. 654.)

In Massachusetts, the ratification was secured only by a vote of 187 yeas to 168 nays. (Elliot, Vol. 2, p. 181.)

In New York, the vote was only 30 yeas to 27 nays. (Elliot, Vol. 2, p. 413.)

In New Hampshire and Rhode Island, neither the yeas nor nays are given. (Elliot, Vol. 1, pp. 327-335.)

In Connecticut, the yeas were 128; *nays not given*. (Elliot, Vol. 1, p. 321-2.)

In New Jersey, the yeas were 38; *nays not given*. (Elliot, Vol. 1, p. 321.)

In Pennsylvania, the yeas were 46; *the nays not given*. (Elliot, Vol. 1, p. 320.)

In Delaware, the yeas were 30; *nays not given*. (Elliot, Vol. 1, p. 319.)

In Maryland, the vote was 57 yeas; *nays not given*. (Elliot, Vol. 1, p. 325.)

In North Carolina, neither the yeas nor nays are given. (Elliot, Vol. 1, p. 333.)

In South Carolina, neither the yeas nor nays are given. (Elliot, Vol. 1, p. 325.)

In Georgia, the yeas were 26; *nays not given*. (Elliot, Vol. 1, p. 324.)

We can thus see by what meagre votes the constitution was adopted. We can also see that, but for the prospect that important amendments would be made, specially for securing the natural rights of the people, the constitution would have been spurned with contempt, as it deserved to be.

And yet now, owing to the usurpations of lawmakers and courts, the original constitution—with the worst possible construction put upon it—has been carried into effect; and the amendments have been simply cast into the waste baskets.

Marshall was thirty-six years old, when these amendments became a part of the

* For the amendments recommended by the Virginia convention, see "Elliot's Debates," Vol. 3, pp. 667 to 663. For the debates upon these amendments, see pages 444 to 452, and 460 to 462, and 466 to 471, and 579 to 582.

constitution in 1791. Ten years after, in 1801, he became Chief Justice. It then became his sworn constitutional duty to scrutinize severely every act of congress, and to condemn, as unconstitutional, all that should violate any of these natural rights. Yet he appears never to have thought of the matter afterwards. Or, rather, this ninth amendment, the most important of all, seems to have been so utterly antagonistic to all his ideas of government, that he chose to ignore it altogether, and, as far as he could, to bury it out of sight.

Instead of recognizing it as an absolute guaranty of all the natural rights of the people, he chose to assume—for it was all a mere assumption, a mere making a constitution out of his own head, to suit himself—that the people had all voluntarily "come into society," and had voluntarily "submitted" to "society" all their natural rights, of every name and nature—trusting that they would be secured; and that now, "society," having thus got possession of all these natural rights of the people, had the "unquestionable right" to dispose of them, at the pleasure—or, as he would say, according to the "wisdom and discretion"—of a few contemptible, detestable, and irresponsible lawmakers, whom the constitution (thus amended) had forbidden to dispossess of any one of them.

If, now, Marshall did not see, in this amendment, any legal force or authority, what becomes of his reputation as a constitutional lawyer? If he did see this force and authority, but chose to trample them under his feet, he was a perjured tyrant and traitor.

What, also, are we to think of all the judges,—forty in all,—his associates and successors, who, for eighty years, have been telling the people that the government has all power, and the people no rights? Have they all been mere blockheads, who never read this amendment, or knew nothing of its meaning? Or have they, too, been perjured tyrants and traitors?

What, too, becomes of those great constitutional lawyers, as we have called them, who have been supposed to have won such immortal honors, as "expounders of the constitution," but who seem never to have discovered in it any security for men's natural rights? Is their apparent ignorance, on this point, to be accounted for by the fact, that that portion of the people, who, by authority of the government, are systematically robbed of all their earnings, beyond a bare subsistence, are not able to pay such fees as are the robbers who are authorized to plunder them?

If any one will now look back to the records of congress and the courts, for the last eighty years, I do not think he will find a single mention of this amendment. And why has this been so? Solely because the amendment—if its authority had been recognized—would have stood as an insuperable barrier against all the ambition and rapacity—all the arbitrary power, all the plunder, and all the tyranny—which the ambitious and rapacious classes have determined to accomplish through the agency of the government.

The fact that these classes have been so successful in perverting the constitution (thus amended) from an instrument avowedly securing all men's natural rights, into an authority for utterly destroying them, is a sufficient proof that no lawmaking power can be safely intrusted to any body, for any purpose whatever.

And that this perversion of the constitution should have been sanctioned by all the judicial tribunals of the country, is also a proof, not only of the servility, audacity, and villainy of the judges, but also of the utter rottenness of our judicial system. It is a sufficient proof that judges, who are dependent upon lawmakers for their offices and salaries, and are responsible to them by impeachment, cannot be relied on to put the least restraint upon the acts of their masters, the lawmakers.

Such, then, would have been the effect of the ninth amendment, if it had been permitted to have its legitimate authority.

THE WIFE OF NUMBER 4,237.

BY SOPHIE KROPOTKINE.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 79.

A terrible cry, escaping from the poor woman's breast, made the guard recoil. Her knees bent, she felt herself giving way, when she perceived the chief guard who had evinced some sympathy for her the day before. She ran towards him, with the secret hope that he would contradict this terrible news.

Unhappily, it was only too true. It was precisely to invite Madam to go to the clerk's office and receive twenty-two francs which remained of Jean Tissot's money that the chief guard had come. There were also his effects . . .

Julie did not hear. Pale as a sheet, her eyes dilated, she leaned against the door, trying to articulate some words. They hardly succeeded in comprehending her, when she said in a stifled voice:

"You will let me say adieu? . . ."

Absolutely impossible. The regulations were opposed to it.

"At one o'clock you will see the funeral procession. Keep near that gate, by the side of the guard-house; I will show it to you. You can follow the procession as far as the cemetery."

Julie followed the guard, without a word, to the guard-house. There she sank down on the outer steps.

No sobs, no tears. Motionless, like one of those statues on which the sculptors of the middle ages have fixed the sufferings of a humanity given over to pestilence, famine, and the stake, she fixed her dry, undeviating eyes on the door by which was to go out all that was dearest to her in the world.

She saw nothing, heard nothing. The passers-by stared at her, opened their eyes wide, on seeing this expression of anguish. A child stopped, and wished to accost her, but recoiled before this fixed gaze. The soldiers of the guard went on talking and jesting by her side. Julie did not notice them; she saw only the door-way.

Suddenly she trembled and with a bound threw herself towards the door, behind which a grave voice chanted the prayer for the dead.

The folding doors opened. At the head of the procession, a prisoner, in brown jacket and pantaloons, with gray hair floating in the wind, advanced slowly, carrying a great cross and trying to recite in a composed voice the Latin of the prayer. A priest, in white, followed him, looking out with an indifferent eye on the court which opened before him. Four prisoners, also in brown jackets, brown capes without binding falling over their eyes, marched in step with their heavy wooden shoes, carrying the coffin covered with a gray cloth, and a large white cross.

Four other prisoners, glad to get outside the walls, followed them to relieve the bearers. Two guards, with blue cloaks over their shoulders, were talking with the man who had opened the door for them.

No one else,—not a friend, not a comrade from the work-shop who might have been allowed to follow the procession. A great black dog,—the undertaker's,—with drooping head, brought up the rear, and he alone seemed to be penetrated with the gravity of the moment.

With a heart-rending cry, Julie threw herself towards the coffin.

"Jean! Jean dear! if I could only see you!" she cried.

With one movement she snatched away the pall and uncovered the white pine coffin. She tried to lift the lid.

Two guards seized her by the arms, removing her gently.

"Be quiet, the bier is nailed."

"Let me see him, let me just embrace him one last time," implored Julie, struggling. "Wretches! to kill a man, and not even permit one to give him a last adieu!"

"Come! come! no noise!" replied a guard, while the coffin, re-covered with the gray cloth, moved on, tossing heavily on the men's shoulders. "There must be no outcry here! You must keep quiet, if you wish to be permitted to follow the procession."

Julie suddenly comprehended the horrible reality. Since her Jean had entered those walls, he belonged to her no more. Even dead, she had no right in him: an outside, brutal force had taken possession of him, and could even prevent his wife from following him to his last resting-place.

Without saying a word, Julie disengaged herself from the guard: she rejoined the procession, and placed herself by the side of the dog. Her suffering face suddenly took an expression of fixed determination; was a plan ripening in her head?

The cemetery was divided into two parts: one for the administration, the other for the prisoners. Here, crosses, flowers, protected by railings; there, an uncultivated field, three large deep trenches, serving as common graves. They deposited the coffin on the edge of one of these trenches.

Julie did not approach. She, here, was only a stranger; she held herself aloof.

She saw the coffin descend into the trench, where there was still room for other unfortunate. She became all attention when the grave-diggers set to work; all her heart-strings quivered each time that a shovel-full fell heavily on the coffin. She counted them, and seemed to measure with her eyes the bed which was being piled up.

She did not approach the grave till the grave-diggers had finished their work, and then fell on her knees upon the freshly-disturbed earth, which still bore traces of the wooden shoes.

The guards, the priest, moved by this silent grief, drew back a few steps. Now, left alone, she could abandon herself to her grief. An absolute silence reigned all about her . . .

But it was necessary to return: they were going to close the cemetery . . .

The priest approached Julie, who rose and suddenly recoiled. He tried to speak to her of a world where there would be neither pleasures nor pains; she did not listen; she only understood that she could not remain any longer, that she must leave. The same force still interposed.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 79.

Even at that moment, in Arklow's house and informed of the presence of this personage, Harvey was restating his opinion of him:

"He follows me so closely that his course cannot be the result of chance. At Tipperary I met him in the hollow of a road; it was not the desire to blow my brains out that he lacked; but I looked at him in such a way that, although he was travelling with his clerk, he refrained from doing so, and, being uneasy, even offered me, in an obsequiously wheedling way, his goods. I was amused by his fear and his hypocrisy, and I begged him to rent me a seat in his carriage; he pretended—quite disconcerted and his heart in his shoes—that we were not going in the same direction, and that he was in a hurry. Nevertheless, some minutes after, I heard him trotting at my heels."

"I don't know whether he is accustomed to war," said Arklow, "but, emboldened by the accumulation of troops in the vicinity, I dread him. I think it prudent for you to go away as soon as it is dusk; I will conduct you, through the woods, to a safe place, where a horse, all ready, is waiting every day. Do you feel stronger?"

"My feet are still excessively tender; fortunately, my body is reduced so much that it does not weigh upon them too heavily, and, once in the saddle, I will answer for it that I do not fall into the clutches of the bandits."

"Be careful! no rashness!" begged Edith, who showed motherly solicitude for the sick man.

"I promise you, brave, exquisite woman; I owe myself to the cause; my life, I believe, is necessary to it; I have yet to preach the good word in various places, and I will double, like game, to escape the hunter, till the near day when we shall ourselves hunt the others."

"As soon as possible!" said Arklow.

"If the signal depended only on me, I should not delay it. But I, no more than you, my good friend, am the master of our destinies; they are in other hands than mine. I have been intrusted for the present with the mission of preacher of the crusade; but my rôle, that which I am burning to fill, is the rôle of soldier. Ah! to lead you to battle, to victory, to deliverance: that is my only ideal, my one longing!"

"It is just that the Directory, as its name indicates, should judge the situation and decide the measures to be taken!" said the old sailor.

Edith was moving about in the house, preparing a collation: cold food which her guest could carry in case unexpected meeting, fear of ambuscades, or pursuits should compel him to wander about for some time at random. She rolled up strips of linen and got together some fresh herbs to be applied in compresses in case his wounds should reopen.

At the word Directory she interrupted her cares, and her heart beat violently as, forgetful of the reality, of Harvey, of her husband, and clearing distances, mountains, and vast seas, she suddenly discerned her son, her Michael, embarking free, radiant, and with his forehead, clear and high, turned towards his native land.

The Directory, at one of its first meetings,—and this was more than six months before,—had decreed the recall of all the sons of Erin, however far away chance or the rigorous necessities of life had exiled them. Especially those whom the despotism of England had forced into the king's armies must break their chain, and the youngest, most robust, and most valorous of Ireland must hasten to lend the assistance of their arms to their brothers dwelling on the native soil.

As soon as the news had reached down there,—she knew her Michael,—he had escaped and had braved all dangers, baffled all supervision, eluded all vigilance, and was now sailing over the ocean, and approaching the soil of a free State. Without rest, without weariness, moreover, sustained by love of country, by filial love, he would pursue his onward way. The sympathies of the nations for the persecuted island, the universal hatred of the peoples for Great Britain, the admiration of all for a patriot hurrying to perform his duty, would level all difficulties, and furnish him the means of regaining his country.

The Plumb-Line at New Haven.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Miss Gertrude B. Kelly's paper on "Anarchism and Expediency" is certainly a remarkable production and a very valuable work for Anarchistic propaganda. The Equal Rights Debating Club of New Haven did not fail to do full justice to the bright lecturer, whom every intelligent person in the room declared to be a rising star. Not always can we tell a good thing when we see it, the degree to which we are impressed by a thing being dependent not only upon the nature of the thing itself, but upon the state of our own susceptibility and readiness to receive such impressions. The Club is not ignorant of the teachings of the Anarchical school. Knowing just as much of it as to admire its ideal, admit the truth and beauty of its basic principles, the questioning, the doubt, and the opposition mainly lay on the practical side of the issue. The question was: "Is it practicable? can it be realized here and now?" Thus Miss Kelly's lecture was well calculated to supply a want strongly felt by her auditors.

Miss Kelly maintained that strict adherence to principle is not only a good policy for social reformers to adopt, but the *only* policy that can bring them any nearer to their goal or make future progress at all possible. She argued that in this question of Right *versus* Expediency, or Principle *versus* Policy, the first is really the easier to ascertain, and, therefore, the wiser to follow. The light of Expediency is treacherous, misleading, and unsteady. Trying to be "practical," we become mentally confused, and lose all means of controlling our actions. We never know where we stand and how near we are to the promised land. On the other hand, adopting a principle for our guide and keeping straight on through calm and storm, we are sure to reach our destination sooner or later. The man of principle is the *true* leader, the mover and saviour of the blind and unhappy masses, while the time-server, though called a leader and enjoying for a time popular favor, is actually a slave to the prejudices and passions of the multitude and is led and used by them.

Supporting her *a priori* arguments by facts and experience, she took up one by one the practical remedies, the expedient solutions of the burning questions of the day, as proposed by our popular leaders, and mercilessly destroyed them, showing most conclusively that, instead of relieving the patient, these quack remedies would still more endanger his condition. The eight-hour movement, the union label, co-operative schemes, Malthusianism, and other remedies severally advanced as immediate solutions of the labor problem were minutely examined, and the striking and evident conclusion was that these palliatives would never effect any change at all, and that, after much time, labor, and suspense, we would find ourselves near our starting point, more perplexed and despairing than ever.

"I warn you," said Miss Kelly earnestly, "against the 'practical' philosophers who profess contempt for abstract principles, who denounce every radical reformer as a dreamer and crank, and who claim to have invented self-operating patent reform machines. A 'practical' reformer is a short-sighted and dull-headed person, incapable of deep insight or wide generalization. Seeing only immediate causes and results, he cannot be trusted or relied upon in the task of working out our social salvation."

"If you understand the truth and logic of Liberty-the-mother-of-order philosophy, you will readily conceive the folly of those who want to solve social problems by methods of coercion, legislative enactments, or forcible measures. Tyranny is a two-edged sword. The strong are brutalized and degraded in the exercise of their tyranny, while the weak become slaves, cowards, and nobodies under its yoke. Only free individuals can live in harmony, and only under diseased conditions can their interests be antagonistic."

At the close of her speech no one manifested a desire to take issue with her or attempt to refute her logic. A reporter of a local paper wittily said that Miss Kelly made a wholesale conquest of the Equal Rights Debating Club. But for more than two hours she was kept answering questions and giving explanations. The meeting lasted three hours, and Miss Kelly practically did all the talking. Encouraging the cross-examiners, she said that we Anarchists are not like the State Socialists, who are afraid of Liberty and seek to crush the spirit of opposition, or like the Christians, who fear Mormon competition. We invite criticism and want to be tested. And I am proud to say that the questions and points raised were not of that frivolous character to which we have been accustomed in like cases, as "How would you build railways under Anarchy?" or "What if a highwayman should knock you down?" but such as gave credit to the auditors and good working material to the lecturer.

If further proof is needed to settle this vexed question of Right *versus* Expediency, the two New Haven meetings addressed by Miss Kelly and Mr. Appleton afford it. The esteem, the admiration, the influence that they had in New Haven,—to what are these due if not to their plumb-line radicalism? After all, in truth there is a magical power which is sure to work on everybody of moral worth and brains. When the Club wanted a man of brains and courage to speak on labor organization, it did not go to the everyday labor reformers, but chose Mr. Appleton, because they knew him to be an uncompromising, plumb-line champion of truth, popular or unpopular. His whole speech then was an attack

on the Expediency philosophy, and yet he was not only respectfully treated by his un-Anarchistic listeners, but admired and openly praised to such a degree that he confessed on his way to the depot to being very proud of it. It was, he said, one of the best moments of his life! Truly, virtue is its own reward! His latest, you may well imagine, was a surprise to me.

V. YARROS.

Bachmann and the International.

Inasmuch as the writer of the following letter, M. A. Bachmann, formerly editor of "Die Zukunft," the only German Anarchistic paper ever published in America, has been wantonly branded as a Prussian spy by the Chicago "Arbeiter-Zeitung" for no other reason than that he has had the manliness to denounce the criminals who call themselves Communistic Anarchists (the character of these criminals being perfectly well known to the editor of the "Arbeiter-Zeitung," August Spies), my intelligent and earnest German comrade's explanation of his connection with the International and revelation of some of its inside history are timely and interesting:

To the Editor of Liberty:

Allow me through the columns of your paper to present to such people as it may interest in consequence of recent events some details regarding my connection with the New York Office of the International Working People's Association.

In January, 1881, the New York Section of the Socialistic Labor Party split, in consequence of the arrival of the German ex-deputy, Hasselmann, and the dissatisfaction caused by the alliance of that party with the National or Greenback party, into two parts of about equal strength. One part, the parliamentary Socialists, favoring participation in elections, succeeded in retaining the name, New York Section of the Socialistic Labor Party; the other part, with real Anarchistic tendencies, adopted the name, *Internationale Arbeiter Association* (International Working People's Association). As early as 1881 I gave a lecture before the members of that organization—having become a member myself—on the subject, "Socialism and Anarchism," and Comrade J. H. Schwab attended the congress of radical Socialists at Chicago, where a programme was adopted far more radical and Anarchistic than the one laid down in the Pittsburg proclamation in October, 1883. In the fall of 1882 John Most arrived in the United States, and, after a little hesitation on account of a rival organization founded by Hasselmann and called the Social Revolutionary Club, joined the *Internationale Arbeiter Association*, which organization elected him a delegate, together with three others, to the Pittsburg convention held in the fall of 1883. Returning from there, on motion of Most, nearly all the members of the organization which had delegated him joined individually the so-called new organization, styled: International Working People's Association, German Group, New York; but I, for one, did not, and have never been a member, received a card, or paid dues. The reason which Most gave to me for founding a new organization was that he thought such a strategem would break up the rival organization, the Social Revolutionary Club, although Most admitted that it consisted of only a baker's dozen of incurable cranks.

In spite of the fact that I never formally joined Most's organization, I was regarded as a member thereof; and, desiring to do somewhat in spreading the philosophy of Anarchism, and considering that this appeared the most promising field for agitation, I silently accepted a position which by right did not belong to me. Then and there I found out that it requires a certain prominence in such organizations to influence others. I gained some prominence, but, in order to accomplish that, I had to keep silent where I ought to have spoken, and to take part in a great many doings which a sober second thought obliged me to condemn. I was allowed to write for the journals of the International Working People's Association, but I had to modify and shape my words, not according to my conviction, but to suit the test and the ideas of an indistinct majority of its members. I stood all this for a while, but gradually I was compelled either to sink my entire individuality in the flattening sea of collectivism or to rebel. After a battle with myself, I chose the latter course. Articles stating and defending this decision in Numbers 37 and 38 of "Die Zukunft" raised a storm of indignation against me, and I was compelled not only to resign a membership which I never formally had, but to give up writing for "Die Zukunft" and participating in the meetings and lectures held under the auspices of the aforesaid organization.

Thus fruitlessly and disagreeably ended my agitation, and I even lost sight of the few more intelligent who had attentively listened to me.

Penetrated with the spirit of the "Freiheit," the members of the New York German Group of the International have become rude and devoid of all the better and more refined qualities of mankind. Day by day grows this spirit of rudeness and fanatical unreasonable desire for merciless cruelty. When the erring Stellmacher murdered the poor Elselt children, he followed the cruel dictates of the necessity appearing before him. Certainly he would have preferred not to do so, —would, if possible, have avoided such a measure. Such is

the instinct planted in the heart of every well-meaning human being. It was left for the German Group of the International to rejoice over it, and I have had to listen to a great many as they in all earnest advocated the murder of all children of capitalists because they are the offspring of tyrants.

I shall have nothing to conceal. I have erred in allowing myself to be carried along all the way from the temple of lofty humanity into the barracks of vile blasphemy, ignorance, and rudeness. May my example be a warning to others!

M. A. BACHMANN.

NEW YORK, APRIL 19, 1886.

Great Homer Sometimes Nods.

An "X" that is no unknown quantity, and whose quality of thought is congenial to me, lapses occasionally into verbal aberrations from his true conception, as I deem in his slur against "property" in Liberty of March 27; as previously, in the London "Anarchist," he had equally provoked misconception by endorsing the term government. "X" certainly shares our holy horror of the latter, and our respect for the former, either absolutely or relatively to an ethical order. Were he a lawyer, a politician, a speculator, or a bourgeois nincompoop, he might reply that property is what the laws define as such; but were he any one of those animals, he could not rise above the legal definition to defy property as a social fraud.

The intellect of "X" naturally despises legal definitions, and, as an artist, recognizes property as the extension of his personality over subject nature, self-limited by his recognition of other personal attributes. I employ here a transcendental idiom of thought, because I am sure of being understood, and it is more deferential. I am not now writing an essay upon property, nor am I seeking to convict "X" of an error. I simply question the policy of his exposing himself to misconception by outsiders in using the word in a sense which applies merely to its abuses,—i.e., to the infractions on true property. Natural minds, while they may have for property as legal a respect of expediency, have also an instinctive sentiment of natural or ethical property, and do not understand that "X," in condemning it, refers merely to the law's abuses. I remain as usual,

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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER

PROUDHON

Vol. IV.—No. 3.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1886.

Whole No. 81.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light—whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

"Freiheit" has a witty wrapper-writer. Liberty's exchange copy now bears the address: "So-called Liberty." I would remind this embryonic firebug that such little pheasantries are liable to subject the copies on which they are inscribed to being held for letter postage, in which case I should be deprived of the enjoyment of his ebullient humor.

John Most, finding that people will not believe that Justus Schwab is a coward, now attacks him with the graver charge that he gives smaller schooners of beer than any other New York saloon-keeper and no free lunches. Oh, fie! Citizen Schwab, how can you be guilty of such wicked conduct? Why don't you become a firebug and thus earn an honest living?

The report reaches me that half of the thousand dollars furnished as bail for the release of John Most was contributed by Justus H. Schwab, in spite of the fact that Schwab is being boycotted by Most's followers and is now the victim of the vilest personal abuse and slander for which Most's foul mouth can find words. I know not whether this be true, but I do know that such an act is exactly characteristic of my noble friend. And I further know that he furnished bail only a few days before for Braunschweig, one of Most's lieutenants, arrested, like his chief, on a charge of incendiary utterances. Schwab is outspoken in his denunciation of the incendiary deeds of these men, but, when the question is one of incendiary utterances,—that is, of free speech,—he knows no enemy but the oppressor. His conduct is all the more praiseworthy because he is probably aware that, in heaping coals of fire upon these firebugs' heads, he is but adding fuel to the flame of their hatred of him.

Gertrude B. Kelly in *Liberty* and John F. Kelly in *"Lucifer"* have driven my friend, E. C. Walker, into a very small corner. Unfortunately I cannot lay my hand on Mr. Walker's original paragraph in defence of Malthusianism, but I remember that it gave me a very decided impression that he regarded large families as a no less direct cause than usury of the prevailing poverty of the masses as a whole, and prudential limitation as a no less direct remedy for this poverty than the abolition of monopoly. I may be wrong, and his words may not justify this impression. However that may be, he is at any rate forced now to declare, under pressure of the Kellys' arguments, that he did not mean that limitation would in itself destroy our social evils, but that men with intelligence enough to practise limitation would necessarily have intelligence enough to find a way to destroy these evils. Well, I think they would; Mr. Walker is right. If the knowledge that, besides being able to get to Chicago from Boston by travelling westward for two days, I can "get there all the same" by travelling eastward for several months, makes one a Malthusian, then I acknowledge my conversion; I am a Malthusian, too. Mr. Walker's idea of the position of the people in relation to the problem of poverty seems to be something like this: "I have a problem before me which can be solved by the rule of three; my mind is unequal to the rule of three; therefore I will study the origin of species; the origin of species, to be sure, has no bearing upon the problem

before me; but, when I have mastered the origin of species, my intellect will be so sharp that the rule of three will be a simple matter to me, and with it I then can solve the problem." Undeniably true; and yet I am tempted to exclaim with Lord Dundreary: "What d-d-d-damned nonsense that is!" Is it any wonder that Proudhon, to the disgust of the Malthusians, loved to treat them with laughter instead of logic, with sarcasm instead of the syllogism, with wrath instead of reason?

The article from the New York "Sun" copied elsewhere, although it does not tell one-half the truth or the worst half, is a collation of names, dates, facts, and figures from official records sufficient to convince every fair-minded person that I told the truth about the scoundrels who are practising the precepts of John Most. They were sifted from an immense mass of material by weeks of tireless investigation pursued under great difficulties, and the writer would have been able to make his exposure much more complete had he not been hampered by the officials of the police and fire departments of New York, whose jealousy and pique at being outdone, and at the incidental revelation of their own stupidity, incompetence, and negligence, know no bounds. The work that he succeeded in doing, however, has thoroughly scared the firebugs, and they will probably discontinue their hellish practices. If not, the first attempt to renew them will be met by prompt and vigorous exposure. The charge made by "Freiheit" that Moritz Bachmann wrote the "Sun" article for money is utterly unfounded. It was written by a professional journalist not identified with the Anarchistic movement, and no one but himself received any pay for it or for the facts contained in it. Most's answer to the "Sun" is ridiculous and inadequate in the extreme. He says that he does not know whether the statements are true, and that, whether true or not, he does not know who the men mentioned are. Now, the greater number of these men have been mentioned in "Freiheit" as comrades from ten to fifty times each, and by a singular coincidence, in the very next column to that containing this audacious assertion, Panzenbeck, one of the first of the firebugs, is credited with a certain sum of money among the cash receipts. Most then asks, with characteristic assurance, if it is to be expected that Anarchists' houses will never take fire, and suggests the advisability of preparing a list of such capitalists' houses as have been burned. It will be time enough for Most to talk about this when he can find a society of one hundred capitalists even ten of whom (to say nothing of fifteen or twenty) have been so unfortunate as to lose their property by separate fires within a period of three years and so prudent as in each case to take out an insurance policy somewhere from a week to a year before the occurrence of the calamity. And even then, would the fact that he could fasten such crimes upon the capitalists excuse the communists for doing likewise?

Miss Kelly's Criticism.

While there can be no successful denial of the fact that population does tend to outrun subsistence, that was not my chief contention in the paragraph in "*Lucifer*" which Miss Kelly criticises. Neither was I oblivious of the "iron law of wages." My argument was addressed to individual workingmen, as it is only through the improvement of the units that a bettering of the aggregate is possible. The individual laborer, perforce of the "iron law" of circumstances, is compelled to take things as they are. He must in a degree adapt himself to his environments, or perish. If he earns only one

dollar and twenty-five cents a day, he can not board at a two-dollars-a-day hotel, nor can he support six children so well as he can two. If wages are now fixed, on an average, upon a basis of six children to each married worker, it is quite true that the universal limitation of all future families will have the effect of carrying wages down proportionally, should no other factor be introduced in the meantime. But—and mark this—when any large number of the working people shall have the practical sense to limit their families to two or three children each, the new factor will have been introduced into the problem. Because the extravagance of the masses is supposed to benefit the producers is the poorest of all poor reasons why the head of a family should live beyond his means. Because the universal reduction of the size of families will have the tendency of reducing wages is the poorest of all poor excuses which a man can give for procreating more children than his present means will support. It is in the present that he is living, not in some millennial future, and if he expects to be of the least use in the battle of reform, he must not spike his own guns, break his own sword, and cripple himself as he comes upon the field. So long as the laboring people of the world have not the wise prudence to keep their families within reasonable limits as to numbers, they have not the practical wisdom necessary to establish any system better than the present one of wage servitude, and the "Social Revolution," of which we hear so much, will bring nothing but a change of masters. The less can not include the greater; revolutions are but passing incidents in the great regenerative work of Evolution, which simply means growth, and can result in good only in so far as the directing actors in them and the masses who survive them are guided by better principles than those which ruled in the anti-revolutionary societies and systems.

As to the condition of the laboring people of France and the status of Malthusianism there, I respectfully refer Miss Kelly to my reply to J. F. Kelly, which appears in "*Lucifer*" of May 7.

One word in closing: my critics all proceed upon the assumption, it seems to me, that the wage system is eternal in the nature of things,—at least, that is the way they talk and write when considering the population question. My opinion is that large families and State Socialism sustain to each other the relation of cause and effect, and that, upon the other hand, small families and voluntary cooperation are similarly related. That is, if the laboring people do not make use of intelligent forethought in one thing, they are not likely to in others, and, drifting into revolution without understanding the causes that produce the inequitable conditions whose effects upon themselves they deplore, they are almost sure to accept the extreme despotism of State Socialism as the specific for all their ills. Having a vague idea that society is bound to provide for them and theirs in some way, they pay little or no heed to the counsels of prudence and the warnings of experience, and so burden themselves with families so large that they can not support them, thus furnishing to misdirected philanthropy one more and the crowning excuse for the establishment of the paternal State.

Per contra, the men and women who are thoughtful enough to make the attempt to keep their families within the limits set by prudence will be inclined to think seriously concerning methods of cooperative production and distribution, and they will also object to compulsory communism, for this, if for no other reason, that, whereas the dogma of "to each according to his needs" means, if it means anything, that the more non-producers a man has in his family, the more he will receive of the earnings of those who have but few, they, being thoughtful people, will at once perceive that reckless improvidence in procreating will be at a premium in the Socialistic State.

Thus, Malthusians naturally drift toward Anarchism and voluntary mutualism, because these rest upon the cost principle.

E. C. WALKER.

VALLEY FALLS, KANSAS.

We Lack an Earnest Ring.

[London Christian Socialist.]

Liberty, Boston, Mass., is not much to our taste. It lacks an earnest ring, without which no good work can be done. Why does it not tackle the question "What is Justice?" which it puts to the reader. It is no use to start a hare and then gasp.

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EIGHTEEN CHRISTIAN CENTURIES:

OR,

THE EVOLUTION OF THE GOSPEL OF ANARCHY.

An Essay on the Meaning of History.

By DYER D. LUM.

CENTURIES OF PROGRESS.

I.

The morning dawns! The long dark night of mind,
By priestly art contrived, at last gives way
Before the dawning of the coming day;
Within dark cloister cells, so long confined
With ghostly gyves of creeds revealed that bind
The soul, the intellect has felt the ray
Of dawning light announcing reason's sway,
And warms with life, though groping yet half blind.
Light! Herald of a newer, brighter age,—
Fifteenth of Christ, yet mankind's *renaissance*,—
It warms to life the sculptor's noble art,
It stirs new thoughts within Columbus' heart,
It dazzles pope and king from printed page,
And mines the dikes that dam the soul's advance.

II.

With sturdy strength the infant mind of man
Tears off the bands which would its limbs infold.
The sacred bands which have for ages rolled
Its limbs of stunted stature. In the van
Of leadership he takes his place to lead
The tales which once his rising thought cajoled
And loathing turned from pay by dotards doled—
Since first the Christian empire began—
To fresher founts. The Spirit of the Age
Has whispered freedom from the yoke of creeds,
And earth is dyed where freedom's martyrs fall;
Yet when the age is past beyond recall—
Sixteenth of Christ, — appears on progress' page
First of Free Thought, and won by human deeds.

III.

With garments dyed in floods of crimson hue
By human veins outpoured, Authority
Still wages Caesar's war on Liberty:
In Germany cold Tilly's ruthless crew
On Luther's tomb unnumbered victims strew,
While courtly France re-echoes Stuart's cry—
Control o'er thought denied is anarchy!
And State succeeds the Church, hot to pursue
Their common foeman. —Thought. While men record
But royal acts and date of battles fought,
Progress has written with far keener sight
Across the Age in letters fiery bright
The legend Toleration. Of our Lord
Seventeen had passed before free speech was wrought!

IV.

To arms! To arms! With strife the welkin rings
Where progress plants it standard at the fore,
And earth again is drenched in human gore
As sons of freedom rise on ardor's wings
To wrest authority from hands of kings,
Unmindful of the shrieck of priestly lore
That right divine was on the crowns they wore,
Inscribed by God from whom all power springs,
As Christ of Caesar said. The parson's day
Has passed to Rousseau, Junius, and Paine:
The age seeks not upon the Jewish tree
That "liberty wherein Christ made us free,"
When eighteen Christian ages bless the sway
Of royal tyrant's dungeon, rack, and chain.

V.

The Spirit of the Age doth never dwelt
In conflicts won, but ever turns its face
To future strife, and seeks to lead the race
To fresher fields. The waters from its well
E'er moisten growing thought, and we foretell
From present problems coming strife. We give place
To other themes than right divine or grace,
Or church or king; coercion hath no spell
O'er rights achieved. Free thought, free speech, and ballot won,
Grim Labor turns to face its ancient foes
In angry mien. Look o'er our modern States,
The economic problems with us dates,
And heed the moral: progress once begun,
Coercion wanes the wider freedom grows.

In the history of human progress centuries are the milestones by which we measure the distance traversed. In the East even this method fails us, so stereotyped and lifeless are the forms of social life, so slight the change. But with the restless activity of the Aryan tribes in the West each century has grown more and more unlike the preceding. Grecian culture and Roman arms had broken down the narrowness of national and tribal exclusiveness when the Christian era opens. Roman administration had united vast and distant provinces into an Empire. One after the other they had succumbed to the invader. Whole regions were reduced to slavery; people were transplanted as cattle to swell the wealth of their conquerors; maidens were doomed to prostitution and their brothers to servile labor under the rod of a taskmaster.

Old ties were broken, old customs rudely severed. The Roman lever wielded by the hand of Might brought social upheaval. With ancient liberties trampled upon, lands confiscated or loaded with onerous taxation, homes the spoil of an avaricious procurator, courage withered, the spirit of manhood died, thoughts of vengeance or redress remained dreams. Religion itself had lost its saving grace. The rapidity of conquest rendered gods commonplace. Powerless to protect their people, they were powerless to retain their dominion. Their jostling together in the Roman Pantheon robbed them of their dignity; from familiarity the course ran easily to contempt.

Yet in this social chaos Time reveals its constituent factors. The history of

Europe is the record of struggle between conflicting principles; of antagonistic forces contesting for possession. These principles may be named Authority and Liberty. As the result, we have had centuries of internecine strife filled with wails of orphans, shrieks of ravished maidens, tears of widowed and childless mothers, and curses of tortured and helpless fathers; cities sacked, depopulated, and burned; provinces, once teeming with millions in fancied security, becoming barren wastes; schools and universities destroyed, libraries given to the flames and their readers to the sword, the study of mathematics denounced and forbidden, the learning of the past buried in oblivion, and awards bestowed on superstitious ignorance; the blighting effect of fire and fagot in suppressing originality of thought, of rack and gibbet in deteriorating manhood, and of celibacy in the artificial selection of those who possessed what knowledge survived to leave no offspring; the restriction of invention to new instruments for human torture; the constant inculcation that nature is vile and natural enjoyments "fleshy vanities" to be decried, enforced by suppression of Olympic festivals and Capitoline games by Christian emperors and the abolition of public and private baths by the Spanish clergy; the growth of the religion of the Cross, watered by Charlemagne's sword and Inquisitorial zeal, and sorrow and tears installed in smiling nature with pessimistic ardor as man's normal condition.

How is it, then, we may well ask, that out of such a tremendous outlay of living material we have—civilization? For a thousand years the word had lost even its old significance. Roman civilization had reaped the fruit of social corruption and privilege which the genius of Authority had so assiduously sown, and on its ruins we see arising those hideous prodigies,—the Papacy and Feudalism; the twin dogmas of Caesarism,—Church and State. All writers on government seek to determine the position of a just line separating freedom and obedience; how far authority may encroach upon liberty for the preservation of an alleged social order and the maintenance of existing social conditions. It is admitted that in the abstract they are irreconcilable enemies; that, where authority exists, it must involve a loss of a certain degree of personal liberty. In all ages men have sought and still seek to balance these contradictory forces. True social alchemists, they believe that they may be fused to yield harmony as an emergent. What authority is, the world knows. It ever shelters itself behind existing institutions,—survivals of a past stage of progress,—which our social alchemists invariably omit to eliminate from their retorts. Its most logical claim is known to the world by the name of Caesarism: the claim of absolute and universal sovereignty. It ever seeks support in might, and justification in the maintenance of order. When Napoleon the Little exclaimed: "*L'Empire, c'est la paix!*" he expressed the animating thought of Caesar and Augustus.

Liberty, however, is undefinable. To define it is to limit it; to materialize it by giving it a fixed form in a progressive social environment. It is ever privilege, not freedom, that requires "constitutional guarantees." In the following pages, therefore, I have made no attempt to delineate its features, though I trust I have been able to seize its spirit. The true answer to the eternal conundrum can only be discovered by watching its course through the ages. To understand civilization and its tendencies we must go back of the seething crucible of the middle ages and analyze their conflicting forces. We must read the milestones of the ages to detect the silver cord of progress winding through darkness to understand the present and catch inspiration from the eternal *Zeit-geist*. I am not writing the history, or tracing the historic events, of these centuries. My purpose is one far more searching. It is to trace the underlying causes to which we owe the modern tendencies to subordinate the spirit of authority to that of liberty; not what kings and peoples have done, but why they have so done; what the spirit was that shaped their rough-hewn efforts.

To the question: "Our civilization—whence?" We are brought to the great distinguishing features between European and other civilizations. In all the old civilizations of Asia, as well as that of Egypt, society had reached a fixed form; what had once been habit had hardened into enforced custom with the sanction of legality. Self-denial, rather than what Sterling termed "pagan self-assertion," had become the cardinal virtue. They had all ceased to possess individuality, and had sunk into blind obedience to the interpreters of the gods. Why individuality had ceased to exist has been elaborately set forth by Buckle. The universal economic law that, where the extraordinary fertility of nature supplies a cheap food, there the population tend to servility in character and a degrading poverty in social life, had full scope in all trans-European civilizations. While probably none of them were indigenous in origin, from the want of the necessary spur to activity, in each case man had succumbed to nature.

In the history of Greece we first meet with two new facts in the intellectual history of man: 1, its geographical position in a more temperate zone called out the bodily activity of the Greeks to a greater degree than Egypt or Asia had ever known; 2, the general aspects of nature, by their greater uniformity,—the absence of the startling or terrible,—acted less strongly upon the imagination. Consequently their religion had less of the terrible in doctrine or rite, and a less repressive influence upon the development of the intellect. Rome, somewhat similarly situated, early assimilated the Grecian conception of the dignity of man, and the energy of the understanding tended to supplant the poetic instincts of the imagination. The Aryan, finding himself in a new and peaceful environment, grew less imaginative as the friendly aspect of nature grew more familiar. Benignant nature in Europe softened the awful majesty of the Oriental gods, with their future abodes of eternal woe.

But the extension of the practical genius of the Roman people soon introduced a contrary tendency. The uniformity which Greece was rapidly extending up the heights of Olympus, in Rome found expression in politics; the development of intellect fell before that of craft. And because dealing with men rather than with gods, material weapons were called into employment. The simplicity which had always characterized the domestic life of Caesar, under the further development of his Idea, gave place to the pomp of a Caligula and Heliodorus, and under Diocletian and Constantine had established in the palace Oriental sultanism. The same process inevitably resulted in the realm of religious conceptions; the imagination was again exalted over the intellect, man was again subordinated to nature. But in this case imperialism was an unnatural development. Europe could not supply the environment requisite to the perpetuity of Asiatic submissiveness; the same great natural causes which had moulded the minds of Greek and Roman were still as active as ever; hence the ceaseless struggle of the ages. They were ever manifesting their influence in the great intellectual revolts of Manes, Arius, Pelagius, and other heretics. They were the struggles of man against authority, to reassert the supremacy of the understanding over the imagination. Buckle has well said:

Looking at the history of the world as a whole, the tendency has been, in Europe, to subordinate nature to man; out of Europe to subordinate man to nature. To this there are in barbarous countries several exceptions; but in civilized countries the rule has been universal. The great division, therefore, between European civilization and non-European civilization, is the basis of the philosophy of history, since it suggests the important consideration that, if we would understand, for instance, the history of India, we must make the external world our first study, because it has influenced man more than man has influenced it. If,

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LIBERTY.

on the other hand, we would understand the history of a country like France, or England, we must make man our principal study, because, nature being comparatively weak, every step in the great progress has increased the dominion of the human mind over the agencies of the external world.

Taking the history of Europe in one comprehensive glance, this is profoundly true; but what Buckle has not emphasized is no less true, that the introduction of Caesarism was an effort to counteract the influences of nature by an appeal to Oriental methods; a futile attempt, as it proved, because the genius of authority could not altogether repress the tendencies everywhere injected into social life by fresh invasions. From the fifth to the tenth centuries inclusive, civil authority was weak, and consequently unable to reduce man to passive obedience to Spiritual Caesarism. The long contest of the middle ages was a struggle between natural tendencies and a faith uncongenial to European soil; a faith, not in the human, but in the superhuman, repressing individuality and exalting mediocrity by canonizing the "servile virtues." In China the weight of authority, having a settled condition of society in which to operate, has successfully reduced mind to mediocrity, the Gospel of Commonplace has been assiduously cultivated in character, and genius repressed by the sanctity of custom. And in this connection thoughtful minds will do well to recall the warning words of John Stuart Mill:

The modern régime of public opinion is, in an unorganized form, what the Chinese educational and political systems are in an organized; unless individuality shall be able to assert itself against this yoke, Europe, notwithstanding its noble antecedents and its professed Christianity, will tend to become another China.

Whether custom can effect what material force found itself unable to accomplish, is not the problem we have here to consider. We have now to study past conditions, when nature was supposed to be silent before the authoritative revelation of its "Maker." So profoundly did the genius of authority impress this upon the human mind that even today a majority of the civilized world still profess to believe it; still hold that a written code of few rights and many duties, arising under a past stage of culture, is of universal application; that the Hindu, the African, and the South American have entered upon the highroad of earthly civilization and heavenly bliss, the moment they yield dogmatic assent to an alleged revelation. And this, too, in view of the signal failure of Christianity in Mexico and Peru, and the equal paucity of results attending modern missions.

The Oriental view of man's nature and destiny did not succeed in Europe, but its failure was not altogether owing to the influence of "the general aspects of nature, climate, soil, and food," the four conditions upon which Buckle lays sole stress. We know that these conditions profoundly modified the aspect of Christianity and influenced thought, but Imperialism failed because the general upheaval of society, following the Barbarian invasion, had left it powerless to enforce its high pretensions, until the new society had been so long under natural influences that eradication became impossible. The papal thunders of Innocent III. and Boniface VIII., in the noonday of papal power, fell upon a world far different from that which had listened awe-struck to Gregory the Great.

The first great factor we detach from the warring forces in the genesis of our civilization is the general one,—nature. We have now to consider the special factors which have entered into the emergent. These we will find to be two: 1. Rome; 2, the Teuton invaders, whose influence upon the forming social state prevented the full exercise of the Cesarian claim.

L ROME. The most fruitful event, probably, in history is that known by the name of Julius Caesar, who was the head and rallying point in the revolution which overthrew the Roman Republic and paved the way for that system of government with which his name is forever associated; one which has largely colored all succeeding history, and is the direct progenitor of the various phases of authority under which modern States are organized. Rome had brought vast regions into closer social relations, broken down provincial narrowness and prejudice, and was introducing administrative unity. From the British Isles in the West to the empire of Mithridates in the East, Rome's victorious legions had carried her standard. Kingdoms, cities, national institutions, and local independence fell before the invading hosts. Roman genius had a predilection for administration. Rome was not a mere collection of palaces and huts, a limited geographical space, but the mistress of the world, and about to become a religion. Man was nothing save as Roman citizenship conferred upon him rights; even personality was absorbed in the citizen, subordinated to the city. To the citizen Rome brought equality before the law, but it was an equality where individualism found no place: to freemen, a vast State Communism; to the populace, a social providence by which they had been treated as children,—fed by free distribution of grain, and amused by free theatrical representations and gladiatorial exhibitions.

In previous centuries Persia had undertaken the task of establishing a universal empire, but that attempt had been dictated by desire to obtain new provinces paying tribute rather than new fields for devastation. Persia had lacked the genius for combining its vast possessions under a common civilization; hence its several provinces were united only by a rope of sand, to be dispersed by the first adverse blast. It had joined States, not united them under a common discipline; there was no cohesion of parts, no unity of administration, to cement the work of the sword. Later, the conquests of Alexander the Great, so far from building up a Greek empire, had laid the foundation for the subsequent ruin of Greece. Although the splendor of his victories gave a common purpose and aim to Grecian cities, hitherto torn by contending factions and in perpetual strife with each other, engendered by mutual jealousies, it afforded an aim which led enterprise from Greece to Asia, transferred commercial greatness from Athens to Alexandria, and drained Greece of men and means to establish colonies abroad,—colonies that ceased to have that connection with and interest in the parent country which the old Athenian policy had so successfully carried out.

To be continued.

THE WIFE OF NUMBER 4,237.

By SOPHIE KROPOTKINE.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 80.

She started in fact, and took a few steps on the road, but returned to seat herself on a little stone-post at the gate of the cemetery.

"Oh! I will see him!" she said. "Not to let me see him when he was sick! Not to let me make my last farewell! I must see him . . . But they could bury some one else and tell me that it was Jean?"

And she recollects that there was a Jacques Tissot in their village. What a resemblance in names, and how easy to mistake the number!

And it seems to her now that it really is Jacques Tissot who is in a pine coffin. Jean is as well as he has been all these eighteen months; he is there, behind those walls, and he does not even mistrust that his Julie, dying of sorrow, is so near him.

But her thoughts become confused. Another idea has been born; it grows, takes root, obscures itself, and drives away all others.

"And if they have buried him alive?" she asks herself. "They said that he was sick. Sick people have fainting-fits; they might have taken him for dead. Dead yesterday, buried today! . . . But he may be in a state of lethargy."

All her blood freezes at this thought, and she recalls stories she had heard in her childhood of an old lady buried alive, who revived when a thief disinterred her to get her ring.

She halts decisively at this idea.

"No, I will not let you die: I will restore you, I will dig you up."

She no longer doubts that Jean is buried alive, and all her thoughts are directed towards one object,—to dig up the coffin, open it, see Jean. In a few minutes, her plan had ripened with the rapidity of delirium. She will go and conceal herself in the woods, and as soon as it is night, she will make her way into the cemetery. She will climb up on this stone-post; the railing is low; she can climb over it. She has seen where they put the shovel, and she can quickly clear away the earth. Her eyes glisten with a wild joy at this resolve.

Poor Julie! You do not know that, if you could open the coffin, you would recoil terrified. You do not know that this forehead which you covered with kisses so tender has been crushed with a hammer and that the broken skull has let the gray mass of the brain ooze out; that the heart which beat for you is torn out, cut in pieces, and crammed, pell-mell with the intestines, into this breast on which you rested so comfortably your pretty brown head . . .

No, Julie knows nothing of all this, and, alone, abandoned by all the world, every one occupied with his petty affairs—alone, without a single heart to help her, her frenzy goes on increasing.

She goes into the woods. She seeks, but does not find a hiding-place safe enough to crouch in till evening: the trees are too thinly-scattered, the bushes are too bare. There is a cave filled with brambles: there she will hide herself, without perceiving that the thorns tear her hands and cheeks.

"If he only does not suffocate before night!"—that is her only thought; but she remembers again the old woman disinterred by the thief, the two miners buried with her father: after three days they were still alive.

In her delirium, the poor Julie does not dare to move from her den. She is tormented with thirst, but:—"They will see me, they will prevent me," she thinks, and puts leaves on her tongue to add fuel to the flame which is devouring her.

At last, night approaches; some stars shine through the branches. Julie, holding her breath, quits her refuge and glides through the brush-wood. The briars tear her hands, she does not feel them. Very soon she loses comb and hat; her black tresses, floating over her shoulders, catch in the bushes.

The noise of a dead branch which falls, of a bird which stirs in the confusion, fills her with terror. All the tales of ghosts which she has heard in her childhood, all the superstitions of a village of miners, reappear before her eyes. Each tree seems a monster ready to smother her in its clutches.

The moon is shining as she leaves the forest. She descends the hill and stops fifty steps away from the cemetery, not daring to approach it; her dress in rags, her hair full of dead branches, drops of blood on her livid cheeks, she tries to walk, to run, but remains fastened to the spot. The fields, the woods, seem to flutter about her, peopled with fantastic beings: all is confusion in her head.

A night-bird's sad plaint is heard,—it is Jean who is calling her! Then she makes a superhuman effort and throws herself towards the gate. She is already climbing the post, her hand touches the edge of the railing, she is ready to get over it.

But at this moment she perceives a great black cross stationed in front of the gate. For her this is an immense, black, hairy being, extending his arms. He grows larger, approaches, his arms lengthen, stretch out . . . She does not breathe or budge. Now the arms touch her, clasp her, stifle her . . . A feeble cry, and Julie falls. The moon illuminates with its mild beams this pale face contracted with pain and suffering.

The next morning a peasant perceived her. He approached and spoke to her; she responded only in incoherent words. Her whole body was burning, consumed by fever. They carried her to the hospital of the neighboring village.

Her delirium was terrible. She tore the bands by which they tried to keep her on the bed. She fell on her knees before the nurse, begging her to let her see her Jean.

"I am his wife," she said. "If you only knew how he loves me. We are two, alone in the world . . . No one . . . I am everything to him . . . I will cure him" . . .

Then, rising, she leaped forward and seized the nun by the throat, crying: "Ah! wretches,—not to see him! Not even when sick! not even when dead! Infamous assassins! Wicked rules!"

Four days later they carried her to the cemetery, as they had carried Jean. There was not even the dog to follow her,—the only being whose sad eyes had testified a regret for this life, broken off in the midst of its dreams of happiness. The same indifference, the same abandonment, as for Number 4237.

THE END.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 80.

He would land at last, triumph over all obstacles, all snares, escape perils, and dash into the paternal house through the open door.

"My son!"

She had pronounced this tender word, in a high voice, suffocated with happiness, moist with tears, and her arms ready for embraces.

"What is it, then?" said Arklow anxiously, believing her suddenly struck with mental alienation.

She excused herself, related her vision, her delusive mirage, and explained that the disappointment of the awakening had made her tears flow. But Harvey comforted her.

Certainly in six months the call of the committee could not reverberate to India, causing Michael to obey and cross the thousands of leagues between them. But they knew at Dublin from an authentic source that a number of the regiments in which the Irish recruits had been sent away had received the order to leave the colony and reembark.

The mother-country dreaded their contact with her conquered people of Hindostan, and feared lest a fraternal understanding might be agreed on between them. When she should order her oppressed of the East to be bound to the mouth of

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

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BOSTON, MASS., MAY 22, 1886.

"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions." — PROUDHOUY.

Liberty and Violence.

It is always difficult for one not an eye-witness to write fairly and intelligently of conflicts that occur between the police and revolutionary elements of whatever stripe. That the police in large cities are, for the most part, brutal, unscrupulous, merciless wretches is unquestionable; but, on the other hand, it is impossible to place the most implicit confidence in what is said of their conduct in special instances in the ravings of John Most or the harangues of such men as Spies, Fielden, and Parsons of Chicago. More than usual uncertainty surrounds the recent throwing of a bomb at the Chicago police with such destructive effect. No satisfactory information has yet been furnished as to how far the police really interfered with the meeting that was in progress or as to how much wanton violence was exercised in accomplishing the interference. It seems unlikely, however, that their conduct could have been of such a character as to warrant the throwing of the bomb. It seems much more likely, inasmuch as men of ordinary prudence are not in the habit of carrying dynamite bombs in their coat-tail pockets, that the individual who threw it was seeking an opportunity to throw it. I cannot understand the assertion of Spies and his comrades that the bomb would not have been thrown if the meeting had not been attacked. How do they know? Have they not been preaching for years that the laborers need no other provocation than their steady oppression by capital to warrant them in wholesale destruction of life and property? Was not this very meeting held for the purpose of advising the laborers to pursue such a policy? Why, then, should they not expect some ardent follower to act upon their advice? If Spies, Fielden, and Parsons fail to accept and applaud this act regardless of any special provocation for it, they will confess themselves blatant demagogues who talk to hear themselves talk. I should be sorry to think so ill of them.

This event at Chicago opens the whole question of the advisability of armed revolution. The right to resist oppression by violence is beyond doubt; it is only the policy of exercising this right that Anarchists at this juncture have to consider. In Liberty's view but one thing can justify its exercise on any large scale, — namely, the denial of free thought, free speech, and a free press. Even then its exercise would be unwise unless suppression were enforced so stringently that all other means of throwing it off had become hopeless. Bloodshed in itself is pure loss. When we must have freedom of agitation, and when nothing but bloodshed will secure it, then bloodshed is wise. But it must be remembered that it can never accomplish the Social Revolution proper; that that can never be accomplished except by means of agitation, investigation, experiment, and passive resistance; and that, after all the bloodshed, we shall be exactly where we were before, except in our possession of the power to use these means.

One thing the Chicago bomb-thrower established emphatically, — the superiority of dynamite to the Winchester rifle. No riot has occurred in this country in which so many policemen were killed and wounded at one time as by this single bomb; at least, so I am informed. As a true terrorist, the bomb-thrower made but one mistake, — in choosing a time when a crowd

of working people were gathered upon whom the police could wreak their vengeance. If it becomes necessary to vindicate free speech by force, the work will have to consist of a series of acts of individual dynamiters. The days of armed revolution have gone by. It is too easily put down. On this point I may quote an instructive extract from a private letter written to me by Dr. Joseph H. Swain of San Francisco a few days before the Chicago troubles broke out.

For two or three weeks we have had labor orators from Oregon, Washington Territory, Colorado, Kansas, etc. They tell us that we are behind. In the places named labor societies are being organized and armed with Winchester rifles, while, as one of the fire-eaters said, we of San Francisco are not prepared to even lift a tooth-pick in a contest with capital. They claim there are many men already prepared for the coming conflict, and in Denver many women, — I think seventy, — all of whom are expert riflemen. They are urging the Socialists here to do the same. There is a good deal of secrecy. Some time ago it was said that the Knights of Labor Executive Committee ordered the local bodies to cease adding members or to go slow, the reason given being that men were joining before they understood the objects of the order. I think it was because revolutionists were joining. These men say that the Knights in the above States are Socialists. I think the trouble on the Gould line was caused by these revolutionary Knights. Powderly sees they are likely to swamp the order. Powderly is a good fellow, but doesn't understand the labor problem. He thinks the Knights could make money running Gould's railroad. One orator said revolutions started in conservative reform bodies, but soon the radicals took them out of their hands. The socialists would do the same with this movement of the Knights. He said the Anarchists in Chicago were pretty good fellows. They predict an uprising within a year. I think there is great activity among these advocates of armed resistance. Their statement is that they must be armed to command the respect of the capitalists and to prevent an attack. Like Grant, they will have peace if they have to fight for it, — the peace of Warsaw. Which means, if they are armed, they can seize a railroad, and the owners won't dare to resist. As one speaker from Kansas said last night, the strikers had a right to prevent others from taking their places, for they had acquired a labor title to the road, — *i. e.*, were owners as well as the capitalists. He did not use the term labor title, but that was the idea. Of course, then, they will justify themselves in seizing the railroad, *their* property. If a conflict is precipitated, it will be a severe blow to Liberty, and the fellows will find what fools they are, or were. They forget that it is brains, skill, long training, knowledge, and natural fitness that win in a contest of arms, that the men so qualified are in the service of capital, and that they will lead other workingmen against these undisciplined bodies, so that workingmen will shoot down each other. Fatal error, to think they can intimidate the capitalists, who are mostly men of courage and superior to the masses and as sincere in their opinions as to their rights to the property they control. Then, the rebels will be in small bodies and unable to concentrate, for the authorities will hold the depots and use trains, if they are run at all, to concentrate troops at given points, which the rebels will be unable to reach. This will afford the capitalists an excuse for a strong government, and progress will be retarded. The net gain will be money in the pockets of manufacturers of guns and other war munitions, and a strong government, with loss incalculable to the workers, who will lose some of the liberty they now have, and have to pay the cost of the war. If I could control the men in all these labor organizations, I could, without even lifting a tooth-pick other than to write with it, in a perfectly quiet way bring capital to its knees, or, if I thought it just and wise, force proprietors to sell their property at cost, or less. A resort to arms is suicidal to the side that initiates it. Moral force once clearly perceived as a social principle will be found to yield inexhaustible working power to defend natural rights. The simplicity of the thing is so apparent when you once strike a true lead that all brute force would cease. What a glorious chance the Irish had to rid themselves of landlords and politicians! Had the no-rent policy been adhered to one year, the landlords would have been beggared. The price of land would have been discovered to have its only basis in monopoly, seizure, legal title. One such success would have opened the eyes of all civilized men to the weakness of brute force in a contest with moral force, and would have shown the ease with which governments could be rendered powerless. What a fraud and shadow they are, terrible only to childish men! If there were a God, he would never forgive Parnell and the priests for furling the no-rent banner. If we could get but one such illustration of passive resistance on a large scale, Anarchy would be an accomplished fact.

I can add nothing to these wise words, nor can I make plainer their valuable lesson.

Leaving now our consideration of the actual throwing of the bomb, surrounding which, as I said, there is some doubt, let us glance a moment at what has happened since, regarding which there can be no

doubt. The conduct during the last fortnight of the police, the courts, the pulpit, and the press, including many of the labor organs themselves, has been shameful in the extreme. Mannion's priests have foamed at the mouth; the servants of Plutus who sit in editorial chairs have frothed at the point of the pen; the stalwart graduates of the slums who are licensed and paid to swing shillalahs over the heads of unoffending citizens have shrieked for vengeance; and wearers of judicial ermine on which there is room for no new spots have virtually declared their determination to know no bounds of right, mercy, or decency in dealing with any Anarchist who may be brought before them. Spies and Fielden have been arrested and held for murder, though they are not known to have done anything worse than to speak their minds; nearly every one in Chicago who has dared to avow himself an Anarchist has been clapped into jail, and those who reach that haven without a broken head deem themselves peculiarly fortunate; houses have been broken into and searched by wholesale; the "Arbeiter Zeitung" and the "Alarm," and, for aught I know, the "Budoucnot," have been suppressed without a shadow of natural or legal right; to be a German is to be looked upon with suspicion, and to be a Pole or Bohemian is to be afraid to show one's head; and it has become exceedingly unsafe for the most respectable of men to stand upon the streets of Chicago and question the superiority of existing social and political systems to the Utopia of Sir Thomas More. Talk about the Communists being madmen! *The authorities and their mouth-pieces are the real madmen now.* One would think that the throwing of this bomb was the first act of violence ever committed under the sun. These lunatics seem to forget that they are the representatives and champions of a standing régime of violence, a régime which is a perpetual menace levelled at every one who dares to claim his liberty, a régime which ties the hands of laborers while a band of licensed robbers called capitalists pick their pockets. How can they expect aught but violence from their victims? The fact is, there are two ways of inciting the suffering classes to violence: one is that of the so-called revolutionists who directly advise them to use force; the other, and by far the more dangerous, is that of the so-called friends of order who try to leave them no other hope than force. These two parties, though outwardly opposed, really play into each other's hands, to the damage of the real revolutionists and the real friends of order, who know that force settles nothing, and that no question is ever settled until it is settled right. *Just as truly as Liberty is the mother of order, is she the State the mother of violence.*

In conclusion, it needs to be especially noted that among the victims of these authority-ridden maniacs is John Most. Toward him as a social reformer Liberty's attitude has been and will be hostile in the extreme, but toward him as a human being deprived of his fundamental rights it can be nothing but sympathetic. To defend John Most's right of free speech is not to defend his use of free speech or the horrible practices which he sanctions by his connivance or his silence. It is more important to defend the rights of the weak — even those who are weak from their wickedness — than the rights of the strong. We Anarchists do not need to be Knights of Labor to know that "an injury to one is the concern of all." Therefore every voice should be raised, as Liberty's is, in denunciation of Most's arrest and of his brutal treatment at the hands of Inspector Byrnes and his understrappers. Let those who shrink take to heart the following words written by Gramont in "L'Intransigeant":

Human right is an august thing. Every human being carries it within him, in its entirety, unrestricted, unmodified. From the moment that the right of a human being is violated, whatever he may be, that being becomes sacred, worthy of being defended, worthy of being avenged. It matters little what he is. Or, rather, he is no longer what he was. Everything in him vanishes, disappears, save this, — the rape of right. He becomes the man in whom right is struck down and bleeding. He is that, and he is nothing else.

T.

In the last "Freiheit" the firebugs extend the right hand of fellowship to their new comrade, Seymour, of the London "Anarchist."

Coming to Its Senses.

No longer ago than May 6 the New York "Herald" raved in this fashion against the Anarchists:

The whole land is filled with horror at the damning deeds of butchery by the Anarchists of the West. Anarchism is a venomous and slimy reptile, and only an iron heel should deal with it.

And on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of May, it had still more in the same strain.

But on the 10th it changed its tone so far as to say:

In a free country men remedy abuses by their votes; and if they reason intelligently, they see that abuses grow mainly because of *bad laws*, and that the remedy lies not in enacting more laws, but in repealing injurious laws. Whenever any part of the people suffer a real grievance, it will be found that this is a consequence of a law interfering with their liberty of action in some needless way; and that the remedy lies not in more law, but in striking off a law.

Now, such talk as this comes very nearly to Anarchism itself, pure and simple; *at least as this writer understands it*. He cannot answer for Herr Most, or anybody else, but only for himself.

Such a change, as this of the "Herald," in a single day, is really coming to one's senses very fast. And inasmuch as the "Herald" has now set its face in the right direction, we hope it will go forward fearlessly, like the honest and true friend of the people, which it so often tells us that it really is.

But if it is going to procure the repeal of *all the bad laws*, from which "*any part of the people suffer a real grievance*," or which "*interfere with their liberty of action in some needless way*," we can inform it that it has undertaken a very heavy task.

We hope, however, that it will not be disheartened at the magnitude of the labor before it. If it cannot do all that is needed, in the way of procuring the repeal of "*bad laws*," it can, without doubt, do a great deal. All we ask of it is, that it will do what it can. And when it shall have done all it can, we think it will no longer have occasion to lose any sleep on account of Anarchy or Anarchists. We do not know of an Anarchist—we doubt if there be one—in this, or any other country—who asks for anything more than the repeal of *all bad laws*. And if the "Herald" will but be honest with itself and the people, we would be almost willing to pledge ourselves in advance to abide by the "Herald's" own opinion of what are, and what are not, "*bad laws*."

Will the "Herald" now go on with the duty it has so plainly prescribed for itself?

This outbreak at Chicago, whether the actors in it were good or bad men, is a very small one, compared with those that have proceeded from "*bad laws*" in this and other parts of the world; and a very small one, too, in comparison with those that will succeed it, here and elsewhere, unless the "*bad laws*" are repealed.

Is not the duty of the "Herald" a plain one? And is it not a duty which the "Herald" has very much neglected?

"The Boston Anarchists."

The so-called Boston Anarchists are opposed to violence.

It is for this very reason that they are opposed to the State, which is a usurping fraud, conceived in and maintained by violence.

The Boston Anarchists are on principle opposed to every manner of brute force.

They are therefore opposed to the State, whose chief reliance is upon brute force rather than consent.

The Boston Anarchists hold murder, except in self-defence, to be an unwarranted crime.

For this reason they hold the State to be the chief of criminals, as it commits more murders than all other agencies beside, and commits them with the fullest premeditation and the most deliberate design.

The Boston Anarchists hold arson to be a heinous outrage, and an incendiary to be a presumptive murderer.

For this reason they hold the State to be an outrage, since it halts not at burning whole cities and districts in its career of war, and even legitimizes wholesale incendiarism when committed by itself.

The Boston Anarchists are opposed to mob rule.

For this reason they are opposed to the State, whose rule is nothing less than mob rule, since all arbitrary rule which is enforced by brutal agencies is mob rule. The State, then, is the chief of mobbists.

While, therefore, the Boston Anarchists are ready to denounce the savage Communists of Chicago, who, falsely sailing under Anarchistic colors, commit murder, arson, and mob violence, they yet wish to press most emphatically the fact that the so-called government is committing these very crimes every day; has always committed them, and always intends to commit them. And not only this, but this same so-called government legalizes these crimes when committed by itself, justifies them through courts created by itself and paid to justify them, and even commits the blasphemy of maintaining that Almighty God ordered the machine which commits them. Of course this kind of Almighty God is a god of its own creation, an ally of its usurpations, but none the less is the whole scheme for systematic murder, arson, robbery, and mob rule one which the Boston Anarchists feel in duty bound to denounce without fear or stint.

Since the late Chicago outrages I have been patronizingly told how unfortunate it is that the Boston Anarchists, standing as they do for peace, and being the first to denounce violence, should suffer themselves to be confounded with those bloody mobbists who desecrate the true principles of Anarchism through deeds which Liberty emphatically repudiates.

On the whole, the term Anarchy is the proper one. It simply means opposed to the arbitrary rule of self-elected usurpers outside of the Individual. The Boston Anarchists are individualists; the Chicago mobbists are communists. The methods of the Boston Anarchists are logically those of peace, education, and evolution. The methods of the Most school are logically those of pillage, brute force, and violence, since Communism, being opposed to natural law, must necessarily call upon unnatural methods if it would put itself into practice.

One of these days Communism will be weeded out of Anarchism, and then thinking people will begin to recognize that the Boston Anarchists are the only school of modern sociologists who are in the line of true peace, progress, and good order. Because it is not yet weeded out, I see no reason why we should take in our shingle and so give the appearance of running away from our philosophy. We propose to let the old sign-board stand, and by and by the best intellect and conscience of the land will enter in among us and be made whole. We have the best assurance of this in the goodly number of noble men and women who already occupy our benches.

The schoolboys in four of the Baltimore public schools have organized the "Baltimore Association of Schoolboys, Knights of Labor," and on April 18 the following proclamation was posted on the gates of many of the schools: "To all schoolboys whom it may concern, and they better be concerned, unless they join the schoolboys' Knights of Labor and prepare to strike for four hours, to act Monday, April 19, they will be knocked out. By order of the signed executive committee." The schoolboys have learned their lesson well. They have packed into a nutshell the spirit and methods of their parent and pattern organization.

"The Wages of Sin is Death."

Landlords and Lawlords and Tradelords, the spectres you conjured have risen—Communists, Socialists, Nihilists, Rent-rebels, Strikers, behold! They are fruits of the seed you have sown—God has prospered your planting. They come From the earth like the army of death. You have sowed the teeth of the dragon! Hark to the bay of the leader! You shall hear the roar of the pack As sure as the stream goes seaward.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

The uprisings in Chicago, in Milwaukee, in St. Louis, in San Francisco, in New York, in London, in Brussels, in Decauville, are as much the result of the capitalistic system of today, as was the French Revolution the result of the feudal system. To ascribe these uprisings, as do the lights of the capitalistic world, of the pulpit, and the press, to the teaching or example of a few fanatics is to betray a childish lack of comprehension of the connection between causes and re-

sults, between men and their conditions, and is as senseless as it would be to ascribe the Revolution of '89 to Robespierre, Danton, and Marat. Instead of Spies, Fielding, and Schwab, Grotkau, Hyndman, Williams, and Burns being responsible for these mad outbreaks, they are but mere straws thrown aloft by the whirlwind of insurrection; they but serve to indicate in which way the storm is blowing. By imprisoning, burning, drawing, and quartering these men, quiet may seemingly for a time be restored; but we may rest assured that it will be only for a time, for, the causes of insurrection continuing, the results must inevitably follow.

To the thoughtful mind there is a frightful similarity between the conditions in this country now and those in France before the Revolution. On one side we see the almost blind despair, the realizing sense that things are becoming more and more hopeless, the rising of the people against they know not what nor whom, and on the other a blind confidence that this is but a mere temporary insurrection, fraught with no far-reaching dangers, which need not at all interrupt us in our pursuit of pleasure, as it can be met by the "bravery and prowess of the police," by having, as the "Sun" suggests, the police of New York and elsewhere provided as in Chicago "with patrol-wagons, so that an overwhelming force may be concentrated at a critical point." But what if all points should become critical?

This same method of crushing out discontent was tried in France. On the 2nd of May, 1775, a vast multitude of the people presented a petition of grievances to the king, and for answer they received the "hanging of two of them on a new gallows forty feet high, and the driving back of the rest of them to their dens—for a time." But, strange to say, this hanging and driving back did not appease the hunger and discontent of the French people, and perhaps the "Sun" may yet find out that the concentration of an overwhelming force of policemen at a critical point will not and cannot settle the dispute between capital and labor, for it has come to stay, and society must either solve it justly, or suffer itself to be dissolved.

Attempting to stamp out an insurrection which has its origin in the very nature of things, by mere force, is like trying to put out a fire in the midst of inflammable material by scattering it in all directions. The fire, which left to itself might have burned itself out, or, if it spread, only very slowly, may thus become a general conflagration, for each scattered spark becomes the starting-point of a new fire. When a million of men are out of employment, in this country, and millions more are therefore able to obtain only the barest necessities of life, the amount of inflammable material is very large, and the ruling classes ought to be very careful about applying the match, for they may arouse a fire of class-hatred, which will involve them in its all-devouring flames. The Knights of Labor have up to the present used peaceful methods, and for this they have been praised by the capitalistic papers; but now that the tide of success is turning against them, when they find themselves being beaten on all sides, and that the praises of the papers bring them neither bread nor work, how soon may they not resort to force? The terrible name of "rebels to the law" may not much longer serve to scare the people of even this law-abiding country, when they once begin to realize that all the laws have no other object than to perpetuate injustice, to support at any price the monopolists in their plunder.

Though seeing these outbreaks to be inevitable, there are none who deplore them more than we, Anarchists, do, for we realize that the labor question can never be solved by force. If these men should succeed in obtaining all they wish tomorrow, if, by any means, they succeeded in wiping out all the capitalists, no good for the laboring classes would have been accomplished, for, in a few years, the old inequality of conditions would reappear, because the causes that make them possible would still be at work. State Socialism, or any other form of despotism, may be obtained by war, but Anarchism, never. You cannot shoot down or blow up an economic system, but you can destroy it by ceasing to support it, as soon as you understand where its evils lie. War appeals to the passions and not to the reason of the combatants, and reason alone can be relied upon to solve the labor problem justly.

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IRELAND.

Continued from page 3.

cannon, she was not sure that her oppressed of the West would not turn the cannon against her. Ships overburdened with troops had headed towards Europe; they would deposit their burden of men at Malta, at Gibraltar, whose garrisons would return to England, and the execution of this operation once completed, from Gibraltar, from Malta, Ireland would not be far.

"Thank you! thank you!" repeated the excellent mother, consoled, drying her eyes and renewing her excuses for the trouble she had caused by her entirely personal emotion; she had not been able to control it, to force it back, to repress its outbreak.

Now, it would not appear again; she would abandon herself to her joys later, and she finished the packing of his provisions, bandages, and herbs, and even manifested impatience and anxiety, holding her ear against the window, whose cracked panes of glass were curtained fortunately with sheets of paper.

The deep voice of Lichfield's clerk thundered outside, bawling the list of wares: "Knives, scissors, thread, needles," and Edith was seized with fear for Sir Harvey, although Paddy and his friends still kept close to Lichfield; but those two, the spy and his clerk, so artful, familiar with all the tricks of rogues, constituted truly a serious menace.

And imminent!

Many times already had alarms by day and night filled her with terror; but none to the same extent as now.

"Hand-mirrors, looking-glasses, carpetings, table-covers, jewelry, laces!" chanted William Grobb like a drowsy chorister, whose interminable somnolent profile she perceived through a corner of the window-pane, and who drove for the love of God the horse and the van of his employer, without even turning round to see whether any customers were forthcoming.

"Hand-mirrors, looking-glasses!" Who then, in this miserable hamlet, had money for these superfluities? Mirrors, glasses, to reflect wan faces, made livid by suffering and privation! Carpetings? Shoes first. Table-covers? And what about bread?

Jewelry, laces! Go to! weapons for the struggle or a shroud in which to wrap the dead,—the dead from hunger and those fallen in battle!

No, no, no, even if there had been no warning, these merchants showed all too plainly that they had no desire to sell their stock; Harvey was their game, surely. Ah! Tom Lichfield drew close about his carriage the group in the midst of which he harangued, with his good-natured eloquence, and Paddy and all let themselves be dragged along, docile victims of cajolery, one would have said, dazzled without doubt by the gleam of some gift. But this was complicity! Lichfield communicating with his clerk, Edith comprehended that the danger lay in this approach, and she urged her husband to run to avert it, to put himself in the way, and remind Neill, who was forgetting himself, of the critical nature of the situation.

But Harvey opposed it. He placed the most absolute confidence in Paddy; he could fall asleep on him, on his intelligence, on his generous cunning in the work of baffling Lichfield and defeating his plot.

Yes, he had learned the value of this boy in their interviews since his days of forced rest. Under his simple appearance, his lively spirits, he hid much practical sense and a calm mind, and under his frivolity a heroism proof against anything.

"His joviality, his sallies, his sarcastic or droll flashes," said he, "are the very essence of our nature, the particular mark of our race, a mark which is obscured in you and me by the consciousness of our distresses, of our slavery, of the horizon so dark with storms. He is younger, has more elasticity, is less depressed, and moreover over his recklessness is principally on the surface, calculated to more thoroughly deceive this Lichfield."

"As you will," sighed Edith; "nevertheless I predict bad results of his complacent attitude towards the artifices of this person. You can see for yourself; the other fascinates him like a lark with the display of his four-penny goods."

Sir Harvey approached the window, and Arklow, at the renewed entreaty of his wife, went out to see, to correct the heedlessness of his comrades, if there was reason to. With his hands in his pockets, whistling a sailor's tune, his nose in the air, he directed his steps towards the van.

Paddy at this moment was bargaining for a coat, a marvellous coat, red and purple at the same time, like the sun setting in the sea; a coat, declaimed Lichfield, whose skirts, like the wings of the albatross, would last always; a coat, too, lately on the illustrious back of an admiral. The trace of the epaulets was still to be seen.

The merchant took it down from a peg and held it out at arm's length, spreading it over his shoulders; in order that Paddy, from a distance, might better judge its effect, he walked back and forth, and, William Grobb approaching in response to one of his winks, he tried it on him, talking all the while to his customer, but succeeding in surreptitiously slipping into the clerk's ear, a few words at a time, this admonition:

"Find a way of summoning the soldiers; Harvey is in the hut where the bill is posted."

And soon the long young man, divested of his brilliant paring which Paddy put on in turn, let himself down under the false pretext of picking up a piece of money which had fallen noisily from his breeches pocket, the lining of which he had just adroitly cut with the blade of his knife. On all fours, he searched in the grass, so conscientiously, so dismayed, that they did not distrust him or trouble him in his task; they would rather have helped him, and Arklow did not perceive his absence till some minutes after his departure.

To be continued.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND.

ON

His False, Absurd, Self-Contradictory, and Ridiculous Inaugural Address.

BY LYSDANDER SPOONER.

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SECTION XXVI.

The tenth amendment is in these words:

The powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

This amendment, equally with the ninth, secures to "the people" all their natural rights. And why?

Because, in truth, no powers at all, neither legislative, judicial, nor executive, had been "delegated to the United States by the constitution."

But it will be said that the amendment itself implies that certain lawmaking "powers" had been "delegated to the United States by the constitution."

No. It only implies that those who adopted the amendment believed that such lawmaking "powers" had been "delegated to the United States by the constitution."

But in this belief, they were entirely mistaken. And why?

1. Because it is a natural impossibility that any lawmaking "powers" whatever can be delegated by any one man, or any number of men, to any other man, or any number of other men.

Men's natural rights are all inherent and inalienable; and therefore cannot be parted with, or delegated, by one person to another. And all contracts whatsoever, for such a purpose, are necessarily absurd and void contracts.

For example. I cannot delegate to another man any right to make laws—that is, laws of his own invention—and compel me to obey them.

Such a contract, on my part, would be a contract to part with my natural liberty, to give myself, or sell myself, to him as a slave. Such a contract would be an absurd and void contract, utterly destitute of all legal or moral obligation.

2. I cannot delegate to another any right to make laws—that is, laws of his own invention—and compel a third person to obey them.

For example. I cannot delegate to A any right to make laws—that is, laws of his own invention—and compel Z to obey them.

I cannot delegate any such right to A, because I have no such right myself; and I cannot delegate to another what I do not myself possess.

For these reasons no lawmaking powers ever could be—and therefore no lawmaking powers ever were—"delegated to the United States by the constitution"; no matter what the people of that day—any or all of them—may have attempted to do, or may have believed they had power to do, in the way of delegating such powers.

But not only were no lawmaking powers "delegated to the United States by the constitution," but neither were any judicial powers so delegated. And why? Because it is a natural impossibility that one man can delegate his judicial powers to another.

Every man has, by nature, certain judicial powers, or rights. That is to say, he has, by nature, the right to judge of, and enforce his own rights, and judge of, and redress his own wrongs. But, in so doing, he must act only in accordance with his own judgment and conscience, and subject to his own personal responsibility, if, through either ignorance or design, he commits any error injurious to another.

Now, inasmuch as no man can delegate, or impart, his own judgment or conscience to another, it is naturally impossible that he can delegate to another his judicial rights or powers.

So, too, every man has, by nature, a right to judge of, and enforce, the rights, and judge of, and redress the wrongs, of any and all other men. This right is included in his natural right to maintain justice between man and man, and to protect the injured party against the wrongdoer. But, in doing this, he must act only in accordance with his own judgment and conscience, and subject to his own personal responsibility for any error he may commit, either through ignorance or design.

But, inasmuch as, in this case, as in the preceding one, he can neither delegate nor impart his own judgment or conscience to another, he cannot delegate his judicial power or right to another.

But not only were no lawmaking or judicial powers "delegated to the United States by the constitution," neither were any executive powers so delegated. And why? Because, in a case of justice or injustice, it is naturally impossible that any one man can delegate his executive right or power to another.

Every man has, by nature, the right to maintain justice for himself, and for all other persons, by the use of so much force as may be reasonably necessary for that purpose. But he can use the force only in accordance with his own judgment and conscience, and on his own personal responsibility, if, through ignorance or design, he commits any wrong to another.

But inasmuch as he cannot delegate, or impart, his own judgment or conscience to another, he cannot delegate his executive power or right to another.

The result is, that in all judicial and executive proceedings, for the maintenance of justice, every man must act only in accordance with his own judgment and conscience, and on his own personal responsibility for any wrong he may commit; whether such wrong be committed through either ignorance or design.

The effect of this principle of personal responsibility, in all judicial and executive proceedings, would be—or at least ought to be—that no one would give any judicial opinions, or do any executive acts, except such as his own judgment and conscience should approve, and such as he would be willing to be held personally responsible for.

No one could justify, or excuse, his wrong act, by saying that a power, or authority, to do it had been delegated to him, by any other men, however numerous.

For the reasons that have now been given, neither any legislative, judicial, nor executive powers ever were, or ever could have been, "delegated to the United States by the constitution"; no matter how honestly or innocently the people of that day may have believed, or attempted, the contrary.

And what is true, in this matter, in regard to the national government, is, for the same reasons, equally true in regard to all the State governments.

But this principle of personal responsibility, each for his own judicial or executive acts, does not stand in the way of men's associating, at pleasure, for the maintenance of justice; and selecting such persons as they think most suitable, for judicial and executive duties; and requesting them to perform those duties; and then paying them for their labor. But the persons, thus selected, must still perform their duties according to their own judgments and consciences alone, and subject to their own personal responsibility for any errors of either ignorance or design.

To make it safe and proper for persons to perform judicial duties, subject to their personal responsibility for any errors of either ignorance or design, two things would seem to be important, if not indispensable, viz.:

1. That, as far as is reasonably practicable, all judicial proceedings should be in writing; that is, that all testimony, and all judicial opinions, even to quite minute details, should be in writing, and be preserved; so that judges may always have it in their power to show fully what their acts, and their reasons for their acts, have been; and also that anybody, and everybody, interested, may forever after have the means of knowing fully the reasons on which everything has been done; and that any errors, ever afterwards discovered, may be corrected.

2. That all judicial tribunals should consist of so many judges—within any reasonable number—as either party may desire; or as may be necessary to prevent any wrong doing, by any one or more of the judges, either through ignorance or design.

Such tribunals, consisting of judges, numerous enough, and perfectly competent

to settle justly probably ninety-nine one-hundredths of all the controversies that arise among men, could be obtained in every village. They could give their immediate attention to every case; and thus avoid most of the delay, and most of the expense, now attendant on judicial proceedings.

To make these tribunals satisfactory to all reasonable and honest persons, it is important, and probably indispensable, that all judicial proceedings should be had, in the *first instance*, at the expense of the association, or associations, to which the parties to the suit belong.

An association for the maintenance of justice should be a purely voluntary one; and should be formed upon the same principle as a mutual fire or marine insurance company; that is, each member should pay his just proportion of the expense necessary for protecting all.

A single individual could not reasonably be expected to delay, or forego, the exercise of his natural right to enforce his own rights, and redress his own wrongs, except upon the condition that there is an association that will do it promptly, and without expense to him. But having paid his proper proportion of the expense necessary for the protection of all, he has then a right to demand prompt and complete protection for himself.

Inasmuch as it cannot be known which party is in the wrong, until the trial has been had, the expense of both parties must, in the *first instance*, be paid by the association, or associations, to which they belong. But after the trial has been had, and it has been ascertained which party was in the wrong, and (if such should be the case) so clearly in the wrong as to have had no justification for putting the association to the expense of a trial, he then may properly be compelled to pay the cost of all the proceedings.

If the parties to a suit should belong to different associations, it would be right that the judges should be taken from both associations; or from a third association, with which neither party was connected.

If, with all these safeguards against injustice and expense, a party, accused of a wrong, should refuse to appear for trial, he might rightfully be proceeded against, in his absence, if the evidence produced against him should be sufficient to justify it.

It is probably not necessary to go into any further details here, to show how easy and natural a thing it would be, to form as many voluntary and mutually protective judicial associations, as might be either necessary or convenient, in order to bring justice home to every man's door; and to give to every honest and dishonest man, all reasonable assurance that he should have justice, and nothing else, done for him, or to him.

SECTION XXVII.

Of course we can have no courts of justice, under such systems of lawmaking, and supreme court decisions, as now prevail.

We have population of fifty to sixty millions; and not a single court of justice, State or national!

But we have everywhere courts of injustice—open and avowed injustice—claiming sole jurisdiction of all cases affecting men's rights of both person and property; and having at their beck brute force enough to compel absolute submission to their decrees, whether just or unjust.

Can a more decisive or infallible condemnation of our governments be conceived of, than the absence of all courts of justice, and the absolute power of their courts of injustices?

Yes, they lie under still another condemnation, to wit, that their courts are not only courts of injustice, but they are also secret tribunals; adjudicating all causes according to the secret instructions of their masters, the lawmakers, and their authorized interpreters, their supreme courts.

I say *secret tribunals*, and *secret instructions*, because, to the great body of the people, whose rights are at stake, they are secret to all practical intents and purposes. They are secret, because their reasons for their decrees are to be found only in great volumes of statutes and supreme court reports, which the mass of the people have neither money to buy, nor time to read; and would not understand, if they were to read them.

These statutes and reports are so far out of reach of the people at large, that the only knowledge a man can ordinarily get of them, when he is summoned before one of the tribunals appointed to execute them, is to be obtained by employing an expert—or so-called lawyer—to enlighten him.

This expert in injustice is one who buys these great volumes of statutes and reports, and spends his life in studying them, and trying to keep himself informed of their contents. But even he can give a client very little information in regard to them; for the statutes and decisions are so voluminous, and are so constantly being made and unmade, and are so destitute of all conformity to those natural principles of justice which men readily and intuitively comprehend; and are moreover capable of so many different interpretations, that he is usually in as great doubt—perhaps in even greater doubt—than his client, as to what will be the result of a suit.

The most he can usually say to his client, is this:

Every civil suit must finally be given to one of two persons, the plaintiff or defendant. Whether, therefore, your cause is a just, or an unjust, one, you have at least one chance in two, of gaining it. But no matter how just your cause may be, you need have no hope that the tribunal that tries it, will be governed by any such consideration, if the statute book, or the past decisions of the supreme court, are against you. So, also, no matter how unjust your cause may be, you may nevertheless expect to gain it, if the statutes and past decisions are in your favor. If, therefore, you have money to spend in such a lottery as this, I will do my best to gain your cause for you, whether it be a just, or an unjust, one.

If the charge is a criminal one, this expert says to his client:

You must either be found guilty, or acquitted. Whether, therefore, you are really innocent or guilty, you have at least one chance in two, of an acquittal. But no matter how innocent you may be of any real crime, you need have no hope of an acquittal, if the statute book, or the past decisions of the supreme court, are against you. If, on the other hand, you have committed a real wrong to another, there may be many laws on the statute book, many precedents, and technicalities, and whimsicalities, through which you may hope to escape. But your reputation, your liberty, or perhaps your life, is at stake. To save these you can afford to risk your money, even though the result is so uncertain. Therefore you had best give me your money, and I will do my best to save you, whether you are innocent or guilty.

But for the great body of the people,—those who have no money that they can afford to risk in a lawsuit,—no matter what may be their rights in either a civil or criminal suit,—their cases are hopeless. They may have been taxed, directly and indirectly, to their last dollars, for the support of the government; they may even have been compelled to risk their lives, and to lose their limbs, in its defense; yet when they want its protection,—that protection for which their taxes and military services were professedly extorted from them,—they are coolly told that the government offers no justice, nor even any chance or semblance of justice, except to those who have more money than he.

But the point now to be specially noticed is, that in the case of either the civil or criminal suit, the client, whether rich or poor, is nearly or quite as much in the dark as to his fate, and as to the grounds on which his fate will be determined, as though he were to be tried by an English Star Chamber court, or one of the secret tribunals of Russia, or even the Spanish Inquisition.

Thus in the supreme exigencies of a man's life, whether in civil or criminal cases, where his property, his reputation, his liberty, or his life is at stake, he is really to be tried by what is, to him, at least, a *secret tribunal*; a tribunal that is governed by what are, to him, the *secret instructions* of lawmakers, and supreme courts; neither of whom care anything for his rights of property in a civil suit, or for his guilt or innocence in a criminal one; but only for their own authority as lawmakers and judges.

The bystanders, at these trials, look on amazed, but powerless to defend the right, or prevent the wrong. Human nature has no rights, in the presence of these infernal tribunals.

Is it any wonder that all men live in constant terror of such a government as that? Is it any wonder that so many give up all attempts to preserve their natural rights of person and property, in opposition to tribunals, to whom justice and injustice are indifferent, and whose ways are, to common minds, hidden mysteries, and impenetrable secrets.

But even this is not all. The mode of trial, if not as infamous as the trial itself, is at least so utterly false and absurd, as to add a new element of uncertainty to the result of all judicial proceedings.

A trial in one of these courts of injustice is a trial by battle, almost, if not quite, as really as was a trial by battle, five hundred or a thousand years ago.

Now, as then, the adverse parties choose their champions, to fight their battles for them.

These champions, trained to such contests, and armed, not only with all the weapons they own skill, cunning, and power can supply, but also with all the iniquitous laws, precedents, and technicalities that lawmakers and supreme courts can give them, for defeating justice, and accomplishing injustice, can—if not always, yet none but themselves know how often—offer their clients such chances of victory—*independently of the justice of their causes*—as to induce the dishonest to go into court to evade justice, or accomplish injustice, not less often perhaps than the honest go there in the hope to get justice, or avoid injustice.

We have now, I think, some sixty thousand of these champions, who make it the business of their lives to equip themselves for these conflicts, and sell their services for a price.

Is there any one of these men, who studies justice as a science, and regards that alone in all his professional exertions? If there are any such, why do we so seldom, or never, hear of them? Why have they not told us, hundreds of years ago, what are men's natural rights of person and property? And why have they not told us how false, absurd, and tyrannical are all these lawmaking governments? Why have they not told us what impostors and tyrants all these so-called lawmakers, judges, etc., etc., are? Why are so many of them so ambitious to become lawmakers and judges themselves?

Is it too much to hope for mankind, that they may sometime have courts of justice, instead of such courts of injustice as these?

If we ever should have courts of justice, it is easy to see what will become of statute books, supreme courts, trial by battle, and all the other machinery of fraud and tyranny, by which the world is now ruled.

If the people of this country knew what crimes are constantly committed by these courts of injustice, they would squelch them, without mercy, as unceremoniously as they would squelch so many gangs of bandits or pirates. In fact, bandits and pirates are highly respectable and honorable villains, compared with the judges of these courts of injustice. Bandits and pirates do not—like these judges—attempt to cheat us out of our common sense, in order to cheat us out of our property, liberty, or life. They do not profess to be anything but such villains as they really are. They do not claim to have received any "Divine" authority for robbing, enslaving, or murdering us at their pleasure. They do not claim immunity for their crimes, upon the ground that they are duly authorized agents of any such invisible, intangible, irresponsible, unimaginable thing as "society," or "the State." They do not insult us by telling us that they are only exercising that authority to rob, enslave, and murder us, which we ourselves have delegated to them. They do not claim that they are robbing, enslaving, and murdering us, solely to secure our happiness and prosperity, and not from any selfish motives of their own. They do not claim a wisdom so superior to that of the producers of wealth, as to know, better than they, how their wealth should be disposed of. They do not tell us that we are the freest and happiest people on earth, inasmuch as each of our male adults is allowed one voice in ten millions in the choice of the men, who are to rob, enslave, and murder us. They do not tell us that all liberty and order would be destroyed, that society itself would go to pieces, and man go back to barbarism, if it were not for the care, and supervision, and protection, they lavish upon us. They do not tell us of the almshouses, hospitals, schools, churches, etc., which, out of the purest charity and benevolence, they maintain for our benefit, out of the money they take from us. They do not carry their heads high, above all other men, and demand our reverence and admiration, as statesmen, patriots, and benefactors. They do not claim that we have voluntarily "come into their society," and "submitted" to them all our natural rights of person and property; nor all our "original and natural right" of defending our own rights, and redressing our own wrongs. They do not tell us that they have established infallible supreme courts, to whom they refer all questions as to the legality of their acts, and that they do nothing that is not sanctioned by these courts. They do not attempt to deceive us, or mislead us, or reconcile us to their doings, by any such pretences, impostures, or insults as these. *There is not a single John Marshall among them.*

On the contrary, they acknowledge themselves robbers, murderers, and villains, pure and simple. When they have once taken our money, they have the decency to get out of our sight as soon as possible; they do not persist in following us, and robbing us, again and again, so long as we produce anything that they can take from us. In short, they acknowledge themselves *hostes humani generis: enemies of the human race.* They acknowledge it to be our unquestioned right and duty to kill them, if we can; that they expect nothing else, than that we will kill them, if we can; and that we are only fools and cowards, if we do not kill them, by any and every means in our power. They neither ask, nor expect, any mercy, if they should ever fall into the hands of honest men.

For all these reasons, they are not only modest and sensible, but really frank, honest, and honorable villains, contrasted with these courts of injustice, and the lawmakers by whom these courts are established.

Such, Mr. Cleveland, is the real character of the government, of which you are the nominal head. Such are, and have been, its lawmakers. Such are, and have been, its judges. Such have been its executives. Such is its present executive. Have you anything to say for any of them?

Yours frankly, LYSANDER SPOONER.

BOSTON, MAY 15, 1886.

Original from
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

The Facts Coming to Light.

In a recent editorial, speaking of my accusations against the firebugs, I said: "It has never been my intention to try these charges, or prove them, in these columns. Sooner or later that will be done elsewhere." That I was not talking at random has since been shown by the appearance of a remarkable article in the New York "Sun," of May 3, corroborating the charges in a way that defies all answer. After referring to Liberty's exposure and Most's answer thereto, the "Sun" says:

An attempt to verify Most's denial discloses a peculiar condition of things in Anarchistic circles here. There is internal dissension and discord, or rather there was, for a considerable number of the hundred or so members of the International Working People's Association have withdrawn from it. The cause of the secession lies in the facts which led Liberty to make its charges of incendiarism and rascality. These facts, which have been gleaned after considerable difficulty, show that the leading members of the International Working People's Association have been remarkably unlucky men. Taken in connection with Most's extraordinary doctrines, the curious fires from which these gentlemen have suffered are interesting. They have all originated in the upsetting, breaking, or exploding of kerosene oil lamps, and have resulted in more or less damage to the property of others than Anarchists, and in the collection of more or less insurance money each time by the persons in whose apartments the fires occurred.

Before taking up these occurrences in detail, it will be interesting to review rapidly various events in the past few years that may tend to throw light upon the German revolutionists of America.

After this historical review, the "Sun" describes the mechanical devices for carrying on "propaganda by deed" according to the instructions laid down by John Most in his pamphlet, "Revolutionary War Science," and proceeds as follows:

It is by no means asserted that Mr. Most has himself put into practical use any of his destructive devices, or even that his friends and followers have done so, but certain it is that the idea of "propaganda by deed" was received by several members of the International Working People's Association with enthusiasm. Earnest and eloquent in seconding and advocating Most's doctrines were Comrades J. C. Panzenbeck and Joseph Kaiser. These two are frequently mentioned in "Freiheit" as having partaken in the public discussions of the association, as well as having made set addresses on revolutionary topics. Among the radical Socialists of the city they are known as having extremely "radical" views upon their relations to society. Others who listened with marked attention to the seductive doctrine were Comrades Fritz C. Schäär, Wilhelm Scharff, Carl Heusler, Otto Nicolai, Hermann Wabnitz, Adolph Kramer, and Comrades Nolle, Weber, Kubitsch, and Beck. Some of these, as Schäär and Kubitsch and Beck, are well known as frequenters of the meetings now held in Coburger Hall, Stanton street, but formerly in a hall on Bond street, and in various other places where the association met to hear Most's harangues. Quiet inquiries in various quarters elicited the invariable response that all these men were Most's associates and members of either the International Working People's Association or the Social Revolutionary Club.

On the evening of May 14, 1883, Comrade Joseph Kaiser was so unfortunate as to suffer the ravages of a fire in his tenement at 432 East Fourteenth street. The fourth floor of this building was occupied by Adolph Kramer as a dwelling. Kaiser lived on the third floor, where the fire originated, owing, according to the story told to the firemen, to Mrs. Kaiser's accidentally letting a kerosene lamp fall. The building was damaged to the extent of \$250. Mr. Kaiser's furniture naturally suffered some injury—\$25 worth, say the official records of the Fire Department. The insurance company which took the risk on the property, however, thought differently, and settled with the agitator for \$278.68. The amount of the policy was \$300, and it is a piece of good fortune that Mr. Kaiser had managed to secure the policy on May 7, a week preceding the calamity.

On November 27 John Charles Panzenbeck was then living at 406 East Sixty-third street. He or some resident of the building told the firemen that a picture fell from its place on the wall and knocked over a kerosene oil lamp. At any rate the fire resulting from this or some other cause damaged the house to the extent of \$1,000, but Caroline Yost, the owner, was amply insured. The contents of Panzenbeck's suite on the third floor were injured to the amount of several hundred dollars, he said. Some time in the first part of the month he had luckily taken out a policy for \$700, and was paid nearly that amount as indemnity. Other tenants in the house lost from \$50 to \$100 each.

On the 29th of December, 1884, Wilhelm Scharff applied to one of the greatest companies in the city for a policy upon worldly goods contained in the fourth floor tenement at 400 East Fifty-ninth street. His application was successful, and after the lapse of a few days, he found himself the holder of

a document securing him against loss by fire to the extent of \$500. This was peculiarly fortunate, for in the evening of January 5, 1885, six days after his application, a kerosene lamp upset in his apartments and fire broke out. The damage to the building, owned by John D. Hines, was not over \$200. The record maker of the Fire Department thought Scharff's furniture was not injured over \$200 worth, but the insurance company nevertheless were induced to settle for \$456.25. An interesting feature of this case was that, when Scharff presented his bill of losses at the headquarters of the company, the day after the fire, his policy had not been re-extended. The money, however, was paid over.

Some time in this same year Carl Heusler, Social Democrat, established a small fancy goods store at 137 Ludlow street. The building is a six-story tenement house, and was occupied in all apartments. On the evening of June 5, Mr. and Mrs. Heusler, after shutting up shop, entertained a few friends in the room back of the store. These people were Joseph Kaiser and his wife Mary, who lived at 165 Walton street, Brooklyn; Hermann Wabnitz of 61 East Eleventh street, Carl Baum of 98 Avenue B, and Otto Nicolai, the engineer at St. Charles Hotel. Shortly after nine o'clock a kerosene oil lamp exploded, and, besides damaging the property, caused severe, but not dangerous, injuries to the little party. No one else in the building was hurt, though great excitement prevailed, and the fire was soon extinguished. Heusler's goods were insured, and a collection of upward of \$300 was made from the company. Most of the unfortunate persons present, however, had to pass two or three weeks in the hospital, some going to Bellevue, others to the New York Hospital. Heusler had but recently stocked up his store, and did not resume business after this unfortunate event.

Long before this the International Working People's Association had suffered several secessions. Certain of the members became suspicious of their comrades, and preferred to withdraw from association with them. The seceders are one and all exceedingly reticent on the subject, and it was difficult to obtain information from them. This much, however, is certain: It was frequently asserted among the habitués of saloons where the advanced Socialists are in the habit of congregating that accidents to kerosene lamps were sometimes arranged with great skill; that the comrades were shrewd and successful in their onslaughts on capitalistic society. It was even asserted that the injuries received by the party in Heusler's back room were due to the premature appearance of the fire fiend, owing to carelessness in handling the materials or ignorance of the teachings of *Kriegswissenschaften*.

But these are not the only fires that have visited the agitators. On February 1, 1885, Adolph Kramer took possession of a tenement at 157 Ellery street, Brooklyn, in the house owned and in part occupied by Frederick Stuft. At ten o'clock in the evening of February 9 a kerosene oil lamp broke in his apartments, and an interesting conflagration was the result. Stuft's house was seriously damaged, over \$300 worth, he says, and Kramer's furniture and belongings to an unknown amount. Mr. Kramer was paid \$300 by the insurance company. It was not, however, until Kramer had been prosecuted ineffectually on a charge of incendiarism that he collected from the company.

In the autumn of the same year a similar accident happened in the tenement of a house on Clinton avenue, West Hoboken, occupied by Fritz C. Schäär. The house, owned by Mr. William Murphy, was so badly damaged that only the walls remained intact. Mr. Schäär was fortunately insured.

Mr. Murphy, however, noted the fact that, when he arrived at the scene, the only thing burning was a bed, and that a strong odor of kerosene pervaded the entire building. But the odor may have been caused entirely by the lamp, and the lamp might have been placed accidentally near the bed before it broke.

Another unfortunate Anarchist was Louis Weber, who lived at 84 Avenue A. The lamp exploded in his tenement at 7.53 o'clock in the evening of November 30 last. His furniture was insured for \$600.

Not long ago Wilhelm Scharff and Carl Wilmund were arrested for carrying concealed weapons with felonious intent. The circumstances are well known, although Scharff was then travelling under the alias Schliman, and was convicted under that name. He is at the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island, and Wilmund was sent to State prison for three and a half years by Recorder Smyth on Monday last. It may be remembered that a letter was found upon Wilmund in which he addressed himself to Most, offering his services in the cause of propaganda by deed.

The flaxen-haired Justus Schwab was approached. The reticence of this reformer is well known, and in this instance he preserved his character.

"I would rather have nothing further to say," remarked Mr. Schwab to the reporter; "you know how it is yourself."

"But would you explain upon what grounds you ejected Wilhelm Scharff, alias Schliman, Adolph Kramer, and Joseph Kaiser from your saloon, and forbade their return?"

The muscular German drew himself up to his full height, and exclaimed sharply: "Where did you get those names?"

"From the official records of the Fire Department," replied the reporter.

The answer apparently failed to satisfy Mr. Schwab. However, he said:

"I turned them out because I had good reason to believe that they were immoral men, and that is reason enough for me."

An interesting interview was obtained with a young mechanic who is conversant with these affairs. He suggested a way in which such fires as have occurred might have been set, had the occupants so desired.

"They might take a lamp, filled with oil," he said, "and securely plug up the passage on the side of the burner intended for the escape of gases. Then, if the lamp be lighted and a candle placed so that the candle flame touches the oil chamber, gases will be quickly generated that, having no means of escape, will soon break the lamp and cause a fire. If the materials are skilfully placed, the breaking lamp will be sure to tip the candle off the table so that its agency will not be suspected. This method may be made more sure by saturating strips of cloth with benzine and laying them from a point near the lamp to inflammable material elsewhere in the room. Benzine leaves no trace, and its fire-conducting qualities are so powerful that an experiment of this kind is perfectly sure of success. But if the parties at work are careless in handling the benzine, a conflagration may take place prematurely, and somebody will get hurt."

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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER
PROUDHON

Vol. IV.—No. 4.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1886.

Whole No. 82.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

The Chicago "Vorbote" has appeared again, but with four pages instead of eight. Its appearance, however, by no means indicates a victory for the freedom of the press, for its editors doubtless realize that, if they pass certain limits in the expression of their opinions, their paper will be promptly suppressed, and are scrupulously avoiding this danger. Censorship, no less than suppression, is a denial of freedom.

The long delay in the issue of this number of *Liberty* was unavoidable. Another publishing house announced its intention of publishing a translation of "What's To Be Done?" which obliged me to drop everything else and give all my time and energy to the immediate appearance and sale of my own edition. My efforts were rewarded. My book was the first on the market, the first edition was exhausted in four days, and the second is now ready.

Contributors whose articles have been waiting a long time, and publishers whose books and pamphlets have thus far gone unnoticed, must forgive me and be patient. That concrete ratiocinative process termed the "logic of events," to which my friend Lum is so prone to subordinate his own reason, has had a moderately strong grip on me for a few weeks past, and much matter that has been prepared for these columns I have been obliged (to use a printers' phrase) to "hang on the outside of the chases."

At the special session of the General Assembly, Knights of Labor, in Cleveland, there was a great hue and cry about an alleged combination or ring known as the Home Club, formed within District Assembly 49 of New York, with the purpose of obtaining the salaried offices of the order, the leading spirit in the conspiracy being Victor Drury. I know nothing about the Home Club, but I do know something about Victor Drury, and have no hesitation in saying that he is the leading spirit in no enterprise for the feathering of individual nests. If there lives a man who thoroughly despises filthy lucre, that man is Victor Drury.

Present the theory of Anarchy to an inquirer or argue it with an objector, and, nine times out of ten, the first and last question asked you will be: "If there is no government, how will you run the railroads?" With this question, and that of "Corporations" generally, Charles T. Fowler deals very satisfactorily in the third number of his "Sun," which, after some months of obscurity, has again made a rift in the clouds that darken the social horizon. Mr. Fowler shows how the people, by pooling their patronage, may practically control the railroads and secure their services at cost without the intervention of the State. This number contains a portrait of Wendell Phillips. An advertisement of it appears in *Liberty's* Library, from which it may be seen that I supply it at the same low price as its predecessors,—six cents for one copy and ten cents for two.

The communications in the present issue upholding Anarchists in joining the Knights of Labor ought to have been printed long ago. The question of compromise, upon which they hinge, has been discussed at such length in *Liberty* since they were written that I do not think it necessary to make further reply. If

I could have chosen, I would have answered them directly, instead of indirectly and in advance, but circumstances having compelled the latter course, it does not seem best to repeat myself. I will only say to Mr. Lum that, if he thinks it justifiable to join the Knights of Labor with a mental reservation, resolved to work for certain parts of their platform and smile at the rest, his course is disownment by his G. M. W., Mr. Powderly. That functionary writes as follows to the secretary of the New England Lasters' Protective Union: "The man or woman who cannot cheerfully subscribe to the declaration of principles of the order of Knights of Labor cannot make a good member."

An idea for a cartoon, which "Puck" probably will not utilize: Grover Cleveland in the White House with his new and legal wife; to the right, in a companion picture, George Q. Cannon in a prison cell; to the left of the White House, Maria Halpin, Cleveland's illegal wife, and their illegitimate son, dwelling as social outcasts in an abode of wretchedness and want because wilfully abandoned by the husband and father; to the right of the prison, Cannon's illegal wives and illegitimate children, dwelling in an abode of wretchedness and want because the law has imprisoned the husband and father instead of allowing him to live with and protect them; on the walls of the White House, illuminated texts concerning the purity of the home and exclusiveness of love, taken from the president's message to congress on the Mormon question; on the walls of the prison cell, the constitutional amendment forbidding the passage of laws abridging religious freedom. Title for the cartoon: "Mormonism in Cleveland's eyes, like the tariff in Hancock's, a purely local question."

Tucker, the Boston Anarchist," says the editor of the Winsted "Press," "calls Batterson's proposition to divide annually one-third of the net profits of his business among his employees, in addition to their regular wages, 'one of the foulest plots against industry ever hatched in the brain of a member of the robber class.' It must not be expected that anything on earth or in the heavens above will please an Anarchist." How little this editor knows about Anarchists! Why, I was "tickled almost to death" by his editorial on "The Knights of Labor" which stood by the side of the above paragraph in the same issue of the "Press,"—so pleased, in fact, that I print it in full in this number of *Liberty*. And if he will present his readers in my own language the reasons why I consider Batterson's proposition a foul plot against industry, I shall be better pleased still. Just a little fairness will please an Anarchist every time. True, he finds this a scarce commodity at present, both "on earth and in the heavens above." Up to this point I had written a few weeks ago. Since then, I have seen so much in the "Press" that was kind and fair to Anarchism that I am bound to exonerate the editor from any intention to be unfair at any time, and so much that was soundly Anarchistic that I have strong hopes of seeing him become an out-and-out Anarchist himself.

"Le Révolté" having announced the abandonment of the attempt to publish the London "Anarchist" with a new programme, I supposed the latter journal had given up the ghost, and I was congratulating the cause that Mr. Seymour would now have a chance to pursue the studies which I lately recommended to him. But in a few days along came the "Anarchist," and I found that it was not dead, but had only "flopped"

again,—this time from Communism to Communistic Anarchism, if anybody knows what that is (Mr. Seymour is quite right in saying that I do not). The only outward sign betrayed by this latest feature in the programme of our lightning-change artist is the substitution of signed for anonymous articles, the anonymous plan having been adopted a month before in obedience to the teachings of Communism. Mr. Seymour now says that "the collective editorship, while looking very well in theory, hasn't proved so very well in practice," and he makes disparaging remarks in reference to "certain advocates of our ideas who forsake titles and names and responsibilities in the revolutionary press, yet trade on all these when writing for the *bourgeoisie* press." From all of which I infer that Prince Kropotkin and Mr. Seymour have had a few words and parted. Referring to my criticisms, Mr. Seymour writes: "Liberty says I have abandoned liberty in embracing Communism. This is untrue. I have embraced Communistic-Anarchism, but by no means Communism. I am Anarchist at least as entirely as ever." But a few inches lower down he writes: "'Le Révolté,' has yet to learn that the 'new programme,' *in so far as it was anti-Anarchist only*, has been abandoned." Thus Mr. Seymour confesses that the new programme was anti-Anarchist to some extent, a fact which, in answering me, he had just denied. He invites me to "cross swords" with him. What need have I to cross swords with a man who crosses swords thus deftly with himself? I leave him with the remark of one of my friends: "Seymour is rapidly qualifying for the position of clown to the Anarchistic movement."

Plumb-Centre.

Albeit I have the sincerest liking for our warm-hearted and brilliant comrade, "X," I must confess my sympathies in the recent plumb-rule controversy have been chiefly with his opponents, our fair coadjutrix, Gertrude B. Kelly, and bold Ben Tucker.

Now that the report is gaining ground that we Anarchists are robbers and criminals, enemies to the private ownership of goods honestly acquired, and the wilful users of deceitful, equivocal, and paradoxical language, it is high time, is it not, that we declared ourselves for uncompromising outspokenness? What can we gain by any other course?

True enough, our sympathies can hardly be too broad, our hearts too warm, our hands too helpful, for those who labor, no matter how mistakenly, for humanity's weal; but it is also true that sympathies can hardly be too well directed, hearts too closely guarded against Judas-friends, and hands too firmly restrained from acts of useless and retrogressive charity. The doctrine of "love me, love my dog,"—i. e., my faults,—is a most pernicious one. Love-clarified eyes are the very ones to see, love-speaking lips the very ones to effectively rebuke, the errors of friends. I have nothing to say against courtesy and cooperation, patience and good-fellowship; rather do I applaud those time-honored and eminently practical virtues; but they must never interfere with the straight backbone and the stiff upper lip. True, we should not make our obnoxious points too prominent, need not keep our flags always flying, our war-cries pealing, but never should we rally under a false standard or give a deceitful countersign.

Our foes are many and mighty; Church and State, Capital, Caste, and Custom, are all arrayed against us, and, if we are found among those "fit" who "survive," it will be because we have proved ourselves more righteous than they, and made ourselves indispensables as truth-tellers and watchdogs of Justice.

Let us, then, so far as we may without Pharisaism or invasive discourtesy, be upright and downright, free-spoken, out-spoken, and full-spoken, shooting to the centre no matter what the target, or who stands in front.

Original from J. WM. LLOYD.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

TCHERNYCHEWSKY'S LIFE AND TRIAL.

Translated from the Russian for Liberty by Victor Yarros.

Nicholas Govrilovich Tchernychevsky was born in Saratoff in 1829. His father, a clergyman, was a very intelligent and benevolent person, whose exceptional honesty and kindness won him the love and admiration of all who knew him. The poor had in him a devoted friend and adviser. He was, in short, very little of a priest. Young Tchernychevsky attended the seminary, where he studied ancient languages and the Bible. His knowledge of the last was perfect. He was a strict dogmatic Christian so long as he did not do his own thinking and his brains were not consulted in matters of faith and religious habits. Soon, however, Tchernychevsky grew sceptic and began to feel uncomfortable in the close atmosphere in which he moved and lived. His father not objecting, he went to St. Petersburg and entered college, choosing the philological faculty. He sought to perfect his knowledge of ancient languages, and diligently read everything recommended by his professors. He looked up old manuscripts and compiled dictionaries for them. Philosophical criticism and social science were not then in his line. An accidental acquaintance completely changed his programme of study and manner of life. He was introduced into one of those highly interesting little groups that make student life in Russia so attractive and fascinating. The entertaining and enlivening conversations at the tea-table; the instructive and hot discussions and the long debates, of which, as Tourguenéff says, only the Russians are capable, opened Tchernychevsky's eyes to a new and unknown world. There he first heard of the social and political problems of the day; there he caught a glimpse of modern life, and with surprise, interest, and enthusiasm he rushed out of his gloomy and dark quarters into the broad daylight of social and political life and activity. He left the company of the dead for that of the living. Giving up his old manuscripts, he devoted himself entirely to the study of economics and social science. He read everything he could lay his hands upon in Russian, German, and French. And owing to his great natural abilities, to his strong intellect, splendid memory, and love of dialectics, he soon outstripped his friends and teachers, and took up the high station in the group which naturally belonged to him. He appeared a new man among the advanced new types of Russian civilized society.

In 1850 he graduated, and, obeying his mother's will, went to Saratoff and took the position of professor in the local gymnasium. This was a very great sacrifice on Tchernychevsky's part, as he left in St. Petersburg a number of warm personal friends and admirers, and deprived himself of the means of continuing his scientific studies. In Saratoff he found an old-fashioned, ugly school, with a number of antediluvian bigots as teachers and an old stupid Jesuitical director. In society, even among its most liberal and cultured representatives, he hardly found two or three persons who did not share the general contempt for the "cranky" and unconventional new professor. In his family, too, he felt himself a stranger, having very little in common with that quiet nest. Only when alone in his own room did he feel at ease. There he used to be visited, now and then, by a few, very few friends and some young students of his class, who were surprised and charmed by Tchernychevsky's novel way of treatment and unusual cordiality. He canvassed and discussed all kinds of subjects with them in the most plain, frank, and unassuming manner, treating them as equals,—a thing never heard of before in Saratoff! Great was Tchernychevsky's moral influence; much good did he accomplish among his youthful companions. He always succeeded in breathing new vitality, fresh courage and hope, into the despondent and despairing young fellows, who easily break down under unfavorable circumstances, and who have that unfortunate trait in their character of losing all courage and strength after one or two futile attempts at gaining some end in view. And, to the great horror of the clean and respectable school authorities, he was known to have occasionally furnished money and other things to the starving and barefooted students.

Thus Tchernychevsky passed two years. His life was not very interesting, though he tried to make the best of it. Now and then, to please his loving and beloved mother, Tchernychevsky suffered himself to be taken to parties and entertainments, or visited his family connections, where he was obliged to pass long, tedious hours in the society of government clerks, officials, and other dry and lifeless individuals. But so strong was the influence and magic of this exceptionally bright nature that even these conservative, musty personages felt uncomfortable and nervous in his presence. Not a few of these were actually converted and saved by Tchernychevsky. They reformed their habits, gave up the practice of bribe-taking, treated their children less tyrannically, and generally sought to live more honorable and decent lives.

In this sphere Tchernychevsky met a young girl, whom he loved with all the ardor and passion of a youth. In his lectures and correspondence he talked about the ennobling influence of love and the charms of married life. They were married in 1853. A short time before the marriage his mother died. Tchernychevsky was deeply affected by this sudden loss. But as he did not express his grief in such manifestations as would fully satisfy the respectable and virtuous provincial society, as he did not wail and sob in church, did not fall on the coffin in a deep swoon, and was shameless and impudent enough to leave his father at such a time and contract marriage before the term of mourning fixed by provincial etiquette had expired,—the *bon ton* society of Saratoff with exceptional unanimity declared Tchernychevsky a heartless, soulless, unfeeling, and *indecent* son. The old gentleman, however, thought otherwise. He was very proud of his Nicholas, and was glad that he went to St. Petersburg, as he well knew that a fuller and better life was in store for him in the capital. When, in 1862, his father died, surrounded by friends and admirers, Tchernychevsky was again roughly handled by public opinion. He was charged by society with nothing less than parricide, as it was universally agreed that his pitiless indifference and ingratitude were the cause of the poor old gentleman's death.

Meantime Tchernychevsky, depressed and moneyless, struggled hard in St. Petersburg. He gave lessons in some government military school, translated novels for the Russian magazines, and worked away the rest of his time at a dissertation "On the *Æsthetic Relations of Art to Reality*," by which he was to obtain a diploma of master of arts. He properly passed the examination, and ably defended his masterly dissertation. The minister of public education, the conservative professors and learned officials, did not at all like the views and ideas of this bold and supercritical young man . . . They detected in his dissertation a dangerous tendency to belittle the rôle and importance of *pure, ideal art*. Self-confident and smiling, Tchernychevsky sarcastically answered the timid *savants*. He made fun of the "absolute importance of the Ideal," and showed very little respect for old traditions and authorities. This, of course, could not be tolerated, and Tchernychevsky was not awarded the diploma. Just about this time he quarrelled with the *liberal* authorities of the military school, and, in consequence, gave up his professorship there.

After that he devoted himself to literary work exclusively. His first notable paper was a review of a pamphlet "On Aristotle," written by a renowned Moscow professor. The paper was hurriedly written with little care and in a very short

time; but the learned professor was deeply hurt, and keenly felt the well-directed criticisms of the young philosopher. His ill-fated dissertation "On the *Æsthetic Relations of Art to Reality*" made him famous. It made his views and tendencies familiar to the best literary circles and leading journals of the day, who at once recognized in him a superior talent and a great mind. The "Sovremennic" (Contemporary) engaged him permanently on its editorial staff, and gave up into his management the best two departments of the magazine,—the critical and political. The "Sovremennic" was the most radical and brilliant periodical of that time. Here Tchernychevsky found his opportunity for the highest and fullest development of his remarkable intellectual powers. Here was a broad and magnificent field for active work; here was a channel for the full expression of his best thoughts. And, indeed, soon the splendor and lustre of his genius was revealed. His writings were widely and eagerly read. He inspired the youth of the country with enthusiasm for intellectual development and moral culture; he made life worth living for the mature elements of society, and raised literature to a very high standard. Who does not remember his series of articles "On the Poushkin and Gogol Period in Russian Literature," which surprised everybody with its deep and extensive knowledge, clearness and force of expression, its dash and boldness in smashing and annihilating old literary idols? Those articles have revolutionized Russian literature. Many were charmed and filled with unbounded admiration for the new and young literary hero; some were displeased and angered; but no one remained indifferent, no one ignored the new drift. His teachings and methods were alike novel and fascinating.

To be continued.

EIGHTEEN CHRISTIAN CENTURIES:

OR,

THE EVOLUTION OF THE GOSPEL OF ANARCHY.

An Essay on the Meaning of History.

By DYER D. LUM.

Continued from No. 81.

Rome conquered and remodeled. With Roman arms went Roman customs. Military success involved civil reconstruction and Roman organization. By the side of the Roman camp grew a miniature Rome. The rapacity of the indigenous tyrant was replaced by that of the foreign tax-gatherer; in which, however, there was often the boon of law and order, or—less euphoniously—systematized robbery, not seizing what it could, or might desire, but assessing a stipulating sum. The law and order of might, it is true, but often preferable to the arbitrary exactions dictated by capricious will.

Under this unity of administration that Roman conquests had prepared, and the Empire was to perfect, the antagonizing influences of local jealousies, which had hitherto divided the world into petty and hostile States, and having as a consequence their distinctive national, or local, deities, were to give place to a common interest and a common aim. Cesar but carried out what the dominant instinct of the Roman people demanded. He was the incarnation of Roman genius; realizing in fact what Rome had long seen in vision. Cesar was a great man, not because he laid the foundation for the Empire and enabled his nephew Octavianus to assume the imperial crown, nor for the reason that he reduced civil chaos to military order, but for the greater reason that he was a true child of Rome, inheriting her genius, and with the mental calibre to realize the ideal which had risen before his clear vision into tangible form. Lewes has said: "The great thinker is the secretary of his age," and Cesar was great because he could grasp and render explicit what was implicit in the Roman mind.

We thus trace the origin of the modern State to Cesar's legacy, but this is not all. The dogma of authority, or imperialism, that the Cesarian age introduced was not confined to the realm of politics alone. God and the State are the twin dogmas of Caesarism. It extended its conquests from earthly princes to Olympic deities, and sought to subordinate both realms to the pleasure of a Universal Will. Instead, therefore, of accepting the teleological hypothesis of a strategic hand "behind phenomena" determining the result of human actions, or graciously permitting similar sequences to follow similar antecedents, we are led to conclude that the monotheistic belief is an outgrowth of the social environment which made the personal rule of a single will triumphant in social affairs. I would not be understood as asserting that, but for the realization of the Roman dream of universal dominion, monotheism would not, nevertheless, have supplanted polytheism, for that is one of the "might have been." But in such case it would not have been characterized by the features Rome has so deeply impressed upon that belief. The barbarians, as well as the cultured Greeks, had risen to the conception of unity as personified in a Great Spirit and All-Father, but the intellectual tendencies of Grecian development were rather to a pantheistic unity. Rome, with her hard, practical genius, seized the thought, and under the guiding hand of Roman bishops it hardened into the rigid form of the Christian God. In the words of Dr. Draper: "Monotheism was the result of the establishment of an imperial government in Rome."

With the triumph of Cæsar over the Senate there was indissolubly connected the later triumph of Caesarism in theology; the political order introduced by Roman arms carrying with it the conception of imperialism governing the moral order of the universe familiarized by Roman thought. The same sequence of events which had undermined tribal limitations destroyed the theological conceptions which were an outgrowth of those limitations. Grecian travellers and expeditions had undermined the power of Grecian gods. Grecian thought had already become emancipated in intellectual circles, and the increasing solidarity of social interests and aims must still further have modified conceptions arising in a more primitive age. But to Rome belongs the final distinction of supplanting the liberty-loving optimism of Greece with the pessimism inherent under the long exercise of autocratic power, where the mind had been fettered and hope became despair.

If Rome had fallen, the fertile seeds of intellectual revolt contained in Grecian literature would have remained, and from another centre might still have kept alive and invigorated the latent capacities of the human intellect. But Rome lived! Its genius realized its dreams, and there necessarily resulted that stupendous social degeneration on which imperialism fattened, and which cast upon the world the fatal incubus under which for long centuries the moral nature was to be deformed, manliness of character changed by *panem et circenses* into slothful indolence, independence of thought replaced by monkish servility, and Grecian literature with art and science buried in oblivion to give room for mystical rhapsodies and monastic rules. The course of intellectual development, which had already taken its rise from subjection to the early myths into far grander and broader conceptions tinged with a living humanism when Rome was but an Italian provincial city of cut-

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throats and robbers, might or might not have been checked by circumstances which, under another policy, lay hidden in the womb of time; still, it is difficult for human imagination to conceive of a more tragical ending to that bright dream of awakened mind than the genius of Rome entailed.

The civilization of Rome had for its corner-stone—Authority, and freedom languished in chains. Municipal duties became onerous and were avoided. Imperial rescripts interfered with trade, with the franchises of the citizens, and the common concerns of life. Civic office became the appanage of a small local aristocracy. But although imperial exactions were devastating the country, converting freeholders into slaves and depressing every spring of enterprise and activity, the *curiales*, or magistracy, of each city were still held personally responsible with their lives and fortunes for the collection of the impositions of the fiscal edicts. Authority, hated and feared, supplied such bond of union as still existed in social life. The rude familiarity of the Gallic chieftain with his dependents, and their free intercourse at a common table and under a common roof, began to give place to the privileges, immunities, and dignities of an aristocracy living a life apart; while the bitterness of despair of an enslaved peasantry robbed them of all energy and deprived them of all hope. The consolations afforded them by their ancient religions vanished as their local deities grew pale in the light arising from extended intercourse with the world. When the gods were ranged in the Pantheon in the fierce light of publicity, the charms of mystery which had hitherto surrounded them were dispelled. They had shown their powerlessness in the moment of danger, and passed into forgetfulness when men saw their shrines devastated, as in Gaul, and no avenging dart follow. Bankrupt in faith, in manly energy, in moral independence, and doomed to the most relentless slavery, they dragged on their wearied lives in misery.

Roman imperialism had not only triumphed on earth, it had scaled the heavens and seated itself on the throne of the universe to triumph over the soul. Rome, with all the inherent vices which that word conveys, was still to survive the invasion of the liberty-loving Teuton, and, donning a pontifical robe over the royal purple, continued the attempted realization of her traditional dream of unity by the use of the same weapons, whose keenness of edge had lost nothing from the consecration they had received.

II. THE TEUTON. During the fifth century the Empire reeled under the blows everywhere given it by the invading barbarians. The Franks in Gaul; the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes in Britain; the Suevi and Visigoths in Spain; the Burgundians in the valley of the Rhone and the Alps; the Ostrogoths in Italy, toward which the Lombards were already wending their way; the Vandals in Corsica and Sardinia,—all had come to stay. In A. D. 476, the last of the emperors of the West, a timid youth, named with cruel mockery, as if in anticipation of his fate, from the founder of the city and the first of the emperors, Romulus Augustulus, was forced to resign the imperial purple, and the line became extinct. Extinct, save as represented by the Vicar of Christ, from whom the crown would be received by a new line of emperors in after centuries. But the barbarians, in spreading themselves over the Empire and destroying the fiction of temporal unity, had introduced a far deadlier foe to the genius of authority than Roman politics had ever known. The Teutons brought the germ of liberty. Individuality, personality, not of the soul, but of the flesh; not of the inner and spiritual, but of the outer and carnal man, was insurgent in the new blood which was to revive the expiring vitality of the West.

In their forest homes the earth belonged to no one; every year the tribe assigned to each one of its members a lot to cultivate, and the lot was changed the following year. He was proprietor of the harvest, but not of the land. Their kings, or chiefs, were elected, and could be easily deposed; they were leaders rather than rulers. "The power of the kings," says Tacitus, "is not arbitrary or unlimited; they generally command power by warlike example rather than by their authority Their passion for liberty is attended with ill consequence: when a public meeting is announced, they never assemble at the stated time. Regularity would look like obedience; to mark their independent spirit, they do not convene at once; between two or three days are lost in delay No man dictates to the assembly; he may persuade, but cannot command." When the young Roman assumed the prerogatives of a citizen, he was invested with a *toga* as the emblem of civil equality; when the young Teuton attained to manhood, he was given a shield and javelin before the assembled tribe as the symbol of personal independence. The *toga virilis* of the Roman inculcated obedience to constituted authority: the shield and javelin to the young German were an incentive to personal energy. Their kings deliberated in the public assemblies, and were carefully excluded from the power to decree laws, or to apply them in particular cases.

The conquerors brought with them the simple faith of barbaric tribes. Grossly superstitious, the imposing ritual of Christianity could not but fill their minds with awe and respect,—the first step toward reverence. Their simple rites were but ill suited for lands where the native faith had fallen before Roman skepticism and monastic zeal. They were struck with the wonderful administrative genius displayed by Rome. In seizing the cities and establishing themselves on conquered estates as the dominant race, they felt the need of a talent they did not possess. To capture a city, or a province, called for personal bravery, for deeds of daring and courage, and this they had. To govern it demanded what neither personal prowess nor the laws of their forest life could supply. The forms of law were in their hands, but their clumsy fingers lacked the suppleness to use them. All knowledge, all intelligence, was with the clergy. In receiving baptism they gained the intelligence and skill of the bishops in the work of administration. The bishops gained possession of the arm of flesh. Of the Franks Sismondi says:

Their high veneration for the church, and their savage orthodoxy, so much the more easy to preserve, because, never studying nor disputing concerning the faith, they did not even know the questions controverted, gave them in the clergy powerful auxiliaries. The Franks were disposed to hate the Arians, and to fight and despise them without listening to them. The bishops in return showed themselves to be no more scrupulous in the moral teachings of religion; they closed their eyes on violence, murder, debauchery; they authorized, in a measure, public polygamy, and they preached the divine right of kings and the duty of obedience for the people.

Of the early Frank kings and their indifference to ecclesiastical affairs, Guizot says:

Unless impelled by some powerful motive, neither Gondevald, Chilpiric, nor Gontrhan troubled themselves in the matter. And words have come down to us of Burgundian, Gothic, and Frank kings which prove how little they were disposed to exert their power in such causes. "We cannot command religion," said Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, "no one can be forced to believe in spite of himself." "Since the Deity suffers different religions," said King Theobald, "we dare not press a single one. We remember having read that God must be sacrificed to willingly, and not under the constraint of a master. Those, therefore, who attempt to do otherwise evidently oppose themselves to the divine commands."

Truly, here was difficult soil for Rome to cultivate. In these royal converts the old Teutonic love for individuality manifested itself strongly, but from age to age it grew weaker as the hand of Rome grew stronger. In the days of Charlemagne such language no longer was heard from royal lips. Well could St. Prosper of Aquitaine say: "Rome, the See of St. Peter, made the head of the world in honor of the Apostle, holds by its religion what it no longer possesses by its sword." Fortunately for the world, constant war saved Europe from the dangers of peace. In

Gaul constant invasion kept alive the fierce activity of the conquerors. The Huns and warlike tribes beyond the Alps, the pagans of Saxony and Friesland on the North, the Moors in the South, followed later by the piratical Northmen along the coast, kept for centuries the martial spirit dominant. The church had to accommodate itself to its environment.

The dream that, but for this rude necessity for constant strife, a state of Christian progress might have resulted under the more genial influences of a milder spirit, is directly disproved by the history of contemporary Spain. Admirably situated, combining advantages of an insular as well as of a continental position, and on the North defended by the barrier of the Pyrenees, Spain presented all the elements for national greatness. Her rich plains abounded in cattle and luxuriant fruits, mines of various precious metals lay in her soil, and her seaports had early attracted the attention of the roving Phenicians.

In the opening years of the fifth century the barbarians passed the Pyrenees, and in the year 414 had founded the Visigothic monarchy, thus antedating Clovis in Gaul by seventy-two years. They had been converted to Christianity in their native forests, but held it under its Arian form. For three centuries Spain had been a field of Christian missions, and had here met with less resistance. Teutonic individualism, here as elsewhere, curbed absolutism by constant self-assertion. The new monarch, elected by the swords of his adherents and raised on a shield, upon assuming power, was addressed in these words: "If thou doest the right, thou shalt be king; if thou doest not the right, thou shalt not be king."

In two particulars the Visigothic monarchs differed from the Frank: 1, They had entered upon dominion as Christians; 2, The Pyrenees defended them from invasion from without. Its insular position produced somewhat similar effects to that witnessed in Britain. The system of real laws, or laws based on land, began to gain over their hereditary personal laws, or laws based on the origin of individuals. In Spain, however, the whole code of the Visigothic law was the work of the clergy, and the Roman principle predominated, overruling the fundamental principle of other barbarian codes, i. e., "the furtherance of private interests." The release from danger of constant irritation of hostile hordes by land, and the ease with which they met the Vandal, Suev, and Roman troops and dispersed them, quieted the fierce activity of the Goth, and the priest rose correspondingly in influence. Still Arian Spain could not give unity; there was no cohesion among her provinces. In the year 586 a new king, Recared, declared himself Catholic, and Spain entered upon the highway of centralization, unity, and peace. As a consequence, we find that, in the words of Hallam, "no kingdom was so thoroughly under the bondage of the hierarchy as Spain." While the fierce warrior lost influence, that of the priest augmented.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 81.

And Paddy, who, all this time, was strutting about, paraded in real peacock style, arching his back and spreading the flaps of the famous coat, like a glorious tail, prouder of this ornament than of a general's plume on an enormous, embroidered, gold-laced cap! The idiot!

"See!" said the distressed Edith, in the house, "he shares the ridiculous taste of many of our people for pompous garments, for loud colors; but red, the abhorred color of the English,—I can't forgive him for that."

She displayed against the poor boy, whom nevertheless she loved intensely and like a second son, a severity entirely unjust, and the final epithet applied to Neill by Arklow was also undeserved.

No: the cast-off clothes of the admiral did not tempt him; all the gabble of Lichfield would not distract his attention, or turn him aside from his aim, which was nothing else than to make the big Englishman pack off. William Grobb had run off already, so much the better; the place would be empty, and Harvey could escape from his retreat transformed into a condemned man's cell, and slip away to a safe spot.

At the instant when Edith's husband opened his mouth to lecture him, Paddy threw him an Irish phrase, which signified: "Let your guest decamp promptly, while I make space for him." And, taking to his heels, he scampered away, launching a sarcasm at Lichfield to excite the merchant to follow him.

"You do not lie: these are not flaps, but wings; they carry me, *je m'envele* (I fly)."

"C'est moi qui suis volé" (it is I who am robbed), cried Tom. And in his desire not to lose the three shillings which he had paid for this costume, threadbare and yellow, not fit for a mountebank in a show, and for which he would have been paid, in any case, from the relief fund, he lost his presence of mind, and, thinking no longer of Harvey, he pursued the runaway, railing at him, calling him all the synonyms of the words sharper and pickpocket.

When, at the end of a quarter of an hour, William Grobb brought back the company of Ancient Britons, whom he had found at the public house, drinking pint after pint, some of them emptying the jugs without touching them to their lips, Tom Lichfield had not returned. The soldiers, inflamed by the drink, and above all by the news which had caused them to be summoned, urged on their sergeant.

John Autrun, perfectly livid, seemed like a dead man walking; his legs trembled; he supported himself on his cane, lessening his pace in proportion as they approached the shanty toward which his men were driving him. For a second, with the design of escaping from his cruel duty, he had turned his back upon the sad, the lamentable house, and tried to gain time, under the pretext that the capture of the agitator necessitated the presence of his officers.

"Any wavering is equivalent to treason!" muttered a corporal.

Then, ceasing to evade, resolved, alas! on obedience, but offering prayers that Harvey might have disappeared, he struck Arklow's door with his stick, but in vain. No one came to open it, no voice answered.

He knocked again, louder, but with no more success.

"Break it in!" advised several Britons together, lifting the butt ends of their muskets.

He ordered them to put them down, and knocked again, this time with hurried blows and charging them to open:

"In the King's name!"

Edith appeared on the threshold, pale through her tan, but calm, finishing the fastening of a neck-handkerchief about her, like a woman interrupted in the midst of her toilet.

"What does the King wish of me?" she demanded, in a voice which did not tremble.

"The rebel whom you conceal!"

The voice of the sergeant trembled.

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"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions." — PROUDHON.

A Light Extinguished.

Stephen Pearl Andrews is dead. More mental force went out with him than is left in any one person on the planet. This man was an intellectual marvel. We are too close to him in time to judge him justly; I certainly shall not attempt to estimate his worth. It is my belief that, in point of personal character, his memory will suffer as time goes on, but his service to the world will never be over-estimated. Anarchists especially will ever remember and honor him because he has left behind him the ablest English book ever written in defense of Anarchistic principles. Josiah Warren used to say that "The Science of Society" was the clearest statement and elaboration of his own ideas that had ever been given to the world, and he doubted the possibility of improving it. That work is Mr. Andrews's lasting monument. It will be remembered when the Pantarchy is forgotten, when Alwato is forgotten, when Universology is forgotten. As yet it has exercised but a fraction of its influence. Some day it will be reprinted and complete its author's glorious mission. T.

Authority-blinded.

The persistency with which the worship of authority and place, made sacred by all the ingrained prejudices of the past, retains its hold in men is sadly apparent wherever one treads.

The falsely-called Anarchists who committed the late assaults upon person and property are now in the hands of that other mob, the law. In the case of Most, if the despatches are true, he was made the butt of insult by the officers, chained to the vilest criminals in his cell, and treated to indignities while on trial and presumably innocent until proved guilty, which would shame the worst banditti of southern Europe. Only the other day the prosecuting officer in a court of so-called justice ranted to the jury that, if they failed to convict, he would shoot Most with as little compunction as he would a rattle-snake. In fact, this officer of the law was committing the very same offence for which Most was on trial, and the court smiled, while the people applauded.

Another species of amazing insanity growing out of an unconscious reverence for authority and place was evinced by Professor Buchanan the other evening at the Institute of Heredity. Speaking of the abject misery and driveling idiocy which transmitted pauperism had made chronic in Italy and Spain, this otherwise exceptionally intelligent philosopher thought it would be a wise dispensation of mercy and justice if these besotted millions could be removed from the earth artificially to make room for fitter species. It never occurred to him that all this misery of millions had its cause in a few hundred nobles and privileged titled robbers of rank, and that they were the persons to be removed.

In this same blindness the barbarous Malthusian theory was conceived. Parson Malthus thought pestilences that swept away millions of the victims of a few score of despots were wise providences whereby to check surplus population. The surplus population of this earth has never been more than a few lecherous, idle drones holding the prime sources of life and well-being in monopoly, and the pestilence that would have swept away a few hundred authoritarians would have permitted the rest to survive.

The asserted workings of heredity are true, but the sources of transmitted misery and disease are located in a few tyrants. Cut these off, if a sacrifice must be made, and spare the millions. Until we can get this respect for place and authority out of professed thinkers, the drippings of the Malthusian blasphemy will continue to annoy Anarchists who go to the bottom of things, and this everlasting trade of pitying misery and setting up patent moral machines to cart it away will go on. X.

A Book That Will Live.

In the English translation of Tchernychevsky's "What's To Be Done?" the radicals of America, to whatever school they may belong, have the most potent instrument of propaganda that has ever been placed in their hands. I care not who the reader may be, if there is a spark of earnestness hidden anywhere in the recesses of his nature or hers, this book will find it, and fan it into a flame. Whoever comes under its influence will fall in love with high ideals. There are thousands of young people in this country who need only to have their faces set in the right direction to become Vera Pavlovna, Kirсанoffs, Lopoukhoffs. Then let us put this book in their hands. It will manufacture the elements of the new society to come. Let every reader of Liberty purchase one, two, three, five, ten copies,—all that his means will afford,—and distribute them judiciously. People will read it who could not be induced to look at any other work included in the radical propaganda. An idea of the work it will do can be formed from the attention already given it by the daily press. Metropolitan papers of the largest circulation are giving it from one to three columns of review, and it is selling rapidly. It has in it all the elements of success. It appeals to the love of sensation by its remarkable history and the persecution of its author; it appeals to the purse by its remarkable cheapness; it appeals to the aesthetic sense by the beauty of its binding and typography; it appeals to the taste for fiction by its power as a love story; it appeals to the literary sense by its marvelous and yet simple style; it appeals to the philosophical by its keen analysis of human nature and society; and all who are susceptible to any of these appeals find themselves rapturously gazing, before they know it, at a picture of the world that is to be. It is a quickening book, a creative book, a book that will live. T.

Greatly Mistaken.

The New York "Herald" of May 26, replying to my article in Liberty of May 22, thinks I am "greatly mistaken" as to the real character of Anarchism and Anarchists. Well, perhaps I am. I do not care to argue the point, as it has nothing to do with the matter I now have in hand, to wit, the duty of the "Herald" in regard to those "bad laws," which it acknowledges to exist, and to be the main causes of all the "abuses" and "grievances" from which mankind suffer. The "Herald" will pardon me for repeating its precise words:

Abuses grow mainly because of *bad laws*, and the remedy lies, not in enacting more laws, but in repealing injurious laws. Whenever any part of the people suffer a grievance, it will be found that this is the consequence of a law [or laws] interfering with their liberty of action in some needless way, and that the remedy lies not in more law, but in striking off a law [or laws].

Now, this, I hold, is very weighty, all-important truth. And all I have asked of the "Herald" is, that it will do what it can in procuring the repeal of *all* "bad laws."

I did not ask the "Herald" to accept my opinion as to what are, and what are not, "bad laws." We might disagree on some, or perhaps many, of the laws that one or the other of us would call "bad." And I do not wish to go into any controversy on that point. I only ask the "Herald" to be its own judge, and to act on its own judgment. When it asserts that "abuses" and "grievances" result mainly from "bad laws," it must be presumed to have had an opinion of its own, as to what are, and what are not, bad laws. Why, then, will it not go forward, and do what it can to procure the repeal of *all* laws, which, in its own opinion, come under the head of "bad laws"?

My article presented this duty distinctly to the "Herald," and I am sorry to see that the "Herald" gives no promise of performing it, and no reason why it does not perform it. But, instead of doing so, it attempts to divert attention from its delinquency, by insisting that Anarchy is a very bad thing; that it means no law at all; that, in order to procure the repeal of "bad laws,"

It is not necessary to carry dynamite cartridges with you, nor is it necessary to set the city on fire, or to create a riot ending in bloodshed.

I agree that it would not be necessary to do any of these things—and I am also of the opinion that nobody would even think of doing such things—as a means of procuring the repeal of "bad laws," if only the "Herald," and all other influential papers, would set themselves openly and honestly to the work of procuring their repeal by reason alone.

The only reason why so many persons become desperate, and resort to desperate means to procure the repeal of "bad laws," is because such papers as the "Herald" do not even attempt to procure their repeal. The "Herald" says:

When a law works a grievance, it is easy to go to the polls in an orderly way, and have it removed from the statute books.

Is this really so easy a thing? If so, what excuse has the "Herald" for not leading the way, and having the work done at once? Does anybody know, better than the "Herald," the ten thousand vile influences and artifices, which the avarice and ambition of a few bring to bear to procure the enactment, and prevent the repeal, of those "bad laws," by which they acquire their wealth and power? Does anybody know, better than the "Herald," that there are, in the country, hundreds and thousands of servile presses, and tens and hundreds of thousands of servile and corrupt politicians, whose principal, if not only, occupation is to procure the enactment of "bad laws," and prevent their repeal? And that, for these purposes, they are constantly employed in confusing and deceiving the oppressed classes as to the injustice of these laws, and their effect upon their welfare?

If the "Herald," which is sending broadcast a hundred thousand of its sheets daily, can do nothing to put an end to all this making of "bad laws," and enforcing them upon the people, how can it say that "it is easy" for the millions of poor men, who never see a statute book, and know little or nothing of what is in them, or what is the particular operation of this or that statute, and who, moreover, are so widely scattered over the country that they can hold no consultations with each other, as to the remedies for their wrongs,—how can the "Herald" say that "it is easy" for these men "to go to the polls in an orderly way, and have the bad laws removed from the statute books"?

I suggest to the "Herald" that it is its imperative duty to draw up a carefully considered list of all those "bad laws," by which it acknowledges that the people are impoverished and oppressed; that it lay this list before the whole country, and faithfully explain the particular operation of each one of these "bad laws"; that it then enlighten the oppressed classes as to how they are to proceed to procure the repeal of all these "bad laws"; and that, having put its hand to the plough, it look not back until the work is done.

If, now, the "Herald" really wishes to see these "bad laws" repealed, and the enactment of new ones prevented, does it not see what an opportunity it has, and what call there is for a bold paper, with a large circulation, to take up this cause, and do a great work for the oppressed classes, in this, and ultimately in other, countries?

Will not the "Herald" now suspend its vituperations of such temporary and comparatively unimportant things—whether good or bad—as Anarchy, Socialism, Communism, Nihilism, Democracy, Republicanism, Toryism, Whigism, etc., and strike some telling blows at the "bad laws," which it acknowledges to exist, and asserts to be the causes of all the "abuses" and "grievances," under which so many millions of mankind are suffering.

If, instead of doing this, it shall go on supporting

the makers of all these "bad laws," and shall expect to quiet the victims of them, by simply telling them that,

When a law works a grievance, it is easy to go to the polls in an orderly way, and have it removed from the statute books,—

if it shall imagine that such medicine as that is any remedy for the disease, it will, no doubt, in due time, find itself "Greatly Mistaken."

free speech. Suppose a parallel case. Anthony Comstock violated free speech by arresting D. M. Bennett. Mr. Bennett had an unquestionable right to resist by shooting him. Had he done so, he would have strengthened the Comstock movement immeasurably and placed free thought at the mercy of bigotry. Under such circumstances, could Liberals have been expected to rally very ardently to Mr. Bennett's support? Mr. Bennett suffered his persecution without resort to violence, and the result is that Comstock is so crippled that he dare not arrest another freethinker. The Chicago Communists have chosen the violent course, and the result is to be foreseen. Their predicament is due to a resort to methods that Liberty emphatically disapproves. As between them and the State Liberty's sympathies are with them. But as they by their folly are doing their utmost to help the State, Liberty cannot work with them or devote much energy to their defence. If this be "time-serving cowardice," so be it. Mr. Lum must make the most of it. But he should remember that this is not a question of faith without works. *It is a question of difference of faith.*

The phrase "Boston Anarchists," which Mr. Lum makes the object of his sarcasm, was enclosed in quotations at the head of "X's" article. It is not of

Liberty's selection. It was first thrown at Liberty's supporters by the San Francisco "Truth," (the writer who most used it is now a "Boston Anarchist" himself), and was afterwards applied to us by Mr. Lum's Chicago friends. "X" simply took their phrase as a matter of convenience. He knows, and Mr. Lum knows, that it is devoid of sense. Liberty happens to be published in Boston, and one or two of its writers live there, but it has comparatively few friends in its once revolutionary, but now reactionary, home. The great bulk of its supporters are scattered all over the country. Grouped together, they would be seen to be a very cosmopolitan collection. No taint of Boston culture or exclusiveness attaches to their garments. The Anarchy taught by Liberty is exclusive of none except those who do not believe in Anarchy, and it is exclusive of those whether they live in Boston or Chicago and whether they call themselves Anarchists or not.

both, subjecting the lender at two per cent. to the same forfeit that the lender at four must suffer.

This piece of tyranny, however, as well as numerous others in the act, are thrown entirely into the shade by a section providing that any person convicted of offering for sale gold and silver coin of the United States "shall forfeit as a fine his entire estate, goods, money, and property, or may be imprisoned at hard labor for fifty years, or suffer both fine and imprisonment, and in addition forever forfeit the right of citizenship in the United States." What an opportunity for Recorder Smythe, should this offence ever come within his jurisdiction! His insane lust for cruelty, which lamented its inability to hang John Most for making an incendiary speech, might find greater gratification under this statute. Imagine him addressing the prisoner at the bar:

"John Jones, a jury of your peers has found you guilty of a most heinous crime. You have presumed to offer in the market-place and subject to the sacrifice of barter our sacred cartwheel, the emblem of our civilization, the silver dollar of the United States. It is evident that you are a member of the dangerous classes. You are probably the greatest scoundrel that ever disgraced the face of the earth. It is a great pity that our too merciful law will not permit me to burn you at the stake. But as it will not, I must be contented, in the interest of law, order, and society, to go to the extreme verge of the latitude allowed me. Therefore I impose upon you a fine equal to your entire estate, I sentence you to imprisonment at hard labor for fifty years, and I strip you forever of the right to vote me out of office."

A beautiful organization, these Knights of Labor, for an Anarchist to belong to!

A Great Idea Perverted.

The Knights of Labor convention at Cleveland voted to petition congress for the passage of an act which embodies in a very crude way the all-important principle that all property having due stability of value should be available as a basis of currency. The act provides for the establishment of loan offices in every county in the United States, which, under the administration of cashiers and tellers appointed by the secretary of the treasury, shall issue legal tender money, redeemable on demand in gold coin or its equivalent in lawful money of the United States, lending it at three per cent. a year to all who offer satisfactory security.

The Knights have got hold of a great idea here, one which has in it more potency for the emancipation of labor than any other; but see now how they vitiate it and render it impracticable and worthless by their political and arbitrary methods of attempting its realization.

One section of the act, by forbidding all individuals or associations to issue money, makes a government monopoly of the banking business,—an outrageous denial of liberty.

Another section, instead of leaving the rate of discount to be governed by cost, to which, were it not for the monopoly, competition would reduce it, arbitrarily fixes it at three per cent., thus recognizing labor's worst foe, usury. As three per cent. represents the average annual increase of wealth,—that is, the difference between the annual production and the annual consumption,—this section means that what ought to be labor's annual savings, and would be if usury did not abstract them from labor's pockets, shall be turned into the government treasury to be squandered as congress and corrupt officials may see fit.

Another section establishes a uniform usury law for the entire country, providing that any person who shall lend money at *any other* rate than three per cent. shall forfeit to the borrower both principal and interest. Legislators have heretofore been satisfied to limit the rate of interest in one direction, but this limits it in

William Holmes, one of the Chicago Communists, has a silly letter in "Lucifer" of May 21, abusing the editors of that paper for joining with Liberty in condemnation of the crimes of Most's followers. I wish I had room to reprint it just to let my readers see what these Communists are capable of saying about me. But I can only advert to the especially silly assertion that Liberty is "Lucifer's" Boston divinity and that "Lucifer" is Liberty's sycophant. Men like Holmes are so accustomed to blindly following that they are entire strangers to spontaneous co-operation. When they see two persons doing the same thing, they conclude that one must be leading and the other following. Holmes confesses that such is his practice when he virtually says that, sooner than write a word in condemnation of anything wrong in his own party, he would suffer his hand to be burned from his body. Liberty and "Lucifer" are on no such tender footing. I know the editors of "Lucifer" for earnest, honest men, of keen insight, with whom I generally agree, but sometimes differ. I believe that they hold a somewhat similar opinion about me. Where we agree, we have cordially cooperated. Whenever we have differed, we have said so openly, vigorously, and sometimes sharply. And I suppose we shall continue in this course, whether Holmes and his Communistic friends like it or not.

The authorities are growing madder and madder. The monomaniac Smythe gave Most the full penalty of the law, one year in the penitentiary and \$500 fine, Braunschweig five months and \$250, and Schenck nine months with no fine. In addressing Most, the recorder told him that he was the greatest scoundrel that ever disgraced the face of the earth, and that he was sorry he could not sentence him to be hanged. Such talk as this is the language of lunacy, or else of knavery bidding for the vote of lunacy.

A newspaper, describing the scene when Most, Braunschweig, and Schenck were sentenced, said: "None of the Anarchists attempted to speak a word, but were as meek as lambs and disgracefully cowardly in their demeanor." I suppose this reporter expected to see one of them launch a bomb at the recorder. It may be taken for granted hereafter, on every occasion where an Anarchist figures, that, if he throws a bomb, he will be put down as a fiend, and, if he does not, he will be branded as a coward.

Original from

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IRELAND.

Continued from page 3.

"If I had concealed a rebel, it would be to save him from your tortures; consequently I should not give him up."

The Britons mockingly applauded the positive attitude of the woman. Ah! the clemency of the sergeant was growing difficult. Irishmen collected around, their hands cold, their bodies frigid, but their brains boiling; they all flocked to this spot in the anticipation that events might take an evil turn and put their patience to a test past their endurance.

Regardless of the last watchword, which still and always counselled resignation, abstention, they would never permit them to touch a hair of Edith's head.

John Autrunk, who was choking with emotion, went on, his eyes fixed on the royal proclamation and reluctantly indicating it to Edith:

"Reflect: you are putting yourself in danger of the gallows!"

"Hanged!" said she, with a smile; "then I should be still less likely to speak."

"And your house in danger of fire!" added he, sadly.

For a brief, inappreciable moment she was silent, filled with sadness at this menace, reviewing all the past miseries experienced under this roof of ragged thatch, behind these badly matched stones; joys, nevertheless, had lighted up this past: her marriage, the birth and growth of her son Michael, and pious memories were also connected with this wretched place,—memories of her father, her mother dead in the bed which afterwards became her son's and which now awaited him.

Nevertheless, she answered:

"Fire! remorse smarts more, and it is you who will be stung by that."

The Britons were getting angry. This trifling at the door was lasting too long. They demanded the performance, the conflagration immediately, and pushed on towards the little hut, hustling the crowd of people, who muttered, feeling in their clothes for their open knives, and marking the spots on the necks of the soldiers where they would bleed them like fowls.

Once more, the sergeant tried to pacify his men, who would no longer be restrained, and, not to exasperate them by any further deference, he added, imperatively:

"Bagenel Harvey, the agitator,—deliver him into my hands."

"Have you the promised twenty-five thousand pounds?" replied Edith. "I do not give credit to the king. He passes for too bad pay!"

The Irishmen laughed at this repartee; but the disgusted Britons crowded into the house, introducing John Autrunk by force and carelessness of the cutting words Edith, who cried out:

"Ah! the heroic soldiers! They win victories over a woman who does not defend herself."

Treor and Marian had hurried to the scene, and the whole village surrounded Edith; they would surely protect her against the desperadoes, who were making a frightful uproar in the house, breaking the humble furniture, scattering the few dishes about, and staving in the shaky window-frames.

They did not find the rebel; they ripped open the beds, and slashed the thatched roof; no Bagenel Harvey anywhere! They brawled, they yelled, and now—for the search was very quickly ended between four straight walls forming two gloomy rooms—the door vomited them forth like boiling lava, effervescent with a rumbling like thunder.

"The woman! the old woman! let's hang her!" they vociferated. "She has helped the leader of the rebels to escape."

From the midst of the Buncloydans provocations answered to their menace, shouts of defiance were launched like projectiles, and a harvest of knives sprang up from their pockets.

"The old woman! the old woman!" repeated the Britons, "the old woman! We will make her dance, grimacing like a puppet, from the end of a rope of hemp!"

"First," was the answer, "we will make gashes in your stomachs; at the play one needs to be able to laugh heartily!"

And the rampart which protected Arklow's wife bristled with knife-blades; the soldiers, on their side, levelled their muskets, aiming at the enemy; they would fire into the mass. A salad! Already ten Irishmen had squatted down, preparing to crawl under the rifles and tear open the English without delay.

The sergeant exhausted himself in useless injunctions to avert the struggle; since they had found no one in this woman's house, she merited no punishment. His voice was drowned in the clamor; they disregarded him; he placed himself in front of their guns; so much the worse! they would fire at him with the others.

Sporadically Treor and Marian placed themselves in the front rank to receive the first balls. Perhaps the fury of the soldiers once sated by the fall of a certain number of victims, these wretches, their thirst for blood assuaged, would not complete the carnage.

The young girl held the hand of her father, and, courageous, with brilliant eyes, a poetic and vibrating image of patriotism, braved her executioners.

Miraculous! The muskets dropped of themselves, and all the transport of fury, all the blind wrath, all the frenzy of massacre which possessed these brigands, vanished, and was transformed into a noisy glee, a tumult of joyous cries.

But Marian, but Treor, but all their companions, regretted that they had not suffered the death which had faced them a moment before; for an erotic delirium had seized the Britons, inflaming their eyes and moistening their unclean mouths, which trembled with desire. And in place of the shower of balls which they had just promised, their gorilla-like hands, large and hairy, were throwing insulting kisses to the women, with sneering laughs, coarse compliments, and lascivious and filthy words.

"Let them be silent! Let them stop!" cried several Irishmen at once, "or we will bleed them like hogs."

A movement was made to lead away the unfortunate women whom the attitude of the soldiers was outraging; but the brutes assailed the group with blows from the butts of their muskets, pricking and pinking the men with their bayonets, using only so much caution in this manoeuvre as would prevent them from damaging their prey.

They must have the women, in short,—all the young, all the beautiful, all the passable; and in the midst of the scuffles, notwithstanding the retaliations and the wounds received from knives, they contrived to seize their skirts, catch hold of their waists, and clasp their forms. They laid their fingers on their throats, feeling about them with painful brutalities, and placing their polluting lips upon their cheeks and necks; and bites, when the poor creatures struggled too successfully, succeeded the disgusting caresses.

John Autrunk, powerless to subdue these lecherous madmen, seizing the most infuriated, struck, himself, by these demons, thrown down, and trodden under their boots, rose and made a last appeal, a desperate appeal, to their reason.

"If you do not immediately come to order," said he, "I will kill myself, and my blood will be on your head!"

Not one was restored to reason by such a trifle. Oh, well! he would bother them

no longer; a pleasant journey! With his chastity, the sight of the angels would be enough for him. They were not satisfied with such thin bodies, and they did not care for wings! If he should recover, he could take his vows and become a Catholic priest; they were soldiers.

"Soldiers!" he answered, "never; the dregs of humanity, convicts escaped from the galleys, to which you will some day be returned!"

"To death with the sergeant!" they yelled as their only commentary, without interrupting their ignominious struggle, overpowering by their numbers the defenders of the women who were the objects of their frenzied lust, and incapable, moreover, of restraining themselves in the intoxication of their senses which touch, kisses, and stealthy embraces had increased to perfect paroxysms.

Then John Autrunk took a pistol from his belt, and, resting it against his temple, discharged it; he fell his whole length, on his face, in his blood.

The surprise suspended momentarily the ignoble wrangle, permitting the Buncloydans to take up the suicide, stanch his wound, and carry him into a house where they could dress it, care for him, and save him if possible, for he still breathed; but the interval lasted scarcely more than a minute or two, and the lecherous conduct of the monsters re-commenced, more tumultuous, more vile than before, since the disappearance of their chief, which had already proved so vain.

The orgie terminated with other excesses. One of the rascals had clandestinely set fire to Arklow's shattered furniture, to his mattress of dried ferns, and the fire was devouring the shanty; and when Edith anathematized them, certain ones proposed putting her into the smoking ruins of her home. They would be showing clemency; she would, by this means, die in her bed, under the roof of her ancestors . . . under her own roof, surely, since it would fall on her . . .

They seized her; and Treor, who contended with them for her, fell, stunned by the blow of a musket on his skull; other comrades took his place by her side; but now Marian, isolated, without any immediate defender, occupied, like Edith, in wresting herself from the hands of the ravishers, tempted the amateurs, and at once two of them rushed upon this "dish fit for a king," as they said, their mouths watering.

Their quarrel delayed for the young girl the horror and pollution of their touch, but for how many minutes? The rivals did not fight, but only exchanged proposals, expostulations, recalling the mutual concessions made by one to the other under similar circumstances, the sharing of the booty or a common use, and their quarrel terminated by an arrangement.

No more debate, a cordial, amicable understanding for the possession of the object, the sweet object at issue, and a drawing of lots to decide the order of succession of the occupants, when a third came up unexpectedly, citing the popular aphorism: "When there is enough for two, there is enough for three," and accordingly registering himself as the patient heir of numbers one and two!

Ah! the disgusting, frightful, infernal bargain! Marian looked longingly at a knife in the shrivelled hands of one of her wounded or dying friends, but had not time to pick it up, being pursued so closely. Besides, would death offer her a sure refuge against the outrages of these satyrs? She contemplated the fire, now at its height, consuming Edith's hut, and, lowering her head, started to leap into the living, roaring, red, ascending flames, which would consume her, leaving on the funeral pile no vestige of her body!

But she only reached the threshold, near enough however to singe the hair upon her forehead; the impudent soldiers, associated for fraternal gratification of their brutal passion, held her back by her dress, and she struggled in vain to free herself, to secure her salvation by drowning herself in the waves of fire; the one barred the way, and the other wrapped her in his arms.

"Help! help!" she cried, vehemently.

"Go on!" replied the one who held her, inhaling with delight the fragrance exhaled from her neck in the heat of her efforts; "go on, my beauty! you shall not escape, in spite of all the champions in the world who may answer your appeals."

"Even in spite of me?" asked some one, whose arm, like a bar of iron, fell upon the soldier, pushing him far away from the young girl.

"Sir Richard Bradwell!" pronounced the Irish and the old Britons in chorus.

CHAPTER V.

Sir Bradwell arrived with all the guests of Cumslen Park, who had risen precipitately from the table at the rumor of the arrest of Harvey. Lord Newington and his staff had hurriedly mounted their horses, which were still saddled and bridled; but Lady Ellen and Sir Edward Walpole had got into a farmer's vehicle which was standing near the kitchen, and Richard, sitting in front, had lashed the horse so vigorously that they arrived several minutes before the others.

He had leaped to the ground without taking the trouble to stop and while yet entangled with his reins.

"And I, Richard," cried the Duchess, "how am I to get out?"

She stood upright, shuddering and pale, in the very uncomfortable vehicle without any step, still calling Bradwell, without answering Sir Edward, who urged her, for greater safety, not to mingle with the crowd. But she would rather have jumped out at the risk of a sprain, and had decided to do so when the officer gallantly opened his arms and received her against his breast with delight. He did not, indeed, keep her there long; she touched the ground, agile and alert, disengaged herself, and immediately rejoined her lover.

Seeing her hurriedly, feverishly, with wildly dilated pupils, cross the space which separated her from him, Sir Walpole expected an exposure. The perspicacity of the lieutenant equalled his self-conceit, and having tried to draw the attention of his beautiful hostess at breakfast, he had discovered the secret of the intrigue between the son and the wife of Newington.

On the road, some words were dropped that clearly revealed to him the situation, the cries of the women accelerating the haste of Bradwell, excessively agitated; the Duchess, in spite of the presence of a third party, offered scarcely any resistance to a fit of wild jealousy, and begged him to stop, to drive more slowly, and not to pitch them headlong into a ditch.

For whom, besides? For the young girls yonder, to whom he feared that some misfortune might happen. And as Bradwell did not cease tormenting his horse, whose sides he striped with such terrible blows of the whip that the cart jolted abominably and, instead of rolling, seemed rather to sail on the crest of the waves of a rough sea, she grew angry, cursing Miss Marian, who was the cause of this disorderly race, and she furiously described the young girl to the officer.

A silly, romantic jade, ridiculous in her affectation of dreamy airs, of inspired attitudes; a comedian, tragedian of the first order! Of the first order, she explained, in intention; not in execution,—that was pitiable.

And in confirmation of her criticism Lady Ellen related the scene with Paddy: an actress of the twentieth class, a strolling country player on the boards, would have played it incomparably better. Nevertheless, accustomed to the most insignificant roving mountebanks who every two or three years set up their stage on the village square between four lamps, the Buncloydans were inexhaustible in their eulogies of her talent.

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

Use Them Instead of Abusing Them.

I know it is not polite, to say the least, to ask admittance into a house in order to throw stones at its members. But I will say frankly at the very threshold that that is what I want to come into the present number of Liberty for. I want to find fault with the greater part of what has been said in recent numbers about the Knights of Labor. It seems to me that there is an error in all this, a fatal error, that lames most of the Anarchistic method. Far be it from me to criticise complainingly the methods of my brethren, older and wiser in Anarchy than I. Still it does seem to me—and I must tell them so—that they mistake in being so little disposed to take advantage of all those good impulses and right tendencies to be found in the present state of things. It is hard enough to get the world along in the right direction, the best that can be done,—so hard that I am convinced it is a great mistake not to make use of every possible opportunity of making people familiar with Anarchistic principles.

Therefore, I say, instead of berating the Knights of Labor, use them.

Of course, there is much in their methods and their intentions that is repulsive to an Anarchist. But it is a wonderful means, presented all ready for use, for the spread of Anarchistic ideas. Its leaders and its members are deeply in earnest, and they are pressing along according to the best lights they have. Instead of carping at them, let us instruct them. Undoubtedly, they are doing good,—as much good as could be done on so large a scale at the present time. But if their wonderful power could be given an impulse in the direction of less legislation, instead of going pell-mell toward more; if a little leaven of Anarchy could be put into that vast, fermenting mass,—what wonderful results might come of it a few years hence! And the time is one of a hundred years for the growth of Anarchy. It is the spring of labor's long, long year, and labor feels the wonderful new life in its veins, is stirring itself in a dumb, numb way preparatory to making such wonderful growth as never it made before, as never the world saw before. And Anarchy ought to have large share in all this. The great goddess, Liberty, might come to her own some centuries sooner, I think, were Anarchists to use rather than abuse the Knights of Labor.

How? If every Anarchist in the United States were a member of a Knights' assembly, participated in its discussions, and into them all threw the seed of his beliefs, lost no opportunity of spreading among its members a knowledge of the doctrines of Anarchy,—the plan is simple enough, but what great results might follow!

F. F. K.

The Knights of Labor.

The rapid growth of the organization of the Knights of Labor is one of the signs of the times. The age is moving on with rapid strides toward a social revolution. As in all pre-revolutionary periods, men are blindly groping and associating together to discover some patent method of compromising light and darkness, authority and liberty, hoping to discover the happy twilight medium in which both can agree. Such is the political platform of the Knights of Labor. Brought into close associative effort by the pressure of economic necessity, their hearts stirred by the unconscious influence of the spirit of the times, blind to the logic of events that is proclaiming still further liberty to the individual, and with their minds thoroughly permeated with the virtues of the quack nostrums of the day, it is no wonder that crude methods should still retain a foothold in their councils.

But Man is ever wiser than men. The unconscious leadership under which they are acting sees more clearly, and will guide more accurately, than the narrow views of nominal and known leaders. The contest of the age is between legalized Capital and compulsory Labor. Capital entrenched in legalized privilege, not only defended by the arm of, but constituting, the State, has fallen heir to the mantle of Caesar. Holding the will o' the wisp of political action in a modern commercially organized State before the straining eyes of the people, it prates loudly of the sacredness of personal liberty. It was in behalf of "liberty" that the proprietor of the Springfield (O.) shops expelled the Knights, and refused them the means of living by their accustomed labor. Secure in their entrenchments of legalized privilege, capitalists dread change, and ring the cry of "liberty" in every key.

The Knights are avowedly banded together to work for the final "abolishment of the wage-system"; and proclaim that "among the higher duties that should be taught in every local assembly are man's inalienable inheritance and right to a share, for use, of the soil, and that the right to life carries with it the right to the means of living, and that all statutes that obstruct or deny these rights are wrong, unjust, and must give way." To be sure, they look upon political action as a means to this end, but it is as a *means*, and not as the *end*. With their aim I have the fullest sympathy, and as an Anarchist hold that all statutes "obstruct and deny" this aim.

The question, therefore, arises, shall we stand aloof because of the incorporation among their methods of one which we believe will not accomplish their aim? Are we not in danger of mistaking the means for the end, and, in standing so stiff as to crack our spinal column by bending

backward, becoming, in effect, sharpshooters and scouts for the entrenched enemy?

The Knights of Labor are based on the principles of cooperation in industry and arbitration in disputes, and because among their methods I find among their means of action one of the crude notions of the day, shall I withdraw and place a cartridge in my musket to do their enemies' work? We are passing out of the political into the economic phase of social administration, and as when we passed from the religious to the political phase, the old weapons are still the handiest to the muscles habituated to their use. The Puritans and Fifth Monarchy men of Cromwell's day are ridiculous enough in many respects. Men who could rejoice in such names as "Praise-God-Barebones" tried to fight the battles of political liberty with religious methods, but the unconscious leadership of the spirit of their age made their associative efforts effective toward the end in view. So I, believing myself to be a "real Anarchist," can be a Knight pledged to work in union with them in *economic* measures, while smiling at the presence of "survivals" of political means to secure economic ends. As a Knight, too, I am under no obligation to assist in furthering their ends by *political* methods.

In fine, the aims of the Knights of Labor is one thing, the political demands of their "platform" is another, and is but the temporary excrecence of the times.

Therefore, instead of being in the position of subscribing to Calvin's creed, I rather stand as one who refuses to aid Rome by burning Calvinists at the stake, because, like Rome, I disagree with certain methods they still retain.

DYER D. LUM.

The Knights of Labor.

[Winsted Press.]

When the Knights of Labor have succeeded in establishing a reign of terror over the employing classes,—and they surely will succeed, if matters keep on as they are now going,—we suppose they think the millennium for labor will have dawned. But they will find themselves mistaken. Blood cannot be sucked out of a turnip, nor can high wages be got out of industry that is not in a prosperous condition.

Even were the capitalist or employer—for it is against the employer rather than the capitalist that the Knights direct their hardest blows—entirely eliminated from the problem today and labor left to its own devices to employ itself, we doubt very much if there would be any great improvement in the condition of labor. It would still be confronted with congested markets and so-called "overproduction." Inability to exchange will confront it, and paralyse all its efforts to increase its wealth and multiply its comforts.

There are but few industries in the country today which are very profitable to those who employ labor in conducting them, and this under the shrewdest, most close-fisted management, with an eye single to the interests of the employer, regardless of those of the employed. There are many branches of manufacturing run without profit in the hope that better times will come when something can be made out of them by those who take the risks and have the care and responsibility of their management. Here and there a huge monopoly piles up great profits and can afford to pay great wages, but the general profits of business are not large, nor is there any prospect that they will be. Do the Knights of Labor suppose that they can take the management of affairs in their hands and make them better under such circumstances? Do they expect to draw blood from a turnip?

The cause of the trouble lies deeper than these people seem to suppose. Behind the employer, whose exposed head they are just now engaged in pummeling, is a condition of things for which he is not all to blame, forcing him to antagonize their interests in order that he may live; and were he to be got out of the way at once and a new employer substituted, the evil system would remain, and the evil consequences of that system follow without material abatement.

The numerous labor papers which come to this office are filled with rant and war cries against the conductors of industry, but hardly ever go deeper into the principle of things than the immediate effects which are apparent to everybody. They abuse the collector of rent, but his principal, who pockets the collections, escapes their comment, and the system which produces him and compels him passes unnoticed. Anything more unsatisfactory than such ranting to one who cares for the permanent prosperity of the masses of his fellow men, unless it be the hypocritical professions of the false friends of labor, can hardly be found.

The Knights of Labor, as an army carrying destruction before it and leaving consternation in its rear, is doing a salutary and perhaps a necessary work, and by compelling the dominant classes to institute some reforms for their own self preservation, will do a certain amount of good, no doubt; but, instead of Liberty and Equality, they will find only a Napoleon and his bloody legions when their struggle is over,—an improvement, perhaps, as all change and struggle is an improvement,—but not much gain for themselves after all; a change of masters, but not a change of system by which masters become less exacting.

There can be no general prosperity in any country under falling prices, and no war upon capital or upon employers will of itself prevent prices from falling. Rather will it tend to lower them and increase the suffering and inequality which

it seeks to remove. Whatever its ultimate effects on coming generations, its immediate consequences will be the reverse of satisfactory to all concerned. Until adequate provision is made for the exchange of wealth and the distribution of production, no lasting or wide-spread improvement may be looked for. This monopoly may be forced to yield an inch, and that oppressor may be driven into exile, but another will succeed him, and the monopoly which yields an inch in one direction will take an ell in another. So labor will continually find itself oppressed and overburdened, and no better able to pay itself high wages as its own employer than it is now under the employment of the managers of capital.

The sufferings of the industrial classes are caused, not by the direct oppression of the employing classes, but by inability of the latter to dispose of the products of industry. Of course this results in lack of employment, and that results in fierce competition among laborers against each other for work, and that brings wages down to the lowest living notch. At the same time thousands are in sore need of the very things which employers would be glad to produce if there was any market for them. Now, does any reasonable man suppose that it will immediately, permanently, and to any great extent help matters to have labor make organized war on employers? Or that labor as its own employer will find itself able to make a market under the very conditions which have destroyed the market?—that is, under conditions which preclude the ready exchange of product among the producers, and which forbid the needy from supplying their wants by purchase from other producers who have an overabundance of the things the needy need, and who are themselves needy because of the very abundance of their own product?

We have given the subject constant attention for years, always sympathizing with labor and always speaking in its behalf; we have read acres of argument pro and con, in labor papers and in capitalistic papers, in books and in pamphlets, and we are today more firmly convinced than ever that the chief trouble is in the machinery of *exchange*,—not in production, over-population, lack of demand, or overabundance of supply;—certainly not in the squandering of public moneys, or exclusion of the people from the land, or increased use of machinery.

Our sympathies are strongly on the side of the Knights of Labor, but this does not prevent us from seeing that their efforts, however successful, will not result in the great benefit which they expect, for, as we said at the beginning, they cannot draw blood from a turnip; they cannot get big wages out of industries which, like the vast majority of industries in this country today, have small profits or no profits at all.

Luckily His Shoulders are Broad.

[Winsted Press.]

The Anarchist figures in the present labor troubles to some extent, and, if anything particularly outrageous is done by anybody not enlisted in the cause of capitalism, it is considered safe to lay it to him.

Standard Labor Literature.

KARL MARX.—Capital: First English translation, in 27 parts, at 10 cents each; the whole work, -	2.50
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Mr. Walker's Neo-Nonsense.

I am sorry to see that E. C. Walker, having taken a position on Malthusianism, probably without due consideration, seems to feel himself bound now, for the sake of consistency, to maintain that position at all hazards. Consistency is a very fine thing, but truth is far finer. Mr. Walker is still determined to call himself a Malthusian, though he denies the fundamental doctrine of Malthusianism,—i. e., that the working-people would be better off, everything else remaining unchanged, if their numbers were diminished. Does Mr. Walker know that Malthus's "Theory of Population" was written in answer to Condorcet's "Esquisse des Progrès de l'Esprit Humain" and Godwin's "Political Justice," the two most Anarchistic works of the last century, which demonstrated that poverty and vice and crime were due to the inequality of conditions, generated and fostered by unjust political systems. Both Godwin and Condorcet foresaw that some day the population question would come up for consideration, but they saw also, as we see today, that it was not the burning question, calling for immediate solution, not the question on the solution of which depended the solution of all the others, but that it was a dependent question, secondary to that of justice. Condorcet especially has shown that with improved conditions, and the increased morality necessarily resulting from this improvement, the population question would settle itself, for no man would then desire to bring beings into existence for whose happiness he could not provide, and that recklessness in this respect today was due to the general degradation of the people. Malthus came to the rescue of the rising *bourgeoisie*, and was one of the most noted signs of the reaction following the French Revolution. He endeavored to show that any attempt made to improve the conditions of the people would only make things worse, as it would make room for a larger population. Mr. Malthus's followers have since pointed with pride to India as a proof of their master's insight. The positive checks, of war, pestilence, etc., to over-population having been removed by the motherly care of the British government, the Indian people have been reduced to a condition of more hopeless poverty than that in which they were before. They take no note of the part which the fostering care of the British usurers has had in the production of this poverty; it is not part of their scheme to recognize that.

A large part of Mr. Walker's article is more suited to the columns of the Women's Christian Temperance papers than to the columns of Liberty. It betrays about as much sense in regard to the population question as the ordinary Christian in relation to the temperance question. Mr. Walker probably admits that the condition of the individual workingman is made worse by intemperate habits, but nevertheless he would consider it a very superficial movement which confined itself to treating the intemperance, but left the poverty which produced the intemperance untouched. Intemperance and the large families will disappear with the conditions that produce them, and therefore it is to these conditions that our attention must be directed.

In his desperate floundering endeavor to maintain the position which he has assumed, Mr. Walker has deserted the high plane of the Anarchist for that of the ordinary *bourgeois* or trades-unionist. He says that the workingman "is living in the present, and not in some millennial future." In his criticisms of the ideas and actions of the trades-unionists, Mr. Walker has shown an impatience and disgust with them which a really philosophical student of society would never have displayed, and just because of this very impatience and this disgust I am not at all surprised to see him descending to the arguments of the trades-unionists. The trades-unionists always tell us:—"Your theories are very fine, but what we want now are better wages and shorter hours." When we say that, when these become general, they will be no better off than they were before, they answer that they are dealing "with the present, and not with some millennial future. When we have higher wages and fewer hours, we will then have more intelligence to consider the labor question," etc., etc. Mr. Walker ought to join Mr. Atkinson in his improved system of domestic economy, and also to take lessons from Miss Corson on how to make a neck of beef last a family of six persons for three weeks. All these subjects are highly important, and deal with "the here and the now."

But Mr. Walker has really begged the whole question of Malthusianism. Malthus said that, in proportion to the food-producing capacity of the world at any time, the number of people has always been too great, and hence war, famine, and pestilence are absolutely necessary, and that the only way poverty (which is due to over-population) can be removed is by lessening the population. Mr. Walker says that the individual workingman is better off when his family is small, but admits that, if small families became general, poverty would exist in as great a degree as before, but that all men, from the training they had received in lessening the size of their families, would be more fitted to combat the difficulty. Wondrous training-school! He has changed the discussion from a question of political economy to one of domestic economy, with which the question of the just distribution of wealth has nothing whatsoever to do.

As to France, France is a proof that Malthusianism—that is, a restriction of the population—is a failure as a means for the destruction of poverty. It is in the country districts of France, if I understand J. S. Mill rightly, that the small fami-

lies originated, for it was to the country people and not to the city people that the Revolution guaranteed a certain means of support which could not be easily increased. In the tables of population of France from 1870 to 1880, I find that more than one-third of the increase of population is credited to the large cities. Now whether this increase in the cities be due to an increased number of births in the cities, or to increased emigration from the country, the population of the country districts must in either case be almost stationary, and, according to the theory of Malthus, the country people should be much better off than in those countries in which large families prevail. This we have already shown not to be the case. Much admiration as I have for the French people, I cannot admit that "they more quickly and effectively than any other modern people resent invasions of their rights, and have a higher ideal of industrial and social life." In the first place, they do not resent invasions of their rights by the State nearly as much as the English people do, but are constantly clamoring for more and more State regulation, and in the next, the ideal of even the most advanced of them is not at all high in our sense of that word, as even "Le Révolté" cannot keep out of communism.

No, the Anarchists or Anti-Malthusians do not assume that the "wage-system is to be eternal," and it is for this reason that they are not Malthusians, for the true Malthusian does assume the wage-system to be eternal. I will quote from what seems to be Mr. Walker's *Book of Common Prayer*, "The Elements of Social Science," which he recommended to Mr. Heywood in the last number of "Lucifer" as representing his views on Malthusianism: "There is one method, and one only by which they [the working classes] may escape from the great evils which oppress them,—the want of food and leisure, hard work and low wages. This is, by reducing their numbers, and so lessening the supply of labor in proportion to the demand." One method only, remember; no hint at the abolition of the wage-system. And again: "Wages cannot rise, except through there being more capital or less laborers, nor fall, except through there being less capital or more laborers." "Poverty arises from an overcrowding of the labor-market and an undue depression of the margin of cultivation." "The great social evils of old countries, when reduced to their simplest expression, are found to arise from the vast superiority of increase in man, over the powers of increase in the land." "Profits are the rewards of abstinence [not of monopoly] as wages are the rewards of labor." This book not only supports all the theories of the orthodox economists, which are true under present conditions, and all the orthodox deductions from these theories, but also all their absurdities, such as the existence of a "wages-fund," and Mill's absurd proposition that a "demand for commodities is not a demand for labor." The book is so full of economic absurdities that I am not at all surprised at Mr. Walker's temporary state of mental aberration after reading it.

True Malthusian (I have been unable to discover what constitutes a Neo-Malthusian) sees no other cause for poverty but over-population, no other remedy for poverty but a reduction of the population, and therefore a Malthusian who is a labor-reformer is an anomaly, a contradiction, an absurdity. As to the Malthusians tending toward Anarchy, I wish Mr. Walker would point them out. Mr. Walker and Mr. James tend toward Anarchism, but Mrs. Besant tends just as strongly toward State Socialism. Which tendency is due to the Malthusianism? Are not both in opposition to it? And the people who practically carry out Malthusianism, the French, have a very much stronger leaning towards State Socialism and Communism than the English, whose families are proverbially large.

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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER

PROUDHON

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Whole No. 83.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Ely, the quack historian and economist, says in the "North American Review" that there are two or three hundred thousand believers in Anarchy in this country. This is about as near the truth as the fellow usually gets.

Dr. Edward Aveling says: "No arrangement can be equitable into which the word 'Master' enters." No, or the thing "Master" either; and the latter enters very decidedly into the State Socialism of which Dr. Aveling is an apostle.

Jesse R. Grant is a stockholder in A. K. Owen's co-operative enterprise, the Credit Foncier of Sinaloa, and vice-president of its sister organization, the Mexican-American Construction Company. The Grants have been very successful co-operators in their time, as Ferdinand Ward can testify.

I haven't much respect for Colonel T. W. Higginson, but on those rare occasions when he says a brave and sensible thing it gives me pleasure to give him credit for it. One of these was his recent editorial in the "Index" in which, as a friend of woman, he condemned the proposition to raise the "age of consent" to eighteen years.

Liberty's propaganda receives another valuable addition this week by the publication in pamphlet form of Lysander Spooner's masterly "Letter to Grover Cleveland." Written with all the fire and vigor of youth by a man who has spent a life of nearly eighty years in acquisition of truth and battle for it, this exhaustive exposure of the trickery, fraud, and monstrous crime by which the people are kept in poverty for the benefit of a rapacious few will open the eyes of all who read it carefully and without prejudice. It makes a large and handsome pamphlet of one hundred and twelve pages, which I send, post-paid, on receipt of thirty-five cents. See the advertisement in another column.

In a speech recently delivered in Paris, Kropotkin said: "At the idea of the inviolability of the individual's home life has developed during the second half of our century, so the idea of collective right to everything that serves in the production of wealth has developed in the masses. This is a fact; and whoever wants to live, as we do, with the life of the people and follow its development will admit that this affirmation is but an accurate summary of popular aspirations." Then Kropotkinian Anarchism means the liberty to eat, but not to cook; to drink, but not to brew; to wear, but not to spin; to dwell, but not to build; to give, but not to sell or buy; to think, but not to print; to speak, but not to hire a hall; to dance, but not to pay the fiddler. Oh, Absurdity! is there any length to which thou wilt not go?

In an interesting article in the Detroit "Labor Leaf," Judson Grenell, writing of the various labor papers and their characteristics, says that Clemenceau's daily journal, "La Justice," is "the official organ of the left or radical wing of the French Communists of the Proudhon school." This is not correct. In the first place, there is no such person existent or possible as a "French Communist of the Proudhon school," and, not existing, he can have neither wings nor organs. Proudhon hated

and abhorred every form of Communism. "La Justice" is simply an organ of what is called in France Radical Republicanism, and champions a mixture of political and economic reforms not unlike those set forth in the platform of the Knights of Labor. Most of its economic articles are written by Longuet, who, I believe, is a son-in-law and follower of Karl Marx.

A. K. Owen, Boss of the Credit Foncier of Sinaloa, recently announced: "We permit no religious sect to exist in our colony." One of the colonists, foreseeing a dangerous breaker, ventured to ask for an explanation. Mr. Owen vouchsafes one. He says that, as sect means a part cut off, and cooperation means joint operation, and integral means entire, and as "we are to organize under the name 'Integral Cooperation,' we cannot permit a religious sect or secret society, firm, co-partnership, corporation, or any two or more persons to organize within our organization." Though not personally desirous of joining any religious sect or secret society, I nevertheless am thankful that I am not going to Sinaloa. I prefer to stop cooperating a little short of integrality in order to preserve somewhat of my individuality. "Integral Coöperation" seems to be a very pretty name for absolute despotism.

Those socialists and labor reformers who are engaged in exploiting and fostering superstitious tendencies in order to secure in a roundabout way certain alleged benefits for labor which ought to be secured, if at all, only in a direct and manly fashion should be ashamed of themselves. I refer especially to the attempts now being made by various trades and labor unions to enforce the Sunday law upon barbers, traders, etc., and thus enlist the pious people in a movement which on its face means puritanical bigotry and underneath means industrial tyranny. This is cowardice, hypocrisy, and toadyism. Not that a law directly limiting the hours of labor is one whit less objectionable or tyrannical than a Sunday law, but either adds to its viciousness by concealing its own colors and masquerading in those of the other. Such straws as these show what may be expected from State Socialism, which simply means a new Church and a new State, from which even less dissent is to be tolerated than is allowed by the corresponding institutions now existing.

"I thought I knew Mr. Tucker's position. I thought he meant war, and I assure you I was happily disappointed when, in a late issue of Liberty, he denounced Most and his mischievous gang." I wonder what words mean to Mr. A. Warren, of Wichita Falls, Texas, the author of the foregoing sentences taken from a letter to "Lucifer." His writings on individualism show him to be a man of intelligence, but he must use a lexicon unknown to standard English writers. Will he have the kindness to specify the passages in Liberty from which he has drawn the inference that I "meant war"? If I can be shown that the inference was justifiable, I will try to avoid such language in future. Liberty has taught from the beginning that force is no remedy for social evils, that the most that it can ever do is to vindicate the right to seek and apply real remedies, and that it is unwise to use it even for that purpose except as a last resort. Guided by this rule, Liberty has approved the use of force by some of the European peoples. Did this warrant any such generalization as that I mean war? Mr. Warren is one of those who are very much disturbed lest the term Anarchy may be misunderstood. This is probably because he so readily misinterprets plain English himself.

In "Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly" of May 2, 1871, Stephen Pearl Andrews wrote these words: "Were I to name an octave of the great writers of the past to whom I am most consciously indebted for my own intellectual culture, I should say Pythagoras, Aristotle, Kant, Swedenborg, Charles Fourier, Josiah Warren, Auguste Comte, and Joseph R. Buchanan; and if I were to select three from among this number to whom to acknowledge the weightier debts of gratitude, the name of Josiah Warren would certainly be included among this smaller number." Mr. T. B. Wakeman, in the funeral oration which he delivered over Mr. Andrews's body, reviewed that great man's intellectual life, not only in an orderly and comprehensive manner, but with considerable detail, the address filling more than two pages of the "Truth Seeker" and bearing evidence of no small amount of care in its preparation. Yet the eulogist of the dead, in relation to his connection with Josiah Warren, his belief in Warren's ideas, and his championship of the two great principles of "Individual Sovereignty" and "Cost the Limit of Price," could find nothing more to say than this: "He put out in 1851, in conjunction with Josiah Warren, his 'Science of Society,' an epoch-making work which should now be reprinted." Mr. Wakeman, as critic, is entitled to set what estimate he pleases upon the comparative value of Mr. Andrews's various achievements, but, as Mr. Andrews's mental biographer, he does not adequately fulfil the duties of his position by devoting one sentence out of six or eight columns to what Mr. Andrews himself deemed one of the most important elements of his life-work. Fortunately Mr. Warren's great disciple has left himself on record so unmistakably that his discipleship cannot be winked out of sight by any of the philosophers of Positivism.

A PROCLAMATION.

[Translated for the London Justice by J. L. Joyner.]

We, the Lord Mayor and Corporation
Do sign the following proclamation
To all and sundry 'neath our sway:
Let each good citizen obey.

"Strangers and foreigners of late
Have sown rebellion in our State:
Thanks be to God such knaves as those
Are almost always foreign foes.

"Free-thinkers mostly too: and why?
Whoever dares his God deny
Will probably ere long refuse
His fellow-men their legal dues.

"Both Jew and Christian, we decree,
Must venerate the powers that be.
At dusk all business is to stop;
Let Jew and Christian shut his shop.

"If two or three together meet,
They must not loiter in the street:
Let none be ever seen at night
Outside their doors without a light.

"His sword and gun let each and all
Pile presently in our Guildhall;
His powder too, and every case
Of pistols in the self-same place.

"Who argues in a public spot
Shall be incontinently shot;
And arguing too by looks and signs
Is punished with the heaviest fines.

"Fore all things trust your magistrate,
Who plausibly protects the State
With wisest word and best endeavor:
'Tis your's to hold your tongues for ever."

Heinrich Heine.

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EIGHTEEN CHRISTIAN CENTURIES:

OR,

THE EVOLUTION OF THE GOSPEL OF ANARCHY.

An Essay on the Meaning of History.

By DYER D. LUM.

Continued from No. 82.

The national assemblies which, while Spain was Arian, had embraced the three estates, in Catholic Spain soon changed their representative character. The commons were first dropped, and soon only such of the nobility as held court office were included. The interests of the people became indifferent. Finally the councils of the church were the sole "parliaments of the realm." The king, who had been held by the Goths as entitled to obedience so long as he respected the rights of his people as individuals, was now told by the Council of Toledo that no king could be accepted, unless he promised to preserve the orthodox faith; and it became "an established custom" for kings to prostrate themselves before the bishops assembled in council. The one great object was to extirpate difference in belief, to bring all minds to the dead level of a common creed. Instigated by the example of the Eastern emperor, Heraclius, in the year 616 the king issued an edict that within a year the Jews in Spain should either embrace Christianity, or should be shorn, scourged, and expelled from the kingdom and their possessions confiscated. Yet we are told that they were quiet citizens, engaging in no tumults, and industrious. Ninety thousand were subjected to enforced conversion.

The effect of Christian imperialism was soon apparent in deterioration of character. The assemblies, which under the Arian Goths had developed the spirit of personality hereditary in the race, were now vociferous for unity; individuality in character was succeeded by mediocrity. "The terrible laws against bigotry," says Milman, "and the atrocious judicial persecution of the Jews, already designate Spain as the throne and centre of merciless bigotry;" and which was says Buckle, "harscher than in any other country." The great principles which distinguished the legislation of Goth, Saxon, Frank, Burgundian, and Lombard alike, rescuing Europe from Caesarism; which has everywhere else, in the words of Dr. Arnold, "in blood and institutions left its mark legibly and indelibly," in Spain was crushed out. The isolation of Spain left the rival principles to meet in sharper outline than elsewhere. The source of authority, whether from above,—God,—or from below,—the people,—seems barren inquiry. But the verdict of history is that they are fraught with far different and most momentous consequences. Power from above is divine, absolute, fixed, knowing no change and permitting none in practice save increased centralization. Power from the people is human, relative, dispersive, subject to the changes of social growth; ever tending to widen out from the theoretic centre to individuals in spite of forced restraints privilege seeks to erect. The impress thus made by Christian Caesarism upon ancient Spain has never been effaced. "There she lies, at the further extremity of the continent, a huge and torpid mass, the sole representative now remaining of the feelings and knowledge of the Middle Ages." [Buckle.]

In 711 the Arab-Moors invaded Spain. All courage and spirit were crushed, and they had an easy conquest, and at one time threatened to overrun the whole West. Charles Martel defeated them and drove them back. Christendom was saved! What our civilization would have been but for Charles' success we cannot say. Yet we may safely affirm that the battle of Poitiers, which saved Europe from the Crescent for the Cross, preserved it as well from the revival of learning the Arabs were to so successfully undertake. Instead of Islam and an awakened intellect, we had Christianity and the Dark Ages. We must bear in mind that the Moslem faith, driven back upon itself and mainly confined to the Orient, lost its golden opportunity. What it is under such circumstances is far different from what it would have been subjected to European development, as the study of that other Oriental faith, Christianity, illustrates. The infusion of the Teutonic spirit in the one case, as it has in the other, would have profoundly modified the faith, as it has the aspect of civilization. We have no reason to think that Moslem success would have been for ill. Nor can we behold the evidence of wisdom which we are called upon to believe forced the intellect into lethargy and postponed its awakening for five hundred years; and, further, that this final release of the intellect from bondage was to be due to the reflected light from the Arabian schools in Spain.

Under the Arab-Moors Spain witnessed the cultivation of the soil carried to a higher degree of perfection than ever before or since. While the great capitals of Europe were reeking in filth by day and shrouded in impenetrable gloom by night, the capital of Spain had been for centuries paved and lighted. While the Vicars of Christ were issuing bulls against the study of the sciences in the University of Paris, the schools of Spain had long nourished their most assiduous study. The literature of ancient Greece was exhausted. Commerce extended its sway to distant India. The Arabian nobility had no contempt for the calling of the merchant. During the tenth century, when Europe was in its most degraded period, Spain had attained to its greatest splendor,—a splendor unmarred by religious intolerance. From her schools came the first rays to pierce the thick gloom of the Dark Ages, introducing in Europe a knowledge of the works of Aristotle and the study of logic. In the works of Euclid Christendom learned the existence of geometry; algebra and our numerals came from the same infidel hand. Philosophers like Gerbert, afterward Pope Sylvester II., there found welcome and learned the globular form of the earth, its geographical outlines, the study of chemistry, medicine, which early became introduced into Europe by Jews, and a more thorough system of mining than Spain could develop even in the last century. Also we owe to them the discovery of gunpowder, linen paper, and the compass; the introduction of rice, sugar, cotton, and silk; the improved breed of horses; a wonderful dexterity in the manipulation of steel and the preparation of leather; the graceful poetic disputations afterward improved by the troubadours, and the softening of manners and noble gallantry known as chivalry. But why particularize? While it would be too much to assert that, but for the Moors, the long night of the Middle Ages would not have passed away, we can affirm that it was through their influence that it did pass away. The seeds of intellectual growth, which providential wisdom denied them the opportunity to plant in Gaulish soil, were blown by friendly winds across the Pyrenees to take root in the wastes of Christian ignorance.

We have thus passed in review the great factors of civilization. Rome had brought unity; for two centuries before the time of Caesar this had been her ruling Idea. Her administration of affairs had secured the civil equality of freemen. Law and order, based upon authority, gained a foothold which it has never entirely lost in theory. The man was lost in the citizen.

Germany brought what Rome lacked,—individuality,—the freedom of the barbarian. Civil equality,—the right of the State,—and individual rule,—personal might,—were thus brought into contest on the field of the Empire. Although conquerors, they were barbarians, and were everywhere confronted with institutions which they had nothing to replace. The grandeur of Rome, the Empire

itself, lay in these institutions, in her laws, her administration, her organization. Rome was an Idea, and its name dazzled the eye and survived the fall of the throne. To govern was to possess and control these agencies, to use them for their purposes.

Under the genial influence of European nature the human element in religion constantly asserted itself. Although the Church was the successor of Caesar rather than of Peter, the *Gospels* were not wholly a dead letter. In all ages there were some to whom the words of Jesus struck responsive chords. Whether preached in sincerity or as an arm to achieve ends, they were still promulgated; though powerless in the East, under the more benign influences of Western environments they exerted influence. Ideas are veritable forces, and have their effect independent of the motives of those who use them for personal aims. The charity of the Gospels had its root in *human nature*; it was a social product. Unlike the idea of authority, it did not descend from on high; it arose from human relationship, and consequently survived both barbarian individuality and Christian, or Cæsarian, unity; it held its own against the anarchy of the one and the intolerance of the other, and served as the flux to fuse the discordant elements, self and power, when the electric spark of the French Revolution should bring together these conflicting factors of civilization into the triune formula of the future,—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

Our task is done so far as tracing out the sources of modern civilization. We have yet to trace out the result of the struggle. If our progress is wholly due, as Buckle maintained, to the increase of knowledge, it is important to thoroughly understand the causes of that increase and the obstacles opposing it. No "strategy of providence" will solve the problem save by the introduction of the fierce barbarian and the infidel Saracen, who came, not to preserve "His religion," but to modify and civilize it. But before entering upon the study of modern history we have yet further scaffolding to remove. I hear it asserted in wonderment: What! Is not Christianity a factor to be considered in the discussion of the evolution of civilization? In the preceding pages I have classed the Church as an institution under the head of Cæsarian; but for the benefit of metempirical readers who would fain distinguish between organized and unorganized Christianity, I will be more explicit. Nor in the prosecution of our inquiry into the meaning of history can it be deemed irrelevant.

Christianity presents two phases, the human and the divine: Jesus, the man; Christ, the Messiah. The man appealing to men in subjection, breathing consolation, speaking of pity, recommending submission. The Messiah claiming authority, sonship to the God of Heaven and the future Judge of the earth. In temporal affairs it was the wail of despair, it sanctified oppression and bid the oppressed draw *post obit* drafts on the future. Patriotism was a delusion, material well-being a snare, for our citizenship was elsewhere. Though the hope it presented was born of despair, it appealed to despair. Christianity was the religion of the Christ rather than of the man Jesus. Jesus was human, a carpenter's son, a homeless vagrant; his tender words welled up from the great beating heart of humanity. It was the voice of nature knitting kindred hearts in human brotherhood. There was no basis for religion there. Christ the Anointed, the representative of divine authority, having power to bind and loose, furnished such basis. *Authority!*—not of the homeless one, but of the Divine Christ—was the rock on which Christianity was based; and this rock we have seen to have been cut from the quarry of Cæsarianism. Christianity as a "spirit of life" we have fully considered under the head of Nature. As an institution it claims authority descending from above, a gift vouchsafed to man by divine grace.

God and man! Divine and human! Christ and Liberty! They are antipodal conceptions. Men were sons of God, it is true, but, as sonship preceeded brotherhood, we find that as early as Paul's time the non-recognition of the first annulled the second: "What concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?" Assuredly, none. The man Jesus had been long dead, but the Christ was eternal! The words of the Gospels were still preached, Jesus and a crust were still held out to the oppressed to stifle the human cry, but Christ and power were the soul of the Church. Throughout history we everywhere find Christianity the equestrian of force. It has followed civilization, never led it. The lackeys of the emperors became supplicants at the feet of the barbarian to offer counsel and advice. It has given its benediction to every attempted rape of humanity, blessed the tyrant's sword and the headman's axe, consecrated the despot, anathematized the patriot, and excommunicated and burned the devotee of liberty. Morals have arisen, not descended. It springs from human needs, does not trickle from divine grace. It looks forward to progress,—Liberty; not backward to revelation,—Authority. Let us have done with the fiction. The heart of humanity is right in its instinctive cry: "Away with him!" We will have neither the Christ of the Church nor the Barabbas of the State to rule over us. Like the Siamese twins, they are inseparable; and the ligature "divine right" has united them in life, it holds them to a common fate. The divine type may change in different ages, but the virus of authority ever taints its complexion. The blood-thirsty Jehovah sawing men asunder, the God of the early Christians shocked at natural affection, the almighty Fiend of the Middle Ages watching human thought, the straight-laced Father of the Puritans wholesaling damnation, the good-natured *bourgeois* God of today,—what alliance is there between them and liberty? What matters it whether God be depicted in thought as clothed in vengeance as a robe, hurling thunderbolts against men and roasting infants, or pictured as a shrewd, paunch-bellied, white-waistcoated old gentleman? Neither the one nor the other are sponsors for liberty. It is liberty that has modified the type by emasculating authority. The God of the nineteenth century is castrated; the form only remains, virility is gone.

Is this but declamation? Let us, then, open the pages of history, and in our sober senses study their meaning. If Christianity be not spiritual Cæsarianism, but an ameliorating factor in civilization, we must behold such influence exerted in the society it was called by the force of circumstances to mould and govern. We will therefore consider the following topics: The influence of Christianity on public morals, on legislation, and on slavery.

I. MORALS. When we come to look for the evidence of moral conversion, alas! the testimony is not flattering. Dean Milman remarks:

In the conflict or coalition, barbarism had introduced into Christianity all its ferocity, with none of its generosity or magnanimity; its energy shows itself in atrocity and cruelty and even in sensuality. Christianity has given to barbarism hardly more than its superstition, and its hatred of heretics and unbelievers. Throughout, assassinations, parricides, and fratricides intermingled with adulteries and rapes. The cruelty might seem the mere inevitable result of this violent and unnatural fusion; but the extent to which this cruelty spread throughout the whole society almost surpasses belief. . . . Christianity hardly interfered even to interdict incest. . . . With the world Christianity began rapidly to barbarize.

According to a chronicler of the time, Salvian, in whom natural honesty and human virtues had not been sapped by ecclesiastical preferment, the Christians shamed the barbarians with their vices. He said:

Among the chaste barbarians we alone are unchaste; the very barbarians are shocked at our impurities. Among themselves they will not tolerate whoredom, but allow this shameless license to the Romans as inveterate usage. We cherish, they execrate, inconstitute;

we shrink from, they are enamored of, purity; fornication, which with them is a crime and a disgrace, with us is a glory.

Michelet, ever eloquent in chanting the praises of unity, says:

The priest, in fact, was now king. The Church had silently made her way in the midst of the tumult of barbaric invasion which had threatened universal destruction. Strong, patient, and industrious, she had so grasped the whole of the body politic as thoroughly to interfuse herself with it. Early abandoning speculation for action, she had avoided the bold theories of Pelagianism and adjourned the great question of human liberty. The savage conquerors of the Empire required to have, not liberty, but submission preached to them to induce them to bow their necks to the yoke of civilization and the Church.

To insure submission, to inculcate Roman qualities, surely there was no room for transmitting secular knowledge. The great schools which Roman emperors under the Old Empire had so magnificently endowed fell into decay; the poet and the grammarian were replaced by the priest and monk. The names of Roman authors were forgotten in admiration of such saints as Ammon, who had never seen his naked body, or left the narrow hole for even a moment in which he ate and slept, prayed and vegetated; or Didymus, who had never spoken to a human being for ninety years. To cleanse the body was to degrade the soul; and the most venerated, who attained to the distinction of canonization, seem to have been those who presented on their persons the greatest mass of clotted filth. The baths became ruins, and in their place we read of a convent of one hundred and thirty nuns whose feet were never washed and who shuddered in pious horror at the mention of a bath! Such schools as existed in the larger monasteries possessed but a limited range of studies, and those only which might make the scholar an apter priest. Priests were grossly ignorant, very few being able to sign their names, and those who could read were chiefly engaged in perusing legendary lives of dirty saints. The Church was too busy watching the struggle made for her in Gaul by St. Leger to establish a theocracy to waste time over grammatical quibbles. True, Gregory the Great established schools, but they were schools of music for the use of choristers. It has been said of him that he hated learning with more than Byzantine animosity, and no act of his disproves the accusation, while the expulsion from Rome of mathematical studies gives it credibility.

Nor were the monasteries such cradles of literature and peace as they are often described. The strict rules of Benedictine discipline centred the whole monastic life on three cardinal virtues: silence, seclusion, and passive obedience. If they were to devote a certain portion of each day to manual labor, it was not for the purpose of extending the blessings of agriculture and the arts of civilized life, but that those moments not employed in prayer might be so engrossed as to prevent extraneous thoughts from entering the mind. That the result was not so successful as Benedict anticipated we may infer from a monastic rule, quoted by Michelet, in these words: "A year's penance for the monk who had lost a consecrated wafer. For the monk who had fallen with a woman two days' bread and water!"

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 82.

Carried away, they proclaimed her the very genius of the country, and she ensnared others, more intelligent, but innocent, innocent! Sir Richard Bradwell, for instance.

He did not answer, although he trembled with an angry shudder, but only re-doubled his efforts to transfer into the muscles of his horse all his haste to reach his destination.

Once, the animal stumbling and almost plunging into the mud, Lady Ellen directly upbraided Richard, whose insensibility to her indirect railery exasperated her.

"Ah! you are mad, my dear, or you have sworn to break our necks and bones."

He offered to put her down. She could return to the castle, which was a much more fitting thing to do than to go to look on, curiously, greedily, at these massacres and revels, as one views a tragedy over the footlights.

She made a pretense of smiling and jesting.

He did not wish witnesses of his chagrin and wrath as he fished his Marian from the midst of the brawl!

"You judge me wrongly," she said, "very wrongly," feigning concern, but still with a quizzing air. "I am as anxious as you to learn if this young girl has escaped the amorous fury of soldiers reputed as all that is tender and bold,—men superb and irresistible. Has she been able to resist? Has she succumbed? Will she extricate herself with simple rents in her clothing, get out of it with no further damage than her rumped stomach and a few embraces, the marks of which she can remove and which the oblivion of the sadnesses of the past will eventually efface?"

She finished her insinuating condolences just as, arrived at their destination, Bradwell threw himself from the vehicle, and Sir Edward did not doubt that she would do something to cause scandal. Her biting voice had just vibrated with the excessive, odious desire that Marian, violated, dishonored, polluted by the soldiery, would become for Richard, in spite of his love and on account of his love, the pitiable object of an insurmountable, eternal disgust.

And she arrived just in time to see the young girl escape, intact, the fate which she wished for her with all the strength of her hatred, and to know that, but for Bradwell, this execrated rival would have suffered it or even met her death. Now, a communion would be established between the saviour and the saved in joy, tenderness, and gratitude!

She approached Richard, whom Treor's granddaughter was thanking effusively, while the soldier responsible for the affair struggled, resisted, questioning arrogantly this civilian intruder, without authority, who disturbed him in his pleasures. The arrival of Newington and his staff made an opportune diversion which allayed matters.

Sir Walpole gave the order: "To arms!" and willing or unwilling, the Britons massed themselves in line, turned away, casting surly glances at the women, and took up a position fifteen paces away, while the Duke called Lady Ellen to account for her imprudence.

To rush into this hubbub with such zeal, such impetuosity! It could not be curiosity alone. What other motive had she?

"Mercy, humanity!" replied the Duchess, impudently.

She had not seriously considered the risk of scandal; anger had pushed her on mechanically, and she congratulated herself on the event which had prevented her from going farther. Now it was better to meet this mischance courageously, and to accomplish her ends, play—she who had accused Marian of comedy—this rôle of angel and of Providence.

"Mercy, humanity!" repeated the Duke, shrugging his shoulders: "I promise

it to them. You have driven so fast that you have not been able to learn the news. The agitator, thanks to these fellows, has escaped."

"Ah!" said Lady Ellen.

"That is to say, thanks to them," resumed Newington, "the revolution which we should have decapitated in cutting off Harvey's head lives and breathes, though it had the miserable death-rattle in its throat and we should have crushed it under our feet, without difficulty, as one steps on a reptile whose venom-laden teeth have been broken. Clemency and humanity!"

"We would have posted the head of the agitator on all the steeples by turns. His silent mouth would have preached submission after rebellion. If these madmen had lifted up their heads, they would have lowered them that they might not contemplate the picture. Ah! after two centuries, they dare to dispute our conquest, they demand the land. We will give it to them,—six feet each. In point of fact, they possessed it, and now wish to hold it, in common; we will bury them all in the same ditch!"

"Live the general!" yelled with a remarkable unanimity the company of Britons.

"Live the general!" growled also the Buncloodyans between their set teeth; but they added: "Provided it be not long!"

The trampled ground, the ragged, blood-stained garments on the backs of the Irish, certain uniforms slashed with knives told Newington of the gravity of the hand-to-hand conflict between the natives and the garrison, and he addressed warm compliments to these brave, heroic soldiers, the honor of the army, of the nation, and the worthy, the noble supporters of the indefeasible rights ratified by the lives of their sires.

An explosion of hurrahs filled the air, and the echo, repeating them, deceived for an instant the Duke, who ordered all to be silent and listen.

Horsemen, sent out in pursuit of Harvey, were scouring the vicinity; he supposed that they had already caught the fugitive and were celebrating their success by shouts of triumph, and the disappointment stimulated his wrath to a second outburst.

Si Edward questioned the sergeant, and the Duke, concluding that this riffraff of Buncloodyans, in league with the rebellion, were hiding the agitator, had slashed the soldiers of his monarch, and had this murder on their conscience, asserted that this passed all bounds, and, in order to punish them as well as to reward the faithful and devoted regiment of Ancient Britons, he, Horace William Newington, Duke of Montnorris, in the name of his very gracious sovereign George the Fourth, declared the village of Bunclody and the surrounding territory "outside the King's peace!"

The neighboring mountains groaned under the weight of the uproar of hurrahs which broke forth anew, startling the eagles, the vultures lost in the depths of the sky, and drowning the request which Sir Bradwell was respectfully submitting to his father, to revoke this license, and try rather to win peace by persuasion, by mildness, by magnanimity.

Newington simply paid no attention.

Marian was leading Edith, who was completely overwhelmed, far away from her shanty, the ruins of which were still smoking, sad and funeral as a tomb in which she had laid away the ashes of all her own; but he ordered that she be taken back to the place of the disaster.

Inasmuch as her heart bled at the sentimental aspect of these ruins, well! let them keep her before them and let her exhaust her eyes with weeping. It was a happy inspiration that kept them from hanging her or roasting her in her own fire-place. From time to time moral torments would suggest themselves: these would contain more anguish, more suffering, than the other sort, and life itself, under certain circumstances, would become a Calvary more insupportable than the worst tortures.

Bradwell, leaning on Newington's saddle and taking his hand, begged him to show mercy. He spoke in a low voice that the pride of his father might not revolt against what the Duke might consider pressure upon and interference with the liberty of his soldier's will, or an infringement upon his authority.

He pleaded, as fruitlessly as Sergeant Autrur before the Britons, the innocence of Edith, in whose house had been found no trace of the agitator's stay.

What certainty was there, moreover, of the presence of Sir Harvey in the neighborhood?

On what evidence, what testimony, all this display of troops to track and arrest him? Perhaps the leader to whom they were attributing the insurrection had never even appeared in the region!

Lord Newington, as before, did not even wait for his son to finish. Disengaging his hand, he gave his orders.

The greater part of the company were to scatter themselves in squads about the village, entering houses and thoroughly searching them, sounding the walls and floors with the butt ends of their muskets, emptying closets, and running their bayonets through the coarse furnishings of all beds not occupied by invalids.

In all probability Harvey would not be found in these huts, but it was necessary to consider the possibility that, lacking the strength to fly, he had only sought a new hiding-place in the vicinity. And Newington, dismounting, and half believing in this hypothesis, left with his officers and soldiers to watch the operation, while four men brutally forced Edith to go back and station herself in front of the ruins of her house, where the black sparks, driven by the wind, fell upon her.

One of these men, whether by chance or by a change with a comrade and manoeuvre on his part, was the one from whom Bradwell had snatched Marian, and the young girl did not leave the poor woman whom they were treating roughly, pushing her ahead with their gun-barrels against her back. As she was on her knees and did not rise quickly enough, they lifted her by the hair.

"The cowards! the cowards!" cried Treor's granddaughter, interposing and receiving some of the thumps intended for the victim.

But the soldier in question advised them not to strike any more, as the blows would overwhelm the little one. He took her under his protection, the little dear, the pretty little dear, and in order that he might pay his addresses to her, he wished them to spare her old friend. He would be amiable, he would not act like a boor, but like a perfect and proper gentleman, like her rescuer, and he firmly hoped that she would be grateful to him, that he would not rue it, and that she would not make him wait too long.

Marian called her grandfather to her aid; they were dressing his wounds at the spring; she turned her eyes towards Richard to implore him anew, since she found herself defenceless, exposed to the ignoble gallantries of a wretch whom Newington's proclamation authorized to commit any attempt, any violence.

And Sir Bradwell, who asked nothing better than to interfere, approached, raised his fist, and opened his mouth to dismiss this scoundrel with the words: "Go, and never" . . . when the Duchess, placing herself between him and the soldier and clutching his arm, said to him furiously, but in a low voice:

"Hush! I want you to be still."

And before he could go on, she addressed herself to the Briton, and warned him against paying further attention to this young woman, today or ever, either by importuning her or by putting himself in her way.

Continued on page 6.

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"A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties: who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions." — PROUDHON.

The Nub of It All.

When I am mentally plumb sober, I stand for radicalism, the whole of radicalism, and nothing but radicalism. But now and then the temptation to be seduced into faith in the possible virtue of pretentious superficial movements, having no sound radical basis, but imposing in numbers, noise, and passing respectability, gets something of a hold on me. When this sensational will o' the wisp has suddenly vanished as quickly as it came, I sober back into the standing conviction that all essential reform must develop out of an understanding of the true roots of social evil.

Two months ago the Knights of Labor and the trades unions were in full blast. A couple of millions of workingmen were on their nerve, and society seemed to be captured by their demands. But suddenly the whole movement seemed to have been seized with cramps. It lost its soul, if it ever had any; brains it had persistently repudiated. Its claim to public interest seemed to have rested on no more substantial a plane than sensation. When that had used itself up, the people put it away from them, as they did "Pinafore" and the "Mikado." It subsided like a penny candle and is seized with its final flickerings.

The cause of this humiliating skulking back of workingmen into their holes is plain as daylight. As soon as Powderly had shown himself a skunk (possibly a traitor) who had no settled principles save fidelity to Romanism and "law and order," the signal was ready for those legalized mobs known as courts of law to set upon the strikers, boycotters, and other active protestants, and, by making examples of them, frighten away what little spirit there was left in the organizations. Fortunately for the capitalistic tyrants, the episode of Most and the Chicago "Anarchists" co-operated to chill public sympathy for labor, and so the empty and pretentious bubble which had been parading as "organized labor" ignominiously fizzled.

But the point of main interest to scientific Anarchists is that, as soon as the "law" took a hand in this business, the so-called intelligent American workingman was morally, mentally, and physically routed. He saw strikers and boycotters arrested for "conspiracy" and had nothing to say, for "the law" did it. He saw men brutally treated by the police and court officers, and dared not open his mouth, for it was the mob sanctified in law. Wherever the law spoke, he was dumb.

What an unequivocal proof resides in this ridiculous fiasco of "organized labor" that it is useless to hope for substantial progress in equity till enough solid sense is gotten into the heads of the masses to make them understand that legalized mobbing and violence are no more respectable than any other; that those commands of the irresponsible agents of despotism called "laws" rest upon no moral basis, and are only possible of execution through an exercise of the very violence which they assume to provide against.

It is the abolition of the State, after all, that underlies all social emancipation. This abolition we do not propose to bring about by violence, for that is the very thing we protest against in the imposition called law. The abolition we contemplate shall come of the abolition of ignorance and servile superstition in the masses, to the end that by a gradual desertion of the

ballot-boxes and a refusal of the people to voluntarily touch any of the foul machinery of the lie called "government," tyrants shall yet be compelled to survive or perish solely on their own merits, at their own cost, and on their own responsibility. This process is already in settled operation, and all the powers of authority, fraud, and sanctified violence can never stay it. Anarchism has come to stay. X.

A Doctrine Not in the Creed.

Dr. Edward Aveling in the London "Commonweal" gives the following as the creed of Socialism: "(1) The basis of society today is a commercial one,—the method of production and distribution of goods; (2) The evils of our present day society are, in the main, referable to this commercial basis; (3) The only efficient remedy for these evils is a revolution in the method of producing and distributing goods." According to Dr. Aveling, then, whoever subscribes to these three propositions is a Socialist. I heartily subscribe to them without reservation, and Dr. Aveling, therefore, is bound to admit that I am a good orthodox Socialist. But he nevertheless goes on to say: "Socialists may not be all in accord as to the precise degree of ownership involved in the phrase 'my coat' when the new order of things obtains. But they are all agreed that no man will be able to say 'my machinery, my land,' except in the same sense as he may today say 'my British Museum.'" This is not true. As an orthodox Socialist, I affirm that "all" Socialists are not agreed on this. For one, the "revolution in the method of producing and distributing goods" which I contemplate will enable me to speak in exactly the same sense of "my coat," "my machinery," and "my land," meaning thereby my possessory title in the raw material of each and my proprietary title in the results of the labor expended by me on said raw material. The same was true of P. J. Proudhon. The same was true of Josiah Warren. The same is true of the many followers of both. I can furnish the names of hundreds of men and women who are Socialists by Dr. Aveling's definition and yet repudiate his distinction between coats and machinery. I once convicted this so-called scientific socialist of an unscientific definition; I now convict him of an unscientific statement on a question of fact. In the first instance he was careful to preserve a clam-like silence; in this he will probably exhibit equal sagacity. T.

A Critic's Oversight.

The "Truth Seeker" of June 26 contains a long article by J. L. Andrew in opposition to Anarchy, which is meant to be profoundly philosophical, but is really extremely superficial. The writer does not know the positions of the Anarchists, and consequently cannot criticise them intelligently. Two extracts from his article will serve to illustrate this. "The Anarchist is requested to answer the question: What would you do with crime in the absence of government? Only two positions are possible for him to choose from. Either crime must go unpunished, or it must be dealt with as the majority sees fit. The first would in itself be criminal, and the other would be governmental." Suppose, now, that A robs B, and that B shoots A. Crime has not gone unpunished, and it has not been dealt with as the majority sees fit. There evidently, then, is a third position, neither criminal nor governmental, which the Anarchist not only may, but does, choose,—namely, that crime, so long as it continues, may be punished by individuals, acting either singly or in voluntary concert. Again: "In cities there is the need for street repairs; for sewerage facilities; for water works; for fire departments; for police supervision and protection. How is such a complex system, with so many wants, to be supported? There is but one answer, and that is by taxation. Of course, Anarchists denounce taxation as robbery." The taxation to which Mr. Andrew refers must be compulsory taxation, for it is only compulsory taxation that Anarchists denounce as robbery. In that case history, as well as Anarchy, furnishes a second answer to his question. Is Mr. Andrew aware that in the four large and very prosperous cities which, prior to the formation of the present German confederation, were known as the Free Cities of Germany the various needs which he specifies were provided for during a

very long period, not by compulsory taxation, but by voluntary contribution, and that the proportion of non-contributors was smaller than that of delinquents in the large cities of America? If not, he can find the facts stated in an essay by President Warren, of Boston University, written in opposition to compulsory taxation. Had it not been for Bismarck, the system would probably be in vogue here today. Mr. Andrew needs to study Anarchy further. T.

Plumb-Line and Cork-Screw.

Why should these fall out by the way and dispute about their methods, instead of working together harmoniously as brothers? Why should the branches of a tree grumble at the roots for groveling so in the dirt, or why should the roots find fault with the branches for doing nothing but dance all day in the sunshine? Why not recognize the fact that each is an essential part of the whole, and each doing its own part of the work better than the other could?

Undoubtedly Plumb-Line is the real leader, and it is perhaps to be expected that he will be so absorbed in his own ideas that he will not be able to see value in any others; but he thereby usually gets but a very small personal following. And these few followers are not so tenacious of their methods as is Plumb-Line. They are more willing to fraternize with the Cork-Screws. The Cork-Screws, on the other hand, are the real movers and leaveners of the masses. They are able to drink in the ideas of Plumb-Line, digest and assimilate them, and send them out again diluted and modified, mixed up more or less with popular notions and superstitions, and clothed in language that is attractive to the unthinking multitude. Thus the Plumb-Lines produce the Cork-Screws, while the Cork-Screws move the world. Some men are born Plumb-Lines. Many more are born Cork-Screws. It is well. Both classes are needed, and in about the proportion in which they arise. It is high time they recognized each other's true position and mutual relationships, and ceased fault-finding with each other. D. D.

[D. D., like most D. D.s, tells two stories. In one sentence he makes the Plumb-Lines produce the Cork-Screws; in another he has the Cork-Screws born. I believe the first is the true statement; hence, the more Cork-Screws become Plumb-Lines, the more Cork-Screws there will be to move the world. But whether the first or the second be true, is there any reason in either case why a Plumb-Line should become a Cork-Screw. That has been the only question at issue in these columns, and "D. D." does not touch it.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

The Wedge of Anarchism.

Behold in Anarchism a wedge that will yet split the Liberal world in twain! Keen and pointed, with a hammer of logic behind it wielded by willing hands that know well how to strike, it knows no variableness nor shadow of turning. The doughty Liberals see its strange bulk coming down between them, and some shrink aghast, and some are drawn to it as steel fragments are drawn to a magnet. There is a running to and fro and a crying out in alarm, blessing and cursing, studied indifference and fierce denunciation. But it has commenced its deadly work, it has entered, and the line of cleavage is marked. It cannot be withdrawn, and henceforth, whether men strike it or let it be, notice it or look the other way, it will go on cleaving and separating. Its own weight will drive it; every frost and every sun-beat will aid it; and the very stars in their courses will fight for it. "The tricks of knaves and fash of fools," the hatred of its enemies and blunders of its friends, cannot prevent it. The evolution of the ages is pressing upon it, and it must go on.

Woe be to those hard-heads who have indeed laid off the robe of clericalism, but who have retained the same old hide of bigotry and conventionalism that covered their bones when they were Christians! They may get under that wedge and shove and grunt and sweat till new constellations dance before their purblind vision. They will not stop it a particle. It will grind them to powder. They will serve only to lubricate its track.

But many a grown and growing Liberal—men who love Liberty more than largess—will not hesitate to slip in their little crows and now and then give a wrench in its favor. Thousands, attracted by the brightness of its edge, will survey its simple, yet sublime, proportions, and, perceiving with awe the growing vastness of its on-coming bulk, will cry: "Whereas I was blind, now I see! Make way for Liberty!"

Anarchism is a judgment day for Liberalism, and there will be a new separation of the sheep from the goats, and the free rangers of the earth will bound forward on one side, and the "respectable" lambs of conventionalism will huddle back into the mouldy litter of their old folds on the other. This Anarchism is a dividing question. It furnishes no neutral ground. Those who are not for it are against it. Those who try the fence will find the top rail too sharp for roosters, and will be obliged to perch on one side or the other.

Choose then, ye teachers of progress and "mellorism," this

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day whom ye will serve,—Liberty or Tyranny. If ye say Liberty, ye say Anarchy, and there is no escape. Upon the wisdom of your choice depends the success of your instructions and the brightness of your future fame.

J. Wm. LLOYD.

GRAHAMVILLE, FLORIDA.

Mormon Co-operation.

To the Editor of Liberty:

In the "Investigator" and "Truth Seeker" Mr. S. P. Putnam gives me a slight rap for defending the Mormons as encouraging co-operation. With the not unfamiliar illiberality of alleged "Liberals," he has formed his opinion offhand on a subject which he has not examined. My assertion was based on careful personal investigation and truth seeking. If I desired information regarding the Secular Union and its champions, I would not seek it from Christian sources; yet Mr. Putnam, on a dying visit through Utah, leaving a capacious ear to avowed enemies and bigots on this subject, feels competent to decide without evidence. He says: "(1) The Mormons are money-getters, like the Jews; (2) I see that Dyer Lum, in Liberty, has some praise for the co-operative system of the Mormon church, but there is no genuine co-operation at all; it is only a form of monopoly to put the profits into the hands of a few. If anything is run by the capitalist, it is the Mormon Z. C. M. I., with its 'Holiness to the Lord.' There is not a particle of democracy in Mormonism; (3) It is the most thoroughgoing aristocratic and despotic institution in the world; (4) it makes the few rich and the many poor."

Let us see. 1. If Mr. Putnam's every-day, secular liberality will permit him to look up the "Articles of Association of Zion's Central Board of Trade," covering every county in the territory, he will find the preamble to read as follows:

The objects of this Association are to maintain a Commercial Exchange; to promote uniformity in the customs and usages of producers, manufacturers, and merchants; to inculcate principles of equity and justice in trade; to facilitate the speedy adjustment of business disputes; to seek remunerative markets for home products; to foster Capital and protect Labor, uniting them as friends rather than dividing them as enemies; to encourage manufacturing; to aid in placing imported articles in the hands of consumers as cheaply as possible; to acquire and disseminate valuable agricultural, manufacturing, commercial, and economic information; and generally to secure to its members the benefits of co-operation in the furtherance of their legitimate pursuits.

Does he think this was written by "money-getters, like the Jews?"

2. If he will take time to see and ask a Mormon for a copy of the Mormon Encyclical Letter, issued by Brigham Young and others, of July 10, 1875, I think he will learn something of the extent of Mormon co-operation he never dreamed of in his philosophy. The evils of our system are pointed out and general cooperation urged as a remedy, and as a matter of fact the Z. C. M. I. is not the only co-operative mercantile institution in Utah, being only the largest; smaller ones dot the whole territory. If he has no scruples about going to first sources for information, General Eldredge might, if there were room, plant at least one new idea in his head.

3. No officer in the Mormon church holds his office save on the tenure of popular election, repeated every year. Nor even then do any of them receive any salary, not even the president at home or the missionary abroad. They all, high or low, must earn their own living, a fact which may well excite the disgust of apostles of other faiths or no-faiths.

4. If Mr. Putnam should stay in Utah so long that a spirit of truth-seeking could penetrate his armor of prejudice, he would never see a Mormon poor house or a Mormon appealing to him for alms.

If our secular investigating truth-seeker were really seeking information,—other than from avowed enemies,—I would commend to him two facts: 1. To search the court records and see if he can find six cases where a Mormon has sued a Mormon, or can learn of a single case where, in the adjustment of civil disputes between Mormons, either party has had to pay one cent for time and trouble taken or for witness fees. Singular conduct in a non-cooperative people, who thus eliminate the lawyer. 2. If he will look up the criminal records in Salt Lake City for the past year, he will find that his Liberal friends conjointly with the Christians, twin relics of Utah bigotry, have contributed over eleven-tenths of the city's criminals, although they only constitute one-fifth of the entire population! Whether the larger portion come from the followers of Ingerson or of Jesus, I can only surmise, but I trust Mr. Putnam's ministrations will tend to lower this liberal and alarming percentage.

From his own reports we see that Mormons attend his lectures; it is they who make his overflowing audiences, and that in Mormon halls in Mormon communities; that he has been treated by them in a liberal manner; and lo! the Liberal return. I once heard a good story out there that I will relate.

A Methodist protracted meeting was once started in Logan City in a small room. One evening a Mormon youth sauntered in late, and seeing some vacant seats immediately in front, sat down there, unaware that it was reserved for spiritual "mourners." When the sermon was concluded, the dominie came down to wrestle with his one convert in prayer, but was astonished to find him unresponsive to his solicitous inquiries concerning his soul's health. He finally

asked him if he was a Mormon. The boy answered: "Well, I reckon I'm what you call a Mormon." "Why!" said the astounded parson, "what did you come in here for?" "Oh!" replied the boy, "father wanted me to come and see what a dander fool he made of himself at my age!"

Whether this accounts in any way for his "overcrowded audiences" I cannot say, but the Mormon looks on the Methodist pulpit-banger and the Secular exhorter as equally fit subjects for curiosity and mirth; and in reading the "News and Notes" written from Mormondom by Mr. Putnam, the same feeling is more or less shared by,

Yours truly, DYER D. LUM.

An Example to be Followed.

The circular printed below shows what one man can do when he energetically sets about it. It comes to me from David A. Andrade, of Melbourne, Australia, with whom the readers of Liberty are already acquainted.

TO THE PEOPLE OF AUSTRALASIA.

The Melbourne Anarchists' Club extends its greetings to the liberty-loving citizens of these young colonies, and appeals to them to assist its members in their efforts to remove those public sentiments and public institutions which, having been transplanted here from the northern hemisphere, retard social progress and happiness, and to substitute in their place the ennobling principles of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity!

The objects of the Melbourne Anarchists' Club are:

1. To foster public interest in the great social questions of the day, by promoting inquiry in every possible way; to promote free public discussions of all social questions; and to circulate and publish literature throwing light upon the existing evils of society and the methods necessary for their removal.

2. To foster and extend the principles of Self Reliance, Self Help, and a spirit of Independence amongst the people.

3. To uphold and maintain the principles of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. By Liberty we mean "The equal liberty of each, limited alone by the equal liberty of all." By Equality we mean "The equality of opportunity for each individual." And by Fraternity we mean that principle which denies national and class distinctions, asserts the Brotherhood of Man, and says "The world is my country."

4. To advocate, and seek to achieve, the abolition of all monopolies and despotisms which destroy the Freedom of the Individual, and which thereby check social progress and prosperity.

5. To expose and oppose that colossal swindle, Government, and to advocate Abstention from Voting, Resistance to Taxation, and Private Co-operation or Individual Action.

6. To foster Mutual Trust and Fraternity amongst the working people of all ranks, and to turn their attention to their common foes: the Priests and the Politicians, and their coadjutors, attacking principles rather than individuals.

7. To invite the co-operation of all who have realized the innate evils of our governing institutions and desire their speedy dissolution for the general benefit of Humanity.

8. To promote the formation of voluntary institutions similar to the Melbourne Anarchists' Club throughout Victoria and the neighboring colonies, and, with their consent, to eventually unite with them, forming the Australasian Association of Anarchists.

Rights and Duties.

The controversy between E. C. Walker and the Kellys in regard to Malthusianism promises to be very interesting. I shall not attempt to advance any new argument either for or against the point at issue, for the disputants are well able to take care of themselves. But I cannot refrain from making one or two remarks on the singular views of Mr. Walker, which, if logically followed out, would lead us into some very dark and narrow holes. One or two of his ideas have a direct bearing upon the expediency discussion.

Mr. Walker now explicitly admits that limitation of offspring *in itself* would not settle the labor problem or destroy our social evils. This, in my judgment, practically closes the original discussion, for it is just this point, and no other, that both Mr. Kelly in "Lucifer" and Miss Kelly in Liberty were trying to hold Mr. Walker to. But here Mr. Walker takes up a question of expediency, and argues that, "when men shall have attained to the degree of intelligence necessary to enable them to realize the duty of such limitation, they will have developed the sense needed to destroy the social evils." Really, I am surprised at Mr. Walker's mental obliquity. Does he not perceive that he has got hold of the wrong end of the thing? It reads more logically when reversed: When men shall have attained to the degree of intelligence necessary to enable them to see the necessity of a radical change in our social and economic relations, they will have developed the sense needed to make them better, nobler, and worthier. It is as clear as anything can be that we can have no perfect men under such very imperfect conditions. And to seek to make people better or worse than they are while the conditions are daily becoming more and more insufferable is the height of absurdity.

The question now is: What are reformers to do? Shall they teach the people their natural rights, point out the evils

and the remedies, or shall they attack the personal vices and bad habits of the ignorant, poor, miserable, and blind victims of our economic system? I beg the reader's pardon for this ABC philosophy, but I will say for the benefit of Mr. Walker that, inasmuch as poverty is the mother of ignorance, vice, and crime, poverty is the first to be removed. Mr. Walker further shows an inexcusable lack of philosophical and historical knowledge when he asserts that this iniquitous system exists because the mass of mankind has been and is composed of reckless, hap-hazard, etc., sorts of people. It is the system that breeds and fosters this sort of people; it is the system that tends to increase their numbers in a geometrical ratio, and that reduces the chances of redemption to a minimum. The philosophy of Anarchism expressed in the words, "Liberty the mother, not the daughter, of social order," is irreconcilable with the views of the purity and morality cranks, who would readily grant every blessing to the people, if they were but worthy of it. As an Anarchist, Mr. Walker must strike for liberty first and destroy that all-devouring monster,—monopoly. As to the question, "what can we do in the meantime?" it has been demonstrated again and again that nothing can be done in the way of permanent or general improvement under existing conditions. It is very unfortunate that we are living in the *now*, and not in the *to be*, but we can't help it. The now cannot be made more comfortable, all the quack doctors to the contrary notwithstanding, and ought not. It is undoubtedly true that individuals do now and then succeed in life, but it is necessarily and unexceptionally achieved at the expense of other individuals. We teach and believe that individual initiative is primary, but this does not at all mean that we must begin by reforming our habits and preach purity to others. We may not all be prudent, virtuous, or brave, but this is no reason why we should be robbed and plundered. Stop crime first, and reform vice afterwards. As Anarchists we have one duty,—to destroy the State.

V. YARROS.

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IRELAND.

Continued from page 3.

"I am especially interested in her, and for any offence committed against her I will hold the guilty parties responsible, and will punish them severely and without mercy."

"Madame!" . . . stammered Marian, confused.

But Lady Ellen had already gone, dragging the nonplussed Richard with her, to whom she deigned to confess the secret of her generous conduct.

"Thank me, if you wish; in truth, I render you a never-to-be-forgotten service; the brute who had designs upon your Marian would have succeeded some day or other. . . . Do not protest. . . . Neither your big voice, nor your ill-usage, nor your vigilance could have averted the catastrophe. But all service merits reward; that which I ask is enormous,—your whole body, your whole mind, your whole desire. Far from me or near to me, I mean that you shall think of no others, that your heart shall beat for no others; that, even in dreams, you shall not see your Marian; your thoughts, your eyes, your lips, shall belong to me exclusively; you had given them to me, you have taken them again; now, you have no longer the right, for I have bought them of you."

"They are looking at us, they are listening," said Bradwell, disturbed.

"What do I care? Admitting that you may be wanting in scruples, that you, destitute of honor, may wish to be false to our contract, her gratitude assures me that she will not yield to you. I calculated on that when I covered her with my shield. She is my debtor; she owes me more than life: she owes me her honor, and she prizes it; the price which I demand of her is yourself! If, in spite of her kiss bestowed on Paddy, which was a token of her rupture with our race,—and it was that which it signified, was it not?—in spite of this act which I proclaim sublime, if nature should struggle in her to make her obey the attraction of her heart, of her senses,—for you are beautiful, Richard, you are desirable, and she loves you as surely as I love you!—and if gratitude should risk throwing her into your arms, well! she will be held by this consideration: 'Sir Bradwell is not free: he is Lady Ellen's lover!'"

"Speak lower, or, better still, cease to speak at all about these matters!"

"Though they should hear" . . .

"They do not need to hear; your animation, your feverishness, is enough to explain everything to the men, who are smiling and whispering."

"And to Marian, who is probably weeping. So much the better! I desire that she may have no doubts, that she shall be ignorant of nothing."

"But the world?"

"Well! sooner or later, will they not know when we are married?"

"Married! not tomorrow!" . . .

"Sooner than you think, perhaps" . . .

To be continued.

TCHERNYCHEWSKY'S LIFE AND TRIAL.

Translated from the Russian for Liberty by Victor Yarros.

Continued from No. 82.

This wondrous and extraordinary success did not turn Tchernychevsky's head. He was neither proud nor vain. He worked very hard; from early morning till night he was at his desk. He loved his work for its own sake, and was utterly indifferent to public opinion. Being neither proud nor vain, he kept aloof from the élite of the literary world and passed his leisure hours in the society of struggling young journalists and students unknown to fame. He was ambitious, but his ambition was of the noblest and highest order. With the death of Nicholas I. a new era dawned upon Russia. The Crimean war had stirred up the sleeping giant, given a strong impulse to Russian political life, and brought many burning questions to the front. Alexander II. was posing as a liberal ruler and liberator. The air was filled with reform perfumes. The liberal monarch soon tired of this comedy and tore off the mask of civilization he had worn; but, while this spell lasted, Tchernychevsky accomplished much. He grew bold and outspoken. He preached socialist doctrines, proposed reform measures, spoke of radical transformations in many national institutions, confident in the sincerity of the government's professions and trusting to the influence of cultured society. He entered into a discussion, which grew warmer and sharper as it developed, with learned officials, collegiate and State economists, on the question of land ownership, defending the Russian rural commune and attacking with his powerful weapons of sarcasm and wit what he called the "philosophical prejudices against the rural commune." Detested on the field of fair and honest debate, his enemies had recourse to vile denunciations and personal abuse. The question "with or without land?" which was a natural concomitant to the serf-liberation agitation, was solved by Tchernychevsky in such a manner as to give the opposition a very favorable opportunity to open fire on him. Then the crusade against Tchernychevsky began. He was savagely attacked from all sides; he was plainly accused of revolutionary propaganda, of inciting the peasants to riot and robbery of the landowners. He was denounced as a dangerous socialist seeking to ruin the State and destroy all law and order. The hirelings of the press joined in this hue and cry of alarmed stupidity. The press found it more comfortable and safer to serve "the powers that be" than bear the burden of truth and honesty. This could not fail to have a crushing effect on Tchernychevsky, who yet found the courage to meet his enemies face to face and hold them to account. He wrote a series of articles on the "Beauties of Polemics," which have never been equalled by any of the most personal writers. They were the bitterest and the most cutting of all that came from his pen. Tchernychevsky stood alone, but he knew that "Young Russia" loved him, read and understood him, and he wished for no other or better support.

The government attempted to ensnare Tchernychevsky and destroy his influence by compromising his moral integrity. He was offered by an official of very high standing the position of editor of a semi-official reactionary sheet, the St. Petersburg Journal, with the understanding that he was at liberty to change its tone; but Tchernychevsky evaded this skilful plot. Afterwards he was asked to take charge of the "Military Magazine." This position he accepted on certain conditions, only to find out that he was deceived, whereupon he withdrew. The government then took a serious view of the matter. Tchernychevsky was altogether too dangerous a person to be suffered at large, preaching his doctrines and exercising such exceptional power over the "impulsive" elements of the country. When all "legal" and "decent" means were exhausted, the government did not hesitate to employ another agency. Anonymous letters were fabricated at the "third," or secret, department of police, in which outside parties were made to complain of Tchernychevsky and accuse him of all possible offences and conspiracies. Tchernychevsky was summarily arrested. The government had accomplished its ob-

ject—it had torn Tchernychevsky from the "Sovremennik." But it found itself in a very awkward and distressing position: there were no charges proven and no evidence whatever of Tchernychevsky's guilt. In fact, there was absolutely nothing to show against him. As to the fraudulent anonymous letters, there is a statute distinctly excluding all such evidence and disallowing any action on its weight. What was to be done? A happy thought struck the long heads of the official cut-throats. I. Arsenieff was instructed to make an inculpatory review of Tchernychevsky's writings, to detect in them a revolutionary spirit and criminal tendencies. This was most ambitiously done, but proved unsatisfactory. All of his writings, previous to their publication, were subjected to a most vigilant censorship, and could not, in face of shame and decency, serve as a basis for indictment. The government would not permit such a trifle as the absence of legal evidence to stand in its way. Charges were invented. Fraud and trickery, libel and falsehood, were brought into play. The notorious V. Kostomaroff, that sham political prisoner, who had rendered such invaluable service to the authorities in the case of that other Russian man of letters, Michailoff, appeared on the scene. The two official conspirators, Golitzin and Potopoff, solicited the advice and cooperation of this informer. He had a plan. He knew a person in Moscow, a certain Iakovlev, who would do anything for money. He could be induced to come to St. Petersburg and appear before Potopoff to denounce Tchernychevsky as an agitator and revolutionary socialist. He was to relate how, together with other peasants, he used to visit Tchernychevsky, who ridiculed their respect for the law and sneered at their admiration of the Czar-liberator, asking them how they liked freedom and inciting them to riot and rebellion. This plan was enthusiastically endorsed by the upholders of law and justice, but unfortunately it was not triumphantly carried out. The reliable Moscovite did not prove trustworthy. He came to St. Petersburg, got drunk on the money paid in advance by Kostomaroff for his services, and disclosed all. He boasted that a good reward was promised him if successful and "smart," and wondered why it was so necessary to *believe* Tchernychevsky. The rumor of this foul plot spread rapidly in St. Petersburg and filled everybody with indignation. Tchernychevsky's co-workers on the "Sovremennik" hastened to inform Potopoff about it "in order to warn him against malicious slanders and false testimony against Tchernychevsky, whose case was in his hands."

It was a desperate case, and the plotters resolved to try a desperate means. A circular of the most incendiary and revolutionary character was printed in the secret police department and addressed to the serfs. The manuscript of the circular counterfeited Tchernychevsky's hand-writing. A note was written in the same hand-writing to journalist Plescheieff, which, though containing nothing positively offensive to the government, had a good deal "between the lines" and many obscure, suspicious expressions, as, for instance, "this is a time for action, not reflection."

This was all. There was and could be no other evidence against Tchernychevsky. Thus was made up a "case," which was deliberately dragged along two years in the expectation that the prisoner would be forced to confess to *some* offense in order to bring his suffering and terrible suspense to an end. In prison he suffered intensely. The tyranny and cruelty of the authorities knew no bounds. He was not allowed to pass five minutes with his sick and helpless wife except in the presence of some titled ruffian. He was often reduced to the necessity of refusing food several days in succession to gain some point or concession from his heartless torturers.

But Tchernychevsky was firm, bold, and defiant to the last. He denied all knowledge of the secret circular and the note to Plescheieff. He denounced his persecutors at every interview, accused them of conspiracy and fraud, and in every way expressed his contempt and abhorrence of these miserable cowards. The astonished journalist Plescheieff emphatically denied that he ever received any such notes from Tchernychevsky, and declared the hand-writing to be a counterfeit of Tchernychevsky's. Many of the official clerks and secretaries who were called in as experts were obliged to admit this.

We reproduce here the official document of the case. It will throw some light on Russian law and justice.

"Titular councillor N. G. Tchernychevsky, a journalist by profession, was one of the editors of the 'Sovremennik.' The tone and tendencies of that periodical have attracted the attention of the government. It had chiefly propagated materialistic and socialistic ideas aiming at the complete negation of authority, religion, and morality. The government deemed it proper to temporarily stop the publication of that periodical. At the same time certain facts were disclosed which led to Tchernychevsky's arrest, it being proved that he is one of the dangerous agitators and rebels to the law.

"At the third department of His Imperial Majesty's Police an anonymous letter had been received, in which the government was warned against Tchernychevsky, 'that cunning socialist and traducer of youth,' who boasted that he will never be detected in his crimes. 'Tchernychevsky,' says the writer, 'is a revolutionary propagandist, repudiated by all his former friends. If you do not restrain him, there will surely be serious trouble and bloodshed. Everywhere secret societies are being organized, and the youth are inflamed by their incendiary talk. These demagogues and desperadoes are capable of any beastly deed. Even if they shall eventually be crushed out, many innocent lives will have been sacrificed. Rid us of Tchernychevsky in the interest of public peace and order.'

"In June, 1862, information was received at the third department that a certain Vetoshkin, a friend of Herzen and Bakounine, was on his way to Russia from London, carrying correspondence from the above-mentioned exiles and a lot of revolutionary publications. The police succeeded in arresting Vetoshkin, and among other things found in his possession was a letter from Herzen to Sernovoliovitch, in which the latter is urged to push the revolutionary propaganda in Russia with more vigor, and in which Herzen takes occasion to inform him of his and Tchernychevsky's intention to publish the 'Sovremennik' somewhere outside of Russia."

"In consequence of this letter Tchernychevsky was arrested and his apartments carefully searched. Among the confiscated things bearing upon the case are: (1) An anonymous note in regard to the manifestation at Moscow at a lecture of Professor Kostomaroff in March, 1862, stating that the case will not be investigated, and that nobody need fear any trouble; (2) A letter from Moscow in Bartukoff's handwriting, stating that the city is deeply agitated over the Tver troubles, and that a revolution is feared; (3) An unaddressed letter from Herzen, criticising Tchernychevsky's advice not to enlist the youth in any literary societies, and proposing in vague expressions some plan of a secret organization with branches in the provincial towns; (4) An unsigned threatening letter to Tchernychevsky, in which he is charged with the intention to destroy the existing State and establish a democracy; (5) An alphabetical key on some pieces of paper and a diary which appears to have been written before his marriage.

* This Herzen pronounced a lie. He did publicly offer to publish the "Sovremennik" at his expense in London or Geneva after it was temporarily suppressed by the government, but his offer was never accepted or considered by the editors.

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

Justice or Force, Which?

Revenge and wrong bring forth their kind,
The foul cubs like their parents are.

In a lecture delivered some time ago in Newark, Caleb Pink showed, as only Caleb Pink can show, that the moment we leave the domain of abstract justice, that very moment we enter the domain of force; that, if we lay aside the standard of justice, we have nothing by which to decide any question but brute force. It is the old story of a "lie having no legs." Every lie needs a host of other lies to support it, and every one of the host also brings forth its kind, and so the mass of falsehood goes on daily and hourly increasing. That is so, no one can look about him in society today without being fully convinced. We have departed very far from the domain of justice, we have no standard of justice whereby to regulate our actions, and consequently we have war on all sides, we have brute force called in to settle every question.

The great fundamental evils are not questioned, the right to increase without work is not questioned, for the spirit of robbery is still to a very great extent the controlling spirit of the times. When the robbery shows itself in a very huge form, when the Vanderbilts and the Goulds accumulate their millions, then arises a cry against the Vanderbilts and the Goulds, but none against the system which produces them. There is no cry against interest, profit, or rent,—that is, there is no cry against robbery in itself, but only against the amount taken.

The spirit of robbery is as strong in the trades-unions, in the Knights of Labor, as it is in the capitalists against whom they are contending. The capitalist never questioned what was due to the laborer; the laborer does not now question what is due to the capitalist; each takes all he can take.*

We can hardly blame the workingmen, whose hard physical labor and lack of mental training make it almost impossible for them to discover where the evil lies, for proposing to meet force with force; when we see the professional classes, those whose whole training consists in the cultivation of their intellects, propose nothing but force to settle the social question, seeming to think that society must always of necessity be divided into two hostile camps, the exploited and the exploiters. In a recent number of the "Christian Union," in an article by Dr. Annie S. Daniel on "Tenement-House Workers" (women), she says the average wages of women who do sewing at home, working from 5 or 6 A. M. to midnight, is from thirty-five to fifty cents a day. She draws a terrible picture of the lives of these women, of their wretched physical and mental condition, of the little children sacrificed to increase the family income, and then proposes as a remedy—force. She says that of the six hundred women of whom she has statistics one hundred and ninety-seven actually needed to work,—that is, had no husbands to support them. She would have the married women prohibited from working at anything except their house-work, so that they should not come into competition with the other women. This is the remedy suggested by a woman whose position would lead one to suppose that she was opposed to sexual slavery. Another law added to this one, making the marriage-bond perpetual, would be all that would be needed to make women the absolute, abject slaves of their husbands. Will this rule that a woman must not work after she is married apply to all women, professional and otherwise,—women-doctors, for instance,—or are we to have class legislation in this democratic country of ours? Then Dr. Daniel would have the tenement-house women form leagues in order to obtain higher wages from their employers. How much wages are they to have? As much as they can get, or what? What rule are they to go by? Is it to be a "game of grab" between the employers and the employees? Dr. Daniel told me some time ago that Bennett of the New York "Herald" had a right to all the property which he now possesses. Would she consider it right if Bennett's employees should unite and force him to give them higher wages? If Bennett or any other employer rightfully owns all his property, is not any combination against him unjust and immoral? And if he does not rightfully own all, how much does he rightfully own? This is the question that the practical people—trades-unionists and philanthropists (who are supposed to have a very high moral sense)—never ask themselves.

Dr. Daniel also proposes the compulsory industrial education of children, and the total abolition of tenement-house work. I am shocked to find my democratic friend, Dr. Daniel, like her patron saint, Grover Cleveland, depart so far from the democratic ideal of "that government governs best which governs least." Why, she is on the road to State Socialism. This departure from democratic principles is only another proof that all government tends toward centralization and despotism, that there never was, and cannot be, a simple government.

The ignorance that the so-called "educated classes" betray of the very first principles of political economy is somewhat extraordinary. This movement for industrial education as a solution of the labor problem is spreading all through the country with astonishing rapidity. Heber Newton, Edward E. Hale, Courtland Palmer, Felix Adler, and all the "philanthropic ladies," etc., are determined to make all the laborers "skilled," so that all may obtain high wages, and happiness prevail all around. They fail to see, what is patent to the most superficial observer, that the higher wages of the skilled

laborers are due entirely to the fact of their being comparatively few in number. Make all the laborers, or a majority of the laborers, skilled, and under the present system the wages must inevitably fall to those of the unskilled laborers.

What is more sad to contemplate than the excusable blindness of the working classes, and the almost inexcusable blindness of the professional classes, is the wilful closing of their eyes to the light by such men as John Swinton. John Swinton must know, if he knows anything, that the eight-hour movement can have no appreciable effect in the solution of the labor problem, and yet, in order to save his reputation as a practical man, he devotes all his time to the promotion of this movement. He says that "in our own country within the last fifteen years, the whole power of mechanism has doubled, having risen from 2,300,000 horse power to 4,500,000. By this growth there has been added to the resources of the capitalists, who own the machinery of industry, the strength of 22,000,000 of slaves." And yet the only measure that Mr. Swinton proposes for turning all this machinery to the benefit of the laborers is the eight-hour measure, though he admits that the "advance of mechanism is sure to go on with ever increasing momentum,"—that is, that the intensity of the work is sure to be increased in exact proportion to the lessening of the hours of labor, as has been proved over and over again, and that more men will not therefore be employed. But Mr. Swinton says he has not time to deal with bottom issues, and hence resorts to what all compromisers must resort to—force.

It is for the reason that I cannot see how we can in the least compromise with the truth without entering the domain of force that I entirely disagree with Mr. Appleton in the position taken (much to my surprise) by him on expediency, in a recent number of *Liberty*. If Mr. Appleton can show us how we can compromise without both advocating and using force, I may perhaps be induced to adopt the compromising methods.

GERTRUDE B. KELLY.

Too Much Devotion.

In a recent number of the "Credit Foncier of Sinaloa" is a letter from Godin, the founder of the *Familistère* at Guise-sur-Aisne, in which he reproaches Fourier's theory with having made more partisans to the idea of individual happiness for self than to the sentiment of devotion to the cause of humanity, i. e., to the love of the well-being of all and of general progress.

Instead of making individual attraction and happiness the basis of my conception, I have inculcated the principles of sacrifice and devotion. This, in my judgment, is the only way to the salvation of humanity.

He repudiates Fourier's theory of the passions, and of groups and series in attractive industry. He adopts from Fourier only the general idea of association, industrial and domestic. "His conception of attractive industry rests upon false ideas." Wherein their falsehood consists M. Godin does not explain. He farther contests the natural availability of every type of character for social accord under properly adaptive conditions. He avows the ordinary Christian view of this life as but a short station in eternity, the importance of which consists in its relation to ulterior existences for the individual.

The good he has been able to accomplish in the material life is what serves him in his elevation, in his ulterior existences.

It is in that other existence, my friend, that we will be able to enjoy together the fruits of the efforts we are making here below in the same thought of devotion to humanity. There distances will disappear, and, affection uniting spirits, we will know each other in societies fit for our loves. Here, on the contrary, our desires are of another world; nothing is done to give satisfaction to the aspiration of hearts burning to do good.

Well, Mr. benevolent capitalist with a fair talent for organization, who have made a fortune and built a palace for your workmen, you have had your own way some twenty years or so. What is the upshot? Is your industrial association a living germ, an organic growth, illustrating principles that will ensure its persistence after your controlling will is removed? He says elsewhere:

From those to whom I have shown nothing but devotion and from whom I ought to have received the most precious support, I have experienced the greatest difficulties and the most systematic opposition, and these are renewed today, when I am about organizing the association.

He means probably its corporative tenure of the property which has been hitherto held in his own name.

It seems then that certain ungrateful wretches are reluctant to be happy on the devotional system.

I find but incredulity and carelessness on the part of those who are the most interested in our success, those who have for a long time been benefited by the institutions of insurance, education, and amusement that have been established in the *Familistère*. I find resistances particularly among clerks. Each one would consent to enjoy the advantages of the association, but for himself alone; nothing for others. The dignity of the clerk believes itself in danger from association with the workman. You will see by the minutes of my last conference that I have motives of melancholy, not to say discouragement.

Suppose, M. Godin, that, instead of blaming the selfishness of your clerks, whose arrogance you probably foster by paying them better than your workmen in the foundry, you had adopted from the theory of the Series, which you decry, the

provision of interlocked groups. Then your clerks would either be working in the foundry a part of the time, or else performing accessory and subordinate functions, to the sensible improvement of their health and sociability. Your bureaus of clerks, being drawn, moreover, from the educated children of your workmen, would preserve with these alliances of kinship and affection. They would not constitute a caste of clerks whose self-interest or whose ideas of respectability were distinct from those of your foundry men.

The great difficulty, M. Godin, is that you have not elevated yourself, in this world, to the conception of Fourier's luminous genius, which discerned the method of utilizing those passions whose *tout ensemble* constitutes self-interest, and whose legitimate satisfaction blossoms forth in altruism or devotion, spontaneous, not imposed as duty. With all your benevolence you are but a routinist. Your motto, "Le Devoir," betrays the limitations of a narrow and superannuated system of discipline, while the harmonic future of mankind, nay, of *animality* entire, lies in the formula of "Attractions proportional to essential destinies," whose modus operandi is the spontaneity of individualism in the natural or selective distributions of serial industry.

EDGEWORTH.

Progressive and Educational.

To those Anarchists who are so enamored of the Knights of Labor and entertain such hopes of them I recommend the following choice tidbits clipped from one issue of the "American Labor Budget," a Knights of Labor organ which is very widely circulated, and which is published, I should judge, in Mr. Appleton's country, "where liberty is not":

Socialism, anarchism, and murder find no defenders in the K. of L.

If a conflict should ever occur as the results of communism, the Knights of Labor will be found upholding the constitution of the United States and laws of the country against all transgressors.

The Knights of Labor are the stoutest opponents yet placed against socialism and anarchy. They are friends of the law and of order. They believe in order, and are determined that the laws shall be obeyed. Down with socialism and anarchy. Up with education and equality.

As to the whole tribe of anarchists, nihilists, and socialists, there can be but one opinion among good citizens. Opposed to law and order, which are as necessary to labor as to capital, they are the enemies of the human race, and there is no place for them in this country. They have no sympathy with honest labor, and the workingmen, whose cause they injure, should be the first to denounce and oppose them. The honest workingmen are good citizens, and they know that this is the best country for them in the world. They seek not to destroy, but to build up. Their worst enemies are the destructionists who do not know how to value free institutions. They and their whole doctrine and following should be driven from the country, or, better still, from the face of God's earth.

And to the "American Labor Budget," which thus proclaims the readiness of the Knights of Labor to deal summarily with the enemies of "law and order," I recommend the following embarrassing questions asked by the Kansas City "Journal":

We do not assert that the Knights of Labor are directly responsible for the recent terrible carnivals of blood in Chicago and Milwaukee, but we do charge that the methods pursued by the Knights of Labor during the recent strike in the Southwest have been the strongest possible encouragement for such red-handed murderers as Parsons, Fielden, and others to institute a reign of anarchy in Chicago and Milwaukee.

Are the actions of the mob in Chicago any worse than that of the band of Knights which ambushed a train near Fort Worth and fired a deadly volley from Winchester rifles into the ranks of the officers of the law?

Have the followers of Parsons and Fielden perpetrated any more heinous act than did the Knights who derailed the train on the Missouri Pacific near Wyandotte and hurled innocent men to their deaths?

Have Parsons and Fielden propounded any more anarchistic doctrine than did the striking Knights at Parsons, who claimed the rights of belligerents in time of war?

We submit in all fairness that the record of the Knights in the Southwestern strike furnishes them with but limited capital with which to point the finger of scorn at the followers of Anarchist Parsons.

Two Points Well Taken.

[Winsted Press.]

Those who believe that the best government is the government that governs least should not throw stones at Anarchists. They are Anarchists themselves, without the "courage of their convictions," it may be, or else lacking the sense to follow professed principles to legitimate conclusions. Those who believe that a little law is a good thing and therefore more law is a better thing and all the law possible is the best thing, are worse than Anarchists, for the latter have their faces turned toward the light of liberty, while the former are marching steadfastly into the darkness of despotism.

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Selfhood Terminates Blind Man's Buff.

G. B. Kelly appears to him near the mark on egoism *versus* altruism. Both are facts, but the completely self-conscious egoist becomes such only at the end of a process, and after that he owns and enjoys his own powers so completely that he will not permit an idea to become his master. Such egoism produces acts which the altruist may mistake for altruistic acts, but the self-conscious egoist treats ideas as his property, takes them apart and examines them at his pleasure, and sees that they serve his purpose and do not make him their servant. The child is physically dependent. The youth becomes subject to the power of ideas. Pre-Christian society, wrestling with physical powers, corresponds to childhood in the individual. Christianity, rationalism, humanitarianism, communism, moralism,—idealism, in a word,—correspond to the enthusiastic dreams of youth. In that stage egoism is scorned, though it persists without general acknowledgment except as alleged baseness. To the humanitarian idealist it is the substitute for Devil, as Humanity is the substitute for God. The individual who finally becomes conscious of himself is, just as he is, a universe,—humanity itself. He then knows that he has been dreaming about a something which is, after all, himself. He is incomparable. The process of thought that brings him to recognize himself can nevermore be continued as a process in which himself would be only a factor, for he is a greater fact than his ideas. Henceforth ideas are simply his possession. True views are useful, but any alleged sacred Truth is romanticism, or rant. When he does an act which to others may look unegoistic, it is nevertheless to be tested by this: Is it genuinely the will of the doer,—his good pleasure? Then it is purely egoistic. The egoist who has become self-conscious knows what he wills, and does just as he wills so far as he can. He interests himself in any pursuit or neglects any without a thought that he is fulfilling or slighting any calling or mission or duty, or doing right or wrong. All such words are impertinent. Nothing is sacred or above him. He recognizes forces, and does the best he can to make himself master of what he wants. The mental processes of selfhood are not those of justifying any conduct, as with the idealist, or seeking what will conform to a standard or serve a cause; but thought becomes an instrument to determine what course will procure what is desired. Are the means the best adjustable to the end? They are adopted. Justification is a piece of superstitious nonsense. Having found the pearl of great price, —come to a recognition of self,—we never throw it away. We give away what we like to give away, because we like. We may give life itself. But to the last we do our own will. Right and wrong, crime and virtue, are simply people's ideas, of no consequence to the egoist except as such ideas make fanatics and dangerous people or make serviceable subjects. No one is a self-conscious egoist, to whom wrong in natural society means more than imprudence. The egoist, as an irrepressible, conscienceless criminal, is the coming force, who will destroy all existing institutions. Mark what is called criminal. It is always some action which is the retort to the egoistic pretension of a man or of an institution. It will make a great difference when many egoists become fully self-conscious and not ashamed of being conscienceless egoists. Language is now Christian; so the egoist has no very appropriate means of expression. His will and pleasure is not, however, a cause, no matter to be pleaded and granted. Of course he will take unbridled liberty. Think of our language when its common expressions are such that people are asked to assume the propriety of men's wearing bridles! And they do wear them. A few self-conscious egoists, such as popes, kings, presidents, legislators, judges, and generals, rule the world because other people are in confusion, as unconscious egoists fearing their own nature and believing they ought to obey ideas.

TAK KAK.

The Cabbage-Soup.

[Turgueneff's "Poems in Prose."]

The only son of a widowed peasant woman had died. He was a young man of twenty, the best workman in the village. The lady of the village heard of the woman's loss, and went to see her on the day of the funeral.

She found her at home. Standing before a table in the middle of the hut, she was steadily ladling up cabbage-soup from an earthen vessel, and slowly swallowing it down spoonful after spoonful.

The old woman's face was sad and troubled, her eyes red and swollen . . . but in spite of this she was standing there as erect and firm as if she were in church.

"Heavens!" thought the lady . . . "Can she eat at such a moment? . . . How little feeling these people have!"

And the lady now remembered how, when she had lost her little nine-year-old daughter some years before, she had been so overcome with grief as not to care to hire a beautiful villa in the neighborhood of Petersburg, but had spent the whole summer in the city! But this woman went on eating cabbage-soup.

At length the lady grew impatient, and said: "In Heaven's name! Tatiana, I am surprised . . . Did not you love your son at all? Is it possible that you have not lost your appetite? How can you eat cabbage-soup at such a time?"

"My Wassia is dead," said the woman, softly, and the tears

ran down her hollow cheeks; "I shall soon die too! My head has been cut off while I was yet living! . . . But why should the soup be wasted? It has been salted."

The lady merely shrugged her shoulders and went away. Salt costs her nothing.

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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER

PROUDHON

Vol. IV.—No. 6.

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Whole No. 84.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty,
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou stay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

The July number of the "North American Review" contains a very keen article by Gail Hamilton critical of Professor Sumner's position on the tariff question. His weak points are singled out very shrewdly and thoroughly laid bare. And yet Professor Sumner is mainly in the right and Gail Hamilton mainly in the wrong. Professor Sumner is weak because of his inconsistency. He will have to turn Anarchist in order to answer Gail Hamilton successfully.

H. L. Green, editor of the "Freethinkers' Magazine," says that the reason why the "Truth Seeker" can't give the Liberal public a journal of the typographical and literary character, such, for instance, as the publishers of the New York "Independent" and "Christian Union" provide for the Orthodox public, is to be found in the fact that it has not more than ten thousand subscribers. Not so. Any expert in typography will tell Mr. Green that neither the "Independent" nor the "Christian Union" comes within gunshot of Liberty in beauty of dress and make-up, and neither surpasses it in literary power. Yet Liberty's circulation is only one-tenth of ten thousand. After this comparison, only my excessive modesty keeps me from adding that taste, knowledge, and brains—not money—are the essentials in the achievement of typographical and literary excellence.

Alfred B. Westrup, of Dallas, Texas, has issued a second and revised edition of a pamphlet published by him several years ago. Its new title is: "The Financial Problem: or, the Principles of Monetary Science." The views are practically the same as those set forth by Colonel Greene in his "Mutual Banking," but Mr. Westrup has formulated them a little differently. He realizes the superlative importance of the money question, and has gone to the bottom of it. Any one may secure this pamphlet by forwarding twenty-five cents to Mr. Westrup, his address being simply "Dallas, Texas." The Galveston "News," which advocates with marvellous clearness and ability the financial system proposed by Greene and Westrup, makes a rather trivial criticism upon Mr. Westrup's statement that "interest upon money loaned on good security is irrational," seeming to suppose that he applies the adjective "irrational" to the conduct of borrowers and lenders under present financial conditions. Mr. Westrup's meaning clearly is that interest upon money loaned on good security stamps as irrational the monetary system which makes it possible.

On Thursday, June 24, at his home in Hackensack, N. J., died at the age of sixty-nine one of the noblest men I ever knew. I refer to William Rowe, the veteran land reformer. His life-long friend and associate in reform, J. K. Ingalls, delivered the funeral address, and the body of the deceased was buried in Arlington cemetery, near Newark. When I last saw Mr. Rowe, about six years ago, he looked so hale and hearty and robust that I thought him good for at least twenty years more of life and therefore of usefulness to his fellow-men. It was a great and painful surprise when I heard that his health was beginning to fail. Mr. Rowe was one of Liberty's earliest friends and remained one of its stanchest to the last. No good

cause appealed to him in vain. He was not a man of means, but he gave what he had without stint. As Mr. Ingalls well said, "he was 'the friend of the poor' in the best and truest sense." And not only this—he was also an inspiration to the young. The young radicals in his vicinity looked up to him almost as a father. I shall never forget his cheery face, though it was not my privilege to see it many times. Those to whom it was an almost daily well-spring of hope and courage have my especial sympathy in their loss.

Judge Barrett's sentence of the boycotters in New York is an infamous outrage. The value of the boycott has been seriously impaired by the frivolous use that has been made of it, and it unquestionably has been accompanied at times by invasion of others' rights. But boycotting in itself is not invasive, and therefore it is the right of any one to resort to it whenever he pleases and from whatever reason or caprice. He may boycott individually, or he may "conspire" with others to boycott. What one man has a right to do, any number of men have as clear a right to do in concert. A may refuse to deal with B; he may advise C to refuse likewise; he may "threaten" C that, if he deals with B, he (A) will not deal with him (C). D and E may join A in this, and still there will be no invasion of individual rights. It does not alter the nature of such proceedings to stigmatize them as threats, blackmail, or conspiracy, and to imprison any man for engaging in them is simply villainous. It is one of the beauties of the boycott that it cannot be used effectively for any great length of time against just men. Its purpose is to deprive its object of public sympathy and respect, but, as soon as it is used against the just, it defeats this purpose by causing public sympathy to rally to the side of the boycotted. The impertinent law which steps in to interfere with this self-adjusting process should be boycotted itself, and so should its administrators.

Behold the latest device of our lawmakers for the protection of our rights! On April 5, 1886, a bill was introduced in the house of representatives at Washington as a substitute for the existing law against obscene literature,—as if that were not already loose and dangerous enough,—adding to the words "obscene, lewd, or lascivious" the words "filthy or disgusting." By this bill, which has been favorably reported by the postal committee and passed to a second reading by the house, the publisher who mails any document which a jury may consider disgusting is liable to a heavy fine and a long term of imprisonment. On the same day that this bill was introduced, a similar bill was introduced in the New York senate. This passed both houses and would have become a law, had it not been for Governor Hill. But no Governor or President Hill sits in the executive chair at Washington. That is occupied by a defender of the "purity of the home." He is very free in his use of the veto, but he'll veto no law passed in the interest of the "sacred institution of the family." He wants no disgusting literature to fall into the hands of children, especially children forsaken by their fathers. Having abandoned his own son to the temptations of the world, he will insist that the State shall give his poor boy's morals its fostering care. Go on, Comstock! Continue your good work till you convince the Liberals and Freethinkers, not only that we do not need a government, but that we very much need to abolish government. Another step or two, and you'll surely convince Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., for one. He's watching you, and any one who wants to know more

than I have stated about your latest manoeuvre can find it out by addressing him at 120 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

OVERLOOK.

DEDICATORY OF AN ANARCHIST'S HOME IN FLORIDA.

[Freethinkers' Magazine.]

I dedicate my humble home
(Rude and quaint from sill to comb)
To Justice, Love, and Liberty,
To simple joys and pleasure,
To keeping Reason, aye supreme,
To watching Nature's pictured dream,
To healthful work, and restful ease,
To letting folks do as they please,
To Beauty, Grace, and Melody,
And all things that refining be.

Overlook! Overlook!
So name I it, THE OVERLOOK;
Above the shores that wind and crook
Lifts the hill of Overlook.

I know not what my life may be;
I would teach those who would be free;
Teach them health and happiness,
And all the truths that build and bless,
The justice that is harmony
And freedom and fraternity,
The simple lore of honest life,
The ways of ending human strife,
Religion and Morality,
True life, Incarnate poetry.

Overlook! Overlook!
Breezy heights of Overlook;
From the shores that wind and crook
Rise the slopes of Overlook.

And men must learn, or suffer loss,
Truth's alchemy makes gold all dross;
For lovely Nature, goddess blind,
Recks not the pains of humankind.
But tortures us as carelessly
As we kill animalculæ;
But still she acts by rule and rule,
There's hope for those who tend her school,
Though cruel and rude her moods may be,
All ends at last in harmony.

Overlook! Overlook!
Be not too stern, but overlook;
For married souls that warp and crook,
Hope ever lifts an Overlook.

All sacred, too, my home must be
To hearty hospitality;
And open door and cordial hand
Shall welcome to the flow'ry land;
For always here my friends must find
A spot where none shall curb or bind;
Where honest thoughts and words are free,
Tho' thoughts and words that war with me;
Where coolness, shade, and peace abide,
And time steps on with easy stride.

Overlook! Overlook!
O lift your eyes and overlook!
Above the cares that mar and crook
Forever looms an overlook.

Here, 'neath my fig and leafy vine,
The joys of home will grow and twine;
And 'mid the oranges' sweet bloom,
The old love will its youth resume;
And woman's smile and childhood's laugh
Will fill a cup the gods might quaff;
And flowers shall scent the balmy air,
And all their loveliest raiment wear;
'Tis thus I sing, and thus I hope,
On Overlook's white-sanded slope.

Overlook! Overlook!
Pine-plumed heights of Overlook;
Above the shores that wind and crook
I build my home of Overlook.

J. Wm. Lloyd.

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EIGHTEEN CHRISTIAN CENTURIES: OR, THE EVOLUTION OF THE GOSPEL OF ANARCHY.

An Essay on the Meaning of History.

By DYER D. LUM.

Continued from No. 83.

Yet the popes were not so engrossed in theological affairs as to neglect the temporal affairs of their neighbors. The conversion of Germany under the labors of St. Boniface and others had other aims than the extension of the alleged "Good News." In France—for with Charles Martel and the eighth century we may begin to use that term—the rise of the mayors of the palace to greater power than the *français* kings, introduced vigor into government. From this epoch France and the papacy became drawn together by the necessity that ever attracts those possessing privilege in disorderly times. France had been so long occupied with local ecclesiastical feuds and ambition that it had grown somewhat less intimately connected with Rome than was desired by its pontiffs. Rome felt the need of a strong government in France, but this had hitherto been prevented by the old cause, Germanic invasions. These were far more formidable than attack from the South, where the Saracens had firmly established themselves. To render these attacks less dangerous led France to an alliance with Rome. Through the zeal of St. Boniface of the Anglo-Saxon Church,—thoroughly Roman in spirit and German in language,—the conversion of the Germans soon attained sufficient magnitude to divide the enemy; the converts becoming, by the adoption of Christianity, friendly to their Christian neighbors. More, Charles found in them recruits for his army to fight their pagan compatriots and prepare for the subsequent conquests of Pepin and Charlemagne. France gained power to the cause of royalty; Rome extended the prestige of her name and the grandeur of her hierarchy. "Liberty," says Guizot, "was then a cause of disorder, not a principle of organization." But why the qualifying "then"? Liberty in the eyes of authority, satisfied with its order, is ever disorder, anarchy.

We have now followed the course of events to the opening of the ninth century. Yet so far from the extension of Christianity ameliorating manners or aiding natural morality, we find society in greater dissoluteness. The seventh century had been preëminently the age of saints; it was a century, says Sismondi, "which has given the greatest number of saints to the calendar." From the period when Queen Brunehaut had been aided in her long list of murders by priests, finding in them willing instruments for the worst of crimes, all classes were tainted with vice. Superstition and ignorance were assiduously cultivated. Church dignitaries imitated the old Roman patricians, in prodigality, oppression, luxury, and vice. Intellect had flown from the shadow of the Cross to bloom under the Crescent; the long, dark night of the Middle Ages had fully set in. In every quarter kings were abandoning their power to seek a cell in a monastery. At the period at which we have arrived no less than eight Anglo-Saxon princes had laid their crowns at the feet of the pope, while kings of France and Lombardy followed their example and sought salvation from the Head of Christendom.

Cæsarism is not "a spirit of life," but of death. Morality found no nourishment under the upas shade of the Messianic Branch. The historic page confirms the conclusion of Professor Bryce:

The Holy Roman Church and the Holy Roman Empire are one and the same thing under two aspects. Catholicism, the principle of universal Christian society, is also Romanism; that is to say, it rests upon Rome as the origin and type of its universality, manifesting itself as a mystic dualism which corresponds to the two natures of its Founder. *Opposition between two servants of the same king is inconceivable*, each being bound to aid and succor the other, the cooperation of both being needed in all that concerns the welfare of Christendom at large.

II. LEGISLATION. It was formerly the usual custom to ascribe to Christianity the preservation of the Roman system of jurisprudence. Volumes have been written filled with glowing eulogies of the pious care of industrious monks in transcribing these laws and redacting the barbarous codes; and, finally, of the zeal with which they opened to the knowledge of the great legists of the Middle Ages the newly-discovered Justinian code. It is true that many of the ancient authors were preserved in monastic libraries, because elsewhere they were destroyed, but it is none the less true that the weight of the Church was directed against their study. Further, many of these manuscripts were erased to be used for preserving the record of some miracle-working saint. If these old manuscripts were copied (a doubtful point), the true and prevalent Christian spirit lay not with these few and unknown monks vegetating in their cells, but in the letter from Gregory the Great to the bishop of Vienne; a letter in which the bishop is sharply reproved for teaching grammar in the cathedral school. "It is not fit," he wrote, "that a mouth sacred to the praises of God should be opened for those of Jupiter!"

Is it urged that the great Justinian, who codified the Roman legislation, was a Christian, and hence the preservation of his work was a Christian work? We know that Justinian was an ardent Christian, as he formally closed the schools of philosophy at Athens [A. D. 529], and made the teaching of the Grecian philosophers a capital crime (*crime* being the political synonym of *theological sin*). Modern criticism has forever exploded this *a priori* reasoning by appealing to the facts. Guizot, in his "History of Civilization in France," conclusively showed that Roman legislation never became extinct. In the cities of southern France and of Italy the old municipal organization survived the establishment of the feudal system, and sheltered itself in the charters extorted by them in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Guizot, on this subject, says:

Not only do the barbaric laws everywhere make mention of the Roman laws, but there is scarcely a single document, or act, of this epoch which does not, directly or indirectly, attest their application. . . . All absolute expressions are exaggerated; still, in considering things in general at the sixth century, we may say everything in Gaul was Roman. The contrary fact accompanies barbaric conquest: the Germans leave to the conquered population their laws, local institutions, language, and religion. An invincible unity followed in the steps of the Romans: here, on the contrary, *diversity* was established by the consent and aid of the conquerors. We have seen that the empire of personality and individual independence, the characteristic of modern civilization, was of German origin; we here find its influence; the idea of personality presided in laws as in actions; the individualities of peoples, while subject to the same political domination, was proclaimed like that of man. Centuries must pass before the notion of territory can overcome that of race, before personal legislation can become real, and before a new national unity can result from the slow and laborious fusion of the various elements.

In the new face of affairs the introduction of personality necessarily produced discord,—in it that endangered privilege,—but the whole effort of the Church, now become a Christian Cæsarism, was to perpetuate the Roman, and crush out the Teutonic, Idea. In that boiling crucible of antagonistic forces which I have tried to analyze the foundation of modern civilization was laid; but until the period of the crusades the principle of personality was ever subordinated to that of Roman unity. The Justinian code was the embodiment of the spirit of Rome. It

was to be in future centuries profoundly modified by the Teutonic element; but Christianity, the new incarnation of the same spirit, was too nearly akin to alter or modify it in any essential manner. Lecky says:

Receiving the heritage of these laws, Christianity no doubt added something; but a careful examination of the whole subject will show that it was surprisingly little, except ecclesiastical laws for punishing heretics and augmenting the influence of the clergy.

Dean Milman, the historian of Christianity, is equally explicit. He says:

Christianity, in the Roman Empire, had entered into a temporal polity with all its institutions long settled, its laws already framed. . . . In the "Institutes" of Justinian it requires strong observation to detect the Christianity of the legislator.

Nor can it be alleged that Christianity merely adapted itself to the laws and political institutions as established, and sought its empire in the mind, or the heart, alone. Christianity, as a doctrine, "a spirit of life," in all that distinguished it from the purely human, or social, elements, which needed no divine inspiration to reveal themselves in human nature, was based on an authoritative revelation made by Christ and recorded by his disciples. This became the Procrustean standard of all truth. Truth was divine, had been revealed to man, and any belief, or act, which did not accord therewith was manifestly erroneous. The Church, as the living legatee of the Messiah, and the earthly minister of the Divine Cæsar, could only adapt itself to that state of society where absolutism admitted of no appeal.

We see this strikingly illustrated in the fierce conflict between the papacy and the Lombards. The Lombards were bringing Italy under a unified rule; they had been converted from the Arian to the Catholic faith; they acknowledged the spiritual supremacy of the popes; they limited the enforcement of their Teutonic laws to their own race, leaving to the Romans their own laws; what more could be asked? The Lombard laws were characterized by a broad toleration unknown to the Cæsarian code. There was sturdy independence, the right of popular representation, of indifference to absolute claims, and the sanctity of the individual,—there in germ. Witchcraft, the curse of the Christian ages, was denied as an impossibility. Canon Kingsley, in his eloquent lectures, exclaims:

If these were the old Teutonic laws, this the old Teutonic liberty, the respect for man as man, for woman as woman, whence came the opposite element? How is it that these liberties have been lost through almost all Europe? How is it that a system of law prevailed over the whole continent, up to the French Revolution, and prevails still in too many countries, the very opposite of all this? I am afraid that I must answer, mainly through the influence of the Roman clergy during the Middle Ages.

Paulus Diaconus, a Lombard chronicler, asserts with pardonable pride that violence and treachery were unknown, that no one plundered, and that the traveller went where he would unmolested. It was the struggle that appears everywhere in history, the struggle of authority against freedom. The spirit of the Roman and the Lombard, the spirit that governed their respective legislation, may be briefly stated in their own words. Pope Gelasius expressed the spirit dominant in Christianity when he addressed the emperor in these words:

There are two powers which rule the world, the imperial and the pontifical. You are the sovereign of the human race, but you bow your neck to those who preside over things divine. The priesthood is the greater of the two powers; it has to render an account in the last day for the acts of kings.

The Lombard Theodoric exhibited far other characteristics when he stated the sentiments by which he had regulated his actions. He said:

To pretend to a dominion over the conscience is to usurp the prerogative of God. By the nature of things the power of sovereigns is confined to political government. They have no right of punishment but over those who disturb the public peace. The most dangerous heresy is that of a sovereign who separates himself from part of his subjects because they believe not according to his belief.

In legislation, as in morals, Roman influence was Cæsarian, and at war with the Teutonic element.

III. SLAVERY. Our notice of the effect of Christianity upon the institution of human slavery must be brief. We have seen that it had not given to the world moral purity. The barbarian conquerors were chaste, and held the lewdness of Romans in abhorrence. Yet with this soil to work upon the conversion of the pagan, while it established Christian authority and uniformity, let both priest and proselyte sink into the slough of vice. We have also seen that Christianity had no effect upon legislation, save to preserve whatever savored of absolutism, and to crush that in which liberty manifested itself. Can we look for a different result here? Christianity had appeared in an age when, as Coulanges says, "unity had been the general aspiration for two centuries," and slavery was most extensive. Not the slavery of race, of the ignorant, but of the conquered, however learned, wealthy, or honored they might be. It was a system which drew into its vortex the poor debtor unable to meet his obligations, which opened its rapacious arms to receive children sold by their parents, or abandoned in infancy, and in which you might become the slave of your own neighbor. Yet from the lips of the "Man of sorrows," or from those of his Apostles, came no word of condemnation. On the contrary, the highest praise was invariably bestowed upon the most servile virtues, and passive obedience to a Nero strenuously inculcated. Organized Christianity never lifted a weight nor loosened a fetter from the slave. What is somewhat indefinitely called unorganized Christianity we have seen to be a human, not a divine, product; an element not from above, but of the world, continually laboring to modify the Messianic claim of authority by supplanting the "divine" with human tendencies.

"Nations and classes," says Lecky, "had been advancing since the days of Augustus." The same social sequences which had led to unity of government in State and in religion, was also silently operating to effect the social unity of the race. Long centuries passed before a change was apparent. The barbarians, with their new ideas of human nature and the value of human character, were the first to change the existing state of social life. Christian laws still forbade intermarriage between slave and the free; in fact, Christian Cæsarism intensified the feeling of the legitimacy of slavery. Lecky says:

If a free woman had improper intercourse with her slave, Constantine ordered that the woman should be executed and the slave burned alive. By the pagan law the woman had been simply reduced to slavery. The laws against fugitive slaves were all rendered more severe.

Later, during the period of the invasions, so many freed slaves entered the priestly office that Pope Leo the Great tried to prevent it on the ground that it must degrade the priesthood! Hallam says:

It is a humiliating proof of the degradation of Christendom that the Venetians were reduced to purchase the luxuries of Asia by supplying the slave markets of the Saracens. Their apology would perhaps have been that these were purchased from their heathen neighbors; but a slave dealer was probably not very inquisitive as to the faith or the origin of his victims. The trade was not peculiar to Venice. In England, even after the conquest, it was very common to export slaves to Ireland.

Charlemagne made inquiry regarding the sale of slaves to the Saracens, but it

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was only to prevent the sale of Christian believers to heathen masters. When the Italian dukes lay evidence before him implicating Pope Adrian in the sale of his own vassals to Saracens, he thought it better to shut his eyes and thus avoid giving rise to scandal. The practice, however, continued to a period subsequent to the crusades; and we are informed by various authors of the extent of the practice of selling the children of serfs to the Saracens,—a practice in which both ecclesiastics and barons were pecuniarily interested. In the year 804 Charles le Chauve forced the nobles and ecclesiastics, by a decree, to permit redemption for those who had been obliged by want to sell themselves into slavery to them. Hallam calls attention to the fact that "a source of loss of liberty, which may strike us as extraordinary, was superstition; men were infatuated enough to surrender themselves, as well as their properties, to churches and monasteries, in return for such benefits as they might reap by the prayers of their new masters."

The change effected by the barbarian conquest affected slavery as well as other institutions, and under feudalism it became modified into serfdom, or predial slavery, and this lasted till that social harvest of the Christian ages,—the French Revolution. It Italy chattel slavery began to decrease in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, but still lingered until the fifteenth before it could be called extinct. In Germany it seems to have been entirely modified into serfdom during the thirteenth century. But under the new form it continued; in England, to the time of Elizabeth. Slavery was modified into serfdom by causes with which Christianity had nothing to do. So, too, the final disappearance of serfdom was produced by independent causes. The upheaval of social life produced by the Crusades to rescue the tomb of the dead Saviour produced the living Saviour of civilization,—Industry. The growth of commerce and industrial arts following wider social intercourse instituted vast economic changes in society, by which free labor became much more valuable than slave labor, and it was not until these changes that slavery began to give place to the present system. The influence of Christianity before, during, and after the change was ever allied with personal profit.

It seems strange that emancipation from slavery should be claimed as an effect of Christian influences in the light of history. Even in our own generation we have seen slavery existing in America, defended from Christian pulpits, and the friends of abolition branded as heretics. The sole effect Christianity has had upon the slaveholder is, I believe, that illustrated in these lines:

The supercargo, Mynheer Van Dunck,
In his cabin sits, adding his figures;
He calculates the cargo's amount,
And the probable gain from his niggers.
"Six hundred niggers I bought dirt cheap,
Where the Senegal river is flowing.
Their flesh is firm, and their sinews tough
As the finest iron going.
If only three hundred niggers are left
When I get to Rio Janeiro,
I shall have a hundred ducats a head
From the house of Gonzales Perreiro.
For Christ's dear sake, O spare, good Lord,
The lives of these swarthy sinners;
O spare their lives for Christ's dear sake,
Who died for our salvation;
For unless I have left three hundred head,
There's an end of my occupation."

Let us now resume our seven-league boots and run rapidly through the history of mediæval Europe to note the progress of Christian Cæsarianism to the zenith of its power. Temporarily checked by the infusion of Teutonic individualism, it was now nearing its final triumph.

In the East Christianity had virtually ceased to exist. The Romans and Vandals had depopulated the southern shore of the Mediterranean. Although Justinian, in the sixth century, reconquered Africa, the losses inflicted by war, pestilence, and famine—estimated at the astounding number of one hundred million lives—were too great to heal, and Africa was lost to Christendom. Arianism was trampled out, but civilization was involved in its downfall. In the following century, the Persians wrested Syria from the Christian fold. Magianism flourished where once its followers were said to have worshipped the infant Christ. In every case the ruin of Christian hope had been accomplished by the treachery of Christian believers; those whom Rome adjudged heretics sweetened their fate with such consolation as revenge could bestow. In the words of Dr. Draper:

The Magian fire had burnt the sepulchre of Christ and the churches of Constantine and Helena; the costly gifts of the piety of three centuries were gone into the possession of the Persian and the Jew. Never again was it possible that faith could be restored. They who had devoutly expected that the earth would open, the lightning descend, or sudden death arrest the sacrilegious invader of the holy places, and had seen that nothing of the kind ensued, dropped at once into dismal disbelief. Asia and Africa were already morally lost. The cimeter of the Arabian soon cut the remaining tie.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 83.

Newington returned in the midst of his staff, and in the humor of a hunter when he has found the bird flown.

He was storming and reminding his officers of the good time when famine weighed upon the country.

The poor died by thousands; they did not take the trouble to bury them, but simply, that they might not infect the air with their fetidness, levelled the walls of their huts over their putrefying bodies. Dens and bandits destroyed by the same blow, peace reigned for a decade in the island.

"We will try," said one of the perfumed officers, "to replace the famine and surpass it!"

"Married sooner than I think," said Sir Richard, solicitous, searching the brilliant eyes of his mistress for the meaning of this prediction.

"Yes," said she, "yes . . . soon."

"How so?" he asked, turning pale and refusing to see the dim light which was dawning on his mind, showing, in the near future, monstrous and impious scenes of murder.

"Is it not certain," she answered, feigning innocence, "that the Duke, who is sowing hatred, will reap the deadly fruits?"

"Yes, it was not only for the persecuted that I urged him to mildness, but in his own interests."

"Ah! really! in his own interests? I will remember the confession. It would determine me if I should hesitate" . . .

"At what?" . . .

"At anything."

"Ellen, you know something?"

"That Lord Newington provokes malediction upon him, and that some day it will show itself more effectively than by clamor or suppressed rage or idle appeals to heaven to punish him."

"You are aware of a plot against his life?"

"Which is more precious than my happiness, confess it, Richard! He does not disturb you, does he? You even find it convenient that he exists. It excuses you from passing all your time with me. See: be frank. You do not love me any more, you are tired of me, of my caresses" . . .

"I love you, but I do not wish" . . .

"That a whetted knife should pierce his heart, that an exasperated enemy should even now load his gun to punish him while at his work. By what right would you prevent justice from taking its course?"

Sir Bradwell, deaf to her arguments, approached his father; she forced him to stop, hanging on his arm, urging him not to go or to take her back to the carriage; they should depart.

"No," said he, trying to disengage himself, "Lord Newington is in danger, you are aware of it, your joy tells me so; it is my duty to warn him."

"Your duty as a son?"

"My duty as a man."

"Oh! because your duty as a son would be not to take me."

He removed her fingers, with which she was clutching his fore-arm so tightly as to dig into the muscles, and she began to complain. He hurt her, he was bruising her joints, breaking her nails. She pulled off her glove quickly and showed him the blue marks, growing angry.

"You are as brutal as the Duke, there."

And treacherously, insidiously, exaggerating the facts to rouse and hold his jealousy, she began to tell him of the attempt to which she had been exposed on the part of her husband, in his apartments, the evening of the return of this Paddy Neill. In a passion, quite beside himself, a perfect madman in his paroxysm of sensual appetite, he expressed his desire to possess her, forthwith and henceforth, at his pleasure, forever.

"Oh, hush!" said Bradwell, starting.

He seized her delicate soft wrist, with its net-work of blue veins and contagious warmth. She gave a little cry, and, being set free, her bare hand glided into Richard's and doubled up there with a quivering caress, the fingers which he had just before been twisting now touching his skin softly and, as if playing on a magic key-board, sending through his whole being intoxicating sensations the intensely agitating effect of which was redoubled by the memory of radiant hours in the past.

A mist formed before his eyes, hiding Treor's granddaughter, and, in the place of that chaste face, numerous visions of Ellen were outlined, tender, wanton, voluptuous, exciting: his ears filled with a murmur of far-off music, which completed his subjugation.

Lord Newington was mounting his horse, he threw him a malicious glance, with bloodshot eyes, yet, nevertheless, suddenly, in a gleam of reason and cool judgment, started to run to him, calling out to him to look out for his safety.

The Duchess held him energetically, whispering with a terrible fluttering of her heart.

"You wish, then, to be killed in his place, or with him?"

At the same instant the report of a rifle rang out from the neighboring under-brush, and a ball whistled through the air, passing over the heads of the pedestrians, who greeted it with surprise.

No more whistling; it had reached its aim, and Lady Ellen stood by Newington, who said very calmly, as he settled himself in his saddle:

"They fired at me!"

His cap had fallen to the ground; the Duchess feverishly picked it up; the projectile had pierced the crown, and consequently had not touched the Duke, or, at most, had grazed his skull.

"Clumsy Casper!" she murmured. "This is all to do over again."

Officers and soldiers collected around the Duke, questioning him eagerly, and Bradwell inquired anxiously if his father was wounded.

"Not even scratched! not even grazed!"

No matter! They must not let this audacious attempt go unpunished and must show themselves more skilful than the assassin and not miss their mark.

Sir Walpole leading, twenty Britons entered the woods, uttering threats at every step of the way, with their bayonets lowered, and Sir Bradwell, in his bewilderment, joined them.

"Stay here," begged the Duke, "or, better still, take Lady Ellen home."

The Duchess refused.

"No," she said, simulating deep emotion, "I fear too much a new attack: I will return only with you, my lord."

Nevertheless she clung to Richard, and now, at Newington's entreaty, pushed her lover towards the vehicle, meeting no resistance from him. He was undecided, vacillating, demoralized, reproached himself for not joining in the soldiers' search, and, at the same time, trembled at the thought of aiding in the arrest of the poor devil, whether he were an avenger of Ireland's wrongs or an accomplice of the Duchess who might denounce her in order to save himself and escape the responsibility of his crime.

They got into the vehicle, and had nearly reached Cumslen-Park, when, in the forest behind them, they heard a frightful concert of furious yells of savage vengeance and cries of sharp pain, interrupted by vehement vociferations.

Lady Ellen experienced a brief feeling of weakness,—a desire not to enter the castle, but to go with Richard far away, abroad. But, perceiving the gelder going along quietly by the side of the road, twirling a stick in his fingers, and watching the confusion of clouds in the heavens brushing against each other like sheep, she reassured herself, breathing a sigh of relief.

The Britons, nevertheless, had captured some one on whom their blows were raining, and who was struggling boldly, obstinately, without weapons, against muskets, bayonets, and sabres.

In the first impulse of the discovery, the soldiers were going to kill him; but Sir Walpole had opposed it. Dead, the prisoner could not name his accomplices or disclose any of the things which it might be for their interest to know and of which they were now kept in ignorance, since Casper, viewed with suspicion by his coreligionists, no longer attended their secret councils.

But if they did not massacre him completely, they spared him neither blows, nor cuts, nor gashes, nor deep wounds. All over his body, wherever the wounds would not endanger some vital organ, they riddled him.

They plunged their bayonets into his flesh, legs, thighs, and trunk, and, using their muskets as clubs, showered blows upon his shoulder-blades, sides, and very powerful neck.

Why, then, did he resist? He railed at them; he seized the barrels of the guns and wrenched them from the hands of his cowardly aggressors; and by furious

Continued on page 6.

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"*A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions.*" — PROUDHON.

Fighting for Free Speech in Liberal.

"Equity" is the name of a new fortnightly journal published in that misnamed town, Liberal, Missouri, by Henry P. and Georgia Replogle. It is a tiny sheet, but a brave one. Announcing its object as "emancipation from sex, wage, monopolistic, and custom slavery, and State superstition," its tone thus far seems pretty genuinely Anarchistic. One thing appears certain,—that it is waging a courageous battle for free speech in one of the most despotic and authoritarian communities in America.

G. H. Walser, the founder of the town of Liberal, is evidently as thorough-going a tyrant as can be found anywhere. Beginning, as Owen proposes to begin at Sinaloa, by forbidding his fellow-townsmen to establish churches or saloons, he has now reached the point where he is ready to supervise their morals in other respects. The name of the town has naturally attracted from time to time many really liberal people, most of whom have speedily gone away again. But there have always been enough of them on hand to constitute a thorn in the side of the tyrant Walser. The thorn just now seems to be the Replogles. It appears that they and a few of their friends are out-and-out free lovers, and are damaging the reputation of Liberal for purity by advocating their doctrine in "Equity." Tyrant Walser thinks this will never do. So, with the aid of his hall devoted to "Universal Mental Liberty" and his paper also misnamed the "Liberal," he has begun a campaign to drive out the offenders. His first step was to import still another misnomer, a "freethought lecturer," whose other name is C. W. Stewart. This auxiliary delivered a lecture on morality at Liberal, which Walser reported as follows in the "Liberal":

The speaker handled that social evil called free love without gloves. He devested the hydra monster of its gaudy vestment, ripped open its rotten carcass, and exposed its foul hideousness in all its forms to public gaze that it might be seen as it really was.

This lecture seemed to be called on the account of the frequent attempts of would-be reformers to subordinate the people of Liberal to polyandry, pimpism, lust, and debauchery, all under the sweet-scented name of free love.

After the lecture was over, those of the audience who endorsed the sentiments uttered by Mr. Stewart were requested to rise to their feet. At once the vast audience with but few exceptions rose. The reverse side was then put, and those not agreeing with the sentiments of the speaker were requested to rise, and four rose to their feet. Then ensued a scene which was heartrending indeed. A brazen young man, whose aged mother was in the audience, and who has bright, pure, and intelligent sisters, who would naturally expect a brother's protection and a brother's defence of their honor, arose and placed himself among those whose lustful gratification was held paramount to the purity of mother, sister, wife, or daughter. A shriek was wrung from that old mother's heart which evinced a sense of pain a thousand times worse than would be the fact should death strike the loveliest flower from the family. The scene was so painful that tears flowed from the strongest eyes in sympathy for the poor mother, with a corresponding feeling of disgust for the brazen wretch who stood unmoved, as dead to shame, before his mother's sinking, bleeding, broken heart.

This pathetic picture has another side. The following plain statement of facts taken from "Equity" forms a striking contrast to these mock heroics.

On Sunday evening, June 27, C. W. Stewart gave a lecture in the Opera House of this place on sexual morality, in which he found occasion to recommend shot gun and boot

logic for those who should attempt to teach his family other than that he had been preaching. G. H. Walser then arose, and, endorsing all of Stewart's mobocratic speech, added that this objectionable element referred to by Stewart should be led to the outskirts of the town and invited to leave, and other expressions in the same strain. He then called a rising vote of the assembly endorsing Stewart's speech. The most of the people arose. He then called for those who did not endorse it. Four only arose,—Owram, Thayer, Youmans, and myself, objecting each of us to some of his expressions. Numbers cried out against any of the four being heard, but finally all were. Walser ordered me to "shut up" repeatedly, though he was not chairman.

On Tuesday morning, about two a. m., as a result of Walser's violence-inciting speeches, a mob came to my door and demanded to see Mr. Youmans. When he asked what was wanted, they demanded an explanation of his conduct at the hall on Sunday evening. On being adversely answered, these midnight executors of Walser, Stewart & Co. gave Mr. Youmans twenty-four hours to leave, stoned the house, fired several shot into it, and left a long dirk at the gate of the yard.

These are the agents and agencies for spreading freethought and "Universal Mental Liberty," the motto inscribed on the hall. I would prefer that Walser, Stewart & Co. lead their own reformatory schemes at midnight, themselves.

Tyrant Walser, who fathered this outbreak of mob law, is violently opposed to Anarchy under the pretence that it means mob law in place of "law and order." He has yet to learn that the difference between Archy and Anarchy is not entirely included in the distinction between mob and police. Mobs are often intensely Archistic, while the police of a voluntary association might be purely Anarchistic. The vital difference is to be looked for in the purposes for which either uses its strength. If the purpose is invasion, the force is Archistic; if the purpose is protection and defence, the force is Anarchistic. Walser and his mob are unquestionably invaders and Archists of a very offensive type.

I was considering the advisability of prodding my old friend, Jay Chaapel, who has lately been editing the "Liberal" for Walser, for aiding and abetting his master in such outrageous conduct; but I am relieved by the arrival of a later number of the paper, in which Mr. Chaapel severs his connection with it. Knowing his past record, I could not believe that he would stultify himself by allowing himself to be used for such purposes. I hope the Replogles will keep up their gallant fight, and that real Liberals and Anarchists will support them in it by subscribing for "Equity," which costs but fifty cents a year.

It is also to be noted that "Lucifer" is threatened with prosecution in consequence of its use of plain language in discussing sexual questions. There are evidently clearer instances of the denial of free speech than anything that has happened at Chicago, but I fail to hear a lisp about them from any of the men who are so excited because I am not as frantic as themselves concerning the fate of the men on trial in that city. In denouncing the ravings of the authorities and the press over the throwing of the bomb, I recently had occasion to say: "One would think that the throwing of this bomb was the first act of violence ever committed under the sun." It now seems appropriate to remark that there are some people who imagine that there are no offenders against free speech outside of the Chicago police force. T.

It's All Greek to Griffin.

There is a highly instructive etymological discussion in progress in the Denver "Labor Enquirer." It was begun by that fine specimen of a "Communistic Anarchist," C. S. Griffin, who, wishing to emphasize the pugnacious rather than the philosophical nature of Anarchy, declared that the word is derived from "anti" and "archy," and therefore means "against government." Upon this another correspondent, "L. T. G.," very properly pointed out that the first component part of the word Anarchy is not "anti," but the Greek privative, "a" or "an," meaning "without" rather than "against." In answer to this Mr. Griffin draws upon the resources of his learning as follows:

"*An*" means one [italics mine] and "archy" ruler, which is exactly expressed by the word "monarchy," thus showing that the true meaning of the word cannot be drawn from the present manner of spelling or pronouncing it. . . . "Anti" is a Greek word and means opposition, and is proper to be coupled with another Greek word, like "archy"; but "a"

is not Greek, though it is probably an abbreviated sound of the Greek letter, "alpha," which was the first letter in their alphabet. "A" was not used as a word any more than "z" or "p" is until "a" was used as an abbreviation of the word "an," which means one.

Will Mr. Griffin be kind enough to interpret the word "anonymous" for me in the light of these remarks? That word comes from this same Greek privative, "an," and "onoma," name. Does anonymous mean "against a name," then, or "one name"? Most people suppose it to mean "without a name," but that is contrary to Mr. Griffin's etymology. "A," Mr. Griffin, instead of being "an abbreviation of the word 'an' which means one," is a Greek negative prefix, to which, when prefixed to a word beginning with a vowel, the letter "n" is added for the sake of euphony. Thus, "a," which, prefixed to "theism," makes the word "atheism," without God, becomes "an" when prefixed to "archy," making the word "Anarchy," without government. Mr. Griffin's knowledge of Greek and etymology is on a par with his knowledge of Anarchy. To be plain about it, Mr. Griffin is an idiot. (I say this boldly, because the word "idiot" comes from the Greek, and there is no danger that Mr. Griffin will know what it means; between us, reader, I wanted to be more accurate and call him a sciolist, but that word is from the Latin, which Mr. Griffin possibly knows.)

Mr. Griffin says that he takes the trouble to correct "L. T. G." in order to prevent people from confounding Quakerism with Anarchism. If the Communists and the capitalists would make no worse mistakes than to confound Anarchism with Quakerism, that word would be more clearly understood than it is. Anarchism has much more in common with Quakerism than it has with the Communism with which Mr. Griffin confounds it or with the chaos with which the capitalists confound it. There was a good deal that was Anarchistic about the real Quakers of the olden time, and there is a good deal that is Quaker about the real Anarchists of today. T.

Anarchistic Small Fry.

The subject of *plumb-line* and *cork-screw* seems to dwell so persistently in the minds of some of Liberty's leading spirits that I am tempted to take one more hand in this rather trivial matter, and then I am done.

Two very important facts seem to escape the one-sided moralists who are anxious to keep me in good Sunday-school trim. The first is that the cork-screw is just as useful and legitimate a tool as the plumb-line. Though Friend Tucker has little use for the former, his great reasoning powers will yet be able to comprehend it. Whether the world has been more benefited by the one or the other of these two devices would be a difficult question to decide. The auger, the screw, and that class of tools are indispensable. If Tucker and Miss Kelly insist on throwing them away and driving nothing but plumb-line bolts with their sledge-hammer intellects, let them do so. But they must not call me a dishonest mechanic because I choose to keep my augers, or use a cork-screw instead of knocking the neck clean off the bottle, with great danger of spilling much of the wine of truth within.

The second fact is that a cork-screw can move in a plumb-line just as truly as a steel bolt, driven by these mighty sledge-hammer intellects of my critics. When a carpenter wishes to be dead sure of driving his bolt in a plumb-line, he takes his auger. This instrument, moving on the cork-screw principle, does not make so much noise and pretension as the sledge-hammer device, but it gets to the plumb-line point, where the steel bolt and sledge-hammer system fails. Tucker is thinking of a crooked auger and a bent cork-screw, and Miss Kelly's eye is following the worm of the cork-screw instead of its central line of motion, which is a true compromise with its spiral circumference and is on the plumb. Before my good friends spend much more time in prayerful anxiety for my soul's salvation, they need to ponder with their terrible intellects these simple laws of moral mechanics.

But these shortcomings of theirs are nothing compared with the vital point they seem to forget, viz., that as individualists they are bound to give full faith

and credit to every man's methods, provided these are on a plumb with his best judgment and conscience. The data of all true ethics reside alone in the individual. To seek for the plumb-line in the act and not in the sovereign individual is direct treason to all that individualism stands for. When the individual is on the plumb with himself, he cuts square figure by all the vital canons of our philosophy, and for one individual to assume to plumb another is in the direct line of authoritarianism. As for compromise, it can only be predicated on the individual, and not on the acts of the individual. I can only compromise as an individual, under our philosophy, when I compromise with myself,—that is, when I do something opposed to my own convictions and conscience. On this matter I am sole judge and tribunal, and cannot possibly compromise where the sovereign within approves, no matter what I may do. Tucker may be dead plumb with himself, and call himself a plumb-line. I, when dead plumb with myself, am a plumb-line too. Yet in Tucker's eyes I may be a cork-screw, and he in my eyes an intellectual pollywog. The fact is that we are both what we are, and each is alone constituted to plumb his individual self. The moment he assumes to plumb me, he violates his whole philosophy, if he has any as an Anarchist.

A broad and all-comprehensive philosophy is this of individualism, of which Anarchy only represents one side of a protest. Either my good critics do not understand it, or else only a few scattering seeds of authority have been killed out of them. Bear this severely in mind,—*viz.*, that by all that is high and holy in our system I am on the dead plumb when I plumb with myself, though I may be cork-screw, jig-saw, or crooked wormer to all the world. From this there is no appeal, and all attempts to force one are conceived in the spirit and unreason of despotism and authority. This persistent small talk on other people's conduct is rather cheap business for Anarchists.

X.

COMMENTS ON THE FOREGOING.

In the last issue of Liberty Mr. Appleton wrote as follows:

When I am mentally plumb sober, I stand for radicalism, the whole of radicalism, and nothing but radicalism. But now and then the temptation to be seduced into faith in the possible virtue of pretentious superficial movements, having no sound radical basis, but imposing in numbers, noise, and passing respectability, gets something of a hold on me. When this sensational will o' the wisp has suddenly vanished as quickly as it came, I sober back into the standing conviction that all essential reform must develop out of an understanding of the true roots of social evil.

These words were a virtual confession that the burden of the criticism passed by me upon their writer is true. I did not expect that this confession would stand; neither did I expect that it would be so soon retracted. Who or what caused this present lapse from sobriety bless me if I know.

Let us look back a little at this controversy. Miss Kelly delivered in Boston an entirely impersonal lecture in opposition to the policy of compromise. No person was mentioned by the lecturer, and I think I may safely say that her remarks were aimed at no particular individual. Mr. Appleton, however, thought that she was aiming at him, and in defence of himself he made a grossly personal attack on Miss Kelly in Liberty. For some reason that has never yet developed itself, he made me, equally with Miss Kelly, the object of this attack. Almost all that he had to say was based upon the alleged success of his personal career and methods, which he thereby offered for criticism. He expressly said: "I rise for prayers, and ask Sister Kelly and Brother Tucker to keep me from going astray." I accepted this challenge to a personal controversy, as I saw that Mr. Appleton was determined on it, and I subjected his career and methods to a somewhat searching examination. He being tender and my criticism being true, some soreness resulted, which, it now appears, is not healed yet. But his soreness will heal in time, if I and other writers for Liberty do not innocently happen to touch him too frequently on the raw.

I presume that in some way I have touched him on the raw, and for that reason he cries out in pain. This may be pardonable. But that he should accuse me, whose criticism he invited, of attempting to force him

or "assuming to plumb" him is decidedly cool. That he, who declared that he had risen for prayers, should complain of the time that I spend in prayerful anxiety for his soul's salvation is another of the shuffles at which he is so adept. When he took occasion in the last issue of Liberty to denounce Powderly as a "skunk," was he "seeking for the plumb-line in the act" or "in the sovereign individual"? In thus "assuming to plumb" Powderly, was he "in the direct line of authoritarianism"? In inquiring into Powderly's convictions and conscience, was he passing upon a master in which Powderly is "sole judge and tribunal"? According to Mr. Appleton's conception and practice of Anarchism, it should allow him to unsparingly criticise the acts and motives of others, but should protect him from their criticism even when he invites it himself. Mr. Appleton's present article either means that to criticise another is to attempt to force or govern him, or it means nothing. The former meaning is too silly to be ascribed to Mr. Appleton; I must therefore think that he means nothing.

Mr. Appleton is done, and I am done. He, with his usual elegance, concludes by calling me an "intellectual pollywog;" I, with my usual coarseness, conclude by declining to vie with him in the exchange of that class of epithets. The phrases by which I have characterized Mr. Appleton may not be as refined as that, but are more intelligible.

T.

"Rational Communism."

The work before us—crude in thought, but passable in style, not irrational in its aspirations, but, as usual with State Socialists, without grasp of natural principles and beggaring the question of an ideal government—covers too much ground to be fairly reviewed in the column allotted by Procrustes Anarchicus. I will, however, take up a point or two.

With Herbert Spencer the author has a little tilt, which is more creditable to him as a popular writer than as a deep thinker. He evades the sad necessity for social progress to eliminate weakness and depravity, by *ad captandum* appeals to the cheap philanthropy of charity and mercy, ignoring their utter and long proved incompetence. He not only denies the survival of the fittest, but would provide for the survival of the unfit.

But he finds himself in full accord with Spencer in what we regard as the signal flaw in Spencer's social logic, and in which Spencer falls far below the vigorous judgment of Proudhon. This is in the *nationalization of the soil*. In affecting a logical consistency Spencer falls into a practical absurdity, failing to note that the abuses of landlordry are most effectively precluded by the simple limitation of property in land to the uses and needs of its cultivator. What a silly *non sequitur*, to argue against the proprietorship of a garden or farm, from the inconvenience of subjecting thousands of gardens and farms to the unrestricted proprietorship of one owner! As private property happens to be the bee in our "capitalist's" bonnet, of course he must deny it in the soil, where it becomes through labor, the necessary basis and constituent of all other property, but for Spencer, who holds with us to private individual property in other things, to renounce it with regard to the soil is inexcusable. The author triumphs by this inconsistency, and fortifies himself by alliance with Spencer's error. In fact, to renounce private property in the soil is logically to renounce it everywhere. The true question is simply of limiting personal rights by consideration of the neighbor's rights. Land superabounds for all cultivators; speculation in it, as a market value, is what not only all socialists, but every one who lives by labor on the soil, wants to prevent. Government can prevent it only by arbitrary measures, whether the form of robbery called taxation, or interfering with the natural right of individuals to transfer their property, the result of their labor inseparable from the soil. But for government, and the superstitious respect accorded to its titles, no one could monopolize land without maintaining a standing army of defence against the landless, as in the feudal system, which was less oppressive than our mercantile.

Spencer's doctrine of collective property in land: "Equity does not permit property in land. For if one portion of the earth's surface may justly become the possession of an individual and may be held by him for his sole use and benefit, then other portions of the earth's surface may be so held, and our planet may lapse altogether into private hands. All who are not landholders could then exist upon the earth by sufferance only. Should the others think fit to deny them a resting place, these landless men might equitably be expelled from the earth altogether."

Our author chuckles over this concession. His intelligence meets Spencer in an accord of tomfoolery. Why not apply the same logic to property in anything else as in the soil? You must not own anything because the principle of ownership is exclusive, and, if applicable to any part, is applicable

to the whole. Specific limitation in legal contracts confirms the right which it defines. Why not so of the natural contract formed by labor and occupation with the earth, and which is limited by physical necessity to a few acres? It would be just as rational to argue that I had no right to hire a man for a day, because a day was a part of his life, and the man a member of the human race; therefore my control of this man's labor for a day implied the right to control that of the whole human species through all time or as long as we lived. I felicitate our "capitalist" on the stable he has found for his hobby horse on Mr. Spencer's premises. And he is perfectly logical in his application, for to concede that the soil is not by specific limitation of labor title a proper subject of personal appropriation, and that the title conferred by occupation with labor is exclusive at discretion of the owner, is to concede that all private property is wrong; for what is there worth mentioning, of which a place to stand upon is not a necessary condition of possession and enjoyment?

One needs but the site of a house for his business, another will add a garden, a third a field, a fourth pasture ground; all need some woods or access to coal, and the largest of these needs and uses for a family is confined within a few hundred acres, while they may be restricted to five. To fill the earth up to such an allotment war, pestilence, and other blessings of civilization or barbarism must have ceased, and science will be able to subsist a family well upon one acre.

The original title to land may be either individual or corporate, or even national, according as it derives from pioneer occupation and culture, from tribal occupancy, or from conquest, but labor alone confers titles in equity. Such labor must be free and localized, not that of slave or hireling or under military compulsion. The author, with Henry George and other sophists, assumes the soil to be a gift of Nature to mankind, a twaddle of pompous phrases that will not bear analysis. Nature is everything, man and the soil included. Nothing is given to anybody. Each may take and improve according to his capacity. The collectivist land doctrine is marked in the corner with the arbitrary and connives at the "divine right of governments," and hence of all usurpations and oppressions, whence analytic individuation supplies the sole clew to enfranchisement.

For the land or other property title of a species, a race, or a society, to supersede the individual title of its occupant, utilizer, and enjoyer, the collective being should, it would seem, have preceded the individual, the latter being only a phenomenon of the former. But is this conceivable on any other hypothesis than that of species, races, nations, and their governmental organs having sprung all at once into existence, as Chateaubriand poetically imagines for the advantage of picturesque scenery, of fruits all ready mingled with flowers and leaves, and especially of parents provided for the young of all kinds. While we are flatulating, let us do it liberally. Thus the species or society would have preexisted to its individuals, in the creative concept.

Evolved species, races, and societies are rather inclined on the other hand to beg of individuals the question of their existence.

Collectivists exalt the imagination about social destinies attainable only by cooperative synthesis of forces. In puerile admiration before a pyramid of stones, trivial fact beside the least of natural mountains, they ignore the individual lives of their crushed serf-builders. Anarchy, or, as our Irish friend happily puts it, Autoarchy, also desires cooperation, but such only as results from the free development of sympathies, of passionate affinities, grouped in autonomies, where affections become facultative. Any other order is an incubus. The smallest living plant is a greater fact than the pyramid of Gizeh. Life is spontaneous. Social spontaneities play within the organic limitations of autonomy, but States impose constraint.

The nation is but a phrase of parade, behind which government lies in ambush to seize on individual rights. The rights and properties of governments are simply the spoils which certain individuals, conspiring, have wrested from others, or which have been conceded to them by contract for functions of protection and convenience which governments, that of the United States in particular, have neither fulfilled nor even endeavored to fulfil, but have conspired with the despilers of labor.

EDGAR WORTH.

Egoism in Sexual Relations.

A proverb says: "All is fair in love and war." This is a recognition of the superior force of egoism in sexual relations. What man seeks a woman from the sentiment of duty to unite? It would be absurd. In this matter liking, inclination, guides. As in eating and drinking, equally primary needs of the individual, personal appetite and taste cannot be subordinated to a foreign standard of "right." Information, which the individual can make his own and which may aid him to choose what is best for himself, is the only pertinent influence, unless one is superstitious. Is not the disparagement of natural inclinations in sex a really striking, and to the natural man or woman a disgusting, piece of superstition? It is avowedly a disparagement of egoism, or selfhood, in one of its most powerful, irrepressible manifestations. It is by observing the play of personal inclination in such matters of primary importance that we know egoism to be the undeniable law of life.

Original from

TAK KAK.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

* By a Capitalist. Published by the Truth Seeker Company, 33 Clinton Place, New York.

IRELAND.

Continued from page 3.

parrying, executed with as much skill as force, he cleared the ground about him, till a surprise from the rear put him again in check.

"They called out to him to surrender, and he stoutly refused."

Surrender! On what ground? For what crime, what misdeed, what offence? For having fired at Lord Newington. And with what? He had no firearms. He had thrown away his gun? Let them show it to him, then.

"Here it is," said a Briton, who had remained in the rear, and who now ran up brandishing a hunting rifle, all warn yet, almost smoking.

"It is not mine!" said the captive.

In spite of his energetic denial, they would not believe him. In vain did he affirm that he would acknowledge the rifle if it were his, that he would accept the responsibility of the act with which they reproached him if he were really the author; they put no faith in his declarations.

"Hold," said he, to convince the incredulous, "I approve the attempt; did it succeed? No? I regret it. Ireland would have been rid of an odious despot. There you have a confession which is as much as my life is worth: shoot me; but that I have discharged a ball at Newington is not true!"

And, in the midst of the bandits' gnashing of teeth, of the insults which they threw in his face and of the blows which he could no longer parry, beginning to give out, he added:

"It was not I who shot at him; I am a better shot, and I would not have missed my good man."

All the time executing him with cruel punches, they drove and dragged him towards the village square, where Newington, hearing the tumult, called out to them to hurry themselves, and even to hurry the criminal into eternity. What need of sparing him? Why should they keep him alive? That his resistance might encourage others to imitate him, that he might pronounce last words which his comrades would engrave upon their hearts and repeat like those religious phrases that make martyrs.

None of these tomfooleries: death without phrases from the dying. Were they, perchance, so simple as to pretend to try him? Go to! death at once!

The prisoner emerged from the woods.

"Arklow!" cried the Irish.

"My husband!" said Edith, who sprang toward him so suddenly that the soldiers could hardly hold her.

"Kill him then!" commanded Newington.

And, obeying this abominable order, notwithstanding the clamor-of-unutterable horror from the inhabitants and the superhuman cry of protest which leaped from the breast of the poor woman, the savages, joyous, drunk with carnage, buried their bayonets at will, in pleasure, in the body of the old sailor.

They stabbed everywhere, but especially in those parts which they had at first been compelled to respect,—in the stomach, in the throat, in the face, and the implacable bayonets kept on in their work upon the corpse stretched upon the ground, with extended arms, in pools of blood which did not dry up.

The intestines exuded from the yawning abdomen; through the holes could be seen the heart.

"Cowards! ruffians!" repeated Edith.

And, kneeling down close to the dead, she turned aside the bayonets which cut her hands; she received thrusts in the back, mingling with her tears her blood in that of the victim of this most monstrous of murders.

"Enough!" ordered the Duke; and the lieutenant cried out again in the ears of his men, as if they were deaf: "Enough! enough!" perfectly furious at being forced to approach so near, in order to be soiled, as to soil his boots in the red puddles which transformed the earth into a disgusting marsh.

To be continued.

TCHERNYCHEWSKY'S LIFE AND TRIAL.

Translated from the Russian for Liberty by Victor Yarros.

Continued from No. 83.

"In the diary was found what appeared to be a copy of a letter to his betrothed, in which the following paragraph and the thoughts expressed therein attract attention: 'I am liable to be taken at any moment, whatever I may do. Nothing would be found, but I have numerous and powerful enemies; I would restrain myself and say nothing; but I shall hardly be able to stand it very long. Sooner or later I should certainly lose patience and speak my mind freely and openly; then, of course, farewell to freedom! I could never hope to be outside of the prison walls.' When already in prison, Tchernychevsky, in a letter to his wife, wrote as follows: 'Our lives will be recorded in history. Centuries will pass and our memory will still be dear to the hearts of men who will not cease to love us and think of us with gratitude.' Further, explaining to his wife that he intends to publish an encyclopedia of knowledge and life, he writes that no work of such magnitude has been undertaken since Aristotle, and that, like Aristotle, he will be a guide and teacher to humanity for many centuries.

"While Tchernychevsky's case was being investigated, B. Kostomaroff was tried and convicted for circulating revolutionary literature at Moscow. On his way to Siberia he was suddenly taken ill. He wrote a letter to a friend of his, a certain Sokoloff, which the officer in charge of him forwarded to the St. Petersburg police authorities. Kostomaroff tells his friend how Tchernychevsky brought all the trouble upon his head. He declares that the proclamation addressed to the serfs was written by Tchernychevsky and Michailoff, and the proclamation 'To the soldiers' by Colonel Shelgunoff. Characterizing Tchernychevsky as an agitator, who had led astray a number of young, inexperienced people, he says: 'The biblical Samson fell together with the temple whose pillars had shaken loose and was buried beneath its ruins, while our Samson knows better than that: he will have others do the dangerous and destructive work, and sit quietly by, watching the end. If they succeed in demolishing the old structures, he will go to superintend the erection of new ones. If they fail, and are crushed in the attempt, he remains safe and undisturbed. You must not blame me,' continues Kostomaroff, 'for my seemingly strange and inexplicable conduct during the trial. I had documents in my possession, which would have cleared me and exposed the true offenders, but it was impossible for me to act otherwise than I did. So I silently took the responsibility of the matter upon myself. Now, when it is all over, it seems very unjust to suffer for others' misconduct, and I keenly feel this injustice. Endeavoring to throw off all suspicion from Tchernychevsky, I have sacrificed my own liberty and honor. I am fully conscious of the enormity of the sin I have committed against myself and society. Tchernychevsky's teachings are poisonous, his influence upon youthful enthusiasts extremely pernicious.'

"This letter caused the third department to order Kostomaroff back. He was

immediately ordered to appear before the St. Petersburg authorities for examination. On his person (?) was found a note signed 'T,' and addressed to himself, in which he is requested to correct a certain phrase in the proclamation 'To the Serfs.' Kostomaroff explained that the note was left at his rooms by Tchernychevsky, who called on him, but did not find him at home. Tchernychevsky denied alike the authorship of the proclamation 'To the Serfs' and the alleged visit to Kostomaroff for the purpose of making some alteration in the original text. The note, he declared, was a counterfeit. The clerks of the Senate, comparing Tchernychevsky's handwriting with that of the said note, have expressed the opinion that, although there is no likeness in the general character of the handwritings, and the first impression is likely to be favorable to Tchernychevsky's statement, yet a considerable number of separate letters, namely, twelve out of the twenty-five, the whole number of letters in the note, are similar to Tchernychevsky's. The Senatorial Council decided that both in separate letters and in the general character of the handwritings there is a perfect similarity.

"The proclamation 'To the Serfs,' a copy of which, in some unknown handwriting, was attached to the file of documents of Kostomaroff's case, the latter declares to be the production of Tchernychevsky. In this proclamation, apparently written for the peasantry and all sorts of illiterate laborers, the Ukase of the 19th of February is deliberately and wilfully misreported and misrepresented. The author asserts that the serfs were deceived and betrayed by the czar; that, instead of the freedom he promised to give them, instead of the improvement they expected from the Ukase, they are, in virtue of the Ukase, still more enslaved and impoverished; that true freedom and real improvement can never be had under the czars, as the people can easily be shown; real freedom exists only in those countries where there is no compulsory military service, no heavy taxes, no passport system, as, for instance, in France or England. There the will of the common people rules supreme, and the nominal rulers, or kings, are directly elected by the people, in whom also lies the power of replacing them. In conclusion, the author recommends secret organization of the peasantry, the militia, and the city laborers for the purpose of violent overthrow of the government when the proper time comes and a signal is given by the author to rise.

"The officer in charge of Kostomaroff, while *en route*, reported that a man named Iakovlev visited Kostomaroff when the latter was ill and had a very long conversation with him, from which the officer gathered the knowledge that Iakovlev knew the exact character of the relations between Kostomaroff and Tchernychevsky. Believing that some useful information could thus be produced, the officer requested Iakovlev to prepare a written statement of the matter, to which the latter readily consented. This statement was duly forwarded to the third department. Iakovlev testifies as follows. In the summer of 1861 he was employed by Kostomaroff as a clerk and copyist of manuscripts. Kostomaroff used to be visited quite often by a gentleman who was spoken of as the celebrated St. Petersburg journalist, N. G. Tchernychevsky. Once, while they were promenading arm-in-arm in the garden, Iakovlev heard them talk of publishing some circular from Tchernychevsky's pen. Tchernychevsky then used the following expression: 'Best compliments to the serfs from their well-wishers. You have expected freedom from the czar; now you have got it.' He paid no attention to the remark, for, not suspecting anything, he but half understood the meaning of the words. But now, having heard that Kostomaroff is charged with conspiracy and plotting against government, he regards it as a duty to report all he knows. It was afterwards ascertained that Iakovlev intended to appear personally before Potapoff, and with this end in view had left for St. Petersburg, but was locked up on a charge of drunkenness and turbulence. He was promptly brought before the authorities and cross-examined. He repeated his former statements, and recognized in Tchernychevsky that visitor of Kostomaroff whom he described.

"Michailoff, the journalist who was convicted of revolutionary propaganda and sentenced to hard labor in the mines, admitted in the course of his trial that he knew of the circulars 'To the serfs' and 'To the soldiers,' that he had copied and corrected them, but persistently refused to reveal the names of his associates.

"The minister of justice directed the attorney general to lay a letter received at the third department before the Commission for careful consideration. The letter is signed by the initial 'T' and addressed to some Aleksei Nicolaievitch (doubtless Plescheieff). It reads thus:

"My dear Aleksei Nicol, you will perhaps reproach me, and not unjustly, with carelessness and imprudence. I place too much confidence in people but little known to us. I know how dangerous it is, but can I help it or avoid it? We cannot afford to wait and waste opportunities. Now or never. To reflect and hesitate is criminal. It would be an inexcusable weakness, an irreparable mistake. You have not yet furnished us with the press which you promised nearly a year ago. We waited. All the time various parties have been offering us their services, but we declined to accept them. Now delay is no longer possible. We must act at once, if we do not wish to lose the game. I have entrusted the work to some persons who have been in this line before. They are not very bright, but they seem to be very energetic and earnest. There can hardly be any danger of exposure, as that would entail the severest penalty on themselves. Nevertheless, try to stop all talk about my acquaintance with these persons. I understand that Soulin and Soroka are not looked upon very favorably in the Moscow circles, so you will find no difficulty in disclaiming any connection with them. As to Kostomaroff, I think he can safely be relied upon. At any rate, he is very useful and active so far. However, we must not be too frank with him till he is put to some serious test. I do not write anything about our literary interests, for I have no time. Kostomaroff is hurrying me. I see you are still inclined to take a sceptical and discouraging view of the affair. Too bad! It won't do at all. It is a sin to be passive now when everybody is astir. More energy, more faith! I am very busy. I press your hand.

"Cordially,
T.
In regard to this letter Kostomaroff stated that he was to deliver it in person to Plescheieff immediately after his arrival at Moscow, but that he mislaid it and could not execute the commission. When he finally found it among his things, it was stained and torn, and he did not care to show it to Plescheieff. The handwriting of this letter was found to be perfectly similar to that of other papers on file, which were not disclaimed by Tchernychevsky.

"The accused answered all these charges with a wholesale denial, and declared the evidence false. Neither on his examinations, nor on confrontation with Kostomaroff and Iakovlev, did he avow his guilt. While he did not attempt to conceal the fact of his intimate acquaintance with Kostomaroff and Michailoff, he asserted that there were purely literary connections between them, all of them being professional writers, but no other. The letter and note he pronounced counterfeits, and he petitioned for permission to collate the handwritings with the aid of a strong magnifying glass. This was not granted, as the Senatorial Commission was satisfied that all due accuracy was observed and the law strictly complied with in the investigation.

"After careful consideration and dispassionate deliberations the Senatorial Commission submits the following:

To be continued.

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

A Plea for Parson Malthus.

To the Editor of Liberty:

In one of your recent articles about Malthusianism I see my own name, together with certain reflections which prompt me to rise and explain. In my humble opinion Malthus was one of the first of social philosophers. The doctrine which bears his name is worthy to be understood by every radical, and the prejudice against it which prevails among radicals, though not unnatural, is misleading, as all prejudices are. "X" says: "Parson Malthus thought pestilences which swept away millions of the victims of a few scores of despots were wise providences whereby to check surplus population." This is a mistake. Gertrude B. Kelly says: "The true Malthusian does assume the wage system to be eternal"; the fundamental doctrine of Malthusianism is "that the working people would be better off, everything else remaining unchanged, if their numbers were diminished." These are mistakes. "Malthus's 'Theory of Population' was written in answer to Condorcet's 'Esquisse des Progrès de l'Esprit Humain' and Godwin's 'Political Justice.'" This is true, but irrelevant. Malthus's motives have nothing to do with the truth or importance of his doctrine. If his doctrine is true and important, then he was a great social philosopher, no matter how bad his motives may have been; and if it was not true or important, then he was not a great philosopher, however good his motives. The Malthusian doctrine—that doctrine to which Malthus fully and finally committed himself—is this. Population tends to increase faster than the means of subsistence. But for evident reasons it cannot outrun the means of subsistence, except for a very short time during actual famine. There is, therefore, a principle which equalizes population and food. What is it? It may be divided into two agencies, —positive checks, which increase the proportion of deaths, and preventive checks, which diminish the proportion of births. *Whatever one of these gains must be at the expense of the other.*

This is not only true, but it is so nearly self-evident that some of Malthus's critics represent it as a bald truism on which no system can be built. But, in truth, it is no truism, but a very complicated equation, from which have been deduced the most important conclusions in history, morals, politics, and biology. In history, it explains such surprising facts as that war, when not accompanied by devastation, does not diminish the population of a country. The gain of the positive check is the loss of the preventive. The increase in the number of deaths while the food supply remains constant stimulates trade, raises wages, promotes marriage; and the births soon make up for the deaths. But when a country is invaded and ravaged, the population does diminish, for it cannot outrun the supply of food. In morals Malthusianism strikes a deadly blow at the infamous doctrine which makes women mere breeders. When Miss Kelly says: "Condorcet has shown that with improved conditions, and the increased morality necessarily resulting from this improvement, the population question would settle itself" (which, by the bye, is only in a measure true), she ought to see that, so far as it is true, Condorcet has merely anticipated Malthus in stating a truth of vital importance to her sex,—a truth which abuse of Malthus can serve no purpose but to obscure. To revile Malthus is to defend marriage. To defend marriage is to degrade woman. The phrase "increased morality necessarily resulting from improved conditions" wants a little defining. Brutes are not subject to rent, usury, etc., but brutes multiply until positive checks cut down their numbers. So do men in the barbarous state. So would men in any state, even if women were free, unless at least one sex had learned that there are objects more worthy than the immediate gratification of passion. And this knowledge comes from experience of the evils of this gratification, which is simply self-taught Malthusianism. In politics Malthus and the Malthusians are resolute opponents of that insulting foolish charity according to law which, like the vampire's wing, lulls into fatal slumber those whose blood is being sucked by the noble and wealthy. It must be added that Malthus was a staunch advocate of State education, of which I, as an Anarchist, do not approve; but I think he may be pardoned for this error, since its source was his zeal for education in general. In biology Malthus was the forerunner of Darwin, and to a great extent anticipated his ideas. But Darwin's discoveries are the most important and revolutionary of the century, not only because of their endless applications in pure and applied science, but because they have given the death-blow to theological superstition, and established correct views of the creative process.

It may be added that Malthus was not so bad a man as it is the fashion to represent him. The leading features of his character were, in phrenological language, causality, combative ness, and benevolence. He loved disputation, but he loved truth, and loved his fellow-men. His original pamphlet contained the substance of some private arguments with his father, who swore by William Godwin, and it seems to have been prompted by no deeper motive than the disputatiousness of a young man. It made him famous at once. In the second edition, five years later, the polemical tone has disappeared, Godwin is no longer made a consideration of any importance, and the argument deals not with the future, but only the past and present. Instead of considering war, pestilence, and famine providential arrangements for the

restriction of population, Parson Malthus would have said that they are the natural punishment of certain follies, which he wanted people to avoid by substituting the preventive check for the positive,—few births and long lives for the double agony of too many births and a proportionate number of early deaths. Instead of assuming, as Miss Kelly says, that population was always too great for the food supply, it was almost his fundamental thesis that population could not become too great for the food supply, except in case of famine, and it was from the rarity of famine in civilized countries that he argued the entire practicability of his great remedy,—continence,—and its tendency to come in with, but not without, the progress of civilization, which, he thought, depended on the sense of personal responsibility, and therefore thought (wrongly as I believe) to require laws for the protection of property rights. In his later days he departed widely from the "orthodox" school of political economy, or perhaps I should rather say that they departed from him. Ricardo, who was intellectually as well as naturally younger than Malthus, set out with his premises, but added to them entirely novel conclusions. Ricardo attributed the rise of rent solely to the taking up of inferior land, which, he held, must result from the increase of population. The wages of the common laborer gravitate to the lowest point at which life can be sustained, because the increase of population would induce competition which must drive it down to that. This was developing the views of Malthus into what is incorrectly called by many the Malthusian theory. Incorrectly, for it is Ricardian and not Malthusian. Malthus rejected with emphasis these improvements on his system. Population cannot increase beyond the means of subsistence. The rise of rent depends on a variety of causes, but increase of population will not raise rents without first raising prices, which it does not necessarily do. The laborer's wages gravitate, not to the lowest point at which he can live, but the lowest at which he will consent to live, and it is not at all necessary that this should be a condition of squalid poverty. The victory for the time remained with Ricardo, but since Mill's day there has been a decided reaction towards the views of Malthus, though very few people have read enough of him to be aware that they are his. The wage-fund dogma, which Miss Kelly mentions, was a further improvement on Ricardo's deductive economy, introduced by MacCulloch, and, like much else, is sometimes put to the praise and sometimes to the blame of Malthus, although he repudiated it altogether.

C. L. JAMES.

411 PINE STREET, EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN, JUNE 24, 1886.

Wanted,—a Malthusian Who has Read Malthus.

The only excuse that can present itself to my mind for those so-called Anarchists who have arisen to the defence of Malthus is the supposition that they have really never read his book. It is impossible for me to conceive of a social reformer both honest and intelligent placing a high estimate on the work of Malthus, if he really be acquainted with what that work consists of. An honest but unintelligent man may be taken in by it, or a dishonest intelligent one may use it to further base ends, but to a man both honest and intelligent the book is simply superficial and dishonest. There is nothing new in it that is true, or nothing true that is new. But Mr. James assures us that Malthus was "one of the first of social philosophers." It is rather strange that now, when Malthus and Malthusianism are being thrown overboard by the orthodox economists, Anarchists should arise to clasp him to their bosom as a social philosopher. J. K. Ingram says:

Notwithstanding the great development which he gave to his work and the almost unprecedented amount of discussion to which it gave rise, it remains a matter of some difficulty to discover what solid contribution he has made to our knowledge, nor is it easy to ascertain precisely what practical precepts, not already familiar, he founded on his theoretic principle The first desideratum here mentioned, —the want, namely, of an accurate statement of the relation between the increase of population and food,—Malthus doubtless supposed to have been supplied by the celebrated proposition that "population increases in a geometrical ratio, food in an arithmetical ratio." This proposition, however, has been shown to be erroneous, there being no such difference of law between the increase of man and that of the organic beings which form his food. When the formula which we have cited is not used, other somewhat nebulous expressions are sometimes employed, as, for example, that "population has a tendency to increase faster than food." A sentence in which both are treated as if they were spontaneous growths, and which, on account of the ambiguity of the word "tendency," is admittedly consistent with the fact asserted by Senior that food tends to increase faster than population.—*Encyclopedie Britannica.*

This is the doctrine which Mr. James tells us "is worthy of being understood by every radical."

I again repeat that the true Malthusian does consider the wage system to be eternal, and that the fundamental doctrine of Malthusianism is that the working-people would be better off, everything else remaining unchanged, if their numbers were diminished, and I defy Mr. James to quote anything from Malthus to prove the contrary.

Mr. James says that my statement that Malthus's "Theory of Population" was written in answer to Godwin and Condorcet is irrelevant. If I mistake not, in a letter to "Lucifer" some time since, Mr. James made a somewhat similar statement, but on that occasion it was made for the purpose of

glorifying Malthus, who, he said, had proved that the millennium of Godwin and his school could not be brought about by any political arrangements, but only by substituting the "prudent check" for the "positive." So that if my statement is irrelevant now, his was then. But I do not at all admit its irrelevance; on the contrary, I think it extremely relevant. As sociology is not yet by any means an exact science, and as few, if any, men are capable of separating themselves from the prejudices in which they have been reared, it is very important for us to know under what special conditions any special doctrine has been conceived, as we are then more apt to be on our guard against errors born of prejudice. That Malthus's book was intended to put a stop to all forms of socialism, which was then for the first time beginning to make itself really felt, is now doubted by hardly any thinking person, and that it did for a long time produce the desired effect is as little capable of doubt, as Ingram says:

It can scarcely be doubted that the favor which was once accorded to the views of Malthus in certain circles was due, in part, to an impression, very welcome to the higher ranks of society, that they tended to relieve the rich and powerful of responsibility for the position of the working-classes by showing that the latter had chiefly themselves to blame, and not either the negligence of their superiors or the institutions of the country. The application of his doctrines, too, made by some of his successors had the effect of discouraging all active effort for social improvement.

"In morals Malthusianism strikes a deadly blow at the infamous doctrine which makes women mere breeders." It does no such thing. Malthus had no idea of a woman but as a mere breeder, and it was for this very reason that he condemned early marriages, as the idea of post-nuptial continence, which Mill has since developed, had never once occurred to him; on the contrary, he proposed a pension for all those families in which there were more than six children. When he did not regard women as mere breeders, he regarded them as something infinitely worse. Malthus admitted that the vast majority of men could not be expected to keep continent outside of marriage, and as, of course, the material for their gratification must be supplied from some source, there must always be a class of women sacrificed to support the virtue of their sisters, for, of course, when a man came to marry, he was not going to marry an unchaste woman, unchastity in a woman being a crime. Malthus never declared for the abolition of marriage, i. e., for the abolition of property in women, but simply wished this property, as he wished all other property, confined to the few. In his reply to Godwin he undertakes to prove that property and marriage, if abolished, would return, from the nature of things.

What Mr. James says in regard to Malthus's position in reference to legal charity clearly proves to me that he has never read Malthus. Malthus objected to legal charity not because it "lulled into fatal slumber those whose blood is being sucked out by the noble and wealthy," but because it led them to think that they had some right to expect help from the rich, whereas the rich really owed them nothing.

I cannot help believing that, if the poor in this country were convinced that they had no right to support, and yet relieved, which I think they would be, the bond which unites the rich with the poor would be drawn much closer than at present, and the lower classes of society, as they would have less reason for irritation and discontent, would be much less subject to these uneasy sensations.—*Principle of Population.*

As to Malthus's position on State education, though Mr. James had previously told us that motives were not to be taken into account when considering the truth or falsity of a man's doctrine, he now tells us that he is to be excused for this because of his zeal for education in general. This also is false. Malthus desired that the working-classes be educated, in order that they should better appreciate how little their condition was dependent upon inequality of conditions.

And it is evident that every man in the lower classes of society who became acquainted with these truths would be disposed to bear the distresses in which he might be involved with more patience; would feel less discontent and irritation at the government and the higher classes of society on account of his poverty; would be on all occasions less disposed to insubordination and turbulence; and, if he received assistance either from any public institution or from the hand of private charity, he would receive it with more thankfulness and more justly appreciate its value.—*Principle of Population.*

He also attempted to prove that the superior education of the Scotch made them more subordinate than the Irish. Glorious zeal for education in general!

Mr. James's ideas as to the development of the doctrine of evolution are, to say the least, crude. They are entirely unevolutionary. Admitting all the importance of Darwin's work, still there can be no doubt that, if he had never existed, the doctrine would have been propounded, and its acceptance could, at most, have been put off but a few years.

In the seventeenth century Descartes had a very fair conception of evolution, and gave as much expression to his ideas as was possible under the conditions in which he lived. Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy was worked out independently of Darwin, and even Darwin's special work, the discovery of the part which natural selection plays in the origin of species, had been independently and simultaneously discovered by Wallace, a socialist. As far as the general doctrine of evolution is concerned, Lanark had worked it out nearly fifty years before, and, as Huxley says, the only thing that prevented its acceptance at that time was the lack of that vast

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accumulation of facts which have since been brought to its support. Besides, the science of embryology, on which evolution depends more for support than upon anything else, had been brought to a high state of perfection by Von Baer and his associates. Malthus was as much the forerunner of Darwin as the falling apple was the forerunner of Newton.⁶ After both men had been thinking over their respective subjects for a long time, a trivial incident, which would have passed unnoticed by the ordinary observer, served to give completion to their thought. Great was Malthus, and great was the apple!

Malthus did maintain that the laboring population was always too large for the food-supply, and to this was due their squalor and wretchedness.

As to Ricardo's theory of rent being foisted upon Malthus, Malthus's "Nature and Progress of Rent," upholding the theory of rent which is generally known as Ricardo's, was published in 1814, while Ricardo did not appear till 1817. In the preface to his book Ricardo acknowledges his indebtedness to Malthus.

The causes of the high price of raw produce [from which he deduces the necessity and justice of rent] may be stated to be three: 1st, and mainly, That quality of the earth by which it can be made to yield a greater portion of the necessities of life than is required for the maintenance of the persons employed upon the land; 2dly, That quality peculiar to the necessities of life of being able to create their own demand, or to raise up a number of demanders in proportion to the quantity of necessaries produced; and, 3dly, the comparative scarcity of the most fertile lands. . . . The qualities of the soil and its produce here noticed as the primary cause of the high price of raw produce are the gifts of nature to man. They are quite unconnected with monopoly, and yet are so absolutely essential to the existence of rent that without them no degree of scarcity or monopoly could have occasioned that excess of the price of raw produce above the cost of production which shews itself in this form.—*Nature and Progress of Rent*.

Ricardo shared Malthus's idea exactly on the wages question,—that, if the workers were fewer in number, or had a higher standard of comfort, below which they would not consent to live, their condition would be improved. It is perfect nonsense talking of the wages at which the laborer will consent to live, for, if there is one man out of employment (and Marx has shown conclusively that it is a necessary concomitant of the capitalist system that there should be always unemployed laborers), the wages will always gravitate to the lowest point, i. e., to that necessary to a mere subsistence. What difference can it make to the American workmen of to-day how high their standard of comfort may be, when there are a million of idle men just waiting to step into any places that may be made vacant?

When I spoke of the wages-fund, I did not ascribe it to Malthus, but only quoted it to Mr. Walker to show that the Neo-Malthusians were as silly as the Malthusians.

I feel that I have occupied a great deal of valuable space in replying to Mr. James, but nevertheless have not given the subject one-twentieth part of the attention that it requires, for it really involves the discussion of the whole labor problem. But I hope I have proven how much of a social philosopher Malthus was, to say nothing of his benevolence and his love for his kind. As Ingram says, "both he and his followers appear to have greatly exaggerated" both the magnitude and the urgency of the dangers to which they pointed. . . . Because a force exists capable, if unchecked, of producing certain results, it does not follow that these results are imminent or even possible in the sphere of experience. A body thrown from the hand would under the single impulse of projection move forever in a straight line; but it would not be reasonable to take special action for the prevention of this result, ignoring the fact that it will be sufficiently counteracted by the other forces which will come into play."

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JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

The editor of the "Publishers' Weekly," in compiling his "Weekly Record of New Publications," classifies the "Letter to Grover Cleveland" under the following head: "Spooner, Lysander (*pseud.* for B. R. Tucker?)." I take off my hat to the editor of the "Publishers' Weekly," in gratitude for this magnificent compliment, which I am obliged in honesty to decline. Lysander Spooner is no pseudonym, but the real name of a very live man, who has been writing books for over half a century, some of which have won great fame. If the editor of the "Publishers' Weekly" is not aware of this, it is high time for him to inform himself.

"Foundation Principles," of Clinton, Iowa, in a notice of Lysander Spooner's "Letter to Grover Cleveland," says: "We never could understand Mr. Spooner's idea of free banking—free money, as we understand money—something that will pay debts. We should as soon think of a free post-office system as of a free money system, one in which everybody who chose could issue that which *everybody else must take as money*." After reading the second of these two sentences, especially the words which I have italicized, I am quite ready to believe the first. Nothing could be farther from Mr. Spooner's idea than that any money should be forced upon any one. He has expressed his opposition to legal tender laws and his views on all other phases of the money question in language so clear and forcible that, if Editor Waisbrooker doesn't understand him, it is nobody's fault but her own.

In these days of boycott trials a great deal of nonsense is being talked and written regarding "blackmail." This is a question of human rights which the principle of Liberty settles at once. It may be well to state the verdict boldly and baldly. Here it is. Any individual may place any condition he chooses, provided the condition be not in itself invasive, upon the doing or not doing of anything which he has a right to do or not do; but no individual can rightfully be a party to any bargain which makes a necessarily invasive condition incumbent upon any of the contracting parties. From which it follows that an individual may rightfully "extort" money from another by "threatening" him with certain consequences, provided those consequences are of such a nature that he can cause them without infringing upon anybody's rights. Such "extortion" is generally rather mean business, but there are circumstances under which the most high-minded of men might resort to it without doing violence to his instincts, and under no circumstances is it invasive and therefore wrongful unless the act threatened is invasive and therefore wrongful. Therefore to punish men who have taken money for lifting a boycott is oppression pure and simple. Whatever may be the "common law" or the "statute law" of blackmail, this—to use Mr. Spooner's phrase—is the *natural law* that governs it.

A Request Complied With.

[Boston Newsman.]

The editor of the "Civil Service Reformer" sends us a copy of his journal, containing a letter by Dr. Ely, of the Johns Hopkins University, addressed to the Knights of Labor, and

asks us to reprint it in whole or in part. He also asks us to kindly send him any editorial comment we may make upon the letter.

To print the whole of the letter would take a page and a half of the valuable space of the "Newsman," which is impossible. To reprint a part of it is equally impossible, for we want no part of the man who has conspicuously misrepresented existing social movements in behalf of labor.

The comment that we have to make on Dr. Ely's letter, and which we kindly send to the editor of the "Civil Service Reformer" for publication, is that the kind of civil service reform which the country now most needs is for the millionaire senate and the vile and venal house of representatives of the United States to lock up their doors, go home and mind their own business, earn an honest living, and let decent people alone.

The "Philosophical Anarchists."

Looking over the field of Anarchistic activity, methinks I see a great danger forthcoming. Anarchism is becoming "respectable." The "philosophical" and "pacific" Anarchists of the Liberty type have lately been taken kindly to and shown much sympathy by a sort of people whose friendship would be the greatest misfortune and disgrace to any serious movement. These are friends that Liberty must be saved from. "Another such a victory, and we are lost!" The cause of this love and patronizing cordiality is to be found in the fact that Liberty vigorously denounced the actions of the Chicago and New York Communists, and dates its origin from the time those utterances were made,—utterances that have brought much comfort to the reaction and that were gloriously soothing to the troubled hearts of the property beasts.

I do not wish to be understood as opposing the position Liberty has taken on the question of force, nor as criticising the form in which the protest has been expressed. Liberty wages relentless war against all forms of tyranny and compulsion, and whether the assaults on individual liberty are made by soulless schemers in the name of "law and order" or by sincere, self-sacrificing, but misguided, friends of liberty and justice, the principle is the same in both, and the true Anarchist is bound to condemn it in either. The Anarchist is the antipode of the partisan, and will never hesitate to express his real sentiments, even if by so doing he strengthens the hands of the enemy.

But, having done his duty, the Anarchist should make it clear to the oppressor that he knows how to discriminate between a bitter foe, to whom no mercy is to be shown and no quarter given, and a friend, whom we do not cease to love and honor despite the severe reproof and censure we may be compelled to pass upon his hasty and irrational actions. I fully agree with friend Tucker that violence is no remedy for social evils, and that reformers should appeal to the intelligence and "better nature" of the victims of our monstrous system rather than to the baser passions and low instincts of the human being. I heartily endorse every word he said in regard to the peculiar ideas and methods of the "Alarm" and "Freiheit" school. But more than I abhor unnecessary violence do I detest Christian meekness and all-forgiving love in a radical. Too much force is decidedly wrong; but too little force and a Quakerish opposition to it is still more repulsive to manliness and the spirit of justice. In consequence of Liberty's hostile attitude toward the Anarchistic Communists, who have made life extremely unpleasant to some people, Anarchism has come to be regarded as a very harmless thing, a sort of spiritual amusement for kid-gloved reformers, which need not in the least interfere with business and the pursuit of pleasure, as it does not deal with the *here* and the *now*. Clergymen, capitalistic editors, and labor reformers begin to smile on "philosophical Anarchy," pronounce it a very sweet and charming thing—to be realized a thousand years hence; some kind people go so far as to admit that Anarchy is the Christian ideal, the millennium, the "triumph of law and order." At any rate, it is agreed that Anarchism is no factor in the labor movement, and that neither good nor harm is to be expected from it. Indeed, can there be any objection on the part of those who own the earth to the existence of a class of cultured visionaries who love to dream about a perfect state of soci-

ety, of a time when crime and vice will have disappeared from the face of the earth and all men will be perfect and wise?

Shades of Proudhon and Bakounine! Is it for this that you lived and worked? No wonder that many of our best friends are disgusted. Now, as one of the "philosophical Anarchists," I protest against this misrepresentation of Anarchism. Anarchism means war,—war upon all government, all authority, and all forms of slavery. We have a right to use force and resist by all means the invasion of the self-constituted rulers, and we shall not hesitate to bring into play the "resources of civilization" when necessity calls for it and when maddened authority leaves us no alternative. We are all "rebels to the law," and the monopolists and the prostituted editorial Mammon worshippers need not favor us more than they do the Chicago "fiends." The followers of Liberty are even more dangerous to "law and order" than the bomb-throwers, and, judging from certain indications, we may be compelled to do a little bomb-throwing before long. Let tyranny beware, and let respectability undecieve itself!

V. YARROS.

[While giving hearty assent to what I take to be Mr. Yarros's general meaning in the above article, I desire to be a little more explicit. The words "philosophical" and "pacific" do not trouble me, no matter who applies them. They certainly correctly describe the attitude and methods of the individualistic Anarchists; why, then, object to them? If there are those who choose to smile patronizingly or contemptuously upon these methods as harmless (I confess I have not seen so much of this as Mr. Yarros seems to find), I simply answer them with the words of Proudhon to the French Assembly of 1848, which grew hilarious over his remarks: "I am sorry, citizens, that what I say to you makes you laugh so heartily, for what I am saying will kill you." It is because peaceful agitation and passive resistance are, in Liberty's hands, weapons more deadly to tyranny than any others that I uphold them, and it is because brute force strengthens tyranny that I condemn it. War and authority are companions; peace and liberty are companions. The methods and necessities of war involve arbitrary discipline and dictatorship. So-called "war measures" are almost always violations of rights. Even war for liberty is sure to breed the spirit of authority, with after effects unforeseen and incalculable. Striking evidence of this is to be found in the change that has taken place, not only in the government, but in the people, since our civil war. There are times when society must accept the evils and risks of such heroic treatment, but it is foolish in the extreme, not only to resort to it before necessity compels, but especially to madly create the conditions that will lead to this necessity. Taking this view of the matter, I cannot quite approve Mr. Yarros's distinction between "too much force" and "too little force." As a general thing, when force becomes necessary, the wiser way is to use as much as possible as promptly as possible; and, until it becomes necessary, there cannot be too little force. This is the policy of Liberty, and its editor will pursue it with the same serenity and steadfastness, whether the clergy contemptuously call him "philosopher" or the Communists angrily call him "coward." As Mr. Yarros has coupled my denunciations of the New York and Chicago Communists, I wish to explain that I make a vast difference between the motives that govern these two classes. The New York firebugs are contemptible villains; the Chicago Communists I look upon as brave and earnest men and women. That does not prevent them from being equally mistaken.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

EIGHTEEN CHRISTIAN CENTURIES:

OR,

THE EVOLUTION OF THE GOSPEL OF ANARCHY.

An Essay on the Meaning of History.

By DYER D. LUM.

Continued from No. 84.

The Moslem infidel worshipped God where the Mother of God had been adored by Christian piety. Carthage, Alexandria, Jerusalem, Antioch, had ceased to be Christian bishoprics. Constantinople remained, but shorn of its prestige. Rome alone could wield the power it had so long and unceasingly claimed; but, divorced from the Orient, the battle was to be waged under Western influences. But even Rome needed allies. Her great designs for the extension of Imperialism required an arm of flesh to attain execution. At her doors lay the rapidly growing Lombard State, standing alone in the possession of settled government, with strength and valor to maintain it. What might have been had Christianity sought shelter under Lombard protection cannot be told; what has been is indelibly inscribed in centuries of Cesarian persecution and rule. The systematic development of the Messianic claim could seek shelter only for the purpose of attaining domination. There was an implacable antipathy between the Roman and the Lombard; but it is not an inexplicable one to those who study the logic of these facts, and see in this struggle between the Roman and the Teuton the great historic contest between Authority and Liberty.

In the West France alone seemed equal to the task. The alliance we have seen entered into made them friends. The work begun by the monks in Germany was bearing fruit, though its cultivation was yet to require thirty years of bloodshed. Henceforth France was to be the eldest son of the Church. Unfortunately for the pious fame of Charles Martel, he had laid hands upon the territory of the Church to replenish the treasury, which wars against the enemies of the Church had emptied. The haughty ecclesiastics denounced him as a pagan; later, St. Eucherius, of holy fame, had the pious satisfaction of seeing him "delivered over to the torments of the damned in the lowest regions of hell." The pope pathetically entreated the aid of Charles to expel the hated Lombard; but what Charles had been unwilling to undertake, his son was zealous to perform. But favors sought require favors in return. Pepin resolved to seize Toulouse by the forelock. The Merovingian line of *fainéant* kings had long been puppets in the hands of the powerful mayors of the palace. What even Charles had hesitated to do, Pepin determined to accomplish. To usurp the throne was easy; to hold it he sought the papal consecration. He sent an embassy to Pope Zacharias to inquire: "Whether it was better that one who wielded no authority in the land should retain the name of king, or that it should be transferred to him who really exercised the royal power?" Zacharias answered: "He should be called king who had the proper wisdom and power for the office, and not he who was king only in name." In future ages Napoleon would plead the same reason for his usurpation: *Les carrières aux talents*. How ecclesiastics regarded the matter we find recorded in these words: "Zacharias, by his Apostolic authority, ordered Pepin to be made king." Pepin called himself the Defender of the Holy Roman Church by divine appointment, and was confirmed in his succession for all time under penalty of interdict and excommunication, without regard to either wisdom or power. France gained the Carlovingian dynasty; Rome gained a pregnant precedent beside the needed aid. Pepin waged two campaigns in Lombardy, and was successful in destroying their rule at the battle of Pavia. He bestowed upon the pope the extensive territory which, with but few changes, has since constituted the States of the Church. The pope became a temporal prince; he had been raised from temporal impotence to rank with the kings of earth. Henceforth society, says Guizot, "was impelled into a route which tended to make royalty prevail in the civil order, and papacy in the religious order."

Is it strange that the Lombard bishop, Luitprand, should have said: "The Lombards, Saxons, Franks, Lorrainers, Bavarians, Sueves, Burgunds, comprehend in that one name of Roman whatever is ignoble, cowardly, avaricious, luxurious, false, — in a word, every vice"? As well expect figs from thistles as look for other fruit from the Messianic seed; planted in Roman soil, it became subject to the Roman genius. In the words of Dean Milman:

Christianity has now assumed the complete power, not only of the life to come, but of the present life, with all its temporal advantages. It now leagues itself with barbarians, not to soften, to civilize, to imbue with devotion, to lead to Christian worship: but to give victory in all their ruthless wars, to confer the blessings of heaven on all their schemes of ambition and conquest. The one title to eternal life is *obedience* to the Church. . . . The supreme obligation of man is the protection and enlargement of her domain. By zeal in this cause, without any other moral or religious qualification, the most bloody and brutal soldier is a saint in heaven.

We have dwelt upon the antecedents which led to the battle of Pavia, because it was the death knell for centuries to Liberty. Order based on progress gave place to order based on authority. The Teutonic spirit would survive in secret to incite local insurrections, but long ages were to pass before it could safely face its foe. But not yet is the triumph complete; not yet has Cæsarism attained its highest degree of grandeur.

Pepin's son, Charlemagne, united the West into one kingdom and received from the pope (A. D. 800) the extinct title of Roman emperor. The alliance between State and Church continued. Pope Hadrian, in a tone of feudal lordship, addresses Charlemagne in these words: "As your men are not allowed to come to Rome without your permission and special letters, so my men must not be allowed to appear at the Court of the Franks without the same credentials from me."

Although as emperor Charlemagne held and exercised feudal sovereignty over the clergy, who held their estates on the same tenure as the secular nobility, their real power was rather increased than curtailed. The great prelates still added acre to acre by the most unscrupulous means, and rose into an ecclesiastical aristocracy parallel to that of the secular nobility. Charlemagne's death removed the strong hand from the sword of the State; Louis the Pious became heir to the Empire, but not to the genius of his father. The tendency of events was now to the increase of clerical, not secular, power. An effort to reform abuses precipitated the conflict, and through the aid of the bishops Louis was degraded from his royal estate. The old Teutonic usage of division of power among sons prevailed over that of Roman unity. The Empire fell to pieces and disappeared as a unity, but there remained three facts of prime importance: 1, the foundation of feudalism was laid, the subordination of man to land, involving *secular duties* as well as rights; 2, the rise of nationalities, in which the Teutonic spirit was to find its cradle, and from which was to come in time the destruction of Roman unity; 3, for the time being, increase of papal power over the temporal sovereign.

Pepin had prostrated himself at the feet of Pope Stephen II., and had humbly walked beside his palfrey. Rome had given him a royal crown, and, in giving the imperial crown to his son, the world saw a papal gift. Legally, the only claim to

imperial authority resided in the Eastern emperor, to whose predecessor had been sent the crown and insignia of authority upon the downfall of the Western division in the year 476. Charlemagne's title, therefore, was founded on the right of the pope to bestow, or it was simply an usurpation. But with the right to grant, was there not also connected the right to deprive? "The Church," says Hallam, "had tasted the pleasure of trampling upon crowned heads, and was eager to repeat the experiment." Kings were boldly enjoined that they were not exempt from that general obedience laid upon all men by the Apostle. The councils of the Church were occupied with discussing the adulterous relations of sovereigns, which rendered them suppliants. The strife between secular and clerical power continued all through the ninth century; the bishops ever gaining ground and Rome retaining its hereditary haughty attitude. Nicholas I., Hadrian II., John VIII., were as bold in their claims of absolutism as any of the later popes. Danger from the dreaded Saracens who were already invading Italy, or the contumacious attitude of Gallican bishops, could not bend the spirit of the Vicar of Christ. No pope has ever been more prolific with interdicts and excommunications than John VIII. In the year 887 the last vestige of the Carlovingian Empire disappeared; Rome remained the sole representative of unity. Hallam says: "It seemed as if Europe was about to pass under an absolute domination of the hierarchy as had been exercised by the priesthood of ancient Egypt or the druids of Gaul."

The tenth century is the midnight hour of the Dark Ages, the blackest period in the history of every Christian country. Europe was divided into petty provinces. Baron kings waged war on each other, and the people, herded like cattle, were the prey of all. The only ray of intellectual light which penetrated the darkness of Caesarian rule was that reflected from the Moorish cities in Spain. Buckle says;

In the whole period from the sixth to the tenth centuries there were not in all Europe more than three or four men who dared to think for themselves; and even they were obliged to veil their meaning in obscure and mystical language. The remaining part of society was, during these four centuries, sunk in the most degrading ignorance. Under these circumstances the few who were able to read confined their studies to works which encouraged and strengthened their superstition, such as the legends of the saints and the homilies of the fathers. From these sources they drew their lying and impudent fables, of which the theology of that time is principally composed. These miserable stories were widely circulated, and were valued as solid and important truths. The more the literature was read, the more the stories were believed; in other words, the greater the learning, the greater the ignorance. And I entertain no doubt that, if all knowledge of the alphabet had for a time been lost, so that men could no longer read the books in which they delighted, the subsequent progress of Europe would have been more rapid than it really was. For, when the progress began, its principal antagonist was that credulity which the literature had fostered. There was the literature of Greece and Rome, which the monks not only preserved, but even occasionally looked into and copied. But what could that avail such readers as they? So far from recognizing the merit of the ancient writers, they were unable to feel even the beauties of their style, and trembled at the boldness of their inquiries. At the first glimpse of the light their eyes were blinded. They never turned the leaves of a pagan author without standing aghast at the risk they were running; and they were in constant fear lest, by imbibing any of their opinions, they should involve themselves in a deadly sin. The result was that they willingly laid aside the great masterpieces of antiquity; and in their places they substituted those wretched compilations which corrupted their taste, increased their credulity, strengthened their errors, and prolonged the ignorance of Europe, by embodying each separate superstition in a written and accessible form, thus perpetuating its influence, and enabling it to enfeeble the understanding even of a distant posterity.

In England, while the Danes were ravaging the country at once on every coast and in the interior, the secular and regular clergy were bitterly wrangling among themselves. In Spain the Saracens held the greater part of the country. In France the Normans were plundering the provinces and the clergy devoted to increasing wealth wrung from unrequited toil. Italy had entered upon its "Iron Age," its princes arrayed against each other. Germany alone was rising into form, and contending, with Italy, to preserve the fiction of the Holy Roman Empire. Christian Rome during this century entered upon its lowest depth of degradation. Popes succeeded each other only to be known for their vices and crimes. Sometimes but weeks or months in possession of the coveted tiara, to be hurled from the Apostolic throne by open revolt or treachery. In the four years preceding the opening of the tenth century, five popes had been consecrated. In 904 Leo V., in less than two months of his succession, was thrown into prison by one of his chaplains, who was, in turn, replaced by Sergius IV., who, after seven years of exile, became pontiff of the Church and the criminal lover of the celebrated prostitute, Theodora, a love shared by another, who in 915 became pope as John X. The power of Theodora kept Sergius in power for fourteen years, but he was finally overthrown, imprisoned, and murdered, by the intrigues of her daughter, Marozia. After a brief interval, she raised her son to the Holy See (and son of Pope Sergius) under the name of John XI. His brother threw him and his mother into prison, and four of his puppets followed each other as popes. Then came John XII., a grandson of the amorous Marozia, in 956, who was charged by a council of bishops with adultery, incest, with having made the Lateran a brothel, with murders, with having put out the eyes of one ecclesiastic and castrating another, besides other offences. In 963 he was deposed, but, again reinstated, his career of vengeance on his opponents was brought to an end in 965 by the poniard of an outraged husband. John XIII. had hardly assumed the pontificate before his haughtiness created a revolt, and he was driven from the city; he was subsequently reinstated, but in 972 was strangled in prison. His successor met the same fate. Another descendant of the celebrated Marozia became pope, after another had seized the office as the price of the murder of two popes (Benedict VII.), who, finding it impossible to retain his position, fled with the sacred vessels of the church of St. Peter. But in 983 he returns, seizes the throne again, and murders John XIV. in prison. On his death his corpse was dragged through the city by the populace. The consul of Rome, a grandson of the infamous Theodora and Pope John X., drove John XV. from the city, but he was reinstated by the emperor, Otto III.

The Germans cried loudly for reform. Too intensely Catholic to revolt, they preserved their old pagan love for chastity and hatred for debauchery and lust. The emperor tried in vain to stem the tide of Roman lasciviousness and crime by causing the election of a German pope. An anti-pope, John XVI., disputed the position with him, till seized by Otto, who put out his eyes, cut off his nose and tongue, and in this condition paraded him before the populace on an ass, with his face to the tail. The German enjoyed his triumph for a year, when he died from poison. He was followed in 999 by Sylvester II., a graduate from the Mohammedan school of Cordova, and believed by his contemporaries to be a magician, wizard, and sorcerer. "In these deplorable days," says Dr. Draper, "there was abundant reason to adopt the popular expectation that the end of all things was at hand, and that A. D. 1000 would witness the destruction of the world. Society was dissolving, the human race was disappearing, and with difficulty the melancholy ruins of ancient civilization could be traced. . . . Inaugurated in selfishness, it strengthens itself by violence, is perpetuated by ignorance, and yields, as its inevitable result, social ruin."

The belief that the end of the world was at hand but increased the appalling misery endured by the people, who, in some quarters, were actually feeding on human flesh! Wealth and lands flowed into the treasury of the church to a fabulous amount to secure ghostly privileges.

The eleventh century opens. Great as was the genius of Sylvester II., he could

not arrest the downward tendency. After four years' pontificate, he too fell a victim to the wiles of the poisoner. In the ensuing forty years nine popes succeeded each other, all of them obscure save one, Benedict IX., "a boy not more than ten or twelve years old," whose subsequent shameless life has given him greater fame. Says Milman:

For twelve years Benedict IX., under the protection of his powerful kindred, ruled in Rome (1033—1045), in the words of one of his successors, Victor III., leading a life so shameful, so foul and execrable, that he shuddered to describe it. He ruled like a captain of bandits rather than a prelate. Adulteries, homicides perpetrated by his own hand, passed unnoticed, unrevenged.

At last, finding his career run, he put up the Holy Apostolic succession to auction and knocked it down to the highest bidder, a presbyter, John, who became Gregory VI. And Christendom now saw the strange spectacle of three popes, each claiming to be the only original successor of Peter, and mutually anathematizing each other in the name of Christ.

But this long career of profligacy and vice was not unproductive of results. Through the power of the emperor, German integrity at last won its way to the tiara, and the inevitable ruin was stayed. Clerical immorality had shocked Europe. The human element in Christianity, the spirit of Jesus, called the spirit of Christ to account. Here is a fact of great importance. The individualism of the barbarian had been unconsciously modified by social interrelations; the human spirit of the gospels, the voice of nature, had silently operated on his character, and divine authority was asserted to be powerless over social morality. A thousand years had passed since the Messianic claim had been enunciated in Palestine, and a degradation more deep, and an ignorance more dense, than that which ruined the ancient city, had fallen on its Christian successor. The possession of authority by man over man had again worked out the result so often repeated in man's martyrdom. Rome still claimed to be the City of God, though far different from the visioned one seen by Augustine. The increasing solidarity of peoples; the evolution, slow but steady, of a more complex social life, involving the recognition of social duties; the gradual infusion into the social web of the new element brought in by the Teuton conquerors, individual rights,—these were active causes to awaken Europe from its long lethargy.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 84.

More than the command of the general and the order accompanied by blows from Sir Walpole, the thunder of imprecations hurled at them by the Buncloydians, who were advancing, sullen and exasperated, determined them to leave Arklow.

They turned upon the inhabitants, and, without waiting for instructions, before Newington had finished inviting them to "charge this herd," they pounced upon them, bounded on them like lions and tigers, roaring as if starving for human flesh, sniffing the odor of the blood which was flowing and for which they seemed thirsty. Balls flew; they ended by creating a panic; and, completely routed, the Buncloydians, covered with wounds, their limbs broken, hurriedly picking up those who had fallen, re-entered their houses. And Marian and Treor, carried away in the whirlwind, in spite of themselves, abandoned Edith.

"Sentinels at the end of every lane," ordered the Duke, "and, at the opening of the first door or window, fire! fire! fire! all the cartridges in the cartridge-boxes! and, if necessary, set fire to the dens and smoke out the animals within like foxes."

When all was quiet in the houses, and peace appeared established for the time, the Duke began to think about getting home, in order first to reassure the Duchess, and then to empty some bottles over the fortunate stranding of the attempt made upon his life, which his officers were still complimenting him upon having escaped.

But he had not gone far before he met the maledictions of Edith, still on her knees by the side of the dead body.

She straightened up, haggard, horrible, her face all bloody from the close embraces she had lavished on the dead, and, instantly, turned into a Fury, she leaped at the bridle of Newington's horse; he let his hunting-whip fall on her, lacerating her face, and, putting spurs to his beast, he overthrew the crazed woman, who cried out to him:

"I will avenge myself, and my vengeance will be terrible."

He broke into a trot, disdainful; she lifted herself, ran a few steps in pursuit of him, and then, with a last harsh virulent anathema in which there was a sound of prophecy, she faithfully resumed her pious post by the assassinated man, praying, now in despair, now in revolt, growing exhausted, shivering in anger, blaspheming heaven, shaken by sobs, or agitated by a frenzied desire for retaliation.

Long hours passed in these alternations, and the twilight came, enveloping all objects with its soft penumbra; but though ordinarily it calms the suffering of mortals, it did not lessen the terrors of the sad widow's distress.

Reports broke the silence at intervals, and doleful cries rose in consequence of the terror inspired by the soldiers. Edith did not move, entirely absorbed in her own affliction, telling over and over the same mournful story punctuated with sobs.

"They have murdered him! His whole body is but a rag, tatters of flesh. His mouth, stretched by the breaking of his teeth, is the smallest hole in his good and honest face. His heart hangs from his breast, and, if I did not watch over it, the dogs and wolves would run to eat it. Ah! Newington! Oh! the ruffians who perpetrate for him these nameless crimes! Driven out of our shanties which they burn, killed, assassinated, our bodies left in the open air, we shall fail of our revenge!"

Wrought up to the highest pitch and springing up like a sudden apparition, erect and in an attitude for a sculptor, extending her arm tragically in the direction of the castle windows, which were now joyously lighted, she called on death, misery, all the miseries of humanity and all its shames, to fall upon this execrated place.

"In the fury of battle, may war overthrow the cursed stones, may an avenging hand consign it to the glaring flames, and may its guests perish in agonies like the most cruel, the most refined torments of hell!"

Treor tried once more to go to her, calm her grievous frenzy, and offer her his dwelling as a haven of rest and her dead the hospitality of a shroud. Several balls flattened themselves simultaneously against the walls, falling all around him or cutting the branches of the trees over his head, and Marian appeared on the threshold of their house to follow him, for he did not draw back. The soldiers rushed at them, drove them back with the force of a waterspout, and a sentinel

planted himself before the house. At the first word of parleying, he would recall his comrades, and they would sack the dwelling.

So Edith watched the dead man alone, in the open air, in the night, without the light of a candle. The stars! they shone alike and without reluctance upon the assassins and the victim, as indifferent to heroism and abnegation as to the horrors of the unspeakable crime. The blood of the oppressed did not splash the purity of the sky; the smoke of the huts of the poor which the tyrants had burned did not sully its vault of stainless blue.

Even God, in his Paradise, his saints, his son, the mother of his son, and the angels and archangels,—the whole celestial world remained unmoved by the persecutions endured by the humble, by the weak; the great of earth and the great of heaven held each other by the hand, and those above would allow no punishment to fall on those below.

Or else the priests lied, the heavens were desperately empty, as she had seen old churches, unless the blacksmith was right. He claimed that Joseph of Arimathea and Mary and Mary Magdalene had made a mistake, consciously or unconsciously, and that, taken down instead of Jesus, raised from the dead, borne aloft to heaven, and seated triumphantly at the right hand of God, the wicked thief governed men and favored his fellow-thieves, implacably hostile to honesty, to virtue, to all praiseworthy acts and sentiments!

In any case, they could count only on themselves for vengeance!

To think that her Arklow lay on the bare ground, and that they refused a decent pallot on which to stretch him! She lacked even a vessel to fetch water with which to wash from his face the blood which was drying upon it. Tomorrow, would they still bar all friendly doors? Who could tell? Perhaps they would even oppose the burial of the dead, but leave the body to decompose under the eyes of the public, for the sake of the example, to impress their imaginations, to terrify. Ah! the impious! Ah! the sacrilegious! Ah! the wild beasts! Lord Newington, his officers, and his soldiers also, were simply so much mud and filth, formed and kneaded with bits of rock which served them as hearts!

She filled at the spring the hollow of her joined hands; the water flowed between her fingers; she soaked her handkerchief; it reddened instantly; and her journeys to the spring had to be repeated frequently. When Arklow's face, after long bathing, was clean, the poor woman could see still better than before the depth, the multiplicity, the hideousness of the wounds which the veil of coagulated blood had hidden to some extent, and her frenzy for retaliation again took possession of her, imperative and irresistible.

Groaning, turning over plans in her burning brain, she ran to her hut, and, from the mass of rubbish, seized an enormous stone, which she raised without effort and brandished at arm's length in the air, as easily as the Hercules of a fair. Now she would crush the English, as many of them as she might meet,—one, two, three, ten, twenty,—as long as her strength lasted and as she could herself escape from the rage of the others who would defend themselves.

Just then, in the darkness which the stars dimly lighted, a soldier in the red uniform approached. Ah! this one first. Heaven—surely there was one—sent him. Rapidly, silently, she went close up to him, without his hearing her steps, and, with a fury of savage satisfaction, she dealt him a terrible blow on the head with the immense rock, which, bounding off, dug for itself a bed in the earth.

The soldier fell without a word, without a cry; and in a transport of ferocious joy, Edith called witnesses with all the power of her voice, in which still vibrated deep-rooted, indestructible hatred!

"I have killed in my turn!" she exclaimed, emphatically, exultantly. "Come and see, Irishmen, I have begun the work of vengeance. Come and see, Englishmen, it is one of yours who this time measures on the ground the length of his grave!"

Swallowing their orders, abandoning their posts, the Britons crowded around, threatening, swearing, promising, in the absence of a magnificent funeral, to lay a thick carpet of blood to the cemetery for the procession to walk upon, and behind them a part of the population, curious but timid, fearing for themselves and for Edith the frightful consequences of her act.

"Make room there!" ordered the lieutenant, whose way they were obstructing, and who was accompanied by the corporal and a man provided with a lantern.

"Yes, let him come," said Edith, "and judge my work!"

The ranks opened; the light falling on the soldier on the ground, they saw that he was young in spite of his skin browned by an Eastern sun, and the widow bending suddenly, cried out, bewildered, overwhelmed by the crushing weight of the stunning coincidence:

• "Michael! my son! it is my Michael!"

Then she bent over the mouth of the dying man, and feeling the breath, which still came, though spasmodically, she began to take hope.

"His heart beats," said the corporal, who, unfastening the vest, had slipped his hand under the shirt.

"In that case, lift him up!" ordered Sir Walpole, "and take him to the castle; he is a deserter!"

CHAPTER VI.

At Cumsien Park, notwithstanding the gravity of events, notwithstanding the alarms, the summary executions, the exemplary chastisements, the revenges waited for at the corners of the roads, the Duchess did not give up the pleasures of hunting which each autumn renewed, and which were followed by gala dinners, brilliant receptions, fancy dress balls, masquerades, comedies acted by the guests of the castle, in imitation of those customary in France, in the residences of the nobility and at court, under the reign of the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth.

The parties of invited guests succeeded each other more gaily and noisily than in preceding years, this being due, with some, to the certainty of conquest which they felt, and, with others, to nervous excitement, the necessity of forgetting themselves, of stunning themselves into insensibility, of stifling under bursts of mad laughter the groans and moans of the persecuted, the harsh and frightful curses of the exasperated.

Every second day came hunts for hares, foxes, and deer, mad, tumultuous, dangerous runs across woods and plains, over steep mountain sides, along perpendicular descents, by the side of abysses into which a single false step or a stone rolling under a horse's hoof would hurl you headlong, torn by the brushwood and the ragged rocks, and at the bottom of which, though luckily benumbed by the fall, you would surely suffer fracture of your bones or skull, sudden and unrelenting death.

But with the intoxicating flourish of trumpets and the eager barking of dogs, the danger in the excitement, the emulation involved in the sport, only added to the pleasure; the giddiness bordered on intoxication.

To all these ordinary attractions the first hunt, signalized three weeks before by a sort of incidental death-dance, had added an unexpected excitement and the most piquant relish.

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Liberty.

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"*A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions.*" — PROUDHON.

A Fable for Malthusians.

Of all the astonishing arguments developed by the interesting Malthusian discussion now in progress in "Lucifer" and Liberty the most singular, surprising, and shortsighted is that advanced by E. C. Walker in maintaining the identity of political and domestic economy so far as the problem of population is concerned.

"The prosperity of the whole," he tells Miss Kelly, "exists only because of the prosperity of the parts."

"To speak of *domestic economy*," he tells Mr. J. F. Kelly, "as though it were something that could be considered apart from so-called national economy is confusing and unautonomistic. There can be no 'public good' which is secured at the expense of the individual, at the sacrifice of the private good. The 'population question' is nothing but a question of the wisdom or unwisdom and the consequent happiness or unhappiness of individuals and of families, primarily, of course, of individuals. Were Mr. Kelly and his *confrères* not standing upon State Socialistic ground, they would never think of advancing such a Collectivist argument. Should any governmentalist say to Mr. Kelly that the 'public good' required so and so, and that the individual must waive his rights when confronted with the greater right of the majority, that gentleman would proceed to show his opponent that there was no such a thing as the 'public good,' save as it was the aggregation of the individual goods, and what was required to augment the 'public good' was to jealously preserve the rights and liberties of the individual."

This indicates the most blissful ignorance on Mr. Walker's part of the real bearing of the point originally made against him,—a point as indisputable as the sunlight, and which he had only to admit frankly and unreservedly in order to stop the "leak in the dykes that confined the waters of anti-Malthusian eloquence" and thereby save himself the necessity of countering this leak by opening his own flood-gates. The point referred to is this,—that, in consequence of the "iron law of wages" which prevails wherever monopoly prevails, a reduction of population cannot benefit the mass of laborers, and hence, while monopoly lives, can be of little or no value in political economy, although, if confined to a few families, it may benefit the families in question, and therefore be good domestic economy; the explanation of this being that small families mean a reduction in the cost of living *for those families*, and a reduction in the cost of living for even one family means, under a monopolistic system, a reduction in the rate of wages paid to *all* laborers. If Mr. Walker had understood this, he never would have attempted to meet it with the specious statement (which to all Anarchists is the merest truism) that the public good is only the aggregation of the individual goods. Can he suppose that the Kellys and myself are so stupid that, if we believed that Malthusianism would make all individuals comfortable and happy, or would largely contribute to that end, we would not be as ardent Malthusians as himself? Mr. Walker begs the question. He bases his argument on an unproven assumption of the very point which we dispute and believe we disprove. The Kellys have expressly denied that Malthusianism can benefit

the aggregation of individuals, and therefore the public. They have nowhere admitted that it would benefit "the individual"; they have only admitted that it might benefit "a few individuals;" and between these admissions there is a vast and vital difference.

Concerning the rights of the individual and the majority, neither Mr. Kelly nor Mr. Walker would say that "what was required to augment the 'public good' was to jealously preserve the rights and liberties of" *a few individuals* at the expense of others. So, in the matter of population, Mr. Kelly does not say that the public welfare is to be enhanced by reducing the size of a few families, and thus making the individuals belonging to them comfortable at the expense of others. But Mr. Walker virtually does say so, and precisely there is his mistake. Thus Mr. Walker's own analogy convicts him of his error.

If he can be made to really see that under the present system small families must benefit *at the expense of others* if at all, I think he will be obliged in honesty to abandon his position that Malthusianism is good *political economy*. Will he excuse me, then, if I try to make this plain in a rather simple way?

I will suppose A, B, C, &c., to and including Y, to be day laborers, each having five children and each employed at wages barely sufficient to sustain such life as they are willing to endure rather than resort to forcible revolution and expropriation. Z is out of employment. He has four children, and sees the possibility of a fifth. Suddenly a happy thought strikes him: "As long as I have only four children, I can get work, for I can afford to work for less than Y with his five children. I will become a Malthusian,—no, a Neo-Malthusian,—and apply the preventive check." Counting the few dollars and cents still left in his pocket, he finds that he can keep his family in bread for two days longer and still have enough left to buy a copy of Dr. Foote's "Radical Remedy in Social Science" and a syringe of the most improved pattern. He makes these prudential purchases, and presents them to his good wife. Mrs. Z's eyes fairly dance with delight at the new vistas of joy that open before her, and I, for one, am sincerely glad for her. That night witnesses a renewal of the Zs' honeymoon. The next day, buoyant and hopeful, Z presents himself at the office of Mr. Gradgrind, Y's employer. "Y," says he, "works for you at a dollar and seventy-five cents a day; I will do the same work at a dollar and a half." "You're the very man I'm after," says Gradgrind, rubbing his hands; "come to work tomorrow." When Y puts on his coat to go home, he is handed an envelope containing his pay and his discharge.

Y, who has never been out of work long enough to read Malthus, and to whom that famous parson's gospel would now come all too late, lies awake all night, discussing the dismal prospect with Mrs. Y. Far from experiencing a second honeymoon, they begin to wish they had never known a first. "But we must live somehow," finally concludes Y; "half a loaf is better than no bread; tomorrow I will go to Mr. Gradgrind and offer to work for a dollar and a half." He carries out his resolve. This time Gradgrind's glee knows no bounds; he takes Y back into his employ, and resolves thereafter to worship at the shrine of Parson Malthus. That night X finds himself in Y's predicament of the night before. Time goes on. Y's five children, not getting enough to eat, grow paler and thinner, and finally the youngest and frailest is carried off to the cemetery. The preventive check in the Z family has resulted in a positive check in the Y family.

Meanwhile there has been no interruption of the movement started by Z. A fate similar to Y's has overtaken X, W, V, and all their alphabetical predecessors, till now A, most unfortunate of all, finds himself thrown on a cold world with five starving children. What happens then? Driven from half loaf to quarter loaf, A tries to underbid Z, and that prudent individual, who has enjoyed a temporary prosperity at the expense of his fellows, is at last forced down again to the general level in order to hold his place. The net result of his Malthusian experiment is that X is out of employment instead of himself, one child has not been born, twenty-four have died from hunger, wages have fallen to a dollar and a half, and Gradgrind, richer than ever, begins to think that

cranks amount to something and is shaking hands with Walker over the approaching millennium.

Ah! a bloody millennium it will be, Mr. Gradgrind, if you and Mr. Walker keep on. Do you see what A is about? Too proud to go to the poor-house, too honest to steal, he has wandered in despair over to the Haymarket (I forgot to say that Chicago is the scene of my tragedy), and there has learned from one Parsons that all wealth belongs to everybody, that each should seize what he can, and that he, A, and his hungry children, with twenty-five cents' worth of dynamite, may live and loaf like princes and Gradgrinds forever. Straightway some one hands him a bomb, and he flings it into a squad of police. "What then? The earth is but shivered into impalpable smoke by that Doom's-thunderpeal; the sun misses one of his planets in space, and therewith there are no eclipses of the moon."

To what stern, ay! to what singular realities has my allegory brought us! A bloody revolution, and Malthusianism to blame! Walker, the Malthusian, sharing with Gradgrind, the robber, the responsibility for Parsons, the dynamiter! Loud as Mr. Walker may declaim against forcible revolution (and he can do so none too loud for me), his voice is sounding deeper tones which will push the people to it. I call the attention of the authorities to his incendiary Malthusian utterances.

Is it to be inferred, then, that I disown small families? By no means. I highly approve them. Z's conduct was right and wise. He acted within his right. And his act was perfectly innocent in itself. It was not his fault that it injured others; it was the fault of the monopolistic system which shrewdly manages to keep the demand for labor below the supply. Z could not be expected to damage himself in order to refrain from damaging others, as long as his conduct was of such a character that it would not have damaged others except for the existence of an economic system for which he was in no special sense to blame. Nevertheless it will not do to wink out of sight the fact that he did damage others, or to fail to learn from it the folly of supposing that any reform is fundamental in political economy except the achievement of Liberty in our industrial and commercial life.

Does Mr. Walker believe in this achievement? Yes. Then he is an Anarchist. I think that Miss Kelly does him injustice in denying him the name. He is one of the very few persons within my knowledge who never trip on a question of liberty. But, although he knows that liberty is right, he fails to appreciate its overwhelming importance. He thinks there is something else more important, more fundamental. And I am compelled to admit that, when man thinks this and acts and works accordingly, his influence is in the main reactionary. If this is what Miss Kelly means, I agree with her. And I also agree with her that Mr. Walker, after attributing human vices to individual depravity rather than to a false social structure, can lay no claim to the name of socialist. The "Be-good-and-you'll-be-happy" gospel is emphatically anti-socialistic. I regret to announce that Comrade Lloyd is going to preach it in the next issue of Liberty.

The Law and Its Pimps.

The low level of depravity which characterizes an ordinary court of so-called justice was fittingly exhibited in the appearance of a vile Pinkerton miscreant named Jansen at the trial of the Chicago Anarchists. This professional prostitute and blackmailer for hire joined the Anarchistic group as a pretended brother, gushed and ranted as one whose whole heart and soul were in the movement, and brought to bear his whole art as a professional liar to secure their confidence. When this wretch, leprosy with lies, is fully equipped with testimony, his fellow-conspirators on the bench brazenly call him in to give evidence on which the lives of those whom he has betrayed are hanging. In the Heywood case Judge Nelson, to his infinite honor, cautioned the jury, in his charge, regarding the value of the evidence of Decoy Comstock on the ground that testimony avowedly secured by lies was to be questioned by reason of presumptive proof that the witness might lie under oath. Such rulings, which staggered Comstock, are, however, exceptional and accidental. The Chicago infamy is a

fair sample, and ought to make any fair-minded man blush who is willing to rate the ordinary court of "justice" above a hired pack of tools, whose business it is to dispose of the lives, liberties, and substance of men to suit the purposes of that prime conspiracy behind them, the State.

X.

The Worship of Law and Order.

It is the abolition of the State, after all, that underlies all social emancipation. This abolition we do not propose to bring about by violence, for that is the very thing we protest against in the imposition called law. The abolition we contemplate shall come of the abolition of ignorance and servile superstition in the masses, to the end that, by a gradual desertion of the ballot-boxes and a refusal of the people to voluntarily touch any of the foul machinery of the lie called government, tyrants shall yet be compelled to survive or perish solely on their own merits, at their own cost, and on their own responsibility.

These words are found in a recent issue of *Liberty*. The first sentence forms the text for all Anarchistic preaching, but the suggestion of method is not agreed to by me, because it does not appear to be a proper adaptation of means to an end. If in human experience there had ever been found an instance where it did not require a pound to balance a pound, or where a round hole was fitted by a square peg, I could be made to believe that violence can be met and conquered by a means less energetic than itself. It is admitted that exact similarity of the evil and the remedy is not necessary, as a lever of wood is better than a lever of stone for moving a rock; but the power must be equal to the task. It is also admitted that evil may be overcome by good, and that soft music may lure a barbarian. But it must be remembered, in moving to abolish the State, that it is not the institution which stands in the way, for it is intangible, but the people themselves make a wall of their backs against those who would drown the light their devotion has kindled. That light of State dazzles and attracts, and their gaze cannot be withdrawn by anything less than startling. Smooth motions will not startle. A riveted attention must be suddenly turned, and violence is the means.

Let me not be told that in the course of time these intellectual nudgings will be felt and will divert the mass of dolts who have all eyes toward the glittering State. It is too long to wait, the remedy would not keep pace with the disease, and it will be found, as in all times till now, that the stone which we would thus wear away with our tears had been generously oiled by the power of government. Given enough of nudging or any awakening preachments, the result hoped might be looked for with reason; but considering the relation of numbers and the blinding power of the light set up by the people for their own guidance, the suggestion of *Liberty* revives the anecdote of the man who proposed to shampoo an elephant with a pint of soap-suds.

We have many illustrations of the fact that people must be shaken up to make them think. No page of history is without them. In Great Britain the explosion at Clerkenwell was an instance, and the butchery of Cavendish and Burke in Phoenix Park was another,—horrible things, it is true, but the nearness of Ireland's emancipation has already given them an exalted character as payments made in the purchase of liberty. In our own country it is beginning to be seen that the bomb which exploded in Chicago spread more knowledge of the Anarchistic doctrine than endless harangues would have done. When President Andrew Johnson was being tried with the purpose of impeaching him in that high office, observers remarked that the Constitution of the United States was read and studied more than it had been in fifty years. Every great strike compels the public into a trial of its merits, and this brings light to the industrial question.

So I am constrained to believe that the violence which in *Liberty*'s eyes seems vulgar is really a thing necessary, and therefore good; for it is my conviction that, no matter what may be the means, their complete adaptation to an end is the highest show of intelligence that can be made. The proof comes at the last, for it is certain that means not well chosen must fail. This, however, need not be entertained with fear, because whatever means are used will always be the best and wisest known to those who are in the circumstances. Although I would not advise such a course in the study of astronomy, it is nevertheless true that a man can be made to see stars if you rap him sharply on the head, and at any rate you cannot expect to have his attention unless you command it by something more urgent than the show before him. You cannot rouse a sluggard by the waving of fans, however they move the perfumed intellectual air; hit him, and he will get up quickly. If he can think, he will think, and his attention will be equal to the acuity. His eyes, when opened, will direct him what to do.

JOHN A. HENRY.

BOSTON, JULY 7, 1886.

Before attempting to reply to Mr. Henry, let me say that I honor him for his frankness in saying just what he thinks like a man.

The anatomy of violence is quite an intricate subject. Perhaps the best way to get hold of Mr. Henry is to take him up on the point practically stated by

him, *viz.*, that all violence calls for defence in kind. If a man attacks me with his tongue, I am not, generally speaking, justified in replying with my fist. If he attacks me with his fist, I am not justified in replying with a shot-gun, if I have good fists too. In general terms, I am only justified in replying with the same weapons that are used by my assailter. It is only when the attacking party denies me the right to defend myself with the weapons he is using that I am justified in utilizing any I can get hold of, since self-preservation is the first law of nature.

Now, the chief weapon of violence used by the State is the ballot-box. But, when using it, the State even invites me to use the same weapon that is used to take away my liberties. The highway robber levels his shotgun at me, but, instead of handing me the same weapon and giving me an equal show, he commands me to raise my hands and not to touch any instrument of defence.

Of course, the State has no right to put me in a position where I must either shoot back with a ballot or be robbed without appeal. The established code of honor among private individuals is that the challenged party is entitled to a choice of weapons. If the State were as honorable as individuals, it would do the same, for, having assumed forcible control over my life and liberties, it has no right, under all the established canons of honor in ordinary life, to dictate my methods of defence. This it does, however, and is therefore clearly more dishonorable and cowardly than ordinary assaulters. On this point,—that the party challenging another without his consent on the issue of life and liberty is morally bound to abide by the effects of whatever weapons of defence the assaulted party chooses to make use of,—we "Boston Anarchists" have never budged and never will.

The only question, then, is one of pure utility. If by shooting back with ballots we could successfully abolish the State, we would do it. We are satisfied, however, that every gun loaded with a ballot is bound to recoil and sink us still deeper into the mire of statecraft. If by shooting back with hemp, bullets, and dynamite we could thereby successfully abolish the State, we would do it. The State has challenged with violence, and we stand by the moral right to choose our own weapons. But here again we believe that the use of these weapons is squarely suicidal to our cause. The shooting off of a few heads does not put any brains into the heads that are left, and is liable at any time to provoke a mad and indiscriminate retaliation that would cost the heads of the few men among us who now have any brains to spill on this issue.

The irrepressible fact is that only as intelligence, character, and the moral sense stand behind bullets and dynamite are they in the long run worth an infinitely small fraction of what they are liable to cost when they succeed in maddening the multitude by horror. And I beg to remind Mr. Henry that, when education has put intelligence, character, and moral sense into the scales, the bullets and the dynamite will not be needed, for the power of violent assault on the part of the State will be removed by absence of cooperation in the masses.

It only remains for Mr. Henry to say that incidentally the Clerkenwell explosions, the Phoenix Park murders, and the Chicago bombs do good, as means of awaking the dull legitimatized thieves who smile in security beside their plunder, and go to sleep happy, under guard of "the law." Least of all do the "Boston Anarchists" deny this, and they were never known to whine, cant, or shed crocodile tears when, in the providence of things, these eruptions have taken place. We count them as accidents, and, although these accidents may be in special cases fortunate ones, they by no means have any bearing upon the general principle of conduct to be advocated.

The stubborn fact lies beneath this whole situation that the great mass of the people stupidly, ignorantly, and through hereditary and acquired superstition support the swindle of so-called government by furnishing it with money, the means solely and alone on which it stands. Put a thousand of them in a row, and nine hundred and ninety-nine will swear that it is their duty to pay taxes in support of government. But give me a proportion of twenty-five per cent. of these men, who are convinced that it is their duty *not* to pay taxes and

are ready to go to jail for their convictions, and the game is up without the shedding of a drop of blood; for the other seventy-five per cent. would not think of undertaking to board the twenty-five per cent. Now, if dynamite will blow this righteous conviction into even a single man's head, then bring it on, and I am with you, Mr. Henry. If it will not, then you have nothing to fall back upon but the accidental and incidental good that may come of an explosion.

You *must* abolish ignorance, or you abolish nothing. You may screech and swear and kick up the dust and burn and shoot and explode, but only as the dead level of this blank and persistent mass of ignorance is reduced by the healthy absorption of vigorously applied truth have you finally abolished anything. You may dream and get revolution-drunk and swear and kill and burn, but this cold fact will continue to smile cruelly upon you till it dies a natural death.

In closing, let me ask you, Mr. Henry, to bear in mind that, so long as all these people want the thing they call government, you have no more right to take it away from them by the violence of dynamite, if it were possible, than they have the right to shoulder their swindle on you by the violence of the ballot.

X.

Liberty's Belligerency.

To the Editor of Liberty:

As you request me (see your item under the head "On Picket Duty," in *Liberty* of July 3) to specify the passages from which I drew the inference that you meant war, and as you promise to refrain from all such in future, I will very cheerfully comply, although, as I had already said, in the article you quote from, that I had been happily disappointed. I cannot see what you have to feel sensitive about. Of course you will permit me to briefly touch one or two other points of your paragraph, as well as the one you designate for me.

I have read *Liberty*, from the first, with a great deal of pleasure, and I cheerfully accord it the credit of helping me to definite views and strengthening me in the doctrine of Individuality. I have never felt to criticise you, for, generally, you express my thoughts as well as or better than I could myself. If, then, I say now what I should not have wished to say, had you not made the occasion, I think you should excuse me.

One reason I had for thinking you meant war was not taken from any "passages" in your editorial, in particular, but was gathered from the general caustic and pugnacious quality of your writing, such as is exhibited in this item, to which I am replying. I refer to such expressions as this, for instance: "I wonder what words mean to Mr. A. Warren, of Wichita Falls, Texas," etc., and this: "He must use a lexicon unknown to standard English writers." I think many of your readers will agree with me that such language, especially when unprovoked, displays a belligerent disposition. (1)

As to lexicos, I am again agreeably surprised. I understand you to repudiate them altogether. If you stand by the lexicographers, you must mean, not only war, but confusion and disorder of all sorts; for, if not, they are all against you. (2)

Your statement that I am "one of those that are very much disturbed lest the term Anarchy may be misunderstood" is incorrect. I have not been at all disturbed on that point. I believe in Individuality. I am not necessarily disturbed when I offer advice. If my advice is not taken, I simply try to mind my own business. I was doing that when I wrote to "Lucifer." I wanted it understood that I do not call myself an Anarchist; and, lest some of my sensitive brothers, like Mr. Tucker, might be aggrieved, I gave my reasons for my position. But my liberality seems to have been lost on Mr. Tucker, as he will be satisfied with nothing short of full endorsement of not only his views, but his modes of expression also. (3)

But, I have not forgotten that I am to "specify" passages in *Liberty* that justify my conclusion that its editor believed in physical force as a means of revolution. Turn, then, to No. 58, of January 31, 1885, which I pick up at random. (4) On the front page, in the third column, we find a paragraph beginning thus: "It is glorious news that comes to us from England. . . . Sad enough, . . . but none the less joyful and glorious. The dynamite policy is now definitely adopted in England, and must be vigorously pushed, until it has produced the desired effect of abolishing all repressive legislation," etc.

If the writer of that article was not, at that time, favoring war measures even in America, when the time should come, I must concede that we do, undoubtedly, use different lexicos. (5) And the paragraph quoted from is not an exceptional one. *Liberty*, at least until recently, abounds with them. (6) It is true it has not *advocated* the introduction of European methods in this country, but I inferred, and I still think, rightly, that it was to be only a question of time; for, as a matter of principle, I could see no difference between throwing a bomb in London or St. Petersburg, and doing the

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IRELAND.

Continued from page 3.

Breaking cover behind the deer on the square of Bunclody, the huntsmen had fallen upon the crowd of inhabitants collected around Arklow's coffin, which the priest obstinately refused to bless, barricading the door of the church so that the body could not be brought in.

His resistance had lasted two days; he yielded neither to the peaceful negotiations which they proposed, nor to supplications, nor to virulent denunciations, though pestilential odors were arising from the bier placed in front of the door, which the Irish were determined not to put into the ground without a bit of a prayer and the sprinkling of holy water.

They were bent on this less from religious scruples than from obstinacy, indignation at seeing their priest, like a Protestant pastor, make common cause with the oppressors and signify to them categorically that he would revoke his decision only on condition that they would abjure their damnable vow to liberate Ireland.

Edith took no part in the quarrel. Her mind was divided between the corpse and the prisoner at the castle, her Michael, of whose fate she was ignorant, and whose future haunted her like a torturing nightmare. She kept silent in consternation, now fixing her eyes on the catafalque and now turning them, wandering, moist, and full of anguish, in the direction of Cumslen Park.

A neighbor beseeched her to express herself in favor of renouncing the divine service and proceeding to burial. Edith scandalized her by her indifference; in reality, she preferred this delay, which prolonged the sojourn of the dead upon earth, and postponed the heart-rending moment of the last parting, the parting for ever.

Reaching this dramatic scene before the others, the Duchess kept the impression of the terrible picture which struck her; the gloomy lookers-on, angry and at last out of patience, determined upon a sterner policy; the inconsolable widow, the heart-broken mother, with her sinister and haggard face, lost in the immensity of her double affliction; the humble black pall, on which was embroidered the blessed shamrock; the bier, which the dense smoke of the resinous torches flaming at its four corners wrapped in funereal crape; and the worm-eaten wooden door of the church under the tottering porch, worn by the centuries, which in its modest simplicity assumed gigantic proportions, symbolizing the pitiless strictness and hopeless narrowness of an illiberal and morose religion.

Under the pressure of the mass frightened by the irruption of the chase, by the huntsmen blowing their horns, by the pack yelling as if possessed, by the horses piling upon each other or rearing in the hands of their riders or Amazons, suddenly the disjointed planks of this obstinate door burst apart, the crowd entered, and, with the surge, the coffin, lifted by ready hands amid a cry of triumph.

And while the huntsmen pursued their mad course, plunging into the woods, in the fury of the "who-hoop!" now close at hand, Lady Ellen stationed herself with some amateurs in sight of the tragedy going on within the church.

A unanimous chorus called the priest to his altar, summoned him to ascend and then come down, mumbling his litanies for the repose of the dead.

As he did not obey, as the messengers returned from the sacristy and the presbytery only to report that the priest, seized with fear, had disappeared, the wrath of the people was let loose, filling the arches of the church with angry blasphemies.

The uproar had turned into brutal manifestations; the more turbulent were tearing up the pews and striking the flag-stones with them, still calling for the priest, when a happy inspiration averted the rising tempest.

Paddy and his comrades lifted Treor on the steps of the altar, inviting him to take the priest's place, give the absolution, and preside at the obsequies. Consulting the assembly, the old Irishman received its permission; and immediately, amid the general hush, a silence which Father Richmond would never have obtained, he officiated, very soberly, in his own way, speaking the orisons, simple, touching, and grand, in the national tongue.

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Grand, on her horse, Lady Ellen herself, under the influence of the general emotion, had forgotten to rejoin the hunt.

For several days she appeared thoroughly absorbed by the thought of this imposing scene, and then had done everything to forget it.

The representative, plastic, artistic, poetic side of the drama vanished, to leave with her, by day and by night, only the memory of the funeral trappings, which she seemed to see, the torches, the coffin, and the corpse, the fetid and lingering odor of which would not leave her, in spite of the perfumes with which she saturated her clothes and deluged her soft, rose-colored, silken skin.

Little by little, however, the impression was dissipated in the distraction of incessant merry-making, and now her one passion preoccupied her: she considered only how she could gratify it freely, and was happy at the thought of the approaching renewal of hostilities, which would necessitate long journeys to the other end of the province on the part of Newington.

His return the week before, alas! and his presence at the castle irritated her, and she had had several secret interviews with Casper.

To be continued.

TCHERNYCHEWSKY'S LIFE AND TRIAL.

Translated from the Russian for Liberty by Victor Yarros.

Continued from No. 84.

"The prisoner is charged with three offences:

I. Unlawful connection with the political offender and exile, Herzen, who is undermining the existing forms of government, and participation in the latter's criminal designs. This charge is based on unsatisfactory evidence, and therefore declared unproven.

II. Authorship of a manifesto addressed to the serfs, of the most seditious character, which was intended for publication and wide circulation among the peasants. The proofs of this charge are: (a) the testimony of V. Kostomaroff, who gave a full account of the matter; (b) the note left by Tchernychevsky at Kostomaroff's quarters, requesting him to change some expression in the text of the manifesto; (c) the testimony of the convict Michailoff; (d) the testimony of Iakovlev, who was in the employ of V. Kostomaroff.

III. Inciting to riot and plotting against the government. Material proof of this is found in the letter to journalist Plescheieff, which substantiates all the other charges, and clearly shows that Tchernychevsky is legally guilty as well as morally. In that letter he reproaches his friend for his neglect and tardiness, and informs him that other arrangements were made concerning the publication of his revolutionary manifesto. We thus find that Tchernychevsky cultivated the acquaintance of other conspirators, who were disturbing public peace by their incendiary literature.

"This evidence leaves no doubt as to the existence of a plot to overthrow the

government, in which Tchernychevsky played a very important part. This crime comes under the head of Article 283, Vol. XV, of the code of capital crimes. But owing to the consideration that these plots were discovered in time to prevent any actual disturbance from taking place, and considering that nothing serious had occurred in consequence of their propaganda, Tchernychevsky is subject to the penalty provided by the third or fourth degree of Article 284. Bearing in mind that Tchernychevsky, being a popular writer and one of the directing minds on the 'Sovremennik,' exercised exceptional power over the youth of the country, whom he endeavored to convert into adherents to his extreme socialistic and materialistic views, advocating the forcible overthrow of the existing government as the means of realizing those ideas, and thus was a particularly dangerous agitator, and considering his obstinate refusal to admit the truth of the charges in spite of the overwhelming evidence, the Senatorial Council thinks it necessary that Tchernychevsky should suffer the severest penalty of the law, and sentences titular councillor N. G. Tchernychevsky, aged thirty-five years, to fourteen years of hard labor in the mines and, at the expiration of that term, to banishment to Siberia for life."

9 a.m., June 13, 1864, was the time fixed for the reading of the decision. In spite of the heavy rain that commenced at daybreak, Mistin Square was thronged at the appointed hour. The outward appearance of the crowd indicated that they belonged to the cultured classes of society. Few gained admittance into the court room. Tchernychevsky was greatly changed. He looked pale and haggard. He did not utter a word. When the official conspirator began to read the shameful government fraud, Tchernychevsky turned his face to the wall, and remained so till the sentence was pronounced. Then his hands were put through two iron rings attached to a scaffold. A sabre was broken. At this moment a bouquet was thrown at Tchernychevsky's feet. . . . Nicholas Govrilovich Tchernychevsky was hurriedly led out and transported to the Siberian mines. . . .

This incomplete sketch of Tchernychevsky's early life and trial represents all that could be gathered from private sources. Since 1862 Russia has virtually been under a reign of terror. The world has heard much about the Lopoukhoffs, Kirсанoffs, Rakimétoffs, but nothing about their author. For more than twenty years Tchernychevsky's name was not once mentioned in the press; but he was not forgotten by "young Russia." The famous revolutionist Mishkin made an attempt to rescue Tchernychevsky, but the plot was discovered at the last moment, and Tchernychevsky's lot was made bitter and sadder than before. The international literary congress assembled in Vienna petitioned for Tchernychevsky's release, but no attention was paid to it by the czar. A radical Russian newspaper was bold enough to take up the matter, and in a very able article urged the government to set Tchernychevsky free. "He was an honest and brave man," said the writer; "can any honest government fear such men?" It is needless to add that these bold utterances brought the paper to an early grave. The government feared Tchernychevsky's influence, and, like all blind and maddened tyrants, only increased it by its suicidal policy. His writings were suppressed; no one was allowed to speak about them or mention his name; but this was precisely the best method of making his name a peculiar charm to enthusiastic and spirited youths. Indeed, Tchernychevsky's influence and the importance of the part he played in creating and directing the revolutionary drift that will yet carry away the whole fabric of barbarism and tyranny can hardly be overestimated. We can only wonder how much more he would have done for the cause of degraded and law-ridden humanity! The government early discovered the danger that threatened "established institutions" and determined to extinguish the light before it kindled into a blaze. Did it succeed? Let the history of Russia for the last two decades answer!

Of Tchernychevsky's life in exile very little is known. He passed seven years in the Zalaikalsky district, working at various occupations. In the mines he actually worked only a few weeks. After 1871 he lived in Viluisk (near Jakutsk) as a convict settler. He occupied a small hut with an adjoining garden, where he worked several hours every day. The peasants called him "saint." Sometimes he visited them and talked with them about the conditions of life in that part of the country, but this had to be discontinued, as the authorities accused him of spreading revolutionary ideas among the peasants. During the first few years Nekrasoff and his other co-workers on the "Sovremennik" supplied him with money; afterwards the government allowed him two hundred roubles a year. As everything is very cheap in that region, he found this sum sufficient to supply his few simple wants. No correspondence with his wife or friends was allowed. He had some volumes of poetry and a few other books, but Byron was the most "serious" writer whom he was allowed to enjoy. Of newspapers he had a small local publication and the "Illustrated London News." On the whole, Tchernychevsky appears to have been treated decently by the local authorities, although, of course, his movements were strictly watched. Now and then he would write something, but he burned all his manuscripts.

Thus Tchernychevsky passed twenty years of his life. What a tragical fate for such a man! Who can measure the intensity of the sufferings he underwent during these long years of enforced idleness and helplessness? No wonder that the reports of his insanity found so many believers in his own country. In October, 1883, the joyful and unexpected news spread over unhappy Russia that Tchernychevsky, the great teacher and hero, had been "pardoned" by the czar. "Can it be true?" the disconsolate subjects of the czar asked themselves, and shook their heads in melancholy doubt. But it was true. On the twenty-seventh of October, 1883, after twenty years of exile, N. G. Tchernychevsky returned from Siberia. He lives now in Astrachan under police surveillance, and this place he is not allowed to leave. His wife is with him. They occupy a small house in the central part of the city. They lead a very quiet and retired life. The authorities, it is understood, are instructed to discourage any curious strangers from visiting Tchernychevsky, nor is Tchernychevsky himself anxious to receive visitors. For well known reasons no representatives of the Russian press interviewed him, and absolutely nothing was said in the newspapers about the event.

A correspondent of the London "Daily News" visited Tchernychevsky at his home. He was received courteously, though in a somewhat reserved manner. At first Tchernychevsky impressed him as very vigorous and well-preserved, but the impression was illusive. The expression of mental vigor, so familiar in Tchernychevsky's photographs, has entirely disappeared. He is extremely nervous; his look is troubled and restless; his eyes wander continually from one object to another; some of his movements are purely convulsive. From time to time a curt, dry remark involuntarily escaped him, as if his mind dwelt on some past memories, but whether they were of a painful or pleasant nature it was difficult to divine. His health is ruined. The twenty years of exile have had a most disastrous effect on the greatest thinker and writer of modern Russia. His only wish, if he can be said to have any wishes, is rest, absolute rest . . .

I take my hat off and reverently bow in taking leave of the author of "What's To Be Done?"

LIBERTY.

Miss Kelly's Errors.

I do not desire to unduly extend this discussion of the population question, especially as it is clearly perceptible that Miss Kelly is somewhat nettled and considerably inclined to be unkind, if not unphilosophical, in her treatment of her opponent. I have often noticed, however, that such is the spirit of most Anti-Malthusians, and so no especial blame should rest upon Miss Kelly, as she has simply committed the error of her school when dealing with this question. But I see no need for acrimony in this inquiry, no need for contempt and superciliousness. It is to be presumed that the Malthusians with whom Miss Kelly has to do in this discussion are as earnestly and sincerely desirous of finding the truth as is she herself, and I am not at all inclined to agree with my opponents in their assumption that the "Malthusian theory" was invented to save the threatened governmental and capitalistic systems. In candor, I must here record my opinion that such assumption is unfounded and unjust.

Another reason why I do not follow Miss Kelly more closely and at greater length is because in the discussion between J. F. Kelly and myself in "Lucifer" very nearly the same ground has been traversed. This being so, I shall content myself in the present instance with the correction of a very few of my opponent's mistakes, and these in matters of fact only.

So far is Miss Kelly from being accurate in her statement to the effect that English Malthusians, in considering the causes of East Indian poverty and misery, overlook or ignore the part that the British usurper has had in the production of that poverty and misery, that I am compelled to conclude that she has not read the writings of English Malthusians,—those which bear on this subject; at all events, she and I have certainly read differently, for it has been my fortune to peruse very much more which was in condemnation of English rule in India than which attributed the sufferings of that country to over-population, and this always from the pens of English Malthusians. And there is in this nothing inimical to my position, for I have all along maintained that the Neo-Malthusian and the true labor reformer can work hand in hand, always achieving better results, because seeing more truth when working thus unitedly than when blinded and kept apart by partisan prejudice.

While it is true that our social conditions, our inequitable distribution of labor fruits, produce much of the intemperance that curses our land, the facts do not warrant us in making the sweeping assertion that Miss Kelly does to the effect that all intemperance is produced by poverty. This is the legitimate deduction from her words. Poverty and intemperance are alternating cause and effect. It is hard to say whether poverty produces the more intemperance or intemperance the more poverty; but I am inclined to think the latter.

I repeat, the questions of political economy and domestic economy, so far as the problem of population is concerned, are, in fact, one. The prosperity of the whole exists only because of the prosperity of the parts. If "domestic economy" in the propagation of offspring is of benefit to the family, it will be in like ratio of benefit to the "State."

I am deeply grateful to Miss Kelly for admitting that I "tend toward Anarchism." I had supposed that I was a full-fledged Anarchist, or Autonomist; but it seems that I am only just out of the shell of Authoritarianism, with certain slight tendencies in the direction of Liberty. And why? Simply because I accept the postulate that population tends to outrun subsistence, and do not believe that revolution, without previous education and personal reformation, will give us a better social state.

E. C. WALKER.

Mr. Walker Can Say More Than One "Really Foolish Thing."

If it was true, as Mr. Tucker said, that Mr. Walker's opening statement on Malthusianism was the first really foolish thing he had ever said, he has since unmistakably proved to all of us that it is not by any means the only foolish thing that he is capable of saying. "Unkind" as I am, I begin to feel quite sorry for him; it pains me to see him sinking deeper and deeper into the mire.

If we could only make Mr. Walker hold to any one position five minutes at a time, we might succeed in convincing him of the error of his ways; but he dodges from position to position with lightning-like rapidity, when attacked on one, going off to another, insisting it was not this he meant but that, and when attacked on that, returning to this. He began by defending Malthus against Proudhon, and when we showed him that the lessening of the numbers, whether it be of adult individuals, or in the number of children in families, could be followed by no beneficial results to the laborers, under present conditions, he dodged it by saying that he did not suppose the present conditions to continue, that what he was defending was Neo-Malthusianism, which contemplated the abolition of the wages-system, and not Malthusianism. This was pure dodging, as Proudhon did not attack Neo-Malthusianism but Malthusianism. Then he recommended us a book, which, he told us, represented his views, which I showed him did not at all contemplate the abolition of the wages-system, ascribed all the evils from which the working-people suffered

to their excessive numbers, and differed from Malthusianism in no way but in the remedy proposed for lessening the numbers. He again dodged the issue by saying that he regarded the reduction of the size of families, not as any benefit in itself, but valued it simply as an educational measure, tacitly admitting that the reduction, if general, would be of no use. We then began to take some hope, for we thought that light, though very dim, was at last beginning to dawn on Mr. Walker; but our joy was extremely short-lived, for in the next issue of "Lucifer" appeared a glowing eulogy of a book entitled the "Radical Remedy in Social Science" (whatever a *remedy in science* may mean) with not a single word from Mr. Walker to say that the remedy was not radical. The value of this book, both as a literary and scientific production, may be fairly estimated from its title and sub-title.

As to the object and result of the Malthusian theory in affecting the growth of socialism, I would refer Mr. Walker to my reply to Mr. James. Malthus's work was intended to serve, and served, no other interests but those of the reaction. As far as the presumptive pressure of the population on the means of subsistence was concerned, Condorcet had foreseen it, and proposed the remedy—after the conditions had been changed, i.e., after freedom and equality had been guaranteed to all.

As far as lessening the size of families as an educational measure is concerned, we have history to prove that prudential restraint has followed, not preceded, improved conditions. Malthus himself admits that the improved conditions of the French peasants were what gave birth to their prudence, and Mill has shown that the professional classes, whose conditions are more nearly dependent on their own industry than any other, are more particular in this regard. Therefore Mr. Walker's position is in any case entirely illogical and untenable. He admits that the social revolution will have to be made after the families are reduced, but still tells us that the reduction is the first thing to be consummated, while we maintain that, when the revolution is made, the population question will settle itself, as it has done before.

Mr. Walker's position on the temperance question is perfectly consistent with that on the population question, and I am very glad that he has so declared himself, as it may help to clear off the mist surrounding this subject. Intemperance is, in the main, due to the unjust distribution of wealth, and will disappear with this unjust distribution. Intemperance, as almost every physician will testify, is found mainly in two classes of individuals,—those who have nothing to do, and those who are overworked or whose position is very precarious,—and these two classes will not exist under just conditions. But Mr. Walker, in true scientific fashion, would have us treat results and leave causes untouched.

Intemperance may sometimes cause poverty, as large families may cause poverty; but the point I wish to insist upon is that, by removing all the large families and all the intemperance, the poverty would still remain, while, by removing the poverty, by securing to each what he earned, the intemperance and the large families would in the main disappear. Those cases that remained would then belong to the domain, not of political, but of domestic, economy.

I again repeat that the reduction of the size of families under present conditions is purely a matter of domestic economy,—the gain accruing to isolated individuals being simply due to the majority having large families, for, if the reduction became general, no good would have resulted, as the wages would have fallen in exact proportion. The market for commodities would have been lessened in exact proportion to the reduction in the numbers, and so the over-production and the lack of work would exist as today, and the resulting crime, and vice, and misery. Mr. Walker has again returned to the position which he abandoned sometime ago,—that the prosperity of the whole people could be increased by the reduction in the size of the families. If he only would tell us the position to which he really means to adhere, it would be such a comfort, and our respect for his sense and honesty would be very much increased.

Mr. Walker seems to feel quite hurt that I said he "tended towards Anarchism." I "take it all back," for I think now he is tending directly away from it. I did not know, when I compared him some time since to the Christian Temperance women, that he was really so nearly related to them. He is very much more nearly related to them than he is to the Anarchists. He not only is not an Anarchistic socialist, but can lay no claim to being a socialist of any kind. All socialism presupposes that the conditions must be changed before men can be very much better; in other words, as Spencer puts it, "it is impossible to be moral in immoral surroundings." If it is possible for each individual to work out his own salvation without having regard to any one else, why is Mr. Walker so anxious to have his views spread? Why is he not satisfied with "moralizing" himself and his immediate family, and leaving the rest of the world to its fate?

GERTRUDE B. KELLY.

A Lady Corrected.

[John Swinton's Paper.]

We regret to find that we cannot satisfy Miss Gertrude B. Kelly, who has repeatedly scolded us in *Liberty*. Before quoting a paragraph of her essay in the last number of that able exponent of philosophical and pacific anarchism, we desire to

make a few corrections. In the first place, we have never "wilfully closed our eyes to the light" that seemed to us genuine, or that was delivered to us in the original packages, so to speak. In the second place, every reader of this paper knows that it is an error to say we have devoted "all our time" to the promotion of the eight-hour movement. In the third place, all of our readers know that it is another error to say that the only measure we have proposed for turning machinery to the benefit of the laborer is the eight-hour measure; for we have hardly ever referred to the subject without saying that the machinery ought to be owned by the laborers who invent, construct, and operate it. In the next place, no one can have read this paper without knowing that we have incessantly argued in favor of the settlement of the labor question by reason and judgment,—always excepting the case in which we challenged the "Rev." Jo. Cook to a trial of strength and skill with the broadsword and the arquebus. Finally, as to dealing with "bottom issues," we can only say that, if we do not reach the bottom, we frequently get into that region where the primitive ooze darkens the vision. Having made these corrections, it is time to give a show to Miss Gertrude B. Kelly, who recently brought us into a compromise against which she ought to have taken warning from Shakspeare. [Here followed the quotation from Miss Kelly's article.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

John Swinton's Conscience is Alive!

I have some hope for John Swinton now, as his conscience has at last shown what the biologists tell us is the first sign of life, *irritability*, or the power of responding to stimulus. For a long time I had thought that he was dead,—dead to all that constitutes real life, justice, and truth. Mr. Swinton says he regrets that he cannot satisfy me. It is my opinion that he has not tried to do so, but it is not for that that I have fault to find with him. What I dislike most in Mr. Swinton is his desire to *please* the people instead of *enlightening* them, his desire to go with the tide of popular prejudice (deluding himself with the idea, as so many do, that he is leading, when he is in reality only following the crowd) instead of using his influence as a man of brains and conscience to turn the movement in the right direction.

Mr. Swinton says he has never "wilfully closed his eyes to the light." Well, if he sees the true light, and does not show it to those who are being deluded by false lights, he is acknowledging himself to be worse than I had painted him. That he is not giving forth what he conceives to be the highest truth was plainly stated by himself sometime ago to one of *Liberty's* contributors. He said that all that *Liberty* was teaching was very true, but that it was beyond the people, that we must remember that we had to deal with the *canaille* of today, who were not fit for the acceptance of those lofty principles. "He who says that truth is not always to be told, and that it is not fit for all minds, is simply a defender of falsehood; and we should take no notice of him, inasmuch as, the object of discussion being to destroy error, we cannot discuss with a man who deliberately affirms that error should be spared." [Buckle.]

If John Swinton has not devoted "all his time" to the promotion of the eight-hour movement, he certainly has devoted the greater part of it since the question became a popular one,—that is, to use his own complimentary term, since the *canaille* have become deluded into the idea that it would be of benefit to them. If Mr. Swinton does not know that the eight-hour measure is not only no solution of the labor problem, but that it is not even a single step toward its solution, I would respectfully refer him to the study of that philosopher for whom he professes to have the most profound respect, Karl Marx, before he devotes any more of his valuable time to leading the people into a will-o'-the-wisp chase after happiness. I defy Mr. Swinton to prove that, if he does not touch "bottom issues,"—in other words, if he does not determine what constitutes exact *justice*,—he can have any other standard by which to decide any question but *brute force*.

As to the comparison between Mr. Swinton and Mr. Drury, to which Mr. Swinton seems so much to object. Though I do not entirely agree with Victor Drury, I have always placed him, and still place him, immensely above John Swinton. If Mr. Swinton was sure that he was right as to the expulsion of the Chinese, why did he not call the attention of his readers to that article? Why did he not show them the consistency which there was in his treatment of the black men and the yellow men? Or, if he felt that he was wrong, why did he not acknowledge it like a man, as Victor Drury did? Why? Because he does not belong to those of whom the revolution stands in great need,

Who never sell the truth to serve the hour,
Or palter with eternal good for power.

GERTRUDE B. KELLY.

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* NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER *
PROUDHON

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Whole No. 86.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

A new Socialistic exchange, called the "Avant-Courier" and published weekly, comes from Portland, Oregon. If it really proves to be what it calls itself, "an advocate of every reform that promises to ameliorate the condition of the toilers of the world," it will be the most remarkable case of straddling on record.

It has been suggested to me that my definition of an Anarchist, in my "Fable for Malthusians," as one who believes in the achievement of Liberty would admit to our ranks those who believe in Liberty as a millennial ideal only. This was farthest from my thought. No platonic love of Liberty will satisfy the requirements of Anarchy. To believe in achieving Liberty is to believe that the sooner we begin to take it, the sooner we shall have it; that, the faster we throw off our shackles, the quicker we shall be free; that whenever opportunity offers to strike a blow at any of the rivets, it should be improved; and, above all, that the surest way to postpone Liberty's advent is to add, for supposed beneficent and moral ends, to the number and strength of the shackles which the slaves now wear.

Readers of Auberon Herbert's poem printed in another column will observe the blemish upon it in his expression of an almost laughable aspiration for that good time coming when the rich man shall be able to dwell in safety by the side of the poor man. No man is more thoroughly devoted to the principle of Liberty than Mr. Herbert, but he has never yet found out that it is the denial of Liberty that makes the rich man possible. It has escaped his attention that the worst evil of Authority which he so heartily hates is its separation of mankind into the rich and the poor. His anxiety about the danger to which the rich man's plunder is subject reminds me of a conversation which I recently had with a good old lady, a rich man's wife. Bewailing the evil tendencies of the times, she illustrated them by the fact that her husband, a diamond merchant, had once been robbed by burglars of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of stones, and had only just succeeded, after a severe struggle of ten years or more, in making up that amount by his "industry," and is now so fearful lest his toil may again be brought to nought that he does not dare to leave his home over Sunday. The rich man's lot is indeed a hard one, Mr. Herbert.

"The Boston Knight" is the name of a weekly paper recently added to Liberty's exchange list. It is an organ of the Knights of Labor, and especially of the barbers. Though edited with some spirit, it is not a paper whose support any party ought to envy. Its editor has been the leading spirit in the hypocritical attempt to have the barbers' shops of Boston closed under the Sunday law,—an attempt, I am happy to say, which failed ignominiously. As for its publisher, his conduct may certainly be called suspicious. A few weeks ago an article appeared in the paper making serious charges against the proprietor of one of the largest carpet houses in Boston, not naming him, but alluding to him in such a way that it was easy to establish his identity. This was followed by other articles and communications of a similar tenor, but still

more pointed. Next came an announcement that the "Knight" had examined the matter, found the charges untrue, and therefore desired to retract them. The succeeding number contained a conspicuous quarter-page advertisement of the carpet house in question. These facts are capable of an interpretation consistent with honor, but the skeptical and cynical are likely to draw uncharitable conclusions. Liberty advises its new contemporary to avoid even the appearance of evil.

Anarchy in Wyoming.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Herewith find my renewal to Liberty. Of all the publications I read none affords me so much pleasure. I only wish Liberty contained more short, pithy articles, instead of the continued stories, which are doubtless very good, but somehow I have arrived at a stage in life's journey that does not require fiction, but solid facts.

Since writing the short letter from Eaton, Colorado, which you thought worthy of space, I have visited Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, and intermediate cities between that point and San Francisco, and have mixed and mingled with all classes of reformers,—Communistic Anarchists, State Socialists, Knights of Labor, Greenbackers, Land Tax League, Socialistic Labor Party, etc., etc.,—and at last, sick at heart at the prospect of any speedy relief to the toilers, I have returned to my first love, Anarchy and Wyoming, where there still remains a little of the milk of human kindness and less statute law than in any country I know of. I find that love for one's own species, like the wind, goes where it listeth, and am more convinced than ever before that any society that requires the surrender of our individuality is contrary to natural law. Miss Kelly's critics would only need to have had some of my experience to learn how swift the consequences of forcible appropriation of other men's possessions follow. The three hold-ups, who, not content to despoil their victims, clubbed them sometimes until they were unconscious, as at Coolidge, New Mexico, were shot full of lead early one morning by the citizens, after which gentry of that stripe confined themselves to the rolling process,—in other words, went through their victims while they slept under the influence of heavy potations. The fact is, people in the most civilized (so-called) communities continually show their contempt for statute law by summarily executing a certain class of criminals without judge or jury, and everybody but those who fatten off of the law applauds. There are hundreds of men on the frontier to whom it would be an insult to suggest the application of statute law in the case of an attack. They would scorn redress second-handed, as much as some people would abomination through a crucified redeemer.

Naturally men are Anarchists. I know Communists who assert that, if Anarchy prevailed, men would sally forth like roaring lions seeking whom they might devour, and yet these men would become as docile as lambs in a Community. How absurd! Such a fellow would create a rumpus in heaven, and the place for him to find the right change for his belligerency is in a state of Anarchy. If other people didn't object to being killed, these killers would have smooth sailing; but I have always noticed that the bad men and killers who have been allowed by the law's slow process to escape punishment in the States generally emigrate to this country to die with their boots on, as is fitting for men of their profession. Witness Jim Curry, who shot the actor Porter at Marshall, Texas, a few years ago. He attempted to enact the same role in New Mexico, where the insanity dodge doesn't go, and he and Red River Tom and another killer, whose name I have forgotten, were sent to join the innumerable throng of bad men who had preceded them to that bourne whence bad men do not return.

As for me, if punishment is to be meted out to an offender, I prefer its immediate execution instead of the slow torturing process in vogue; it is far less barbarous and decidedly more satisfactory. Locks and keys, bars and bolts, long wire fences and land-grabbing,—all had their advent into this country with the introduction of statute law. There is not an old pioneer on the frontier but regrets the advance of our patent back-acting civilization. These old-timers delight to tell the

tenderfoot of the good old days of the early settlement of this country, when the latch strings of their cabin doors hung on the outside, and the tax-gatherer was unknown, and each respected the rights of the other,—in fact, would fight for, and, if necessary, die for a neighbor's protection. These, without seeking it, had found the boon for which they now mourn, without ever knowing that it was Individual Liberty. More anon.

J. ALLEN EVANS.

FORT LARAMIE, WYOMING, MAY 22, 1886.

LIBERTAS IN EXCELSIS.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

Away with the crutches, away with the bribes,
Away with the laws that bind,
With the evil race for power and place,
And the taxes that hurt and grind.

CHORUS—Each man shall be free, whoever he be,
And none shall say to him may !
There is only one rule for the wise and the fool —
To follow his own heart's way.
For the heart of the free, whoever he be,
May be stirred to a better thing;
But the heart of the slave lies chill in its grave,
And knows not the coming of spring.

We are sick of the men who crawl at our feet,
We are sick of the tongues that lie,
Of the changing creeds and the sneaking deeds
And the passions rising high.

CHORUS—Each man, etc.

We are sick of this buying and selling of souls,
Of the craft and the hidden plan,
Of the tarnished name and the cheap-held shame,
Where man would be ruler of man.

CHORUS—Each man, etc.

We are sick of the talkers who flatter and talk,
With golden words galore;
Of the givers who stand, with an open hand,
To give from their neighbor's store.

CHORUS—Each man, etc.

We are sick of the parties who wrangle and fight,—
Whatever their color or hue,—
Of the people's friends who have all the same ends,
As friends of themselves, to pursue.

CHORUS—Each man, etc.

We are sick of their pedants, their systems of clerks,
That drive with the lashing of whips,

State schools, and State rules, and for all of us fools

The wisdom of office-drilled lips.

CHORUS—Each man, etc.

But bright on the world a new creed shall smile,
Like dawn on the wastes of the sea —

The creed of a man, who holds to the plain

To have faith in himself and be free !

CHORUS—Each man, etc.

Till the poor man learns that the harsh-grinding laws
Bring never a life's content;

And that hands to be strong in the press and the throng

Must be clasped with the heart's consent.

CHORUS—Each man, etc.

Till the rich man lives in the midst of his wealth,
As safe as the poor by his side ;

And pleases himself what he does with his self —

We care not a jot in our pride !

CHORUS—Each man, etc.

Then forward your heart set, each lad and each lass,
There is many a fight to renew;

There are idols to break for sweet liberty's sake,

And many a chain to undo.

CHORUS—Each man, etc.

Then forward your heart set, each lad and his lass,
Till to humble and great it is known

That each man shall rule, be he wise man or fool,

His own self, his one self, alone !

CHORUS—Each man, etc.

Auberon Herbert.

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

EIGHTEEN CHRISTIAN CENTURIES: OR, THE EVOLUTION OF THE GOSPEL OF ANARCHY.

An Essay on the Meaning of History.

By DYER D. LUM.

Continued from No. 85.

Christ had not come! Reaction inevitably set in. The seed of intellectual awakening, wafted over the Pyrenees, began to find root in secret places in the sturdy North. In morals it made its first appearance and openly demanded reform. While the bewildered intellect struggled to assert itself in the wild mazes of Scholasticism, morality declaimed aloud against the prevalent vices. It was not the submissive voice of the gospels, nor the restoration of Christian morality from long slumber, but the beginning of an awakening of the human mind. The Latin nations, in which Christianity had been longest prevalent, were silent. The demand, the cry of the new spirit, came from the North, from those who had latest embraced the Christian belief. It was the voice of humanity protesting against Cesarism in such dumb fashion as it could.

In 1073 the great Hildebrand became pope under the name of Gregory VII., and the great strife which had hitherto smouldered was to break out in open light. Papal degeneration had been stayed; the respect of Christendom had been secured; heresy, in fact, controversy itself, may be said to have been stamped out; the awful sanctity of the clergy had been more deeply impressed on the mind by the blameless lives of the German popes; the establishment of the feudal system predisposed men to accept the theory of a spiritual Headship, clothed with authority over his vassals. All that seemed wanting to perfect the claim of Christian autocracy in the person of the pope was statesmanlike genius and daring. In Gregory VII. lay the genius to perceive the occasion, and the daring spirit to attempt the execution of his plans. The ostensible objects he sought to overturn—simony and the marriage of the clergy—were but opportunities for asserting the traditional policy of pagan and Christian Rome. The German emperor, Henry VI., holding the most respected throne in Europe; with a glittering court and surrounded by rich and powerful feudal lords, sovereign over their respective estates; at the head of a great army held to his service by ties of feudal suzerainty; successor of Charlemagne, and of the Caesars to whom the Apostles paid passive obedience,—claimed the hereditary right as feudal lord and Roman Emperor to name the pope who was to wield the authority of St. Peter.

It may seem at first glance strange claim for the emperor, intent on maintaining what he regarded as imperial rights, inherent in the divine right pertaining to the imperial crown, as the champion of Teutonic liberty against Roman authority. Yet this great struggle was here waged. But the spirit of liberty inherent in the Teuton character had been cramped by institutions; one by one its limbs had been compressed within the vice of ecclesiasticism. Its only form of open opposition could come from their kings; that is to say, the old spirit of protest to oppression could only find imperfect voice in the sole channel left for its expression, its national representative. Victorious here, it would not be long before he, as the custodian of instituted authority, would also have heard its voice. As this is one of the great turning points in history, we may well pause to glance at the situation.

The time had not come! The spiritual thunder of the pope was more deadly than Henry's sword. Nor could the Empire, ostensibly so great, command a sufficient force to maintain his claims. The Empire was but a feudal combination of separate principalities. Feudal disintegration, by weakening central authority, was laying the foundation for future liberty. Already Saxony, under its prelate princes, was in open revolt, and had destroyed an imperial fortress deemed impregnable. The individualism so inherent in the Teuton character found its expression in petty nationalities, and the unity of the Empire was but in an illusory title. Each new emperor obtained recognition of suzerainty by the extorted concessions of further local rights. Henry was young and pressed by an avaricious aristocracy; Gregory was mature in years and statesmanship.

The avowed objects of reform insisted upon so strongly by Rome were so pressed that, while they established the autocratic claims of the papacy, they won the approval of the common people. Simony, the sale of ecclesiastical benefices, was the legitimate consequence of the inordinate wealth of the clergy in a feudal age. The possession of wealth, no matter what form of government prevails, entails power. Government, whether autocratic, limited monarchy, democratic, or communistic, is in every case the expression of those who hold the means that confer power. Spiritual preferment and landed wealth could not be separated. As proprietor, the possessor became liege of the sovereign; could the sovereign abdicate his right to confer these feudal dignities? Says Milman:

Charlemagne himself had set the example of advancing his natural sons to high ecclesiastical dignities. His feeble descendants, even the more pious, submitted to the same course from choice or necessity. The evil worked downward. The bishop, who had bought his see, indemnified himself by selling the inferior prebends or cure. What was so intrinsically valuable began to have its money price; it became an object of barter and sale. The layman who bought holy orders bought usually peace, security of life, comparative ease. Those who aspired to higher dignities soon repaid themselves for the outlay, however large and extortionate.

Popes and councils had for centuries denounced the practice; not for the purpose of curbing aristocratic privilege, but because it weakened the church by a divided allegiance. Gregory saw his opportunity in Henry's weakness, and in the interest of Cesarism resolved to strike at the fountain head of the evil,—civil investiture.

The question of the married clergy in no less degree was directly concerned with Roman supremacy. Marriage not only introduced domestic ties, which weakened the supreme claim to undivided allegiance and implicit obedience to orders, and thereby gave emphasis to the voice of nature, but, by establishing through descent an hereditary aristocracy, deprived the church of its direct claim on the incumbents of its offices. The clerical, like the lay, nobility would become an exclusive caste, and, like them again in possessing hereditary privilege, would be tempted to struggle against their superiors. It was the introduction of feudal strife in the one invisible church.

The Saxon bishops were beside themselves with rage. "The pope must be a heretic," they said in synod at Erfurt, "or a madman. Has he forgotten the saying of the Lord? All cannot fulfil his word. The apostle says, 'Let him that cannot contain marry.' He would compel all men to live like angels. Let him take care, while he would do no violence to nature, he break not all the bonds which restrain from fornication and every uncleanness. They had rather abandon their priesthood than their wives, and then let the pope, who thought men too grovelling for him, see if he can find angels to govern the church." The old pagan spirit still moved in Saxon hearts, and would yet be heard again!

The reform instituted against moral degradation by Gregory's predecessors had

found its support in the monks. They were the "angels" upon whom Rome could always rely. Says Michelet: "Ever since the tempest of the barbaric invasion, the world had taken refuge in the church and sullied it; the church took refuge with the monks; that is to say, with the severest and most practical," as well as the legitimate inheritors of the "primitive, pure, and undefiled" doctrine of passive obedience. Against both State supremacy and prelatice privilege Gregory boldly appealed to the people.

The people! The down-trodden millions, oppressed and plundered by both prince and prelate, were now called upon to sit in judgment on their masters. Dangerous precedent! the effect of which was to outlast the temporary urgency. The proud prelate at home was hated for his rapacity, for his relentless cruelty and extortion, for his life of luxury won from the sweat of his plundered people; the proud prelate at Rome was lost to view in the brightness of St. Peter, or visible only in the Apostolic halo. At home was ruin and death; at Rome all and every hope that reached their darkened minds. Their hatred and wrath excited by the fierce preaching of the monks, they rose in fury and tore the astonished bishops from their very altars. In the words of the poetic Michelet:

A brutal levelling instinct made them delight in outraging all that they had adored, in trampling under foot those whose feet they had kissed, in tearing the alb, in dashing to pieces the mitre. The priests were beaten, cuffed, and mutilated in their own cathedrals; their consecrated wines were drunk, and the host scattered about. The monks pushed on and preached. The people became impregnated with a bold mysticism, and habituated to despise form and dash it to pieces, as if to set the spirit free. This revolutionary purification of the church shook it to the foundation.

Cesarism triumphed. The danger which had threatened the claim of unity and headship was overcome. Gregory had found his "angels" to enforce subjection. On a January morning in the year 1077, in a winter of unprecedented severity, with the ground deep in snow, the State, in the person of Henry IV., stands alone in the courtyard of the castle of Canossa, where the victorious wielder of Rome's traditional policy was the honored guest of his protectress, Countess Matilda of Tuscany. No knightly armor or royal sword now distinguished the humble suppliant. Clad only in the thin, white dress of the penitent, and fasting, he stood there, humbly awaiting the pleasure of the pope. A second and a third day passed, and the gates did not open; cold, hungry, agitated with alluring hopes and bitter reflections, the unsheltered head of God's Anointed bows in suppliant petition for permission to abase himself.

Christianity had triumphed. The might of the pagan Caesar had been sustained by his legions, and his pleasures guarded by praetorian guards; the might of the Christian Caesar had been sustained by a papal bull, and its efficacy secured by the sermons of monks. He who had so boldly claimed the right to sit in judgment over all men, when "before him shall be gathered all nations, and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats," was everywhere adored. The spirit of universal authority, sanctioned by revelation and thus making faith paramount to reason, planted in finite minds and thus made subject to the laws of social evolution, embraced and preserved by the practical genius of Rome and thus saved from the barrenness of Eastern speculation, had prevailed.

Unity had been restored at home; it must be extended abroad. The infidel Saracen held possession of the tomb of Christ, and the glory of his triumphant church demanded his expulsion from the sacred soil divine feet had trod. We are on the eve of the crusades—and the dawn of progress. Twenty years from the scene of Henry's humiliation at Canossa, Europe was ringing with the fiery cry of Peter the Hermit to redeem the Holy Land. We cannot enter into the history of that period. The Crusades were apparently to unite still stronger the interests of Europe with those of Rome. Wealth, power, influence, the triune support of the authority of man over man, centred in the church. All Europe recognized in the pope their commander-in-chief. He possessed in all its extent the power "to bind and to loose," and had carried out the excommunication pronounced by Christ: "If he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as a heathen and a publican."

But the changes we have already noted were silently at work. In 1099 Jerusalem was captured, and the twelfth century opened a new epoch. More than half a million men died in the first crusade. A second and a third followed. To meet the expense domains were thrown into the market and changed hands. The humble serf of the glebe, who had wearily plodded in the path his father and his ancestors had worn, without hope or knowledge of what lay beyond the narrow boundaries which held him, now was offered freedom by donning the cross. If he returned from the East, the witness of varied scenes and modes of life, he was no longer the simple Jacques Bonhomme of the past. Commerce received an immense impetus by the opening of the East. Luxuries and arts hitherto unknown in Christendom, which Draper compares with modern Caffaria, began to gain ground. The Jews introduced bills of credit from Lombardy, and thus facilitated exchange. The restless activity of the European peoples, which had hitherto found sole vent in personal warfare, found new fields in industrial warfare upon nature. Cities began to assume a new aspect. The counter of the merchant and the bench of the artisan developed a different attitude in their attendants than the shrines of saints. With the extension of commercial and industrial activity, the old forms could no longer hold the new spirit. Cesarism had held its power by the free use of three agencies: 1, Power over conscience—obedience to spiritual authority; 2, Power over the body—submission to temporal authority; 3, Power over the means of life—subjection to economic privileges. Against all three the spirit of liberty we find henceforth insurgent; but, as the three formed a hierarchy in the order stated, the protests were often blind and futile, for all freedom was impossible while the mind was fettered. Towns revolted from baronial domination and became free cities. Saon, in France, won its charter in 1108. The communal revolution became general. Free cities abounded.

The triumph of Gregory VII. over Henry IV. brought more than unity; it instinctively forced royalty into alliance with the people to curb the power of feudal barons. Political unity necessarily became an ideal in changing social conditions; hence royalty struggling against insubordination from feudal lords eagerly granted charters to free cities from baronial claims. Intellectual activity, without which progress would have made a blind circuit, found expression in such thinkers as Roscelin and Abelard. From Spain had come the Aristotelian dialectics to weaken scholasticism. From the same source came the knowledge of gunpowder, which, later, was to revolutionize war by placing arms in the hands of the communal burgher. In the midst of this general awakening Jerusalem again passed into the hands of the Infidel,—the tomb of Christ was profaned by the horses of Moslem cavalry. The arm of the heavenly Caesar had not defended his own; legions of angels, looked for to aid the Holy Cause, had beat a retreat before the Crescent; the miracle-working relics of the saints lost their efficacy. Sismondi ascribes to "the geography of the pilgrims" the most influence in redeeming Europe. Let us not forget that the geography of the returning pilgrim was that of one who not only had traveled in distant lands, but who had seen his simple faith mocked by the logic of events!

The thirteenth century opened with preparations for a fourth crusade, which, how-

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ever, stopped on its way to rifle and pillage the Greek-Christian city of Constantinople. In the sorrowful language of Pope Innocent: "They practised fornications, incests, adulteries, in the sight of men. They abandoned matrons and virgins, consecrated to God, to the lewdness of grooms. They lifted their hands against the treasures of the churches—what is more heinous, the very consecrated vessel—tearing the tablets of silver from the very altars, breaking in pieces the most sacred things, carrying off crosses and reliques." Yet, notwithstanding the Pope's protest, he was content to divide with the Doge of Venice the spoils of this Christian city!

Heresy, that plough of the intellect, spread rapidly. The immorality of the clergy, the education of the crusades, the revival of thought, the extension of commercial relations, and the growing independence of industrial activity were all bearing fruit. In the political realm we find a constant centralization and disintegration of feudal customs; in the ecclesiastical, a new effort toward reform in the establishment of the Dominican and Franciscan monks. In France we find Louis IX. organizing the trades of Paris into guilds; in England, the barons wresting Magna Charta from John.

Amid this social change the power of the papacy seemed unshaken. At the death of Innocent III., in 1216, the power of Rome had reached its utmost height. Boniface VIII., at the close of the century, may have been more exorbitant in pretension and violent in his measures, but the reaction had already begun. Henceforward the history of Europe is the story of Liberty. Of this century Milman writes:

The essential inherent supremacy of the spiritual over the temporal power, as of the soul over the body, as of eternity over time, as of Christ over Caesar, as of God over man, was now an integral part of Christianity. There was a shuddering sense of impiety in all resistance to this ever-present rule; it required either the utmost strength of mind, desperate courage, or desperate recklessness, to confront the fatal and undefined consequences of such resistance. . . . Ideas obtain authority and dominion, not altogether from their intrinsic truth, but rather from asseveration, especially when they fall in with the common hopes and fears, the wants and necessities, of human nature.

Heresy in the south of France became so rampant that the arms of the crusaders had to be used to extirpate its inhabitants. But the revolt of the mind could not be stayed. Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, was calling the burghers of England into its first parliament. Flanders, through industry, was rising into commercial greatness, and already was exhibiting a certain degree of freedom and dangerous democratic tendencies. "Ah! happy Saladin," cried Philip of France, when placed under an interdict, "he has no pope above him!" Troubadours with their love ditties were replacing the psalter; the knight vowed to his lady the devotion once bestowed on the Mother of God. Frederick II. of Germany almost openly manifested his contempt for Christianity; while the artisans of Lyons were giving voice to the heresy that the sanctity of a priest lay, not in his office, but in the manner of his life.

To meet the emergency the Holy Inquisition was called into being to make men's minds fit the mental garments God was said to have cut and fashioned for the Roman slaves of Palestine in the first Christian century. Independent thought was to be exterminated. To prevent its birth the study of science was prohibited in the schools,—by Innocent III. in 1215, by Gregory XI. in 1231, and again by Clement IV. in 1265.

We have followed the rise of Caesarism from the Rubicon, and seen it ever growing in strength, until we have reached its period of meridional grandeur in the thirteenth century,—a period called by Hallam "the noonday of papal dominion." How much it has been the same spirit, whether in Cesar or Gregory VII., needs no summing up to make more clear; every page of history has been stamped with its seal, and the long martyrdom of man bears witness to its baneful effects. In now following its decline, let us bear in mind the hierarchy of powers resting on man, which we have described; and that revolt, to be successful, must begin at the head and proceed downward. To weaken an autocratic rule other powers must be arrayed against it, and such has been the course of progress. To crush Catholic Caesarism progress allied itself with monarchic States; the Teuton spirit has never changed, though forming many different alliances, being always found warring against the spirit of authority of man over man.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 85.

She had had one that same morning; and after the cold quarry which had just been given in the court, between rows of footmen covered, like reliquaries, with liveries crusted with gold, each holding flaming torches, the guests left the balconies, threading the hall, which was illuminated and garlanded with foliage, and discussed the accident which the Duke had escaped by a miracle.

His horse, becoming suddenly frightened, shot off like an arrow, ran, flew like the wind, like a hurricane, so fast that Newington, though well in his saddle and, as usual, master of himself, could not check him.

The animal directed his steps, at an infernal rate, towards a precipice that was almost perpendicular, and two minutes later would have fallen fifty feet. But all at once, quieting down, he slackened his pace, obeyed the bit, and gracefully turned his back upon the yawning gulf.

Lord Newington, for the twentieth time, explained how the accident happened: a fragment of blackthorn, introduced under the saddle, suddenly pierced the horse's flank like a pitiless spur, thrusting it deeper at each of the animal's bounds and cruelly and continually accelerating his painful speed. Then the point broke off, and, sliding over a bone, became fixed in a horizontal position, harmless and of no effect.

"In leaping a hedge," concluded the Duke, "I might have detached a thorn."

"Pardon me! pardon me!" said the sharp voice of a new arrival, Tom Lichfield, on whom all eyes were turned, surprised or scandalized.

He bowed obsequiously first in one direction and then in the other, and stepped up to the master of the house, who extended his hand and familiarly wished him welcome.

"Pardon me," repeated he. "Your honor makes a mistake—out of charity, doubtless—in not adding this to the offences of these rascals of Irishmen. Be sure of it: this was one of their tricks, and I, for my part, attribute the device to that monkey, that ugly monkey, Paddy Neill."

The big Englishman bore Paddy grudge for making him lose Harvey, and was glad to make Newington suspect him. In support of his insinuation, which was almost as formal as an accusation, he told the story of the pranks played by the young rascal upon himself, who had been caught, as an old fox up to all sorts of tricks is sometimes caught by a hen. And, right in the middle of the race,

slap! he sprawled upon the ground, in a way that did not often happen to him, his nose flattened and his stomach compressed like a fire balloon in distress.

They laughed, but he went on:

"My tormentor had suddenly bent down and, with a neat trip, sent me to kiss his foot-prints, as he said, railing at me . . . I tried to rise, he rode on my back; I tried to call out, he gagged me. Struggle? Admirably tied up, better than a package to go to the East Indies, he dragged me over the ground among the stones and briars. I steeled myself against the pain, but suddenly there came a fright worse than the suffering; I found myself suspended at the end of a branch which bent under my weight over a deep pool of water, and the rascal advised me not to gesticulate, but to free myself from my bonds and regain my freedom of circulation. Otherwise, the branch, which he had slightly cut for this purpose, would detach itself from the paternal trunk and plunge me into the bosom of the water."

The hearty laughs which greeted his recital were on the increase, although some of the noble guests maintained their reserve, scowling at this insignificant personage so out of place in their company: such, for instance, as Lord Jennings, Sir Musker, and my Lady Carlingford, puffed up with their quarters, their heraldries, their interminable genealogies, made famous by as many mean as glorious acts on fields of battle.

"In the bosom of the water . . . water which I should have drunk for the first and the last time if my clerk, roaming about either in search of me or to hide himself, had not come to my rescue."

They had been expecting new turns, more comical, more complicated, and at any rate prolonged, and the hilarity died out before this commonplace *dénouement* of an adventure, amusing in itself, but which called for a progressive succession of coincidences.

And the groups which had gathered for an instant about the narrator, broke up, dispersed, questioning the excuse for the presence of as humble an individual at this party.

Withdrawing into a corner of the window, the Duke and the merchant talked in an undertone: Tom Lichfield, very volatile, half-closing his eyes, lavish of his gestures; Newington, interested, attentive, silent, taking passing notes of the information.

"You see," said Lord Jennings, with a bad grace, to my Lady Carlingford, "this cask set upon feet is a spy. Really, the Duke ought to spare us contact with such people."

"Do not despise Tom Lichfield," comically interrupted the giddy Miss Lucy Hobart, even giddier than usual, speaking disjointedly, wagging her delicate head, her eyes surrounded by deep circles reaching to the cheek-bones, her face as white as porcelain or a pearl-shell, and smiling without cause.

"Why?" asked the antique Lord Musker, who never lost an opportunity to try to talk with her, pursing up his lips, and from whom she rebelliously fled before he, with his stiff old legs, could ever get to her!

"Because he is a magician!" . . .

"He!" gasped Musker.

"Do you not see," resumed the young girl, "that I am under the charm? I step more lightly than a phantom, than the clouds, than a zephyr. My soul is divested of its flesh, of its rags."

"If one can so blaspheme the corolla of the most beautiful of flowers!" said the amorous septuagenarian, in an effort to be gallant.

"My wish is my law. I traverse space, I visit the infinite, just by wishing it."

"She is getting deranged!" exclaimed, wrinkling her withered mouth, my Lady Carlingford, near whom yelped a King Charles spaniel, with long silken hair that swept the carpet.

"No, I have been eating hasheesh," replied the delightful child; "Lichfield, this dear Lichfield, whom you despise, was kind enough to give me some."

But, while applying the most amiable adjectives to the big merchant, Lady Hobart, looking at him attentively, suddenly began to laugh, without any reserve, without any modesty, without any deference to "canc," shocking the prudery of a half-dozen ladies on the wane, puzzling the others, and annoying her near friends.

At dinner, it had been remarked that she ate very little. And it was not that she had been drinking; she barely moistened her lips with the sherry and claret which circulated around the table.

At all events, Lichfield did not cease to delight her; she unceremoniously pointed him out with her finger in the most unseemly way, and stooped, like a woman of the people, in order to enjoy in greater comfort the appearance of the merchant, whose legs, she pretended, were wasting away, while his head shrivelled up like a little appendage of twisted wood.

Taken as a whole, he resembled, in fact, an immense pumpkin which all at once began to move in its native garden, rolled under the impulse of its own weight, and laid the vegetables around it flat on the ground, like ninepins.

The vegetables, into which the personages present were transformed, she named as fast as the ridiculous ball struck them: the Duke, a scarlet beet; Lord Musker, a poor cabbage which had sprung up, all gnarled; Jennings, a hip-shot carrot; Lady Drowsing, a bearded celery plant; and my Lady Carlingford, pitted with the small-pox, appeared to her like the watering-pot of a kitchen-gardener.

What a hue and cry on the part of those at whom the galleries were laughing, what disagreeable replies, what harsh recriminations, and what unreserved good humor on the part of the simple spectators, who urged the frolicsome miss not to stop, but to carry her play to the end!

For they imagined that she was feigning incoherence to amuse herself and entertain the guests; that it was only one of her thousand customary jokes.

But no: Lichfield admitted having given her—at her request—some hasheesh, as she called it, intoxication in a bonbon, happiness in a preserve, paradise in a pill. "The intoxication of a cook, the happiness of a gardener, the paradise of Saint Fiacre!" fumed the Carlingford.

"Oh! I admit it," said Lichfield; "the first phase of the ingestion manifests itself in absurd visions, talk without head or tail, odd sensations, but the following phases transport you into a world exalted, beautified, sublimated; then follows ecstasy."

Rambbling more and more, her eyes on fire, Miss Hobart, humming a tune, began to oscillate, and some of the gentlemen hastened to support her and lead her slowly into a *boudoir*, while, in the drawing-rooms, they censured her imprudence, and especially the culpable compliance of Tom, who, taken to task directly by several ladies, tried to excuse himself, affirming on his honor, as the worshipped head of Mrs. Lichfield, that Miss Hobart had forced him to it.

"Moreover, she will recover from it easily; it will only be an insignificant fatigue which the repose of a night and another morning will dissipate."

But why did he peddle this drug? Newington invited the merchant to explain to his guests.

"Lichfield," said he, "has based a whole governmental system on the use, by peoples of, this marvellous paste."

Continued on page 6.

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the crasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

A One-Sided Contract.

Justice O'Gorman of New York was highly commended by the papers of that city for refusing to give naturalization papers to a man who had not read the constitution of the United States. The inference is that a man who has not read a contract is incompetent to sign it honestly. But while the State refuses its assumed benefits, except by mutual contract, it imposes its burdens, whether the victim has contracted to shoulder them or not. It seizes the individual by the throat without asking, and then tells him that, if he will swear to support the instrument under which he has been forcibly captured, he may enjoy its favors.

If the term consistency can properly be used in connection with this blackmailing business of the constitution, then existing citizens who have not read that document have no right to its benefits, according to O'Gorman. Probably not one-tenth of the people have ever read it or been asked to read it. The whole swindle is so utterly ridiculous when viewed in the light of a contract between man and man that a thoughtful person is almost staggered at the stupidity of the masses in never questioning it. And yet an individual in private life who should attempt to execute such a scheme of fraud and violence and call it a contract would be jailed within twenty-four hours as a blackmailer or shot as a pirate. X.

Anarchism as Our Banner.

There is a feeling possessing some of the very best thinkers in our movement—I might say *the* best—that the agitation of our method of thinking under the head of "Anarchism" is unfortunate, in that it does not dwell in the integral source of human wrongs, but is rather a protest against a particular organized branch of the fabric of authority.

Anarchism is a protest against government on the political side, and, though this protest may logically be made to comprehend every species of authority, it is the political side that is understood in the universally received application of the term.

If any logical consequence of a root evil be unravelled, it is found to reach back to the source of that evil; yet back-handed reasoning is not scientific, and no first-class thinker feels at ease till he is conscious that the corner-stone and sign-board of his agitation are planted on the bed-rock of its logic.

The thing called government by the Anarchists is only *one* of the consequences growing out of the universal violation of the Sovereignty of the Individual. It is, after all, but a comparatively small part of the whole field of the government of man by man. The protest called Anarchism, then, is a protest aimed simply at a result, and only by inference at its cause.

On such a basis a thoroughly trained mind can never be at ease. Kicking against results is a vocation that belongs to untrained minds. When I began my reform development, I was satisfied to protest against a result as far away from the cause as the wages of labor. I finally worked up to usury as the cause of the slavery of labor. But finding that usury was only made possible by the State, I worked up to Anarchism. But I have long been aware that the State is caused by

something which antedates it, just as usury is caused by a preceding evil.

Being aware that, in protesting against the State under the banner of Anarchism, I am still only fighting a result, I shall never be satisfied till somebody, even wiser than Tucker, heads a movement which shall agitate a protest resting solidly in the original root-springs of every species of authority. The trouble with all these protests against mere results is that they do not and can not maintain a philosophical character. Only that protest which projects directly from the very root of an evil can float in an ever-present, all-surrounding, and all-comprehending philosophy, and a protest which does not thus float will never satisfy the highest type of minds.

Individualism, or, as Stephen Pearl Andrews stated it, *integralism* is the philosophy that underlies our system. When human society is surveyed under this glass, it is found that a vast mountain of government exists outside of the organized State, and that this government is the efficient cause of the State, which latter is simply its external organized expression. It is for this reason that the very best minds can never be satisfied with a mere protest against the State, under the head of Anarchism. They want a comprehensive philosophy that shall go deeper than the State, and be an ever-present guide in every sphere of social association, and a solid guide in all matters of taste, judgment, and the conduct of life.

I take it that Anarchism is only a step in the movement of progress. Something more satisfying is yet to develop out of it, when the right combination of brains, money, and character is ready to set afloat a journal and a library of philosophical text-books which shall properly educate a group of theoretical and practical individualists. Till then the movement of the new era will drift along in an accidental, half-equipped way, unballasted by a comprehensive logic. Meanwhile the banner Liberty is good in its way, but it only stands for a term in our logic. What we want is something that will carry the whole logic itself along with it at every step. We want a philosophy, and we want as a sign-board something that is inscribed in the very roots of our system.

When shall we have it? X.

COMMENTS ON THE FOREGOING.

Mr. Appleton says that, "if any logical consequence of a root evil be unravelled, it is found to reach back to the source of that evil." Will his "thoroughly trained mind" be good enough to tell me what the *source of a root evil* is? Has Mr. Appleton joined in the wild-goose chase for final causes? If so, then truly the Anarchistic camp is not the place for him; he will find the Concord School of Philosophy better suited to his aims. If not; if he really sees, outside of the State, a vast mountain of government which is the State's *efficient cause*, —he should point it out to his shorter-sighted companions, and tell them definitely what it is and how it acts. But that he does not even attempt to do.

It certainly cannot be true that "the thing called government by the Anarchists is only *one* of the consequences growing out of the universal violation of the Sovereignty of the Individual." Such a limitation of the term government has been expressly and repeatedly excluded by Liberty in defining it. The Anarchistic definition of government is this,—any violation whatsoever of the Sovereignty of the Individual. What does this leave out which Mr. Appleton would like to take in? I see no way by which he could make it any broader, unless under the head of government he means to include the influence of reason, voluntarily-accepted guidance, boycotting, Mother Grundy's gossip, etc., none of which are invasions of individual sovereignty or have anything in common with the arbitrary, wilful government of man by man. If Mr. Appleton asserts that but a comparatively small part of such arbitrary government is exercised by the State, then it is incumbent on him to show what the larger part is and through what agency it is exercised. Liberty's position is that, of the really serious and important acts of invasion of individual sovereignty, at least nine-tenths are committed by organized State governments or through privileges granted by them, and that the

governmental idea, with the State as its principal embodiment, is the efficient cause of almost all our social evils. The State, therefore, is practically fundamental in our present social structure, except in the sense that it may be said to rest on human ignorance,—which is a valueless truism, for all evil rests on ignorance. "I have *long* been aware," says Mr. Appleton, "that the State is caused by something that antedates it." Of course he means (and he says so in another sentence) something that not only antedates it, but is now its active cause; for I cannot suppose him ever to have been unaware that all phenomena are antedated by some cause or other. Now, I propose to show how *long* he has been thus aware, and how long he has wanted a new sign-board. In his editorial in Liberty of May 22, 1886, written little over two months before his present article, occurred these words:

On the whole, the term *Anarchy* is the proper one. It simply means opposed to the arbitrary rule of self-elected usurpers outside of the Individual. The Boston Anarchists are individualists; the Chicago moppists are Communists. . . . One of these days Communism will be weeded out of Anarchism, and then thinking people will begin to recognize that the Boston Anarchists are the only school of modern sociologists who are in the line of true peace, progress, and good order. Because it is not yet weeded out, I see no reason why we should take in our shingle and so give the appearance of running away from our philosophy. *We propose to let the old sign-board stand*, and by and by the best intellect and conscience of the land will enter in among us and be made whole.

The italics in the foregoing extract are mine, as well as those in the following from Mr. Appleton's editorial in Liberty of July 3, 1886, written about a month before his present article:

It is the abolition of the State after all that underlies all social emancipation. This abolition we do not propose to bring about by violence, for that is the very thing we protest against in the imposition called law. The abolition we contemplate shall come of the abolition of ignorance and servile superstition in the masses, to the end that by a gradual desertion of the ballot-boxes and a refusal of the people to voluntarily touch any of the foul machinery of the lie called "government," tyrants shall yet be compelled to survive or perish solely on their own merits, at their own cost, and on their own responsibility. This process is already in settled operation, and all the powers of authority, fraud, and sanctified violence can never stay it. *Anarchism has come to stay.*

Mr. Appleton may put these extracts in contrast with what he now says and call it growth if he likes; as for me, I call it vacillation, and am unwilling to have Liberty's editorial columns stultified by it any longer. Were I to allow it, the criticisms heretofore passed by me upon the San Francisco "Truth," the Chicago "Alarm," and the London "Anarchist" might be turned back upon me with perfect justice.

Which brings me, in conclusion, to a serious and painful announcement. Liberty was founded to abolish the State, or, at least, to do its utmost to that end. Mr. Appleton was invited at the outset to contribute regularly to its editorial columns, for the reasons that he was a powerful writer and was in thorough sympathy with the editor concerning the fundamental purpose in view, however much he might differ otherwise. No number, from the first to the present, has ever appeared without his contribution, and no one is more eager than I to testify to the great value of the work that he has done. In this work he has been allowed the largest liberty of utterance. But the second of the reasons for inviting him has now disappeared. To him the fundamental purpose of this journal—the abolition of the State—has become a secondary and comparatively trivial thing. Hence the manifest impropriety of his continuance as an editorial contributor. Even where editorials are signed, in order to define responsibility and provide for the fullest liberty, a consistency regarding fundamentals must be maintained, in order to give the policy an effective power. Without it there would be no use in a distinct editorial department.

I know and regret the valuable elements that will disappear from Liberty's editorial columns with the familiar signature, "X," but these need not be lost, unless Mr. Appleton wills it so. Pending the appearance of that journal and that library which are now his *desiderata*, Liberty's columns will always be open to him, where, standing on the same footing as the other correspondents, his thought can clash with theirs

and with mine, and exercise such influence as is in it. I hope he will write no less regularly than before. Perhaps the new conditions, if he accepts them, will prove more agreeable to him. As a correspondent, he can grow as fast and "work up" as high as he pleases; fancy free, he can indulge in the most extraordinary evolutions; and his wings, "trained" to and longing for aerial flights, will no longer be held to earth by the loitering paces of the laggard who edits Liberty. T.

Donnybrook Fair.

Is this a free fight, or a fight for freedom? Is everybody's "sthick" welcome? It's Miss Kelly, and Mr. Kelly, and Mr. Walker, and Mr. Tucker, and Mr. Yarros, and Malthus, and Godwin, and Condorcet, and French peasants minus children and windows, and prairie men plus too many children and mortgages, and you're a State Socialist, and you're no Anarchist, and you're another. Whoop! it's a glorious time entirely. How the shillalah rattle, and the big brains churn up and down in their pans! It's the Revolution, boys, and the Jubilee is "jist fornayst."

"If you see a head, hit it." Whist! I see one, and here's at it. But hold on! Surely I am mistaken,—no, I cannot be, for by the mouth (or pen representing the mouth) of the head, I am informed that said cranium is the property of my good comrade Yarros.

Mon Dieu! Friend Yarros, what are you here for? And, if you don't want to be hit, why do you say: "The now *cannot* be made more comfortable, all the quack doctors to the contrary notwithstanding, and *ought not*," etc.? To say truth, man, I believe you mean all right, but cannot think you are. As I understand our glorious faith, we hold to the idea that Self is the true centre. It is the hub from which all spokes radiate, to which they all converge. Enlightened self-interest, which is a hub admitting its relation to, and co-operating with, the spokes (not selfishness, which is a hub breaking off from and disowning its spokes), is our true philosophical basis. It is because of our love for self that we are Individualists, Autonomists, that we demand liberty, equal opportunity, and a chance to grow unhindered. We demand all this for self, and only incidentally for other folks because they are useful and important to self. A *free* self therefore is our central thought, our root, our starting point, and our end. Vice is self-invasion, self-enslavement, suicide, murder in the first degree. To invade others is bad enough, but to invade self is the unpardonable sin. The care, protection, development, and love of self, being our central purpose, both by natural necessity and intelligent endeavor, is, according to my view, "our one duty," of which all other duties are but parts and members.

If this be Anarchism, everything that makes for self, that strengthens self, that improves self, that purifies, develops, defends, *free* self, is truly Anarchistic and liberating. Virtue is all this. *Per contra*, everything that works against self, that weakens, degrades, adulterates, represses, exposes, and enslaves self, is opposed to Anarchism and invasive. Vice is all this. How say you, then, that "this [doctrine that individual initiative is primary] does not at all mean that we must begin by reforming our habits. . . . Stop crime first and reform vice afterwards"? Now, the reforming away vice is to my mind clearly our first step to freedom, or at any rate should go jointly with resistance to external government. Reforming away vice is to us the sharpening of the axe that is to fell the Upas tree, the cleaning of the pistol that is to kill the Czar, the whetting of the blade that is to sever our bonds.

I dislike the term "self-government." Would not *self-freedom* or *self-order* be preferable expressions? Let us not govern anybody, not even ourselves; let us simply be free. My thought is that we should not tyrannize over ourselves. Every human body is a confederation of organs, each organ having its special function. To perform this function normally is all that can properly be asked of any organ. If its function is suppressed, perverted, or permitted to become excessive, it becomes either a slave or a tyrant, perhaps both. The intellect, then, and the other directing nerve-centres, should not "govern" the organs, but should simply *defend*, —that is, prevent the invasion of outside forces, or the invasion of one organ by the others, maintaining their equal freedom. This is the state of a virtuous or self-free man.

In a vicious person all this is changed. The stomach mayhap recklessly follows its cravings, and with gluttony and drunkenness destroys its own freedom and tyrannically throws overwork on the excreting organs. Or the sex organs follow their passions, and, among other results too peculiar to mention, we have too many children, neurasthenia, venereal disease, etc. The vices, in fact, create uproar in the whole system, just as crime does in society.

I tell you, Friend Yarros (though I hate the State as much as you or any other man reasonably can), if the State should be abolished tomorrow, and there were none but these cowardly, passion-burnt, whore-mongering, drunken, glutinous, self-weakened fools that we see all around us to fill the vacuum, another despotism would have its heel on our necks before we could draw a second breath. What would these flabby muscles, dyspeptic stomachs, shaking nerves, and beer-fuddled brains do with liberty, if they had it? Are these the tools with which you would destroy the State,—the State,

which is the consummation and flower of human force and selfishness? Yes, I am a "purity and morality crank," and I tell you the people will never have liberty till "they are worthy of it"; could have it today if they were self-wise and self-free enough to be worthy of it. This great boa-constrictor, the State, is no plaything. Its muscles are not weakened, nor its scales softened, by any lack of exercise. It has few vices, and seldom sins against itself. Ancient and modern athletes found and find it necessary to drop every vice and cultivate every power, and I tell you, if ever men needed to be athletic, we are the men. We must lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset, or we are whipped by our own self-inflicted weakness and folly. We have all earth and hell beside to fight, and we have limited ourselves to the overcoming of all this evil by good alone. Clear brains and strong muscles we *must* have to win, and these are correlative only with health, and *vice is the Thug of health*.

What saith Proudhon? "A free man is one who enjoys the use of his reason and his faculties; who is neither blinded by passion, nor hindered or driven by oppression, nor deceived by erroneous opinions." He is not ashamed, you see, to put mental and physical health and passion-free vision before political emancipation and disentanglement from sophistry. If he had written that as a definition of a virtuous man, would it not have been equally fitting? Has a vicious man the free use of his reason or faculties? Is he not always blinded by passion?

Nay, good comrade, liberty—like charity—must begin at home. Reform vice thoroughly, and you have no crime to stop, for crime is also a vice, being always injurious to self. Perhaps it may be no good reason, because we are not all prudent, virtuous, and brave, that we are robbed and plundered, but it is a reason, nevertheless. It is very nearly the reason. Give us enough of the prudent, virtuous, and brave, and we will very soon stop that work. The Now can be made more comfortable, and *should* for the sake of the Now and the Hereafter. I'm sure I don't know (since the fracas) whether I am a Malthusian, or an Anti-Malthusian, or a Neo-Malthusian, or no Malthusian at all, but I believe in small families. I am no prohibitionist, but I believe in total abstinence from stimulants and narcotics. I am a free-lover, but I believe in purity (don't misread that *Puritanism*, Friend Yarros) and sexual temperance. I am no ascetic, but I believe in simple diet, non-exciting pleasures, slow living, and moderation in all things.

If this makes me any the weaker an Anarchist, may the State have mercy upon me!

Forward the whole front of reform! J. WM. LLOYD.

[I am seized with a strong desire to swing my shillalah forthwith over the head of Mr. Lloyd; but I forbear, knowing that I am too much given to meddling in the controversies of my correspondents. Mr. Yarros will probably take care of Mr. Lloyd. One of his points, however, demands my personal attention, as it concerns my choice of the motto that has heretofore stood at the head of Liberty's editorial columns. I have sometimes addressed the query to myself whether the sentence from Proudhon referred to, however true in idea, had not the defect, for Liberty's purpose, of misleading, by giving too wide a range to the word freedom, in violation of my general policy of using words in as specific a sense as possible. Mr. Lloyd has answered my query for me, and it will be observed that I have replaced the motto by another from the same author. The victim of passion and error lacks freedom in the sense that a cripple lacks it, but not necessarily in the sense that a slave lacks it. The slave is the victim, not necessarily of passion and error, but of oppression. Slavery, as Colonel Greene so well puts it, is the confiscation of individuality by an extraneous usurping will. My direct battle is for freedom as the opposite of slavery; only indirectly am I fighting, though the more powerfully and effectively, for freedom as the opposite of weakness and deformity. And the same was true of Proudhon, however Mr. Lloyd may try to make it appear otherwise by quoting the motto in question. Proudhon spent very little of his time in preaching against vice. He knew that vice was the result of crime almost exclusively, especially of the crime committed by "society" against the individual, and his life was devoted to social reconstruction and the reformation of conditions. It is a singular fact, and one containing a lesson for Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Walker, that the only vice that Proudhon allowed himself to preach against was incontinence, and that the only liberty that he denied was the liberty of woman.

—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

And Our Fun Costs But a Dollar a Year.

[Boston Correspondence of John Swinton's Paper.]

Gen. F. A. Walker and twenty or thirty other professors, political economists, scientists, etc., have formed a society

to evolve a new system of political economy which will forever and forever settle the "labor problem." They are going to think, intensely think, about it, read about it, write about it, and talk about it. Their range of discussion and study will be limited only by the size of the planet. Land, labor, rent, wages, silver, gold, factories, mines, men, women, and children, and all industries, from Dan to Beersheba, are to come under their keen analysis. The entrance fee to this *ne plus ultra* society is only three dollars. Who knows but Ben Tucker may join it? If he does, there will be more than three dollars' worth of fun at the first session.

How Vice-Reform Works in England.

The following article is from an excellent little London magazine entitled "The Present Day," and was written by the editor, Thomas Barrett. It contains a lesson for the "purity fanatics" who have been so strenuous in their efforts to raise the "age of consent" in this and other States. We shall hear of similar outrages in Massachusetts before long.

The Vigilance Association for the Defence of Personal Rights (2, Westminster Chambers) is a society that should have the support of every lover of liberty. Its object is to watch over whatever infringes, or is likely to infringe, our freedom,—to oppose all bills introduced into parliament that would have that effect, to watch the administration of the law, and to urge the repeal of all oppressive enactments. The Association publishes a monthly journal, which is admirably edited, and contains a large amount of very interesting reading.

The Association proposes, we understand, to drop the word "Vigilance," and substitute "National." The reason for this is not far to seek. Mr. Stead, as all the world knows, originated various vigilance committees, the object of which is certainly not the defence of personal rights,—rather the reverse. Amongst other achievements, these committees wage war against brothels. Brothels are, no doubt, very sad evidences of the utter rottenness of modern civilized society; but the attempt forcibly to suppress an inevitable effect is not to reach the *cause*. It would be equally wise, in a case of small-pox, to shave off every pustule with a razor.

But that is not the only ground for objecting to these raids on what are called "disorderly houses." We cannot fully go into the matter now, but may return to it on another occasion. In the meanwhile, we commend to the especial attention of our readers the January number of the Vigilance Association's "Journal," which gives a heart-rending account of the cruelties inflicted on poor girls through the operations we have alluded to.

At the bottom of all this is that delightfully muddle-headed piece of legislation, the "Criminal Law Amendment Act" of last year, which was passed in a moment of public excitement, the effect of a huge hoax. Sooner or later there will have to be an amendment of the amendment. Under its operations persons are subjected to long terms of imprisonment who were never intended to be caught in its meshes. We will mention just two cases that have recently occurred as samples. A man named Russell had been on intimate terms with a young woman *before* the passing of the act of 1885, but she was over thirteen, and so he was doing no legal wrong. When the act became law, she was a few months under sixteen, and hence (as he did not immediately break with the girl) he got entrapped, and is now suffering for an act of immorality, and for nought else—what?—one year's imprisonment with hard labor! If he had married her, and then half killed her with brutal violence, he would probably have got one month. A few days afterwards, a man, for holding a boy over a blazing fire, with intent to grill him, got fined twenty-one shillings! These injustices are enough to make one turn Anarchist.

The other case was reported in the papers on June 8. Even Mr. Justice Hawkins saw it was not as it should be; and that was when he had to sentence a boy under fourteen years of age to a long term of imprisonment for being indecent, nothing more, to a girl! Such is the precious Act of 1885, the darling of the Social Purity Societies!

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IRELAND.

Continued from page 3.

"Just the same as the use—and abuse, of course—of whiskey, opium, strong liquors, . . . holidays and . . . women in other countries. A king of France, who spoke wisely and whose name was Louis, had a sovereign recipe for reigning tranquilly, without quarrel or opposition to his will: 'Divide.' 'Stupefy' is still more efficacious."

"Very good!" came from several quarters, in the midst of an intense flattering murmur.

"Hasheesh," he continued, "produces prostration in its last stages. The whole Orient has reached that point. We will bring the Irish there, once this insurrection closes, so that in them may never again spring up the germ of future rebellions."

The voices of assent redoubled, warm and enthusiastic.

"In the present crisis," concluded he, "adroitly distributed among the disinherited, skilfully mixed with the tobacco for their pipes, which so often take the place of bread, the insidious hasheesh, by weakening their courage, relaxing their nerves, and numbing their conscience, will aid us more than regiments, better than cannon, more surely than torture, to subdue the rebels, and all this without striking a single blow, without wearying ourselves with battles" . . .

Squarely, the delicate hands of the Lords applauded as if they would raise the roof, and, above the din of these frantic bravos, Tom finished his tirade:

"Without being tormented at our repasts by the trumpets or in our starry dreams by the noise of musketry."

"And at the same time realizing agreeable profits," concluded sharply, but not without good sense, Lady Carlingford, who was not disposed to allow undisputed triumph to this merchant, to whom she owed a grudge, to say nothing of his inferior station.

The laughers promptly went over to her side; but Lichfield, whose want of tact, in his eagerness to enjoy the incense of victory, had exposed him to this thrust, had already retired with Newington to the recess of the window, where they held mysterious consultation.

Muskery, in the absence of the object of his flame, displayed his senile graces to the Duchess, who, though forced to listen to him, kept her rosy ear open to the words of Lichfield and her husband, enabling her to hear the merchant say:

"I did not reveal to the company one detail of my disaster which concerns you alone, and which demands secrecy in order that you may profit by it. I believe that I know the author of the attempt to murder you."

He lowered his voice, and Lady Ellen feared that she would hear no more.

Fortunately the Duke, in his surprise at the revelation, repeated almost aloud the name uttered in a whisper:

"Casper!"

"Positively," affirmed the big Englishman. "My gag did not blind me, and I recognized perfectly this unlicked cub who passed close by my tree, a little after the shot to which you were exposed. He was muttering and lengthening his steps, I beg you to believe, turning from time to time to assure himself that he was not pursued."

"He simply apprehended, doubtless, the danger that his presence in the woods might cause him to be confounded with the guilty one."

"Not at all; here is proof that he was the criminal: he smelt of his feet and shook his big nose. Certainly they tainted the dust; he bathed them carefully in a pool of water, in which he also washed his face, on account of the flesh of the pan, of which his right cheek probably still kept the odorous trace."

"Oh! in his natural perfume!" said the Duke, "it would have been difficult to discern. However it may be, I risk nothing by questioning him. I will give myself that pleasure directly. Ah! he would play a double game; he will lose, I charge myself with that, my gelder; if I convince myself of your guilt, I will force you to exercise upon yourself the cruel talents of your trade."

The Duchess blushed slightly, crowning the felicity of the poor Muskery. Might he not impute to the tender warmth of his words the carmine which so exquisitely colored the face of the lady of the castle, and her hasty flight?

"She fears me!" said he, merrily.

He was not the less disconsolate because of her retreat and was preparing to pursue her, but he encountered Miss Lucy, who reentered as the Duchess left, and attached himself to the young girl.

The brown halo which encircled her eyes had developed still more, feeding now on her face, and her pupils flamed like candles; she walked like a somnambulist, listening afar off and directing her steps towards Newington.

"You do not hear, then?" said she, with astonishment, and a marked dash of reproach in her voice.

"What, miss?"

"Why, this woman at the door, who begs that it be opened in order that she may speak with you."

"A woman! What woman?"

"Edith Arklow."

And Lucy, half-opening the window, added:

"She is giving an account of herself for the tenth time, in order that they may describe her to you. Are you not moved to pity?"

"My ear is a little more lazy than yours," said the Duke, "and I hear no woman at the door, not at all."

"Nor I, nor any one!" said Lady Carlingford: "however, Miss Hobart, having ears a little larger than the average" . . .

"Under the influence of hasheesh," interrupted Lichfield, "the perspicacity of the senses increases in an extraordinary fashion, and I am strongly inclined to believe that the young lady is not deceived in the least."

"It is really so," said Sir Walpole, coming in; "it is the mother of the soldier; she begs to see her son Michael, and insists on soliciting your grace for authority to do so."

"Humbug?"

"Absolutely flat, weeping, with clasped hands; a little more, and she would be on her knees."

"Perfect!" said the Duke, preserving a stately composure. "Then, let them set the dogs on her!"

The effect, which he foresaw, was enormous.

They were imagining him touched by the request, the attitude of submission of the widow, and this sally, abruptly disconcerting their conjectures, excited their applause. He finished by joining in the general gayety which his barbarous order, formulated under such conditions, suggested.

Nevertheless, the evening grew tiresome. The stage erected in the hall continued to await the orchestra of the usual balls, the musicians belonging to which usually arrived at Cumslen-Park the evening before, thus being able to rehearse

fully the pieces of their *répertoire* and to give the necessary attention to such indispositions or colds as they had taken on the way.

But this time they had not appeared. Had they deserted the cause of those who always paid them generously? All of them being English, from the fife to the big drum, there was no reason to suspect that. No, indeed: the natives, those frightful natives, those savages, were massacring them perhaps at that very hour to teach them to amuse the enemy, to make him dance on the tombs of his victims. And condolences flew through space to these poor men who deserved well of their country.

"They have not massacred them," said Lucy Hobart, still at the window. "Look down there, on Blue Cloud Hill, among that mass of bright lights. Do you perceive the swarming, moving, fluttering multitude? Now, listen, listen: the word is given, the dances are beginning."

And, in truth, the wind brought, by puffs, bits of gay airs, to which the guests of the Duchess swayed their bodies and moved their heads, envying the peasants whom the gentlemen rudely cursed, talking of getting astride of their horses and running to plunge this ball of boors into an abyss from which they would not rise again to exult over the farce played upon those longshanks of the castle.

With the aid of glasses they could see them well, wheeling, dancing, in high spirits; and, when the piece was finished, in full chorus they turned towards Cumslen-Park, and, in that direction letting fly jests which they naturally did not explain, but the meaning of which could be imagined, they bombarded the guests with mocking hurrahs, sufficiently significant. They had intercepted the orchestra, and were using it in the face of the people for whom it was destined; this trick amused them enormously.

Several young ladies and almost all the young girls proposed that they should not be angry or sulky over this joke. In a carriage or on horseback, how long would it take to make the journey? In their opinion, this was the most sensible way of taking this piece of mischief. The Duchess? They called for the Duchess that she might approve this resolution and give orders accordingly.

They called her, they sought her in vain, and, willing or unwilling, they had to resign themselves to remaining; after all the airs of the English *répertoire*, the musicians were now beginning on those of the Irish *répertoire*, selecting the most characteristic, those having the most local color, and those considered seditious.

"To the harp!" they said to Lady Jennings.

And Lady Carlingford offered to play the instrument in place of Lucy, who persisted in leaning on her elbows at the window.

She perceived in the thick darkness of the court a singular movement of two united shadows: the one unsteady, heavy, staggering painfully along; the other slender, light, impatient, leading the way and hurrying as fast as possible, though evidently not making satisfactory progress.

And in spite of a dark hooded cloak which covered the latter, falling over her face and almost entirely concealing it, the young Lucy was not deceived; it was Lady Ellen, whom they had just been calling; as for her companion, it was an unclean individual, groaning under his fat, and basely polluted by the traces of a drunkenness now going through the phase of dull, disgusting idiocy, wallowing nausae, the swinish phase.

Nevertheless, Lucy Hobart saw very clearly all that passed between the young woman, elegant, superb, perfumed, and the hiccupping, vomiting blackguard.

He staggered, held on to her skirt, and leaned on her delicate arm, which did not bend, stiffened to prevent an untimely fall on the pavement where the dogs, quarreling over the smeared bones of a stag, had left slimy tracks in which their feet slipped.

Leaning over him, without haughtiness, without apparent repulsion, the Duchess begged her filthy companion to hasten his steps in order to save himself from the vindictiveness of Newington, who knew all,—the two attempts on his life, that of the woods and that of the hunt,—and was preparing to make him pay dear for them, very dear!

Tired with walking, exhausted with hurrying, blowing like a seal, he brutally recriminated. By whom had he been driven to murder? By her! It belonged then to the Duchess to save him; it did not concern him; let them clear it up! If the Duke molested him, he would say: "Lay it to your wife!"

"Nothing more just, Casper," confessed the proud, irritable Duchess, who humbled herself, assumed a milder tone, and flattered with delightful cajolery the adipose, thick-skinned, filthy-souled monster.

At the same time, she coaxingly invited him to hurry, nevertheless. He would not regret it. She would put him forever beyond the reach of the frightful Duke and his vengeance.

"Quick, quick, quick," she repeated, "quick, my little Casper!"

He stopped to argue, turning over again his same stubborn drunkard's reasoning, in whose thick skull a stupid idea had become fixed.

"But it was you who ordered it!"

"Oh, well! I shall incur his wrath, but he will not spare you on that account. It would be better to escape, both of us, it seems to me, than to fall together under his blows."

She pulled him by the sleeve, a little roughly, principally in order to get out of the bloody mass in which he was splashing and in which she was trying not to put her feet, not wishing to soil her dress, which she lifted with her skirts under her cloak.

"In a minute!" he said, striking his nose with his short forefinger, solemnly.

She became fidgety and tried to draw him away; he sprawled on his back under the violence of the shake which she gave him, and lay swearing like a devil in a holy-water font.

Sure that he would be heard throwing himself about, Lady Ellen hid herself hurriedly in the shade, watching, shivering, and raging, while the situation at the house was growing worse for her every moment.

That marionnette of a Lady Carlingford pressed the harp-strings, with mouth screwed up and head thrown back, in poses far from artistic, the company thinking nothing of the lady and literally bursting out laughing. The duenna perceived this at last, and deserted the instrument and the hall. In her wake the laughs followed, finding full vent; but, after a while, they died away, having nothing to feed upon, and from the emptiness of the evening, after the fatigue of the hunt, a gloomy *ennui*, a contagious spleen, exhaled and spread.

"Yes, decidedly," said the young Miss Arabella Stagden, a doll even fonder of moonshine than Lucy Hobart, "we must attack these Irish, who hinder us from dancing and are always setting us at defiance."

"And put the cap of pitch on some of them," added Lady Milet-Mill, who on this occasion appeared in society for the first time since her churching.

"Willingly would I shave them with my white hand," added a widow of twenty, of whom it was rumored that her strictness and extreme prudery had led her husband to his grave.

"My faith!" said the Duke, "I offer you this entertainment without having to disturb ourselves. I have a rascal under my cup whom we will scalp first and hang afterwards by the light of the torches."

To be continued.

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

Dynamite Worship.

"To the Chicago bomb-thrower I reverently raise my hat."
—Lucifer, June 16.

Between this propagandism by deed and the "heroic" defense made by firing into an unarmed crowd, which had fascinated "Lucifer's" editor, my admiration hesitates, like the classical as between two bundles of hay. The first act has, however, greater merit of originality and spontaneous initiative; it was the parent of the second, as Liberty is the mother of order. Observations on hireine morality and psychology prove the conduct of the police to be quite in the natural order of things, for, the amateur duel excepted, a goat, when gored, never strikes back at the gorier, but soon runs into a third and unoffending party. This seems to be nature's understanding of the term solidarity, and I suppose nature is large enough to find room even for a city police. What is more remarkable is the demoralization of moral judgment by these emotional acts affecting men accustomed to reason about social phenomena, and even a man of superior mind. It is natural to raise one's hat under the emotional wind of a bomb; but afterwards the question arises: Does it make a boom for Liberty, or for Despotism? Answer: suppression of the "Alarm," censorship of the "Vorbofe," &c. Answer: cessation of public meetings and imprisonment of friends.

In your sympathy with mere audacity and preference for deeds over words, you miss a point in defence of your imprisoned friends,—to wit, that they are men of too much sense for it to be supposed that they conspired for the throwing of a single bomb without following up its effect. Even if reckless of the danger to which it exposed their friends among the crowd, they could not expect the police to be passive, nor that they would be exterminated at one blow; neither could they regard the police as more than mercenary tools whose places could and would be supplied by the thousand and whose force would be increased after provocation with ineffectual resistance. They would consider the probable tendency of any given act, towards the advancement of their social influence, or contrariwise, and reflect that public opinion always sides with success against failure, not looking to motives.

Speculative historians may argue that every act whatever, in a given series, conducted either directly or indirectly to the foregone and fatal conclusion; but before we know this conclusion acts are judged in reference to their proximate consequences.

Another point: Nihilist measures require secrecy and avoidance of notoriety by the chiefs. These will then eschew the rostrum, and the two roles of propagandism by the word and by the deed will be confined to different persons, the latter unknown to the former. The intelligent few cannot afford to make mistakes and alienate their friends, like Knights of Labor. Every ball must strike its mark, and that a shining mark.

EDGEWORTH.

Malthus's "Main Principle."

To the Editor of Liberty:

Having read Miss Kelly's reply to my letter on Malthus, I fail to see that she has noticed my statement of his doctrine. The ignoratio elenchi is always the argument of prejudice. I said, the fundamental propositions of Malthus—the "main principle," as he called them, which he always distinguished from mere *obiter dicta*, though Ingram and other authors of popular misinformation may not, are as follows: "Population tends to increase faster than the means of subsistence. But, of course, it cannot outrun them, except for a very short time during actual famine. The checks which reduce it to equality with them are either positive, which increase the proportion of deaths, or preventive, which diminish the proportion of births. Whatever one of these gains is at the expense of the other."

Now, I should like Miss Kelly, who justly says we have not given the subject one-twentieth part the attention it requires, to answer these questions. Can she deny that this is a succinct and correct statement of Malthus's "main principle"? Can she find any flaw in the argument itself? If not, does not it involve certain important consequences, among them these,—that high mortality does not diminish a population while the food supply remains constant; that fecundity does not replenish a country while the food supply remains constant; that the old ideas about the duty of propagating the species, and the danger of nations becoming extinct, are great mistakes; that early marriage and rapid increase are not, as a rule, to be recommended; that marriage and maternity are not the great duties to which women ought to subordinate everything else; that there must (in the absence of preventive checks) arise, from time to time, a "struggle for existence" (Malthus's own phrase), in which every peculiarity, individual, national, or special, which favors any competitor must be preserved and intensified by natural selection? Now, if Miss Kelly has to answer these questions in the manner their form suggests, I do not see how she can deny that Malthus was an epoch-making discoverer. There is much in her letter that I could answer, but it refers to side issues. I keep myself, and would like to keep her, to the "main principle," which is what I wrote about in the first place.

C. L. JAMES.

411 PINE STREET, EAU CLAIRE, WIS., JULY 25, 1886.

Waiting for Proof.

The longer one lives, the more one learns. Until the pre-controversy on Malthusianism arose, I had not known what constituted "irrelevancy" and "side-issues" in a discussion. But now I am beginning to find out. Malthusians are to be allowed to make any number of unsupported statements, which can in any way serve to prop up their cause; but the moment an Anarchist brings forward proof to show that these statements are false, on one side arises the cry of irrelevance, and on the other that of the valuelessness of statistics. I am not at all surprised at this; the evidence being against Malthusianism, of course evidence is of no use, for Malthusianism is and must be right. If Mr. James will take the trouble to re-read his former article and my answer thereto, he cannot fail to see that I but answered his statements *seriatim*, bringing forward proof in each case, to show that they were false. If any side-issues were introduced, Mr. James is responsible for them, and not I.

The question at issue was whether the reduction in the number of members composing families would be of any advantage to the laborers under present conditions, and to this I strictly adhered until irrelevant matter was introduced by my opponents, into the discussion of which I willingly entered for the purpose of showing that they were as much at fault on the side as the main issue. *Mr. James's whole article was a side issue.*

Now, again, as to the scientific value of Malthus's work. That there is a relation between population and food-supply, probably no person will deny, but what this relation is has never yet been determined, and Malthus's random assertion has not in the least helped to determine it. We have as yet no data whereby to determine the relationship, and, until we have, there is no further use in discussing this matter. The main proposition remaining undemonstrated, we are hardly yet in position to make deductions from it. There is nothing in Malthus of any value that had not been seen by earlier writers, and by none more clearly than Condorcet, against whom the "Principle of Population" was mainly directed.

To return to the original discussion, from which I have been accused of straying, I will ask the Malthusians to prove that, everything else remaining unchanged, the reduction in numbers, whether it be in the adult population or in families, would improve the condition of the working-people. When they do this, I shall be willing to take up the discussion again. But, as statistics are of no value and proof is irrelevant, the readers of Liberty will probably succeed in obtaining a much-needed rest from Parson Malthus and his philosophy.

GERTRUDE B. KELLY.

John Swinton Confirms Liberty.

"X," in a recent article in Liberty, ascribed the disintegration of the Knights of Labor to the deference paid by that body to the law as soon as the State stepped in to suppress strikes and boycotts. John Swinton, in his "Paper," disputes this, and traces labor's disasters to the blow struck the southwestern strikers by Jay Gould. Very likely Gould's blow was an important factor in the matter, but it never could have been struck except for the folly of the Knights, who made a woful mistake in starting the strike, a still graver one in not abandoning it after the discovery of their blunder, and perhaps the gravest of all in pushing it with that half-heartedness and indecision which generally accompany consciousness of error. But, whatever the causes of the collapse, I am chiefly interested here in the fact that John Swinton, by summarizing the principal features thereof in language much more vivid than Liberty's, unexpectedly confirms my estimate of the value of "organized labor's" recent mushroom growth. I quote his remarkable words:

It is our opinion that organized labor, even after all its defeats, is still a pretty solid establishment, and not at all of the nature of a bubble on parade. Its growth, in the first four months of this year, was rapid beyond all previous experience. At least half a million men rushed into the order of the Knights of Labor and the trade unions. Much of the material was, of course, crude and disorderly; but it was hoped that all the elements could be brought into cooperation under the few plain principles upon which these bodies are founded. In March, on account of the rush into the K. of L., the Executive Board "called the halt" of forty days; but, when that quarantine expired, the rush again became overwhelming, and it seemed as though the order would be swamped. The raw recruits at once became impatient for results. Labor, too, began to obtain results that few men had looked for. It began to advance in a hundred trades and a thousand localities. It began to get better terms and better wages. It began to feel its strength. It began to indulge in new hopes that seemed to us very modest, and to look for better times; that, at best, were but a paifly instalment of what could easily be won by union, sound sense, and courage. Those were very cheerful days in March, and they continued through a great part of April. Then came the knock-down for labor,—the blow with which Jay Gould laid low the southwestern railroad strikers. Labor rallied from

it, and entered upon the great struggle of the opening days of May. The Chicago bomb was turned against its heart by the capitalist class. It reeled and rallied again and again. But it never recovered from the first blow of Gould. That had turned the adverse tide against it, even before his subservient press had acclaimed him as the victor. For the past sixty days we have had a long and dismal record of disasters. Hundreds of strikes, great and little, involving hundreds of thousands of men and women in scores of industries, have failed, from Troy to Chicago and Leavenworth, all over the land. The capitalist conspiracy has been strengthened by its successes. Gould and his allies have taken vengeance upon hundreds of crushed strikers, who have been made the victims of false charges. Multitudes of men have been driven out of the ranks of organization. The boycott has been pressed with an iron hand, while the black list has been mercilessly enforced. Judicial hirelings, dependent upon political rings, have made haste to do the shameful work of their masters. Capital, in its domineering insolence, has trampled upon the restraints of prudence. The shackles have been riveted as never before upon the working people, almost without protest. And more has been done for the degradation of American liberty than in all the previous period since its proclamation. Capital has acknowledged Jay Gould as the man who relieved its fears when its bones were shaking, and who took the lead in driving back a million of men toward that "European basis" to which he said last year they must be reduced. Anybody can trace the disasters of the past sixty days back to the stunning blow which he delivered against the southwestern railroad strikers.

The Threshold.

Translated from the "Messenger of the People's Will" by Victor Yarros.

[This selection is perhaps the best of Tourguenéff's "Poems in Prose." The reader will readily see why it was left out of the legal edition of the "Poems." It was written in 1881, after the execution of Sophie Perovskaya and her associates. The Russian government, with Sophie Perovskaya, whose likeness, drawn by himself with a pencil, Tourguenéff kept in the same drawer with the manuscripts of his "Poems." It will be seen that Tourguenéff modified his views after the publication of his "La Novale." He was deeply affected by the displeasure of the Russian youth and the severe criticisms passed upon that book. He bitterly complained of the injustice done him, and showed in the "Poems in Prose" where his sympathies really lay. The Czar said of the celebrated writer: "The author . . . is a poet." "The Threshold" will well serve as an epilogue to his novel, "On the Eve." At last Russia found her Isasroffs, and Helene can no longer say that there is nothing to be done in Russia. —V. Y.]

I see an immense edifice. In the front wall a narrow doorway is open. A gloomy mist inside. At the high threshold stands a girl . . . a Russian girl.

Bleak is the impermeable gloom, and along with the freezing streams of air breaks out a dull, unsteady voice.

"Oh, you who wish to step over this threshold, do you know what awaits you here?"

"I do," answers the girl.

"Cold, hunger, hatred, ridicule, disdain, indignity, imprisonment, death itself?"

"I know."

"Complete estrangement, isolation?"

"I know . . . I am prepared; I will endure all suffering, all afflictions."

"Not only from the enemy, but from kindred, friends?"

"Yes, even from them."

"Well. Are you prepared for a sacrifice?"

"Yes."

"For an obscure sacrifice? You will perish,—and no one . . . no one will even know whose memory to honor."

"I do not want gratitude, nor pity. I do not care for a name."

"Are you prepared . . . to commit a crime?"

The girl sunk her head.

"Yes, for a crime too" . . .

The voice did not soon renew the questions.

"Did you reflect," spoke the voice again at last, "that you may lose faith in your beliefs, discover that you have erred and uselessly destroyed your young life?"

"I thought of it. Yet I wish to enter."

"Enter!"

The girl stepped over the threshold, and a heavy curtain dropped instantly after her disappearance.

"The fool!" said somebody behind, gnashing his teeth.

"The saint!" responded a voice, in answer.

Conspiration Bouffe.

[From a private letter.]

The "conspiracy" of the Chicago "Anarchists" is equalled by nothing that I know of except that of the *jeunesse dorée* in "Madame Angot":

Quand on conspire,

Quand sans frayeur

On peut se dire

Conspirateur,

Pour tout le monde

Il faut avoir

Perruque blonde

Et collet noir.

The Chicagoans seem to have worn their blonde perukes and black collars everywhere.

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

The Farce of the Familiere.

The worshippers of M. Godin have never forgiven Liberty's audacity in long ago laying sacrilegious hands upon the factitious reputation of that exploiter of labor, who is supposed to embody all that is good and great and holy. But sooner or later the facts will bear Liberty out, and this over-estimated man will pass at his true value. To this end the following letter, recently written by J. Sibilat, formerly assistant foreman in M. Godin's factory, but discharged therefrom on suspicion of having written articles for "Le Révolté," criticising the institution, will contribute in no small degree. It is translated from "Le Révolté," and addressed to M. Godin, socialist and founder of the *Familiere* of Guise.

Monsieur :

Last Saturday you called together the subjects of your little kingdom in the theatre to explain to them what Anarchy is.

Hear ye, O people of the neighborhood, come and listen to the words of truth and light! The Pope of Godinism is about to descend among you and complete the instruction that he wishes you to have!

Great was my astonishment, on arriving at the *Familiere*, to see a surging crowd engaged in warm discussion. Approaching, I learned that the door was closed to them under the fallacious pretext that these citizens did not belong to the *Familiere*; I entered the hall, and the very first person whom I bowed was a gentleman who does not belong to the association.

It appears, then, thought I, that the meeting is picked and chosen; contradiction is feared; those in a position to reply without being immediately deprived of their daily bread are kept out; such is the freedom of opinion here.

I will not stop to analyze your vagaries, but will content myself with taking up one point which will give those who were excluded a chance to estimate the value of your argument; you say: "I have done my work, I have built palaces, I have given work to a thousand laborers; let the Anarchists show me what they have done, what changes they have effected in the existing social organization."

Really, M. Godin, it is very imprudent to speak in this way, for if what you call your work is a sample of what the future society will be, I, who am willing to go down into the street to secure an improvement, would willingly fight to save the existing social state!

No, the Anarchists, fortunately for their fellows, have not built Godin convents; no, the Anarchists do not possess the art of shearing sheep without making them bleed; but they maintain that, if you had wished to do anything for your working people, you would have taken a different course: in the first place, you would have abandoned the twelve and a half cent. which you generously bestow upon yourself out of the profits; you would have divided the annual profits into equal portions and distributed them among all the workers, employees, and directors. This last class, however, are paid wages high enough to satisfy them with the present mode of distribution.

Ah! Monsieur Founder, if you had entered upon that path, perhaps your exploited employees would have pardoned you the millions with which they have filled your safes.

On seeing the turn that your sermon was taking, I went out, thinking such treatment of the subject not worth listening to.

Was it because you noticed my exit, that you thought it fair to attack me? Was it my absence that gave you that revival of spirit of which you were utterly destitute when talking of things unfamiliar to you?

This is the substance, I have been told, of the passage concerning me, which I would have answered in Anarchistic fashion, had I been present:

The disorderly man who has thrown disorganization into our association has stood in need of my services under circumstances particularly awkward: he was threatened with prosecution for an offence which this is not the place to describe; I interfered and gave him one hundred and fifty francs; in short, I saved him.

This tale contains a falsehood and a piece of petty infamy (I say petty).

In the first place, you have never given me anything, and, though you have handed me a certain sum, it was only an advance from the wages due me; perhaps this was the only time in my life that I have not given credit to my employer, for in your factory, as in others, the employees are paid only monthly; however, your slaves must have laughed heartily to hear you affirm that you had given me money; they know by experience that you seldom give!

Then you thought to deal me a hard blow when you uttered these words, which were intended to be wicked because they imply so much, but which are only grotesque: prosecution for an offence which this is not the place to describe. Fortunately no one present was unaware that the famous offence was a purely political one, relating to the posting at Lyons of a placard insulting to the government and supposed to have been written by me; in the absence of proof, the case was not pushed, a point which you might have added, you who are such a ferocious champion of legality. You wished

to throw doubt upon my character, leaving conjecture a free field; you would have been happy if you could have passed me off for a malefactor. You have failed, and I have the consciousness of carrying away from Guise the esteem and friendship of those who have known me, which to me is far more essential than to carry away yours and that of the most of your sub-Godins.

Then, in terminating, with an outburst too pathetic to be genuine, you said in the form of a climax: "The revolution is approaching with huge strides; I await it confidently; and the day when it shall break out I will throw myself into your arms."

Before pronouncing upon this, I will venture to ask you a very simple question.

If you are a revolutionist, why, on the eighteenth of March, when you were deputy, did you throw yourself into the arms of Thiers, and why, in the celebrated session of the twenty-first of May, 1871, did you include yourself among those who voted congratulations to the army of Versailles and all the gold-laced bandits who commanded it? (See "L'Officiel" of May 22, 1871.)

Believe me, dear pontiff, before talking of throwing yourself into the arms of the workingmen, you should sponge out a little of that past which is, faith, very embarrassing today.

A word in conclusion.

Driven by necessity, having paid enough with my person, it is my duty to pick myself up and seek shelter where there is less excitement; therefore I shall take no further part in controversy, for it is probable that the notoriety which would surround my name would not be calculated to dispose my future masters in my favor.

I deposit in the hands of safe men the documents which I possess; they may serve in future as material for the history of that immense farce of which you are the principal author and which is called the *Familiere*.

Upon this I have the honor to salute you, urging you not to forget that the Tarpeian Rock is near the Capitol.

J. SIBILAT.

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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER

PROUDHON

Vol. IV.—No. 9.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1886.

Whole No. 87.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

A notice of Sada Bailey Fowler's new novel, "Irene: or, The Road to Freedom," is necessarily postponed until a later issue.

The richest thing yet is the determination arrived at by the judges of Pittsburgh to refuse naturalization papers to Anarchists in order to check any further influx of these pestiferous beings. I expect to see an attempt made soon to discourage the immigration of Jews by prohibiting them from eating pork.

"John Swinton's Paper" prints the new motto from Proudhon that stands at the head of Liberty's editorial columns. As it appears without heading or comment, it is probable that Mr. Swinton approves it. If so, why does he advocate so many things that clash with it? The State Socialism which he champions would make the "insignia of politics" vastly more various and all-pervading than they are at present.

Having lately come into possession of a copy of Michael Bakounine's very rare work, "The Political Theology of Mazzini and the International," written when Mazzini was alive, I have had it translated, and shall publish it serially in Liberty. The first instalment is given in this issue. It will be read with the greatest eagerness by all who have acquainted themselves with that masterpiece, "God and the State," and, I hope, by many others.

I am especially pleased to be able to print the letter from Walter L. Ramsdell in another column. Mr. Ramsdell, of whom two years' reading of Liberty has made an earnest Anarchist, is secretary of the Boston Typographical Union and served as marshal of the second division of the Boston procession on Labor Day. Moreover, he is young. There are no recruits so welcome, no soldiers so efficient, in Anarchistic ranks as young and intelligent workingmen.

Prince Kropotkin's brother, Alexander Kropotkin, committed suicide lately in Tomsk, Siberia. Alexander, like Pierre, was a man of high scientific attainments, being especially interested in astronomy, the study of which he pursued in an observatory built at his own expense. He translated into Russian Spencer's "Principles of Biology" and other scientific works. Exiled to Siberia in 1879 because of his relations with the Nihilists, he was pardoned in 1885 on condition that he would reside in no Russian city where there was a university. For some time he had been a victim of melancholy.

A dispatch from Charleston during the earthquake said: "A remarkable incident of the scare is that the disreputable houses are entirely deserted, and that the inmates are in the streets praying for mercy and forgiveness." If this was remarkable, what shall be said of the other fact that the inmates of reputable houses acted in precisely the same way? The truth is that, if there is any superstition lurking in a person's breast, be that person vicious or one of the "unco guid," an earthquake can be depended upon to bring it to the surface. The foundations of the earth and the foundations of morality are pretty sure to shake together. The earth is a Tak Kakian, and laughs at morality; and, when it parts its lips for one of its grim sardonic

smiles, the votaries of Duty with a big, big D realize that they are as liable as any others to tumble into its capacious maw.

I hope that Henry George will be elected mayor of New York. The laboring men who vote for him will then have a chance to see how little difference it makes to their welfare whether the office is held by Henry George or William R. Grace. There is nothing like a few successes in politics to demonstrate its failure to do more than feather the nests of a few schemers. I cast no reflection upon the character of Henry George, but I distrust the gang at his back. The only difference that I have ever detected between labor politicians and the politicians of the other parties is the usual readiness of the former to sell themselves at a lower price than the latter insist upon. Though loud-mouthed for trades unions, they are the "scabs" of the political market.

The editor of the London "Justice" is greatly set up over the experiments in State Socialism now on trial in the Australian colony of Victoria. He says that State education has raised teachers' salaries there, and that the State railway system is working successfully on the whole, though he is obliged to admit that the roads were built with capital borrowed at interest and that the workers are paid market wages, just as is the case under individual or corporation control. There is another side to the rose-colored picture which he paints of the results of State control and State interference in Australia, and Comrade Andrade, Liberty's special artist on the spot, exhibits it in another column. The recent growth of Anarchism in that quarter of the globe indicates that the citizens do not share the satisfaction of the London editor over the State's attempt to extend its sphere.

E. C. Walker professes to see in my change of mottoes evidence of panic on my part, and claims that my valued correspondent, Lloyd, drove me to strike my Anarchistic colors by convicting me of error, implying thereby that this change of mottoes indicates a change of opinion. This in spite of the fact that the explanation with which I accompanied the change showed clearly enough that I discarded the old motto, not from any change of ideas but because it did not accurately represent the idea which I had held before and still held. If, however, this were an acknowledgment of error on my part, it would be an example by which Mr. Walker might well profit. It is agreed on all hands—at least, as far as I have noticed—that in my "Fable for Malthusians" I convicted Mr. Walker of a most glaring and vital error. Nevertheless he has neither acknowledged it nor attempted to dispute it. This course may possess the virtue of discretion, but it possesses no other virtue.

In extending to the "Truth Seeker" deserved congratulations upon its course with reference to the trial at Chicago, Charles T. Fowler remarks that "not even Liberty or 'Lucifer' has as yet protested" against "that judicial farce." On the contrary, Liberty did not wait for the farce to end or even begin before making its protest against the treatment of the men arrested in Chicago, and its protest was fundamental. Mr. Fowler's protest, as I explain in my leader in this issue of Liberty, while sound and able as far as it goes, is at best superficial. The "surprise" which Mr. Fowler expresses at the character of the trial betrays a previous confidence in the State which no full-grown An-

archist would ever have been simple enough to entertain. Why, even poor Seymour, of the London "Anarchist," in the midst of all the fog into which he has plunged, still retains sufficient clearness of vision to discern that the verdict was "ordered by the American government in the interest of self-preservation."

H. M. Hyndman, the prominent English State Socialist, has an article in the September number of the "North American Review," in which he describes the growth and present condition of the Socialistic movement in England. After naming the State Socialistic journals, he adds that there is also the "Anarchist," which preaches the doctrines held by Most, Tucker, and Schwab in America. Will Mr. Hyndman have the goodness to state explicitly what doctrines he refers to? The form of his statement seems to imply that he refers to doctrines which Most, Tucker, and Schwab hold in common, as Anarchistic Socialists, in contrast with the doctrines of State Socialism. The insinuation is that the Anarchism of these three men is of such a nature that it places them in the same category. Mr. Hyndman unquestionably knows better. He has read Liberty sufficiently to be aware that Tucker repudiated Most, man, principles, and methods, and denies him even the name of Anarchist, and that, while admiring Justus Schwab personally, he does not share his Communistic sentiments. Mr. Hyndman evidently wishes, as a State Socialist, to conceal the fact that there are Anarchists who do not preach blood-and-thunder as the first and last article of their creed. As far as the readers of the "North American Review" are concerned, his desire will fail of gratification, for an article is soon to appear in that periodical that will leave them in no doubt concerning the character of Tucker's Anarchism, which is precisely as far from Most's as Liberty is from Authority.

When A. R. Parsons was on the witness-stand during the Chicago trial, he was asked by his lawyer to state to the jury the substance of his speech at the Haymarket meeting. This he did at great length and, according to the Chicago "Times," with great effect. What he said to the jury has been printed in pamphlet form, and copies are now for sale at ten cents each for the purpose of raising a defence fund. A very large sum of money is needed in order to appeal the case to the higher courts, and it ought to be forthcoming. The pamphlet is to be had of A. H. Simpson, 14 South Morgan Street, Chicago, and I hope that every reader of Liberty will send to him for as many copies as he can afford to purchase. In regard to the pamphlet itself, I of course am unable to say whether it is an accurate and complete report of the Haymarket speech, but it certainly does not fairly and fully represent the teachings of Parsons for the past few years as editor of the "Alarm." His policy has unquestionably been to urge the working-people to seize all property without regard to the lives of its present holders or, for that matter, any other lives. He has persistently preached expropriation and slaughter. This being the case, I am unwilling to advise the circulation of the pamphlet (which goes no farther than advising the people to arm themselves) without cautioning its readers not to accept it as fully representative of the so-called Anarchists of Chicago. At the same time Parsons and his comrades are now the victims of outrage and injustice, and everything should be done to aid them that can be done without endangering or misrepresenting genuine Anarchism.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 86.

"Bravo!" they exclaimed unanimously.

"Hanging!" objected with a delightful pout the ghastly blonde doll, "is a torture not at all original, and, among us all, I wager that we can find something newer, more piquant."

"Capital!" applauded several young women; and a prize was decreed for the strangest invention.

"And which will draw from the culprit the most entertaining grimaces and contortions," continued Miss Arabella.

"Well! let them bring in the condemned," said Lord Jennings.

The Duke motioned to a servant, and ordered him to bring in the gelder as soon as he was found.

Casper nosed about in the mud before being able to steady himself on his hands, and then on his feet; he succeeded, however, not without difficulty, sweating, reluctant to rise, but urged on by the Duchess, who, emboldened by the fact of nothing stirring, again commenced her selfish exhortations.

The applause, the bravos, the shouts in the hall, in the parlor, made her anxious.

"Quick, Casper, quick."

"There's no danger," he growled; "then, besides, I was only the arm which executed"

Nevertheless, he lifted the points of his hairy ears, like an animal who foresees danger.

In the court lanterns were moving along by the buildings, and a crowd of servants were hurrying about inside, questioning each other.

"Casper! Do you know what has become of him?"

"No, why?"

"The Duke has ordered that he be brought to him immediately, immediately!"

"What for?"

"To fay him, to torture him a bit, after the fancy of the guests, till death ensues, my faith!"

"That will be a famous amusement!"

"Hey! do you hear?" murmured Lady Ellen in his ear; "quick, come along."

But, having recovered command of his legs and becoming conscious of what threatened him, he flew into a passion, instead of gliding away silently, and prepared to heap insults on the servants and the master.

"Hush!" said the Duchess, placing over his drivelling mouth a hand which he bit.

"Quick, then!" she repeated, without the suspicion of a cry escaping her.

And now, he followed her at an indifferent pace, turning round with the design which she checked of cursing the flunkies who were opening the doors and inspecting the corridors, astonished at his disappearance. They had seen him just before, drinking and sleeping off his intoxication. A corpulence like his did not dissipate itself in the air, did not disappear through a mouse-hole; the cats had not swallowed him in a yawn.

"He must have felt the need of taking the air and emptying his too full stomach," suggested the head cook.

"Consequently," concluded he, "they are inquiring in vain for him in the interior of the castle, and they have only to search in the court to discover him in the midst of his vomit."

"The gang of drunkards!" growled Casper.

But once more Lady Ellen gently gagged him.

"Silence! silence and come, come!"

All the servants outside made such an uproar that the Duke approached the window and posted himself by the side of Miss Hobart.

"Well! no Casper!" said he, stooping; "hurry up, then!"

And, addressing Lucy, who seemed to be following in the darkness an interesting spectacle:

"Is it my man whom you see? With your acuteness and refinement of vision, it seems to me you ought to distinguish him where we can discern nothing. If he is wallowing in a corner, he must be snoring; if he is scampering away, he is certainly panting for breath, and the incomparable delicacy of your hearing can not fail to reveal him to you."

Miss Hobart, with half-opened lips, pupils dilated by her attention to what was passing at the end of the court, beyond the lanterns' field of light, in the dense shadow, did not answer; she did not breathe.

"What is it?" questioned the Duke.

"Oh!" said the young girl, closing her eyes, and moreover veiling them instinctively with her hand.

"What is it? What is it?" repeated Newington, impatiently; "speak!"

Just then the dogs, who had been moaning for some moments, snuffing and whining as at the approach of game, rambling about the entrance to their enclosure, all set up an infernal chorus, in which predominated fury, passion, excited appetite, breaking forth in wrangles, the noise of fights, the rage and pain of the conquered.

"Why, the quarry is beginning again," said the Duke, ordering his men to run and see. "Zounds! That imbecile of a Casper, in his flight, had wandered into the dog-kennel, thrust himself into the den, and the pack were regaling themselves. After the venison, the meat of the domestic boar."

"Exactly!" said Hunter Gowen, who, in the hunting season, when he was not after human game, gladly resumed his former functions; "and no way of tearing it from them except in pieces!" he added.

All the windows were filled, but the drama escaped them: it was being enacted inside the kennel buildings, and a number of the spectators were already lamenting bitterly this mischance, when the Duke ordered that the culprit be at least pulled out upon the pavement of the court, in order that they might have the diversion of his agony and death.

"Good!" said Gowen, swearing and vociferating; and instantly whipping away the devouring beasts from their victim, he seized the gelder by a leg and dragged him outside, howling, his neck lacerated by deadly bites.

"Perfect!" said the Duke.

The manoeuvre having been executed adroitly and promptly, the gilded lackeys, their torches in their hands, ran to range themselves around the scene of carnage, as they had done just before for the quarry, and, grouped behind them, the trumpeters sounded clear, proud blasts, awaking joyous echoes in the neighboring mountains.

And the quarry began again, furious, sickening, hideous, chilling with fright

and filling with disgust the least timorous, the least impressionable, at the fearful braying of Casper, at his howling like a hog being bled, mingled with the cries of the faltering spectators; and the windows were closed while the sinister tragedy concluded to the sound of the dying flourish of trumpets.

"Oh, the frightful nightmare!" suddenly said the Duchess, who had reappeared; and, appealing to the Duke, she reproached him for having sanctioned this bloody and gratuitous fancy.

Scandalized by such a dose of hypocritical assurance, Miss Lucy, folding her arms, walked towards Lady Ellen, ready to say to her:

"But you who opened the doors of the kennel buildings, who pushed the unfortunate man to the dogs, when the pungent blood on which he had just been treading allured the pack, still unsatisfied and eager for a feast."

And for an instant Ellen trembled visibly, paler than Miss Hobart, and with a mechanical prudence concealed in a fold of her dress the slight bite on her right hand which was still bleeding.

Suddenly, by a stroke of good fortune for her, Lucy heard the lamentable appeals of the widow Arklow in the distance.

Again she was calling for her son, her Michael, whom she urged, through space, to hear her, to answer her, if he had the strength, if he was not dying.

She hushed, waiting the solicited response; then, at the end of some minutes, hopeless, she reiterated in a voice still louder, more prolonged and sad, her evocation, which, in the silence of the night, assumed a character truly dismal.

And immediately, becoming suddenly circumspect, she forbade Michael, if he had the power, to reveal to her his existence, or heed her prayer.

"No, no," said she, "do not answer me. They would kill you."

But this did not prevent her from reconvening, the next instant, the distressing supplication of weeping mother at bay.

"Michael! . . . Michael! . . . Michael! . . . My child . . . You are not dead?

. . . I have not assassinated you?"

"My lord!" begged the Duchess, "do accede to the request of this miserable woman; receive her, or rather, speak to her; her voice, which clamors in the solitude in such despair, rings in the depths of my heart like a knell."

The Duke for some seconds had been looking at Lady Ellen, whose abnormal paleness and strange look forced his attention.

"I could see that something was the matter with you," he answered; "but I believed it an uneasiness, not pity or sentimentality."

"But, my friend, this frightful end of Casper seems to me of a nature to overthrow the less hardened."

"Not me!"

"This event having imparted to my nerves a sickly susceptibility, the least commotion causes me perturbations which account for my paleness and from which I suffer frightfully."

"Then I consent to accord an audience to your protégée."

"My protégée, it is you rather who are that. Your insensibility in regard to this woman is liable to exasperate still farther the hatred already aroused. I, an Irish lady, know well that the continual litany of this poor devil would touch me keenly, physically even, setting aside all question of sentimentality, and that I should swear your death. Listen to her."

"Since I have said so," said the Duke; and, dismissing Tom Lichfield, he added aside to him: "I do this still more willingly as I wish to speak with her; she presents herself just in time to serve me."

Smiling at a Machiavellian design, he prepared to give the order that they lead the woman in.

A new tumult in the court, the rush of a lively race, of a furious pursuit, drew the guests again to the windows, and they saw Edith, pursued by the soldiers with an agility not to be suspected at her age and from her rather clumsy look, leaping into the body of the castle, overturning a servant who barred her way, and elbowing aside others who tried to oppose her entrance.

"The Duke! I wish to see the Duke," repeated she; "I will see him!"

Fronting by a half-opening of the gates and a want of vigilance of the soldiers who guarded Cumsen-Park, she had intruded herself, by means of cunning at first, then by displaying inconceivable strength and agility as soon as they perceived her and tried to thrust her out.

Now she was climbing the staircase, still running, distancing all those who hurried at her heels.

They were just on the point of reaching her; on the landing-place, Sir Walpole, who had run in front of her, had planted himself solidly to throw her, if need be, from the top to the bottom of the stairs.

"No," said Newington, "let her come up; only beg these gentlemen and ladies to leave me alone with her."

"And with me?" asked Lady Ellen.

"You, dear, you owe yourself to your guests," said the Duke.

And, without waiting for the protest of his wife, who manifested the desire to be there in case the infatuated woman, armed perhaps, should resort to formidable violence, he made a sign to Edith to go into the next room.

"My son!" said she, hardly inside the door.

And as Newington encased himself in a lofty silence, she continued:

"My son . . . Will you answer?"

"When you question me in another tone, I will see what I shall have to answer," said he.

On this appropriate observation, changing her manner, suddenly softened, resuming in haste an apparently orderly bearing, in spite of her dishevelled condition, she began to explain, still, however, a trifle incoherent.

"It is true, I am wrong. All this time, at the entrance of the castle where he is imprisoned so cruelly in the darkness, I have remained in exasperation, although at moments very humble. Now I restrain myself! I curse no more! I implore . . . Have I killed my son? Tell me without reserve. This will be my punishment. Now then, speak, I beg you, I implore you" . . .

She looked at him with her immense eyes in which all her anxious soul dwelt, on the watch for a movement of Newington's face, desperately impassive.

"Answer! answer!" she sobbed. "If he has escaped that death, have you been more merciful than I?"

To the anguish of her previous prayer, a flame of anger was now added in this interrogation.

"To a soldier who deserts?" answered the Duke drily, in his accent of authority which made the boldest tremble.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, woefully stunned, as if knocked down by a blow on the head or a thrust in the stomach; and, for some minutes, seeing nothing, tottering, her tongue paralyzed in her parched mouth, strangling, she could not recover her voice.

Then, stammering, with broken words, trying to appease the thirst for vengeance which was overcoming her, she said:

"You have executed him? . . . Answer, enlighten me . . . Executed a wounded man? Oh! no, you have not been capable of such cowardice . . . I express myself badly: I mean, of such severity . . . Father Arklow, my husband, you had

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him massacred in the fury of your first impulse. . . . You imagined that he had just fired at you. But, Michael, on the ground, unconscious."

"He lives!" said Newington.

She came near, anxious, happy, brightened.

"He lives! ah! repeat it, say it to me again. He lives . . . ah!"

To be continued.

EIGHTEEN CHRISTIAN CENTURIES:

OR,

THE EVOLUTION OF THE GOSPEL OF ANARCHY.

An Essay on the Meaning of History.

By DYER D. LUM.

Continued from No. 86.

The fourteenth century opened with a papal year of Jubilee at Rome,—a device to raise money. Every conquest made by Christian zeal in the Holy Land had been won back by Moslem valor. France was distracted by the heresy of "the Everlasting Gospel"—that the Comforter, the Spirit of Truth, was to succeed Christ. Philip le Bel followed the example of Edward I. of England and taxed the clergy. He was excommunicated. Nothing daunted, he dispatched trusty agents to Italy, who forced an entrance through a church, seized the Holy Vicar, placed him on a horse with his face to the tail, and led him off to prison. At last France triumphed; a pontiff to its mind, sold to execute France's designs, was seated on the throne. He abandoned the tomb of the Apostles and took up his residence in the French city of Avignon.

Europe now saw (1310) the trial of a dead pope for sacrilege and atheism; the Knight Templars, the bulwark of Christian valor in the Crusades, disbanded, persecuted, and burnt at the stake; and, more distracting, two popes claiming to be the authoritative and consecrated successors of the Apostle. In this constant weakening of spiritual authority lay the hope of progress. While States were quarreling for the possession of the incumbent of the papacy, the people were growing restive. The three arms of power were attacked on all sides. In England the preaching of Wickliffe had sapped church authority, and the bold language of Wat Tyler fired the hearts of the peasants with dreams of economic emancipation. In Flanders the Arteveldes voiced the growing demand for political independence. In Rome itself Rienzi arouses the half-forgotten tradition of Roman freedom. Switzerland, the home of the legendary William Tell, with its free mountain air, strikes off its chains. France, torn with the conflict with England, answers with the fierce cry of the *Jacquerie*, and rustic hands drop their rosaries and beads for flails and scythes. In Germany the Hanseatic League rises into prominence to control the commerce of the Baltic, as the Genoese and Venetians did the Mediterranean. Though formed in the preceding century, it now entered upon its highest claims,—embracing eighty-five cities, banded together in offensive and defensive alliance for industrial and commercial interests.

Along the course of the ages the centuries now first loom up with distinctive characteristics; the mile-stones of the centuries present their separate legend. The fourteenth century is the Age of Revolt. While popes and kings are disputing over the reins of authority, a new spirit is spreading throughout Europe.

The fifteenth century opens on the same territorial divisions, but not on the same peoples. The heresy of Wickliffe had penetrated the higher classes; England was honeycombed with unbelief. John Huss and Jerome of Prague were electrifying the people of Bavaria with new and startling thoughts. Industrial activity had undermined feudal privilege; the modern State was arising. In the middle of the century a man in a German city was experimenting with movable types; printing had been invented! But Dryasdust, with eyes ever fastened on royal courts and battlefields, has taken another date for the end of the Medieval Age and the beginning of Modern History. In 1453 the Turks captured Constantinople, the seat of the Eastern Roman Empire. Yet the two events were closely connected. The downfall of Constantinople sent into Italy the long buried literature of Greece and Rome, preserved in its dusty archives. The art of Gutenberg and Faust scattered it broadcast. From 1470 to 1500 more than ten thousand editions of books and pamphlets were printed. Printing had brought minds into closer relations. In its effects it cheapened literature, supplanted the pulpit as its sole organ, and with the increased facility for acquiring knowledge grew the desire.

The impetus now given could no longer be stayed; the dykes were broken! The fifteenth century will be forever known as the Age of the *Renaissance*. Travelers had returned from Persia and India, China and Thibet. In 1455 Cadamosto, a Venetian, had explored the west coast of Africa and before the close of the century Columbus had sailed to America. Nor were the people wanting in catching the new spirit. In Germany, ever from the Teuton stock, peasants find new and strange thoughts burning in their minds. In 1475 "Johnny the Piper" lights the towers of baronial castles with the reflection of the flames of the Peasants' War, proclaiming the quixotic cry of Equal Rights. Thirty-four thousand peasants support him, but, through the effort of a pious bishop, who, as we are informed, "had to resort to treachery," their leader was sacrificed. Again, in 1493, the year after the discovery of America, Germany beheld another social insurrection. The banner of the *Bundschuh* had been raised, and ever and again made its appearance till subsequently stamped out by Luther and his armed allies.

The discovery of America, while Erasmus, Colet, and More were sowing the seed of intellectual liberty, hastened the harvest. Economically, it shifted the commercial centre from Italian cities to the Atlantic coast, and opened a new world to adventure and enterprise. Politically, the Western States rose in greatness, and, hopeful sign, royal power was to be greatest where industrialism had prepared the people best for independent action. Intellectually, it revolutionized human ideas by demonstrating the existence of the antipodes. The thought that by sailing West one could reach the East, when Columbus sailed, was the idea of one man. When he returned, the sacred cosmogony perished. The famous argument of the church against the globular form of the earth—that all men would not be able to see Christ when he descended in clouds from heaven to judge the world—was forever exploded!

Fifteen centuries had rolled by, fifteen Christian centuries, in which stake and fagot, sword and axe, had struggled for the supremacy of Christian authority over human reason; and now for the first time the Age of Reason could discern the coming dawn. In governments diplomacy now arose; secular politics came to the front, thus heralding the decline of Roman power. The old dream of Christian unity was perishing with the faith that gave it birth. Thought was released from bondage to Aquinas and the Schoolmen. A text no longer settled intellectual truth. The word *renaissance*—the legend of the age—separates it from all of its predecessors, and opens to the mind intellectual Anarchy,—freedom from bondage in philosophical pursuits!

The sixteenth century bears evidence that the old bottles can no longer hold the new wine. The fermentation of mind is not content to rest within the bounds of philosophical disputation. We need not ask the inscription on the mile-stone of the age. The logical sequence of intellectual liberty finds its assertion in the age in which Luther lived,—liberty of private judgment in religion. "The egg which Erasmus laid, Luther hatched," say church authorities. Rather, let us say, the enlargement of mind, dating back to "the geography of the pilgrims," now broke the narrowing bounds in which it had been confined. Revolt was no new thing. As we have seen, the Protest had broken out in the thirteenth century with the Albigenses of France, in the fourteenth with the Lollards, and in the fifteenth with Huss and Jerome. Luther was successful not alone because three centuries of growing restlessness lay behind him, not alone because the *renaissance* had weakened faith. He was a Teuton, a Saxon; he inherited the barbarian individuality which had proved so potent a factor in the disintegration of the old civilization where manhood was sunk in the State. Again, in his warfare on spiritual authority he made an ally of temporal power. He dexterously excited the jealousy of the feudal princes of Germany against Roman unity, as Calvin subsequently allied his cause with the retrograde policy of French seigneurs against French unity.

Protestantism carried on the work of the new spirit of revolt against authority. Although the narrow liberty of the barbarian, where self excludes toleration of others' equal right, divine authority received fatal blow. The right of private judgment, said the Catholics, destroyed all unity; there would be as many sects as thinkers. Bossuet was right: it was religious Anarchy. Freedom of conscience had taken root in the world.

The seventeenth century opens with the death at the stake of the freethinker and scientist, Giordano Bruno, and closed with the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Yet authority over mind was everywhere weakening. Freedom in thought led logically to freedom in action. The revolt against authority was the same; the seeming change was real in the representative of the authoritarian claim. In the preceding century Charles V. and Philip II. had been devoted supporters of the papal claim, yet both recognized the new spirit so far as to ever subordinate the welfare of Rome to the aggrandizement of their own power. Even in the rise of the Catholic State, Catholic unity was endangered. Of the sack of Rome by the army of Charles V., Dr. Robertson says:

Rome, though taken several times by the Northern nations, who overran the Empire in the fifth and sixth centuries, was never treated with so much cruelty by the barbarous and heathen Huns, Vandals, and Goths, as now by the bigoted subjects of a Catholic monarch.

The seat of authority was changing, and the monarch sought to control mind. Hence, political authority over conscience was attacked: in England, in the person of the king; in France and Germany, in feudal barons. When the century opened, to doubt the right of the sovereign to enforce uniformity of belief was as great a heresy with Protestants as with Catholics. The English Monarch was the Head of the English Church, and the English Revolution turned on religious questions. But the seventeenth century witnessed the destruction of this principle by giving birth to toleration. Again Liberty had extended her domain; the feudal principle of liberty for self was followed by the recognition of liberty for others. The treaty of Westphalia, at the end of the Thirty Years' War, recognized Protestant countries; William of Orange proclaimed official recognition of individual dissent. The spirit of the sixteenth century had won; religious freedom, wrested from the Church, was now secured against control by the State. The idea had taken visible form and was become a tangible reality.

The eighteenth century takes in the death of Locke and the life of Rousseau. From the "Treatise on Toleration" to the "Contrat Social" is the passage from the seventeenth to the eighteenth century. Toleration was not enough; limitation of political authority by constitutional restrictions no longer sufficed. The fundamental question of each age has been the same,—personal freedom or authority? The authority of the king to rule was now directly questioned. Freedom of thought in philosophy and religion had obtained foothold; the medieval impossibility had been realized. Toleration by the State of various beliefs had been established, notwithstanding sporadic displays of persecution. The line of progress brought it in revolt before the throne.

I am aware that worshippers at the shrine of the commonplace will retort that the cry for political freedom would not have been raised but for the tyrannical use of power by kings. Precisely; but this alleged mis-government—the arbitrary use of force to control action by those invested with authority—is a constant factor in the problem. Historically, evolution leads to revolution. The theological tomes of the seventeenth century were forgotten in the burning words of Junius, Paine, and Rousseau. While Americans were proclaiming independence from royal control, and were defeating the royal troops, Spain was witnessing its last auto-dé. Even into that bigoted land the reflection from Liberty's torch dispersed the darkness of medieval thought. The French Revolution broke down all barriers and opened a new era to Humanity.

Here the Christian centuries end. The spirit of the Christ recedes; that of Man emerges. Though thrones are still propped on bayonets, the spectre of the *Sansouci* is never laid.

Freedom of thought in religion and freedom of action in politics were conceded in principle; liberty for thought and political action had fought their battle and were victorious. Priestly and royal authority were dethroned. Heresy no longer carried with it sanguinary terror. What had once been treason to God was now a prerogative of self. The old beliefs may be still held, but they are powerless to enforce their claims. In the triumph of individuality, divine authority has no longer an accepted organ; it has become dissipated, and man left free. The authority of the Church has found the rock on which it was built washed away by the waves of progress. Its Christ, the Son of the Living God, having power to bind and loose, has faded away into a metaphysical entity. To the devout believer of the sixteenth century mental freedom was religious anarchy, the destruction of spiritual law and order. To the medieval statesman, it was an unthinkable condition, and the dissolution of all moral and social bonds. Society was based on theoretic uniformity, and hence the early reformers sought in the name of authority to reform, not to destroy; they thought they were but pruning the branches, while they were tapping the trunk. Spiritual authority was a social growth; it could not be pruned away without involving social disintegration and decay. Posterity has justified the assertion that the right of private judgment is mental anarchy.

Mental Anarchy, the absence of government over thought from without, was the result, yet this Anarchy is hailed today as a priceless conquest. The triumph of individuality in the State has followed the same course,—the extension of personal liberty. The hand of the absolute monarch has grown palsied, and the sceptre trembles in his grasp. Where the king willed, public opinion rules. Rulers have become servants to the national will; they hold their authority no longer by the grace of God, but by the sufferance of the people. When the head of Louis XVI. rolled on the guillotine, to the Bourbon political anarchy seemed to be complete. On the contrary, the State remained, and the battle for uniformity was as fiercely waged, but it had shrunk to national unity. The old law and order passed away,

Continued on page 6.

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the crusing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Why Expect Justice from the State?

Charles T. Fowler has written and "Lucifer" has published a very able article showing that the prosecution at Chicago was a prosecution of opinion and not of criminality, that the verdict was a verdict against Anarchy and not against bomb-throwing, and that the offence for which the victims are to be punished was not actual, but purely constructive. Setting aside the doubtless manufactured but certainly direct evidence put forward by the prosecution, of the man who swore that he saw Spies light the fuse and hand the bomb to Schnaubelt and that then Schnaubelt threw it, Mr. Fowler's position is a sound one. Sound also is the position taken by "O," that the convictions were secured by a trick of the detectives. Sound also is my own position, that the convictions would have been impossible without a packed jury.

But, sound as all these positions are, what do they amount to? Something, perhaps, as so many instances of the infernalisms practised by the State; but nothing more. If urged in the hope that the State will ever do better, they are futile in the extreme. Is not the State an infernal institution? Why expect from it, then, anything but infernalisms? "Let the people of Chicago," says Mr. Fowler, "learn that there is no such thing as the crime of incendiary speech. . . . Then they will no longer prosecute Anarchy or persecute Anarchists, but hunt up the man who threw the bomb."

It is evident that Mr. Fowler here uses "the people of Chicago" as one with the State, because it is the State which is prosecuting Anarchy. But why should the State "hunt up the man who threw the bomb"? Why should it do anything in this matter but prosecute Anarchy? Is not Anarchy its deadliest foe? Is it to be expected that the State will pay heed to anything but its own existence and prosperity?

No whining, then! Let us not complain of the injustice practised by the State, except we do so for the sole purpose of exhibiting it to the people in its enormity and determining them to throw off its tyrannical yoke. One of the wisest comments that have been made upon the verdict is that of Louis Lingg, the maker of most of the bombs so prevalent in Chicago and the youngest of the convicted men. He is reported to have said, after the verdict, something like this: "There is no reason to complain. Had I been in the judge's place and he in mine, I would have sent him to the gallows inside of twenty-four hours." The attitude of this brave Bohemian boy is superior to that of his elder comrades. Louis Lingg understands the situation. He knows that Anarchy has challenged the State. He knows that the State has picked up the gauntlet. He knows that it is a duel to the death.

Both Lingg and his comrades, however, are fatally weak in that they do not really represent Anarchy. They have challenged in Anarchy's name, but to institute and secure one of the most revolting of Archies, — the Archy of compulsory Communism. They propose

to win and uphold it by methods the most cruel and bloody. The strength of a righteous cause against tyranny lies in the fact that, as long as it remains itself innocent of offence, its persecution will bring it popular sympathy and aid. The so-called Anarchists of Chicago, by making their cause unrighteous, by announcing their readiness to commit any offences however enormous, and by standing on a platform of Communistic tyranny, have cast aside this strength, alienated this popular sympathy for injured Liberty, and thrown it upon the side of the enemy. And what is worse, by adopting the name of the real friends of Liberty and thus confusing the popular mind as to the character of Anarchy, they perhaps have made it possible for the enemy to carry out, *sustained by popular sanction*, what it dared not before attempt, *from fear of popular rebellion*, — the immediate suppression of the true Anarchists, who pursue Liberty as an end through Liberty as a means. If we could have gone on in our own way, we should have grown stronger and stronger, until the State would have had to face the alternative of frank surrender on the one hand, or, on the other, death in the last ditch through sacrificing popular support by assuming the offensive against innocent autonomists. As it is, the road to our sure triumph will probably be a much harder one to travel.

But what of the terrible predicament, it will be asked, in which these men who have injured our cause now find themselves? The answer is ready. They are of the noble few who, however mistaken as to the way of obtaining it, desire universal human comfort and for it are willing to cast their lives into the balance; we will snatch them, therefore, from the jaws of the wild beast, if we consistently can. To that end everything shall be done, short of treason to our cause. But there we stop. If we cannot save these men except by resorting to their own erroneous methods and thus indefinitely postponing the objects we have in view, then the wild beast must have its prey. Nothing requires us to sacrifice that which is dearest to us to save misguided men from consequences which we did nothing to bring upon them. Those who think this cruelty may make the most of it. Call me brute, call me coward, call me "kid-gloved Anarchist," call me what you will, I stand to my post. I have yet to learn that it is any man's duty to sustain his reputation for bravery at the cost of his loyalty to truth. By my attitude upon that day—which, if its coming was inevitable, will come the sooner now—when I in turn shall find myself at close quarters with the wild beast, I consent to have my courage judged. For that day I wait. And while I wait, I work. T.

The Lesson of Chicago.

Seven men are to die in Chicago, and the pulpit and the press, the gig-men, aye, and even the proletariat, unite in joyful hymns and bless God that he has saved society once more. Seven men of more than usual intelligence, and far more than usual devotion to principle, weary of seeing age-long injustice, of hearing the groans of the down-trodden millions, or, what is worse, of seeing them suffer dumbly, risked all in an attempt to set things right. They failed, and by the laws of war they are to die. Yet it must be remembered that the worst that can be said of them is the best that can be said of the victors,—that they sought to produce good through evil. Without sin they doubtless are not, but they sinned through the excess of their love.

At this same time a scamp who is not known to have ever done a good action, to have ever been possessed of a noble thought, who makes it his boast that he has been a constant enemy of labor organizations, is under arrest in Mexico for violating the laws of that country. He is an American citizen, and the honor of our country must be protected, though it cost us thousands of lives and millions of dollars; for, in protecting our "honor," many of our distinguished citizens will be able to enormously increase their wealth by robbing both Americans and Mexicans. And the foolish multitude, now as eighteen hundred years ago, contemning those who have given all for love of it, cries: "Crucify them, crucify them! Give us Barabbas!"

The old International Working-People's Association declared it axiomatic that the emancipation of the

working-classes must be effected by themselves, and it is time that we begin to comprehend the full significance of the declaration. It does not mean simply that we are not to place our reliance on the *bourgeoisie* and aristocracy, as is generally understood by half-trained revolutionists; but that a revolution, to be effective, must be popular. A social revolution can not be accomplished by a man or a clique. The people can be freed only by themselves. As long as they remain indifferent, no one can save them from being slaves, and those who seek to force them to be free but doom themselves to disappointment and death. What is left, then, for the intelligent revolutionary minority is to diffuse its principle to the utmost, to awaken public attention, and prepare for the nullification of the State by passive resistance. This is the course best for the minority and best also for the multitude, for a comparatively small minority, keeping strictly on the defensive and simply refusing to support the existing order of things, can succeed in obtaining its freedom; and, though it cannot compel the majority to be free, it can teach it the advantages of freedom in the most effective way,—by example. JOHN F. KELLY.

Confession of an Atrocious Crime Against the Anarchists Tried at Chicago.

The Boston "Sunday Herald" of August 22, 1886, has this "Special Dispatch to the Herald":

CHICAGO, Ill., August 21, 1886.—Captain Michael Schaack, who is credited with having obtained the chief evidence against the condemned Anarchists, was asked today if the police were now through with their labors.

"Through!" said the officer; "why, they have but barely commenced."

"You mean you have others who are indicted on the same charge?"

"You mustn't ask too much. I tell you the Anarchist business in Chicago has only commenced, and before it is through with we will have them all in jail, hanged, or driven out of the city."

"Did you place any men under arrest yesterday?"

"That I do not wish to tell."

"The report is that you have secured warrants for the arrests of a large number of persons."

"If you think a minute, you can see how foolish the idea would be. We have no accommodations for any large number of people, and it would be a needless expense to the State arresting too many at once. I can get them all as I want them. I don't need to arrest them now."

"They may try to leave the city."

"Time enough to arrest them when they do. I can get them just the same."

"Will any of the women be arrested?"

"Why not the women? Some of them are a good sight worse than the men."

"Do you think," continued the captain, "if I had told the newspapers what I was doing while the Anarchist trial was going on, that the jury would have brought in the verdict of yesterday? *No, sir; a thousand times no. The prisoners would have gone free.* Every reporter who came to me got nothing. I was making up the evidence, little by little, piece by piece, and putting it together where it belonged. *If I had told all I knew [knew?] as fast as I got points, the defence would have known what evidence was to be brought against them, and have been prepared to meet it.* There was but one beside myself who knew anything about what I was doing," said the officer, in conclusion.

It is claimed that the attorney for the State always relied on a verdict of guilty. They maintained that there was no doubt concerning the result.

This declaration of Schaack's, "*No, sir; a thousand times no. The prisoners would have gone free.* . . . *If I had told all I knew as fast as I got points, the defence would have known what evidence was to be brought against them, and have been prepared to meet it,*" is equivalent to a declaration that, if the accused persons had known what evidence was to be brought against them, they would have brought evidence that would have been sufficient to acquit them "*a thousand times*" over.

Here, then, is an explicit confession that these seven men were condemned to death upon evidence that was kept secret from both themselves and the public, and finally sprung upon them at the trial, when no opportunity was given them to meet it; but that they would have been acquitted "*a thousand times*" over, if they had known '*of*' this evidence, and been permitted to contradict or explain it.

This is equivalent to a confession that the men were innocent; and that this Captain Schaack knew that

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they were innocent; or—what is the same thing—that he knew that there was evidence that would have acquitted them “a thousand times” over, if they had been allowed an opportunity to produce it. But he glories in the fact that he was too smart for them; that, by keeping his evidence secret from both them and the public, he was enabled to bring them into the trap which he and “one other man” (evidently the State’s attorney) had prepared for them, and thus secured their conviction.

If this is not a confession that he (Schaack) and “one other man,” his accomplice, set themselves deliberately at work to procure the judicial murder of seven innocent men,—men known by him and his accomplice to be innocent,—what is it?

Plainly it is nothing else in the world.

Schaack’s confession that the evidence, on the part of these men, was such as, if permitted to be introduced, would have acquitted them “a thousand times” over, is equivalent to a confession that it was true; and that to procure their conviction, by the suppression of this evidence, was to procure the judicial murder of innocent men.

And this work, says Schaack, is to go on, until “we have all the Anarchists in jail, hanged, or driven out of the city.”

And this end is evidently to be accomplished by the same methods that have been so successful in procuring the conviction of these seven men; that is, by evidence “made up, little by little, piece by piece, and put together, where it belonged,” kept secret from the accused persons, and finally sprung upon them at the trial, when it is too late for them to contradict or explain anything.

What stronger evidence can be required to prove the infamous character of what are called our criminal courts? Evidently the courts themselves are criminal, whether the persons they convict are criminal or not.

Manifestly a trial can have no color of justice or reason, or be anything else than a conspiracy to convict, whether the accused person be innocent or guilty, unless he is permitted to know beforehand, as fully as the government officers themselves, every scrap of evidence that is to be brought against him, and then have all possible reasonable time allowed him in which to find and produce all the rebutting evidence that can be found and produced.

And yet I suppose that nearly every accused person is brought to trial, in our courts, in greater or less ignorance of the evidence that is to be given against him.

And I suppose that some, at least, if not all, of our prosecuting officers really consider it a smart thing to do, to bring out on a trial evidence which the accused person knew nothing of, and was unprepared to meet.

The confession of this scoundrel, Schaack, is one that the whole country is bound to take notice of. In fact, the trial at Chicago was not a trial of seven men only, nor of Chicago Anarchists only, but it was also a trial of the government of Illinois, and still more of the United States government itself. The oppressions of which these so-called Anarchists complained (if they were oppressions) were such as the government of the United States is responsible for, and such as many millions of persons—in fact, nearly all the people of the United States—are crying out against; some in more desperate tones than others, but all in tones that it will not do for any government to disregard.

In this state of things, a murder is committed by some one—not by these seven, nor any one of them, but by some one as yet unknown. These seven are confessed, by the chief agent in procuring their conviction, to be innocent; and to have had abundant proof of their innocence, if they had been permitted an opportunity to produce it.

But the government, which, in the opinion of these despairing, if not desperate, millions, is responsible for their wrongs, does not brook any forcible resistance by even so much as one single man. It regards this single man but as a torch that may explode vast numbers of others. It therefore demands not merely a victim, but victims. And victims it must have, whether they be innocent or guilty. The innocent will answer for examples, as well as the guilty. So, being unable to discover the one guilty man, the machinery is set at work to convict seven innocent ones in his stead.

And now all these suffering millions, who have not yet been brought quite up to the point of open rebellion, are taught that this is no country for those who are liable to become desperate under its oppressions; that it is only the patient sufferers who are tolerated here.

Well, perhaps this verdict will have that effect. But perhaps it will not.

are laying up against themselves by their policy of revenge. Not content with the killing of seven Anarchists and the imprisonment of Neebe, they are determined to spread disaffection still further by arresting all those who had anything to do with the Haymarket meeting. But the end is not yet.

I again appeal to you, my brothers, to let no blind feelings of revenge tempt you to aid the cause of the reaction. Now is the time above all others to stand firm in our advocacy of what is right and just, to let no fear that we may, for the moment, seem “respectable” cause us to swerve in the least from strict devotion to the highest truths that we realize, and one of these is that an *economic revolution can never be accomplished by force.*

GERTRUDE B. KELLY.

A Time to Beware of Passion.

If there ever were a time in which the true friends of the revolution were especially called upon to keep their reason unclouded and to possess their souls in patience, that time is now,—now, when the whole force of the hireling press is directed against the men under sentence of death in Chicago; now, when every impulse of common human sympathy tends to make us range ourselves at their side. But let not the sympathy which we feel with them in their unjust sentence make us forget for a moment that, however honest and devoted these men were (and their honesty and devotion they have proven beyond a doubt), however pure their motives, the methods by which they sought to attain their ends are not those by which the social revolution can ever really be accomplished.

O my brothers! let no blind feelings of revenge against the State and its tools lead you to play into its hands by attempting to meet force with force. Remember that the use of force must always react with most deadly effect upon us; that an economic revolution can never be accomplished by force. Remember that the employment of force leads to the redevelopment of the military spirit, which is totally opposed to the spirit that must exist in the people before anything that we wish for can be brought about. Remember that the government is really enforced, not by the bayonets by which it is surrounded, but by the ignorance in the minds of the people, and it is this ignorance, and this alone, that we are called upon to combat, and it is only as this is destroyed that success is possible. Remember that every appeal to brute force tends to retard the dissipation of this ignorance.

To the most peaceable of us, however, today, seeing the domineering, gloating spirit of the government and the press, the temptation to meet violence with violence is very strong, but it is to our interests above all others to resist the temptation. To the men now suffering in Chicago, and to their wives and mothers who are suffering as much as, if not more than, they, we extend our heartfelt sympathy, because we recognize that, however mistakenly, they have devoted their lives to that cause which is our cause,—the emancipation of the toiling millions.

“Society is saved; we can now sleep quietly in our beds,” cries the hireling press, gloating over the fact that seven men are to lose their lives in Chicago, as if society were threatened by no other evils than the rebellion of a few men who have been goaded to desperation by the injustice which they see everywhere around them, while this very press teems day after day with accounts of corruption, public and private, with Pan-Electric scandals, Broadway steals, Aqueduct robberies, with the wholesale murder of men in the Aqueduct, etc., from lack of precautions taken by those who are scooping in the millions, with men, women, and little children done to death by the thousand in the mines and factories, with strikes and lock-outs, with St. Louis tragedies, with murders and suicides, and sales of human beings day after day, due to the infamously unjust system which the hireling press is paid to support; and yet society is saved, because a few men who dare to think and to act that murder on one side is no more reprehensible than on the other are to forfeit their lives. When the thousands begin to suffer, as says Carlyle, the world is filled with shrieks, but from the suffering of the millions no cry arises; the millions are always dumb; no, not always; they sometimes throw a bomb or make a French Revolution.

Virtuous, respectable, well-dressed, well-behaved society may now again begin its dance over the walled-over volcano, heedless of the rumblings beneath, until another explosion comes, which may take a still more deadly form than the bomb-throwing at Chicago. Are the authorities mad in their pursuit of gain and power that they do not see what a treasury of hatred they

Convicted by a Packed Jury.

Unjust as the Chicago verdict was, the trial brought out certain facts regarding Illinois juries by which other communities might profit and at which Lysander Spooner must rejoice. In his great work now out of print, “Trial by Jury,” Mr. Spooner shows how the practice regarding jury trial has been turned by usurpation from the original theory, until it has lost altogether the three features that made it most potent as a safeguard of individual liberty. These three features were: 1, that the jury must be chosen by lot from a wheel containing the names of the whole body of citizens of the vicinity, instead of from a selected panel; 2, that it must be judge, not only of the facts, but of the law and the justice of the law; 3, that it must decide, not only the guilt or innocence of the accused, but, in case of guilt, the nature and severity of the penalty.

It appears from the charge of Judge Gary to the jury in the trial at Chicago that Illinois law has restored, nearly if not quite intact, the second and third of these features. Said the judge:

If the accused, or any of them, are found guilty by the jury, *they shall fix the punishment* by their verdict.

And further:

The jury in a criminal case are, by the statutes of Illinois, made judges of the law and the evidence, and under these statutes it is the duty of the jury, after hearing the arguments of the counsel and the instructions of the court, to act upon the law and facts according to their best judgment of such law and such facts. *The jury are the judges of the law and the facts, and you, as jurors, have a right to disregard the instructions of the court, provided you, upon your oaths, can say that you believe you know the law better than the court.*

It is evident that in the hands of an unprejudiced jury endowed with such powers as these the life and liberty of a person unjustly accused would be well-nigh secure. The trouble in Chicago was the prejudice of the jury. And this jury was made up wholly of prejudiced men simply because the first of the three safeguards referred to was not restored along with the second and third. If the twelve men composing it, instead of being sifted from a selected panel by a method of examination that enables the prosecution to practically pack the jury, had been chosen by lot from all the citizens of Chicago, there would have been a large percentage of workingmen among them, some or all of whom would undoubtedly have seen to it that no such fate was meted out to the eight prisoners as that under the awful shadow of which they now rest. But, as it was, the whole twelve were men whose sympathies and interests ranged them on the side of capital and privilege, and they were determined from the start to hang the men who had questioned the sacred prerogatives of constituted power. It is needless to say that the State will never sound its own death-knell by restoring the safeguard that is still lacking, and that it never will be restored until the people themselves restore it by boycotting the State.

T.

Archistic Anarchists.

[May Wry in “New Thought.”]

The sham Anarchists, who use the livery of heaven to serve the devil in, and who have, properly speaking, no right to the name, remind me of the North in the time of the rebellion, which wanted peace and was bound to have it, if it had to fight for it. So it seems these sham Anarchists want no kind of rule, except self-rule, and they are bound to have it, if they have to rule others to get it.

EIGHTEEN CHRISTIAN CENTURIES.

Continued from page 3.

but out of the social anarchy arose a higher order,—a new extension of freedom. The right of private judgment in the affairs of government! God's anointed henceforth was of common clay; his sword and sceptre, blessed by the priest, possessed no magic virtues. The illusion had vanished.

To be continued.

THE POLITICAL THEOLOGY OF MAZZINI AND THE INTERNATIONAL.

By MICHAEL BAKOUNINE,

MEMBER OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WORKING-PEOPLE.

Translated from the French by Sarah E. Holmes.

INTRODUCTION.

If there is a man universally respected in Europe and who, by forty years of active life wholly devoted to the service of a great cause, has really merited this respect, it is Mazzini. He is uncontestedly one of the noblest and purest individualities of our century,—I might say even the greatest, if greatness was compatible with the stubborn worship of error.

Unfortunately, at the very foundation of the programme of the Italian patriot, there has been, from the first, an essentially false principle, which, after having paralyzed and made barren his most heroic efforts and his most ingenious combinations, must drag him sooner or later into the ranks of the reaction. This principle is that of an idealism at once metaphysical and mystical, grafted upon the patriotic ambition of the statesman. It is the worship of God, the worship of divine and human authority; it is the faith in the Messianic predestination of Italy, queen of the nations, with Rome, capital of the world; it is the political passion for the grandeur and glory of the State, founded necessarily on the misery of the people. It is, in short, that religion of all dogmatic and absolute minds, the passion for uniformity which they call unity and which is the grave of liberty.

Mazzini is the last high priest of religious, metaphysical, and political idealism which is disappearing.

Mazzini reproaches us with not believing in God. We reproach him, as a set-off, with believing in him, or rather, we do not even reproach him, we only deplore that he believes. We infinitely regret that by this intrusion of mystical sentiments and ideas into his conscience, his activity, his life, he has been forced to range himself against us with all the enemies of the emancipation of the popular masses.

For, in fact, we cannot longer deceive ourselves. Who are now found under the banner of God? From Napoleon Third to Bismarck; from the Empress Eugenie to Queen Isabella; and between them the pope with his mystical rose which he gallantly presents, by turns, to the one and the other. There are all the emperors, all the kings, all the official, officious, aristocratic, and otherwise privileged world of Europe, carefully enumerated in the Gotha almanac; there are all the great leeches of industry, of commerce, of finance; the licensed professors and all the functionaries of the State; the high and the low police, the *gendarmes*, the jailers, the executioners; without forgetting the priests, constituting today the black police of souls for the benefit of States; there are the generals, those humane defenders of public order, and the editors of the venal press, such pure representatives of all the official virtues. Behold the army of God!

Behold the banner under which Mazzini is ranged today, doubtless in spite of himself, drawn by the logic of his ideal convictions, which force him, if not to bless all that they bless, at least to curse all that they curse.

And in the opposite camp, what is to be found there? The revolution, the audacious deniers of God, of the divine order and the principle of authority, but, on the other hand, and for that very reason, the believers in humanity, the affirmers of a human order and of human liberty.

Mazzini, in his youth, divided between two opposing currents, was at once priest and revolutionist. But the inspirations of the priest, as was to have been expected, finally stifled in him the instincts of the revolutionist; and today all that he thinks, all that he says, all that he does, breathes the purest reaction. In consequence of which there is great joy in the camp of our enemies and mourning in our own.

But we have something else to do than to lament; all our time belongs to the battle. Mazzini has thrown down his gauntlet before us, and it is our duty to pick it up, in order that it may not be said that, through veneration for the great past services of a man, we have bent our head before untruth.

It is not with a light heart that one can decide to attack a man like Mazzini, a man whom one is forced to revere and love even in combating him, for, if there is one thing which no one dares question, it is the high disinterestedness, the intense sincerity, and the no less intense passion for good, of this man, whose incomparable purity shines with all its brightness in the midst of the corruption of the century. But veneration, however legitimate it may be, must never turn into idolatry; and there is one thing more sacred than the greatest man in the world,—namely, truth, justice, the duty of defending the sacred cause of humanity.

This is not the first time that Mazzini launches his accusations and condemnations, not to say his insults and calumnies, against us. The past year, in a letter addressed to his friend, an idealist and priest like himself, the illustrious Quinet, he had bitterly censured the materialistic and atheistic tendencies of the modern youth. This was his right, the logical consequence of his misfortune in having always connected his noblest aspirations with the fictitious existence of an absolutely impossible Being, a malevolent and absurd phantom, created by the childish imagination of people just emerging from animality, which, after having been successively reviewed, corrected, and enriched by the creative fancy of poets and still later gravely defined and systematized by the abstract speculations of theologians and metaphysicians, is vanishing today, like a true phantom as it is, before the powerful breath of the popular conscience, matured by historic experience, and before the still more pitiless analysis of real science. And since the illustrious Italian patriot, from the beginning of his long career, has had the misfortune to always place his most revolutionary thoughts and acts under the protection of this imaginary being and to enchain thereto his whole life, to the extent of sacrificing to it even the real emancipation of his dear Italy, can we be surprised that he is now indignant at the new generation which, inspired with another spirit, another morality, and another love than his own, turns its back upon his God?

The bitterness and anger of Mazzini are natural. To have been for more than

thirty years at the head of the revolutionary movement of Europe and to feel now that this management is escaping him; to see this movement take a road in which his petrified convictions do not permit him to lead, or even to follow; to remain alone, abandoned, not understood, and henceforth incapable of himself understanding anything of all that is going on under his eyes! For a great soul, for a proud intelligence, for a grand ambition, like that of Mazzini, at the end of a career dedicated wholly to the service of humanity, this is a tragic and cruel position.

So, when the saintly old man, from the height of his isolated ideal, launched at us his first thunderbolts, we made no answer, or almost none. We respected this powerless but grievous wrath. Yet not from any lack of arguments by which, not only to resent his reproaches, but even to turn them against him.

He says that we are materialists, atheists. To this we have nothing to answer, for we are that in truth, and, as far as a sentiment of pride is permissible in poor individuals who, like the waves, rise only to soon disappear in the immense ocean of the collective life of human society, we glory in being such, because atheism and materialism are the truth, or rather, the real basis of all truth, and because, without troubling ourselves with the practical consequences, we desire the truth before all and nothing but the truth. Moreover, we have this faith,—that, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, notwithstanding all the timid suggestions of a political and sceptical prudence, the truth alone can effect the practical good of men.

Such is, then, the first article of our faith; and we will force you to really admit that we too have a faith, illustrious master. Only it looks never backwards, but always forwards.

You do not always content yourself, however, with establishing our atheism and our materialism, you conclude that we can have neither love for men nor respect for their dignity; that all the great things which, from time immemorial, have inspired the noblest hearts—liberty, justice, humanity, beauty, truth—must be completely unknown to us, and that, dragging through our miserable existence in a haphazard fashion, crawling rather than walking on the earth, we can know no other cares than to satisfy our sensual and gross appetites.

If any other than you said it, we should call him a shameless calumniator. To you, respected and unjust master, we say that this is on your part a deplorable error. Do you wish to know to what extent we love all the grand and beautiful things of which you deny us knowledge and love? Know, then, that we love them to this extent,—that we are wearied and disgusted with seeing them eternally suspended from your heaven, which has stolen them from earth, as so many symbols and promises forever unrealizable! We content ourselves no longer with the phantom of these things; we wish the reality.

And that is the second article of our faith, illustrious master. We believe in the possibility, in the necessity, of this realization upon earth; at the same time we are convinced that all those things which you adore as celestial hopes will necessarily lose, in becoming human and terrestrial realities, their mystical and divine character.

In calling us materialists, you believe that you have said everything. It seems to you that you have definitely condemned and overwhelmed us. And do you know whence your error arises? From the fact that what we call matter and what you call matter are two things, two conceptions, absolutely different. Your matter is to you an imaginary being, like your God, like your Satan, like your immortal soul. Your matter is the basest grossness, inert, brutality, an impossible being, just as pure, immaterial, absolute mind, which likewise has never existed but in the speculative fancy of theologians and metaphysicians, those unique creators of the one and the other, is impossible. The history of philosophy has now unveiled the process—a very simple one, moreover—of this unconscious creation, the genesis of this fatal historical illusion, which, during a long series of centuries, has weighed like a horrible nightmare on the crushed spirit of human generations.

The first thinkers, who were necessarily theologians and metaphysicians, because the earthly mind is so made that it commences always with many follies, with falsehood, with error, to arrive at a particle of truth, which does not highly recommend the *holy traditions of the past*,—the first thinkers, I say, took in the lump the real beings with whom they were acquainted, including, doubtless, themselves, all which appeared to them to constitute force, movement, life, intelligence, and they called this by the generic name of *mind*; then they gave to the rest, the unformed and inert residue which they supposed must remain after this abstractive operation, executed unconsciously on the real world by their own mind, the name of *matter*. After which they were astonished that this *matter*, which, like this mind, never existed but in their imagination, appeared to them so inert, so stupid, in the presence of their God, pure mind

As for us, we admit frankly that we do not know your God, but neither do we know your matter; or, rather, we know that both are equally No-Beings created *a priori* by the speculative fancy of the simple thinkers of past centuries. By the words “material and matter” we understand the totality, the whole scale, of real beings, known and unknown, from the most simple organic bodies up to the constitution and operations of the brain of the greatest genius: the most beautiful sentiments, the grandest thoughts, heroic deeds, acts of devotion, duties as well as rights, sacrifice as well as egoism, all, even to the mystical and transcendental aberrations of Mazzini, like the manifestations of organic life, chemical properties and actions, electricity, light, heat, the natural attraction of bodies, constitute in our eyes so many evolutions, doubtless different, but not less strictly solidary, of this totality of real beings which we call *matter*.

And notice carefully that we do not consider this totality as a sort of absolute and eternally creative substance, as the Pantheists make it, but as an eternal *resultant*, ever produced and reproduced anew by the concurrence of an infinity of actions and reactions of all kinds or by the incessant transformation of the real beings who are born and die in its bosom.

Not to prolong this metaphysical dissertation, I will say, by way of summing up, that we call *material* all that is, all that is produced in the real world, in man as well as outside of man, and that we apply the name *ideal* exclusively to the products of man's cerebral action; but as our brain is an organization wholly material, and as, consequently, all its functions are as material as the action of all other things united can be, it follows that what we call matter or the material world does not in the least exclude, but, on the contrary, inevitably includes, the ideal.

There is a fact which is worthy of careful consideration by our platonist adversaries: How is it that materialistic theorists generally show themselves much more largely idealists in practice than the idealists themselves? At bottom, nothing is more logical or more natural than this fact. Does not all development imply in some way negation of the point of departure? Well, the materialistic theorists set out from the conception of matter to arrive at what? At the idea. While the idealists, setting out from the pure, absolute idea and always repeating anew the old myth of original sin, which is only the symbolic expression of their melancholy destiny, are eternally falling back, as well in theory as in practice, into the matter of which they never succeed in getting clear. And such matter! Brutal, ignoble, stupid, created by their own imagination, as the *alter Ego* or as the reflection of their *ideal Me*.

To be continued.

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Anarchy in Australia.

"It never rains, but it pours." A short time ago Victorian lovers of liberty were startled to find that the government was trying to suppress the Sunday freethought lectures in Melbourne, and suing the "Liberator" for not finding sureties; and now they are beginning to experience the inconvenience of its tampering with the mails. The postmaster-general has decided that in future no copies of the "Liberator" containing anything which he considers "blasphemous, obscene, offensive, or libellous" shall be transmitted through the post in Victoria, but they shall be destroyed. He has also under consideration whether he shall not also enforce another clause in the same Act of Parliament, which says that anyone knowingly posting such a paper shall be subject to a penalty of from five to fifty pounds! Are we not an advanced race over here? Are we not a model of perfect civilization? Just imagine that every time I post a copy of the "Liberator" to the editor of Liberty or elsewhere, I run the risk of being robbed of fifty pounds by the State-appointed pickpockets, or else being bundled off to jail as if I were a criminal! And why? Because I have done any one a wrong? Oh, dear, no! I could do that every hour of the day, and the law would pat me on the back. It is not that I seek to utilize this means of transit without paying for it, for I have already paid for it in many ways. The postage-stamp upon it is a receipt that the freight has been paid, besides which the money which has already been forced from me in the form of taxes, rates, duties on the articles I consume, stamp duties, and innumerable other methods of extracting money from the pockets of a gullible public by indirect methods which few of them ever perceive,—by all these methods have I paid for the transit of my newspaper. Then why is it to be destroyed, and myself perhaps with it? Simply because some meddlesome old rogue or fool took it into his head, without asking my consent, that it was the best thing to do to make me moral and to create a job for his friends, and he got a few more like him to agree with him when a show of hands or a division was taken, and the majority being rogues, or fools, or both, it became "law." Mr. Symes, the editor of the "Liberator," says that, if they attempt to stop his paper, they shall repent it; and it is to be hoped he will succeed. It matters little whether they destroy the paper or not; for good results must follow. If the paper is not destroyed, this scare will only prove a harmless, uncostly, and profitable advertisement for the paper. And if, on the other hand, it is destroyed and denied the right of mailing, it will be an invaluable lesson to the thousands who read and admire it; for it will teach them not to rely on governments for assistance, and not to play into their hands, but to supply their requirements themselves, and to kick against paying to support these rogues in their business. In short, it will help to make them Anarchists.

The same old meddlers, or a similar clique,—for legislators are "birds of a feather,"—succeeded, not long ago, in framing a "law," known as the "Factories and Workshops Act." And it is worthy of them. It starts off by appointing a regiment of inspectors and medical practitioners, as a matter of course. Nearly every Act creates new billets for State loafers, if it is not one to repeal some other Act. Then it goes on to dictate how factories shall be painted, and how often. They shall be registered; and of course a fee comes in here, ranging from ten shillings to three guineas, or the option of paying a fine of ten guineas if it is not registered. Then a board of inspectors is to be appointed (the tender-hearted legislators must provide situations for their kind relatives and those who helped to get them elected, you know). And any factory not approved by this board of inspectors shall not be used. That might prove rather awkward in some instances, but as a rule government inspectors are not strict teetotalers, and it is astonishing how you can enlist a man's sympathies through the medium of his palate—and his purse. An inspector can enter any factory whenever he wants to and take a policeman with him, and as many as he wants of the factory employees too, if he wants them. If any one refuses, he is liable to be fined five pounds and his master from five pounds to twenty pounds. How the mouths of the legislators must have watered, when they pictured the influx of all this money into the State coffers! Every employer shall keep a record of the number of employees, their ages, if under twenty, and the work performed. If he fails to keep this record, he is liable to a penalty of two pounds per day from the seventh day on which his factory was registered. And furthermore, he has to keep a record of the work done outside the factory, or he is haunted by an additional penalty of ten pounds. Half-hour intervals must be allowed every five hours, unless the inspector consents to the contrary; and no one shall dive in his workshop, unless the inspector approves of it. Certain mechanical contrivances that the inspectors imagine to be advantageous shall be constructed, or the factory will be condemned. Certain trades shall only employ persons of certain ages. Factory "hands," under sixteen years of age, shall not be employed over forty-eight hours weekly; but the minister can suspend this in individual instances if he wants to. No one under thirteen years of age shall be employed. This has already led to the dismissal of a great many of the children of poor parents, who thus, through legislative benevolence, find it still harder to support their families in comfort. It is not

every child either between the ages of thirteen and fifteen that is allowed to seek employment, that right being confined to those who possess a certificate of educational ability in accordance with the Education Act. Employees under sixteen must procure medical certificates, which the inspectors, however, can annul. No boy under fourteen (or under sixteen, if a type-setter), nor girl under sixteen (or under eighteen, if a type-setter) shall work in a factory between six p. m. and six a. m., except with the Minister's permission. There are also regulations to guard against accidents from machinery, etc., to provide sitting accommodation to shop apprentices, to have all furniture stamped (in order to handicap John Chinaman), to impose an additional host of fines and penalties, and to regulate the hours of shopping. You will have noticed the many means of evading the law, which are held out in the foregoing, chiefly by means of the inspector. But the shopping hours' clause surpasses them all. All shops (except chemists', confectioners', fish and oyster, fruit and vegetable, tobacconists', booksellers', and newsagents' shops, coffee-houses, eating houses, and restaurants) shall be closed at seven p. m. daily, except Saturdays and public holidays, when they may keep open until ten o'clock. If the foregoing is not adhered to, the delinquent is subject to a penalty of ten pounds. Power is given to the municipalities, however, to change the hours of business of any class of shops, and fines may amount to anything under the ten pounds. The Melbourne municipal council have passed a resolution that each culprit shall be fined one shilling only. Most of the municipal councils have extended the hours of business in a great many instances, and the stupid Act, which has cost so much time and money to both the government and the unfortunate shopkeepers, threatens to meet with speedy dissolution. In Collingwood, a suburb of Melbourne, where the hours had not been extended by the local "authorities," there has been some severe uproar. The drapers of Collingwood have been in the habit of keeping open in the evening at a later hour than that allowed by the Act. Consequently, when it came into force, they feared to obey the "law" because their trade would suffer considerably if they did. They accordingly continued to keep open as usual. The daily press, which is always ready to increase any mischief, published a list of the names of those whose shops remained open, and called for interference. In Collingwood, the hot-bed of larrikinism, immense mobs commenced to assemble night after night outside of the shops of those who had adopted the Anarchist method of conducting their business in their own way, irrespective of laws, *pro or con*; and they commenced hooting and jeering the shopkeepers and attendants inside. The mobs increased; traffic was impeded; the noise became louder; the roughs became more defiant; until at last they made an onslaught upon the shopkeepers by smashing in their windows with road-metal and molesting them and their customers.

All this to carry out a law framed by a handful of rogues and fools, not for the sake of any good that might result to the community from it, but to show the stupid electors that they had not been idle when in office, and so to induce them to retain them in their billets,—billets, not only useless, but pernicious. The sooner that people realize that these insolent legislators are an unbearable nuisance, the better it will be for them. The more critically the whole system of government is examined, the more rapidly does every redeeming characteristic disappear. DAVID A. ANDRADE,
SOUTH YARRA, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA, APRIL 21, 1886.

The Real Extortioners.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I believe that the knowledge is gradually dawning upon a great many wage-workers, Knights of Labor, and others who are working for the amelioration of the condition of labor that the present industrial agitation has not reached foundation principles yet. They are gradually seeing the folly of the idea that better wages, better living, more comfort and leisure, can be obtained from society by means of strikes and boycotting.

There can be no doubt that labor receives all that is left of the wealth it has created after the State, the usurer, the landlord, the bondholder, and the profit-taker have seized upon their outrageous proportions of it; and how can the former receive more, unless some of the latter take less? There is just so much wealth to distribute at one time and no more.

To squeeze more wages out of the capitalist will either drive him out of business or compel him to squeeze other people to make up the difference, for he must have his profits, the stockholders must have their dividends, and the workers must pay the whole.

If the capitalist has acquired wealth through the operation of his works and the employment of labor, where is the justice in compelling him to disgorge and allowing other robbers to escape unmolested? And in these days of warfare upon capital how the landlords and other thieves congratulate themselves!

Let us start a movement against rent; another against interest; another against taxes; and let us combine and centralize all these movements in the direction of such a radical change of social system as to abolish the privileges of all these extortioners, and that greatest thief of all, the State.

Let capital alone. When rent is no more, when interest

dies, when taxes are unassessed, when profit becomes a thing of the past, capital will cease to exist. It is but the shadow and presentment of all these ghouls in the grave-yard of a wage-slave's life. The aristocratic and dainty people whose wealth has come down to them from or been acquired by land-renting, tax-gathering, money-lending, and profit-taking, scorning to deal with labor, appoint capital as their agent; and the master, not the agent, should be the object of labor's wrath.

Again, capital is more often labor itself, enabled by accumulation of hard-earned wages to do business and take profits for itself. But finding in that sphere of work that the robbers are upon it still, demanding rent, interest, and taxes, it is forced to either forego its profit or keep down the wages of the employed.

The Powderly and McNeills of the labor movement should stop making war upon a shadow and attack the substance; what between haunting and hungering around Congress, talking of profit-sharing, cooperation, and organization, and fighting Knights of Labor with trades-unions, the real enemies are quietly stealing from them yet, and by sophistries, promises, and hypocritical advice the work of exploitation still goes on. Labor must realize sooner or later the real issue before it, and begin the battle at once.

WALTER L. RAMSDELL.

NO. 1 LAUREL ST., SOMERVILLE, MASS., AUGUST 7, 1886.
[Mr. Ramsdell's idea is correct and important, but his use of the words "capital" and "capitalist" is not justifiable. The capitalist class includes not only employers, but receivers of interest, rent, and profit.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Penny-Wise and Pound-Foolish.

J. Wm. Lloyd is the last revivalist of the exploded "Be good and you will be happy" gospel so far, but by no means the least. Indeed, he bids fair to outstrip all the others and take the first prize. Mr. Walker began by saying "one really foolish thing," and was forced to abandon his Anarchistic post to protect himself from the steady fire of the "unkind" Kellys. Mr. Lloyd is bolder. He said more foolish things and more *foolish* things at the very start than we have yet heard from our unsuccessful friends since their first attempt to reconcile the irreconcilable. What gives me hope, however, is the comforting thought that, as friend Lloyd has reached the point where even absurdity must stop, he may be made to realize the fact that he strayed away from the path of sound reasoning, and follow us back into the Anarchistic fold.

A proverb says: "To state a problem clearly is to have it half solved." It is almost an axiomatic statement that the only way to secure ourselves from bad effects of an evil is to remove its bottom causes and strike at its root. Hence in any given case our first care should be the discovery of the bottom causes of the disease we are to treat. Now, the case we are treating is the poverty and degradation of the people. The Anarchistic social doctors have found the State to be the chief cause, the cause of causes that have brought about this sad state of things. We charge the State with having impoverished and enslaved the masses. We lay the blame for all crime, vice, misery, and suffering at the door of law and government. We point to the homeless tramp, the miserable street-walker, the starving children, the overworked and underpaid factory operative, the hungry miner, the thief, murderer, suicide, and hold the fiendish, hellish conspiracy of the loafers, idlers, gamblers, and monopolists, who are organized under the name of law and State, responsible for this frightful sum of wretchedness and desolation. It is a case of the people vs. the State, and we insist that the State must die in order that the people may live and improve their conditions. It is not only utterly impossible for the victims of the State to elevate themselves, but it is sure to make new and fresh victims every hour, and even those who have managed to keep out of danger thus far, will sooner or later be devoured by that insatiable monster. But if Mr. Lloyd can show that the people have nobody but themselves to blame for their wretched condition, I have no case against the State. If he will show that over-population, or intemperance, or extravagance, are the real causes of poverty, and that vice and crime are the inevitable consequences of the natural depravity of human nature, I am ready to apologize to the innocent parties for the injustice done them, and accept any punishment from their hands. This Mr. Lloyd cannot do. The very fact that a robber class exists gives the lie to such shallow pretences. What, then, does Mr. Lloyd mean when he asserts so boldly that the *now* can and should be made more comfortable? Presumably this,—that, albeit there is much truth in our accusations, and government has had a great deal to do in the business, still there are other causes and other factors to be considered. Let us be done with *cant*! exclaims Mr. Walker, and is applauded by Mr. Lloyd. We must not shut our eyes to the fact that the people are not as worthy and deserving as they ought to be. They are reckless, mean, selfish, cowardly, passion-burnt, self-weakened, ignorant, says Mr. Lloyd. In the first place, we have never denied it, and our excited friends beg the very question at issue. Hear John Stuart Mill:

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Those who object to the present order of society, considered as a whole, and who accept as an alternative the possibility of a total change, have a right to set down all the evils which at present exist as part of their case. . . . Moral evils, and such physical evils as would be remedied if all persons did as they ought, are fairly chargeable against the state of society which admits of them. — *On Socialism.*

In the second place, we maintain that these evils are incurable and irremediable in the present state of society under existing conditions. Mr. Lloyd carefully evaded this very important point. We admit that it is quite possible for some individuals to make themselves comfortable and get along pretty fairly in this world, but their success is necessarily achieved at the expense of other individuals, who sink lower and lower as these fortunate ones rise higher and higher. And this was so clearly demonstrated in Mr. Tucker's "fable" that even the most dull-headed moralists cannot hereafter plead ignorance or innocence. And whether this conclusion is true or false, what bearing has the fact upon the question of labor emancipation? In questions of social reform, no plan can be considered as a solution of the difficulty which does not admit of being generally adopted and which is not possible and practicable for all. It is this rule, by the way, which makes it possible for us to distinguish between a crank and a social reformer. Now, can Mr. Lloyd seriously talk to the masses of the people about clear brains, strong muscles, health, and virtue? How about the thousands of starving unemployed, of millions of overworked, of the poor and destitute, and of all the victims of our economic disorder? Can he talk to them about simple diet, non-exciting pleasures, slow living, moderation in all things? Can he talk to them of the necessity of reforming vice thoroughly? Says John Stuart Mill: "Even the idle, reckless, and ill-conducted poor, those who are said with most justice to have themselves to blame for their condition, often undergo much more and severer labor than any of the more highly remunerated laborers; and even the inadequate self-control exercised by the industrious poor costs them more sacrifice and more effort than is almost ever required by the more favored members of society." That the people could have Liberty today if they were self-wise and self-free enough to be worthy of it is merely a truism. Of course, it is not surprising that Mr. Lloyd should find it necessary, for want of better argument, to draw upon the resources of Sunday School wisdom and recall the happy sayings of grandmother; but this truism does not warrant the extraordinary inference that the people will never have liberty till they are worthy of it. Does Mr. Lloyd suspect that this sounds strangely like despair, and that a despairing man is one who does not enjoy the use of his reason and his faculties? To say that the people will never have liberty till they are worthy of it is tantamount to saying that they are doomed to eternal slavery, for in slavery they can never become self-free and self-wise enough to be worthy of liberty. If you want to elevate a slave, you must first set him free. Liberty fits men for the proper fulfillment of the duties and functions which a liberty-conditioned life exacts from them, while slavery kills in them every manly impulse and makes cowards and sycophants of them. We see all through history that every improvement in the conditions of life invariably resulted in a moral and intellectual elevation of the people. All reforms of the past have been fought for and achieved by insignificantly small minorities, frequently individual martyrs, and only after the people lived and moved under the new conditions did they learn to appreciate the worth of the reformers and the reforms.

What would these drunken, whore-mongering, self-weakened fools do with liberty? While it would be unreasonable to hope that those who are as black as sin would become as white as snow the instant liberty is granted them, it is certainly safe to say that they would not become worse. Liberty being the only remedy for the diseases that afflict society, it cannot be applied too soon. The recovery will be slow and gradual, but it is certain. Time, like reason, says Paine, will make its own way, and prejudice will fall in the combat with interest.

I think I have said enough. I do not care to argue all the points made by my respected opponent, and there is much in his epistle that, as usual, commands my admiration. But I would ask him to bear in mind that I was not considering the question of ideal freedom, or ideal happiness. As Anarchists we have to deal with the question of simple justice between man and man. A just man is not necessarily a perfectly moral man, but justice is the foundation on which morality and virtue are to be built. Justice is the first step in the direction of social order and peace. From this point of view the "love, care, protection, and development of self" is a right, not a duty. In virtue of this birthright "we demand liberty, equal opportunities, and a chance to grow unhindered"; but, demanding this from others, we are bound to grant them the same rights. To invade self is bad enough, but our right to self-invasion is as inviolable as that of self-development. To seek to govern us and control our conduct for our own good is just as tyrannical as to subordinate our interest to the pleasure of a self-constituted ruler. The invasion of others is "the most unpardonable sin," as it is the most unwise thing to attempt, for under liberty, and in the absence of legal banditti who substitute the rule of brute force for that of natural justice, any invasion of others is sure to prove very disastrous to the world-be-tyrant.

And now, friend Lloyd, to the conclusion. As the State

stands between men and natural justice, and as social progress and individual self-development are impossible without justice and liberty, and as the love, care, protection, and elevation of self is our aim and perfect happiness our ideal, it is self-evident that we must concentrate all our forces where the opposition is strongest and clear the way for our triumphant advancing march. Wherefore I say: as Anarchists we have one duty,—to destroy the State.

V. YARROS.

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PROUDHON

Vol. IV.—No. 10.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1886.

Whole No. 88.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou stay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Handsomely bound copies of Volume III. of *Lil-*
erty are now ready for delivery, and will be sent post-
paid on receipt of two dollars.

Charles T. Fowler has issued another number of his admirable "Sun." The subject discussed is "Coöperative Homes," involving incidental treatment of the questions of marriage, maternity, etc. A portrait of Louise Michel is inserted as a frontispiece. I supply this pamphlet, post-paid to any address, for six cents a copy; two copies, ten cents.

I have a few slightly damaged copies of "What's To Be Done?" the prices of which I have fixed at 75, 60, 50, and 40 cents. Those at 40 cents have paper covers, the others cloth. The damage is confined entirely to the covers, and is not of a nature to render the books less serviceable. This is a rare chance for those who cannot afford to buy the perfect book at one dollar.

The New York boycotters are free again, Governor Hill having commuted their sentences to one hundred days' imprisonment. The document in which the governor gives his reasons for this course is curious and significant. Among the mitigating circumstances it cites the fact that the prisoners were "neither Socialists nor Anarchists, but respectable and industrious workingmen." This is equivalent to saying that all Anarchists and Socialists are contemptible loafers, and, if any of them are so unfortunate as to get into prison, they will rot there before Governor Hill will inquire whether they are innocent or guilty.

In this number I begin the serial publication of one of the earliest and best of Anarchistic works, Stephen Pearl Andrews's "Science of Society." Josiah Warren pronounced it the best exposition of his ideas that had ever been made and probably the best that ever would be made. When it first appeared in 1851, its seeds fell on stony ground and only here and there took root; but since then the soil has been cleared of many obstructions, and I expect the harvest from its reappearance to be far more abundant than the original crop. Whoever masters this work will get the key to human progress, past, present, and future.

Dyer D. Lum has gone to Chicago to try to revive the "Alarm." I print elsewhere his appeal for support. Lum's "Alarm" will doubtless be a vast improvement on Parsons's "Alarm." If it proves a vigorous and fearless champion of the principles which its editor really believes in, it will do grand work. But if it wastes time in trying to reconcile the irreconcilable, its outlook will be a dubious one. I think that we Anarchists will give your experiment a fair trial, Comrade Lum, with hearty wishes for its success. Stick to the plumb-line, and we'll stick to you. But if you abandon your own logic to follow that of events, you'll have to "go it alone" so far as we are concerned.

At his Faneuil Hall meeting Dr. Aveling said: "With the abolition of private property in land, with the abolition of private property in raw material, with the abolition of private property in machinery, will come the abolition of private property in human lives." Never was truer word spoken. For with State property in land, with State property in raw material, with State property in machinery, would come State property in

human lives. Such is the object of Dr. Aveling's State Socialism,—the obliteration of the individual life. Property in human lives ought to be as "private" as possible; each individual (forgive the tautology) should own his own. But under State Socialism the ownership of each individual's life would be virtually vested in the body politic. Those who hold the property in the means of living will inevitably hold the property in life itself.

For two or three months past Liberty has been very tardy; hereafter it will try to behave better. Such delays would never occur at all, if the paper were more liberally supported. It grows in circulation, but very slowly, and while it is thus getting its growth, each of its supporters should do double duty. One of Liberty's most earnest friends is a young Swede named Evald Hammar, a resident of Grahamville, Florida, and hence a neighbor of J. Wm. Lloyd. He makes the following suggestion, which I wish Liberty's constituents, one and all, might promptly act upon: "If every subscriber of Liberty will send you twenty-five, fifty, or one hundred cents to pay for three, six, or twelve months' subscription to Liberty to be sent to such person as each subscriber would select, I think more could be done for Anarchy than in any other way. Liberty's circulation would be doubled. I am perhaps the poorest subscriber, but, if the others will do as suggested, I will rake up half a dollar and send you the name of a person who very probably would afterwards pay himself for his Liberty. If you think this idea is worth noticing in the paper, you may use my name for such purpose in any way you choose. I feel sorry every time Liberty comes and I see how excellent it is and I know it is known to so few people."

I must remind Comrade Lloyd, *à propos* of his bright and breezy article in another column, that I make no pretension to leadership of the Anarchistic movement. If I cuff ears, mine get cuffed as freely in return; and frequently I am not the first to cuff. I happened to start Liberty, and I intend to control it; but in so doing I am only coöperating with my comrades, each of whom is working in his own way and is sovereign therein. As for the idea that I am locomotive to which Miss Kelly is a tender, that is still farther from the truth. A tender, indeed! Why, my dear Comrade Lloyd, let me tell you a secret, and don't you give it away. If I did pretend to leadership, I should consider Miss Kelly the most insubordinate member of my flock. Scarcely a day passes that she does not show her mutinous propensities. If we seem pretty closely in agreement, it is because we generally start from the same premises and, being endowed with something more than our fair share of the logical faculty, therefore arrive at the same conclusions. But there is no leading or following about it. When we do differ, we differ with a vengeance, and I sometimes tremble in fear of the possible consequences. Miss Kelly is an honest woman of independent mind, and for her fearless exercise thereof, even in opposition to me, I honor her; likewise I honor all my comrades in the proportion that they share this admirable quality.

The men convicted at Chicago made a fine showing in their speeches before the court. Parsons's effort suffered considerably from its extreme length and his exhaustion, but it had many merits, not the least of which was the incorporation in it (without giving the slightest credit, if the verbatim reports in the newspapers are correct) of "O's" article in the last number

of Liberty exposing Captain Schaack's scoundrelism. The boy Lingg spoke briefly, but finely, never dropping for a moment from his lofty height of scorn and defiance. But Fielden bore off the palm. His speech will live in history. For plain, straightforward statement of facts, and simple, modest, moving eloquence, but few utterances on record will stand comparison with it. He introduced his speech with Freiligrath's magnificent poem, "Revolution," printed in Liberty a year or two ago, and nothing could have better fitted the occasion. To those aware of it the pathos of his eloquence was greatly enhanced by the fact that, while he was speaking, his wife was giving birth to a little girl whom he will probably never see unless he sees her from the gallows. Even the heartless State's attorney, Grinnell, was obliged to confess that, if Fielden had made his speech before the jury, it probably would have saved his life, and two days later the Chicago "Inter-Ocean" declared that "the marvellous influence of its touching and magic eloquence had spread far and wide," and that "no more convincing evidence of the dangerous character of the defendants could have been furnished than the change which this one speech has wrought in thousands of minds in so brief a space of time." However this may be, neither Fielden's speech nor any of the others had any effect upon the shameless Judge Gary, who sentenced all the prisoners except Neebe to be hanged on the third of December. Are the authorities bent on inaugurating another fratricidal war, of which Chicago is to be the Harper's Ferry? It would seem so. The superstitions would find ground for foreboding in the very date fixed for the execution. It was on the second of December, 1859, that John Brown's soul was sent marching on; it is on the third of December, 1886, that not one soul, but seven, are to start abreast on a far sterner journey. With results, I fear, more than seven times as serious.

To Readers of the "Alarm."

You have not wondered at the non-appearance of the "Alarm." With its files and books confiscated, its office suppressed, its editor in a prison cell under sentence of death, and the advocacy of free speech made a crime, no apology will be expected. Law has triumphed and order has been vindicated.

Comrades: Shall the "Alarm" again be issued to defend free speech, to sound a note of warning to our social pilots now so busily engaged in "shooting Niagara"? . . . Our comrades have been condemned for the crime of being "leaders"; the prosecution believe, in their ignorance, that this world-wide movement can be stamped out in America through their extinction. That iniquitous verdict but calls for new effort. If we are true to our principles, when one falls another must take his place. . . . In such an undertaking there is no profit. We and you alike are moved by but one impulse—devotion. We stand ready to assume the task and the responsibility. Will you respond with cordial aid and support? Against the reign of legalized terrorism into which we are drifting, our voice should be raised.

In the present condition of affairs an advanced Labor paper in Chicago has become an imperative necessity. Under the new management Labor in all its interests will be fully considered. Writers prominent in the labor cause have promised contributions. Arrangements are already being made for a list of editorial contributors whose names will guarantee confidence. To you we appeal—Shall we proceed? . . . We ask your signatures for sums of not less than One Dollar each. Those who are able to give more we confidently believe will do so.

Return answers as soon as possible to Dyer D. Lum, 14 S. Morgan Street, Chicago. Yours fraternally,

DYER D. LUM, *Editor.*

LIZZIE M. SWANK, *Associate-Editor.*

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EIGHTEEN CHRISTIAN CENTURIES:

OR,

THE EVOLUTION OF THE GOSPEL OF ANARCHY.

An Essay on the Meaning of History.

By DYER D. LUM.

Continued from No. 87.

What is the spirit of the nineteenth century? What further Anarchy—or, in other words, what further restriction of authority and extension of individual freedom—is there to be won? Our century inherited the achievements of its predecessors. Mental freedom existed. True, it was denied here and there, but the enemy had been outflanked and the future was secure. Universal manhood suffrage was in its hand. What more was left to be striven for? With religious and political freedom attained, was progress henceforth to be merely along these lines, without opening into yet wider and unknown fields? Were individual rights to find their guarantees in—extension of taxation? What new orbit for activity essential to human happiness can there be beyond those of religion and politics?

There is one that neither religious nor political methods have yet reached. Let us look a little closer at the line of progress followed in the past, and see if we cannot detect a path not yet emerged into the open ground of achieved result. In the rapid glance we have taken of the Christian centuries we have gained an insight into the meaning of history. We have seen that history is not a record of fortuitous events; there is a thread which may be followed through the web of events which makes progress a reality. The larger and more comprehensive our knowledge of the past, the better we are enabled to grasp the true relations of events and understand the present. Our ears are dinned with vociferous demands to do this or that, and the millennium will be achieved. Let us dismiss our pet panaceas from consideration. Let us interrogate the past; it is the womb of the present, and contains the germs of the future. We may discern the lines of progress, even if unable to distinguish the agencies by which they are to be accomplished. So far as we keep in those lines, we are on the path to victory, carried on by the momentum of the ages. So far as we depart from them, disaster and defeat will overtake us and overwhelm our projects.

We have seen from the crusades a constant extension of freedom. Let us now hastily resume the whole period of our study, and see the result. When Paul returned the fugitive slave, Onesimus, and preached absolute obedience to servants and wives, slavery everywhere prevailed. Aristotle had proclaimed it to be founded on natural law. Rome's greatness was based on it. Yet slavery brought Rome's downfall. The multiplicity of slaves rendered free labor worthless. Let us hasten on to the barbarian conquest. We have studied the forces brought into conflict in that seething crucible, Germanic individuality, which, in attempting to use Roman forms of government, gave birth to a new society founded on proprietorship in land. Slavery died out and serfdom arose. The laborer belonged to the land, he was attached to the *glebe*; he was no longer an individual chattel to be driven to and sold in the market. Historically, there was an undeniable progress; individually, his material condition was not much improved. His wife and children were his own; so, too, were their economic condition, which remained the same.

In slavery the master had to sustain life in his slave, or lose him. The minimum cost of subsistence therefore became a necessary expense to the master. In the slow process of evolution from slavery to serfdom, the principle of freedom made progress, but the rut of custom left this iron law of remuneration unchanged. The cost of subsistence remained the laborer's share of the social product. The crusades enfranchised large numbers of serfs for their services. The tremendous impetus thus given to industry we have noted. Free labor increased. Industrial warfare was the direction now assumed by human activity. The military phase of human activity was passing away; society was seeking "structural adaptation to surrounding environments." The peaceful pursuits of Industry were claiming the future for its own; for this end the Genius of Liberty became its guiding star. But still through all the centuries the iron law of remuneration remained unchanged. With inventions the power of labor was multiplied and the product increased. Comforts began to slowly descend through social layers down to the proletariat. In our century his standard of existence has been struggling upward, notwithstanding the adverse influence of competition, which has tended to repress it to the old limit. The principle has remained unchanged, though a change has come in what constitutes subsistence. It no longer means black bread and chestnuts. The extension of freedom has raised the standard, though the iron law remains. Amelioration is never a remedy, though often it heralds. Though increased freedom has benefited the proletariat, remember that its influence has been reflex, not direct. He warms himself by another's hearth.

But can this be changed? Is it not rooted in human nature, in natural capacities? I have not, and shall not, lay down any plans for progress, or any panaceas for social ills. I am simply endeavoring to ascertain in what direction the hand of progress points. And as our answer is to be found in the meaning of history, let us group some of the different epochs already viewed.

When religious freedom was achieved, its advocates deemed the goal of progress attained. Men had held it impossible to separate belief and action. Freedom of thought in the State was inconceivable with the existence of the State. Yet this was realized. The spirit of the age asserted the idea, time furnished the means and answered the query. The State was modified by the curtailment of authority. What statesmen in one century declared inconceivable, men in the following one enjoyed. When authority became wounded unto death in the Vatican, it shrank behind the thrones. The power of the king became logically the point of attack. Where Charles I. lost his head for his stubbornness in matters of conscience, the next age saw Louis XVI. mounting the scaffold because he was king. His crime lay in the insignia of his office. Thoughtful men trembled for the future. To question the divine authority of the monarch seemed utter social ruin. In fact, men seldom were logical in their claims; it was brought about, not by theorists, not by revolutionists and National Assemblies, not by books, but by the stern logic of events; by that social providence that ever bends men's purposes to the lines of progress and "shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may."

The great man of his age is he who is most thoroughly its secretary, who voices the cry of the spirit dumbly seeking expression in his generation. The wise man saw the spirit of the sixteenth century to be religious freedom, and buckled on his armor without stopping to philosophize on what had never been, or to bewail the inevitable dissolution of existing social conditions. The armies of revolutionary France cared nothing for constitutional theories. The spirit of the age animated them, and political freedom must be won, and all Europe trembled before their victorious arms.

We return now to our question: What is the spirit of the nineteenth century? Is it striving for the establishment of some principle which will give it a distinctive characteristic in future histories? We have foreseen it. Religious and political

freedom attained, in what direction has the legislation of this century tended? Undeniably the regulation of commercial and industrial relations. In 1801 England began a long series of enactments regulating the hours of labor and protecting the laborer. The whole century has been filled with efforts to ameliorate the condition of the laborer, to shorten his hours of toil, to place educational facilities more within his grasp, in fact, to extend his freedom from economic subjection. Run over in mind the countries of Europe; in not one is this not the case. Labor legislation is a product of this century,—no longer to repress, but to alleviate. Public authority bows to public opinion; demand ever precedes supply. And in this inarticulate demand we will find the spirit of this century.

The spirit of an age is ever the assertion of a principle, legislation the modification of antagonistic principles through its influence. The legislative result is, therefore, ever a compromise, and not a full recognition. The demand of the age, while securing by compromise amelioration, is ever more radical. Need I say that this new spirit—the logical successor of mental and political freedom—is economic freedom! The whole century echoes with its demand; the overthrown standard of the *Bundschuh* flies on every breeze. It led to the English Reform movement in 1832, and the Chartist uprising. It has broken out in France; whispering in 1830, growing bolder in 1839, erecting barricades in 1848, and filling Europe with dread in 1871! Each time repressed, it has each time risen from contact with the earth in new vigor. If the spirit of this century is to be described in one word, the historian of the future will read on the nineteenth milestone of the ages the legend,—Socialism!

Let us not be blinded with prejudice. Luther and Calvin abjured toleration as of the devil; yet they were the instruments of its success. The Humanists of the seventeenth century extolled royal power while they were unconsciously severing the veins which supplied it with life. The revolutionists of the last century would have scouted the idea that suffrage left ought to be struggled for, yet scarcely had they closed their labors when progress again raised her banner and marched on to new outposts. The emancipation of conscience from control by external authority but cleared the field for new struggles. The emancipation of the individual from royal authority has but simplified the contest. In these cases the seat of authority was visible, objective: a church, a prince. So is it today,—the Politico-Economic State! History is not yet ready to close her scroll and retire on the pension list.

We may continue to imitate the wisecraces of the past, and cry: "Pooh! pooh!" The logic of events listens to no man's sneer; human progress halts not at privilege's shriek. Mental liberty, political liberty, economic liberty! Is it not the line of progress? The word Liberty includes all, and she will not be content with less.

Economically, man has risen; we have traced his course from slave to serf, to wage laborer. He has participated in the achievements of recent centuries. Mentally he is free; no external authority may dictate or forbid the free expression of his thought. Politically he is free; no external authority may dictate or forbid the free exercise of his choice. But economically he finds freedom denied, and often his economic condition demands the curtailment of his mental and political freedom. He lives by labor, but has no control over the means of labor. He labors, but has no *right* to labor. The means of subsistence are extended or withheld as individual will or caprice may determine. Like the monster Frankenstein, the creation of his own hands holds him at its mercy. If his labor need not, the means of labor will be extended to him. If it be not needed, he is told that "at the banquet of nature there is no cover laid for him."

Will it be always thus? Have we not read the answer in the meaning of history? Progress has only resulted where authority has decayed and freedom extended. The earliest governments were ecclesiastic; Divine authority ruled men,—Theocracy, government by God through a priestly hierarchy. With increased social interrelations man's activities widened, and the warrior king arose. Divine authority was delegated to the hand of power; it stepped forth from the veil of the temple and became embodied. The priest blessed the sword, and mon-archy, government by one man, followed. Till 1789 priest and noble constituted the ruling classes. The insurrection against authority culminated in the Revolution to hurl them from their seat. Commerce and Industry, trader and producer, fought shoulder to shoulder against their ancient enemies in storming the Bastile, and together celebrated their triumph. But the day after the victory saw a new division of forces; the *tiers-état* had divided. Monarchy fell, but where once the amulet and the sword stood as symbols of authority was now seen the purse. The old aristocracy was replaced by a new timocracy. The monarch had followed the hierarch into the land of shadows; their day had passed. But the power of the purse created in their place an olig-archy,—government by the few who possessed its strings. The new Redeemer of the new world, Capital, was held in legal bondage. Economic subjection to the means of labor, dependence for life upon arbitrary conditions, remained supreme; the third arm of Caesar still retained its vigor. The glorious cry for liberty became degraded into commercial freedom,—involving free trade in labor!

As a consequence concentration of wealth has resulted by legal means. The political State is the concrete expression of existing social conditions; it is based upon them, and is clothed with authority to maintain them,—an exercise of force that every day is calling more and more into activity. For underlying all political questions are the unquestioned economic formulas of the present *régime*. While all this is in the line of progress, who will assert it to be its end? If the spirit of the age demands economic freedom, the political State cannot bar its course.

In the past force has been the midwife at the birth of every extension of freedom; privilege never concedes till endangered. Authority has ever sought to arrest progress, to dam the stream of time to turn privileged grist mills, and has but increased its destructive momentum when the inevitable break has come. Hierarchy, mon-archy, oligarchy! The church is of the past, the king is without divine right; will the political State remain? Already the standard of An-archy is unfurled and groups thoughtful followers.

But the absence of government, the negation of authority of man over man, it is shrieked in our ears, is social dissolution, death! Authority *must* remain to control—others. So said its ecclesiastical defenders, so vociferated the assertors of intolerance, so shrieked the royalists,—yet Humanity lives! Authority will remain wherever freedom is denied, but with economic freedom attained the State, like the Church, will find its occupation gone. Individual liberty and external authority, of Church, or State, or Mob, cannot co-exist. They are mutually antagonistic. The whole course of historical progress we have seen to be the extension of personal liberty, and the consequent restriction of the sphere of authority. And when a State is seen slowly developing force as its main reliance, it is not only a reactionary policy, but a revolutionary symptom! No man has yet been able to set a satisfactory limit to the extension of freedom. Liberty, not partial, but complete, is the goal of progress.

Let us not be alarmed. The dissipation of authority will continue, the extension of freedom cannot now cease; Caesar is dying of its wounds; its convulsive wrenchings betoken its last agony. Where priest and king, clothed with divine consecration, have failed, the militia of the people will not prevail over the inspiration of the age. In the social commonwealth of the future, people will smile at

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the political methods of this age, as we smile at the judicial combats of the mediæval age to settle questions of moral right, and the prayers of the Fifth Monarchy men to secure political freedom.

External authority—imperial or delegated—grows more and more restricted in scope as the ages roll on. Each revolving year brings out in clearer relief the fact that social administration and political government are *not* identical. When mental freedom gained recognition, the church passed away as an objective power, and human thought became of more value. When political freedom broke the blade of the consecrated sword, human actions increased in worth as they were more untrammelled. With the birth of our pseudo Commercial Freedom, the modern State arose. Deprived of a basis in the control of human thought and activity, it necessarily fell back on what remained,—economic privilege. When this is swept away and equality of opportunities prevails, the State ceases. Though government falls, administration will remain; but to administer is neither to regulate or control. The twin delusions—protection and prohibition—will be exploded fallacies in the light of freedom.

Is this inconceivable? Every one will today admit that political methods cannot settle a moral question, cannot decide on the truth of a dogma. We would as soon speak of a black sound, or a round fragrance, as to attempt to identify the now separate spheres of morals and politics. Yet but a few generations ago what is now commonplace that “even a laborer” can understand was to statesmen inconceivable. Intelligent men today admit that political methods cannot reach economic laws; they underlie our whole social system, and are the foundation of the State. Yet men talk glibly of the power of the ballot in the State to settle economic questions, the spirit of which is a protest against the State. But in the fact that other thousands are aware of the futility of such efforts, that reforms in the political State will not remove economic privilege or subjection, lies my belief that the law of progress still prevails,—that the meaning of history as expounded in the logic of events is mental liberty, political liberty, economic liberty,—that the path of industry through slavery, serfdom, wagedom, will not end short of final emancipation,—that the rise of commerce, overleaping baronial custom dues, State regulation, and prohibitory fines, indicates a goal of unprivileged competition in freedom from legal thralldom,—in short, that the political State, seen to be needed but where privilege obtains, will follow priest and king and be hurled from the seat of authority and the throne overturned.

The reign of the *archies* is drawing to a close; the Coming of Man is at hand! The night of eighteen Christian centuries has passed; we live in the dawn of a new era, and here and there we can already discern the ruddy tints of the rising Sun of Liberty!

The Martyrdom of Man to Authority must cease!

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks beside a slowly dying fire!

THE END.

THE POLITICAL THEOLOGY OF MAZZINI

AND

THE INTERNATIONAL.

By MICHAEL BAKOUNINE,

MEMBER OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WORKING-People.

Translated from the French by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 87.

So the materialists, always conforming their social theories to the real developments of history, consider bestiality, cannibalism, slavery as the first points of departure in the progressive movement of society; but what are they seeking, what do they wish? The emancipation and complete humanization of society; while the idealists, who take for the foundations of their speculations the immortal soul and free will, end inevitably in the worship of public order, like Thiers, and in that of authority, like Mazzini,—that is to say, in the consecration and organization of an eternal slavery. Whence it follows, evidently, that theoretical materialism has for a necessary consequence practical idealism, and that, on the contrary, ideal theories find their realization possible only in the grossest practical materialism.

But yesterday, under our eyes, where were the materialists, the atheists, found? In the Paris Commune. And the idealists, the believers in God? In the National Assembly of Versailles. What did the men of Paris wish? Through the emancipation of labor, the definitive emancipation of humanity. And what does the triumphant Assembly of Versailles wish? Its final degradation under the double yoke of spiritual and temporal power. The materialists, full of faith and despising suffering, dangers, and death, wish to march forward, because they see gleaming before them the triumph of humanity; and the idealists, out of breath, seeing no longer anything but red spectres before them, wish to push it back with all their might into the mire from which it has escaped with so much trouble. Compare and judge.

Mazzini pretends and asserts, with that doctrinal and imperious tone which is peculiar to all founders of new religions, that materialists are incapable of loving and of devoting their life to great things. In saying that, he only proves that, a consistent idealist and scorner of humanity, in the name of his God, whose prophet he very seriously believes himself to be, he has never comprehended human nature nor the historical developments of society, and that, if he is not ignorant of history, he misunderstands it in a singular manner.

His reasoning is that of all the theologians. If there were no creative God, he says, the world with its admirable laws could not exist, or else would present nothing less than a horrible chaos, where all things would be governed, not by a providential and divine thought, but by frightful chance and the anarchical competition of blind forces. There would be no aim in life; everything would be only material, brutal, and fortuitous. For without God, no coordination in the physical world, and no *moral law* in human society; and without moral law, no duty, no right, no sacrifice, no love, no humanity, no country, no Rome, and no Italy; for, if Italy exists as a nation, it is only because she has a providential and worldly mission to fulfill, and she could have been charged with this mission only by God, whose paternal solicitude for this queen of nations has gone so far as to trace, with his own divine finger, her frontiers, predicted and described by the prophetic genius of Dante.

In the course of this work, I will try to prove against Mazzini:

1. That, if there were a God, the world could never have existed.
2. That, if God had been the legislator of the natural world, which in our idea includes all the world, properly speaking, as much the physical as the human or social world, what we call natural laws, physical and social, likewise could never

have existed. Like all political States subordinated and ruled from above by arbitrary legislators, the world would then present the spectacle of the most revolting anarchy. It could not exist.

3. That *the moral law*, whose existence we materialists and atheists recognize more really than idealists of any school whatever, Mazzinians or non-Mazzinians, can, is a truly moral law, a law at once logical and real, a powerful law, a law which must triumph over the conspiracies of all the idealists in the world, because it emanates from the very nature of human society, a nature of which we must seek the real foundations, not in God, but in animality.

4. That the idea of a God, far from being necessary to the establishment of this law, has been only its disturbance and depravation.

5. That all the Gods, past and present, have owed their first existence to human fantasy, hardly free from the swaddling-clothes of its primitive bestiality; that faith in a supernatural or divine world constitutes an aberration historically inevitable in the past developments of our mind; and that, to use an expression of Proudhon, men, deceived by a sort of optical illusion, have always adored in their Gods only their own image, reversed and monstrously exaggerated.

6. That divinity, once established on its celestial throne, has become the scourge of humanity, the ally of all the tyrants, of all the charlatans, of all the tormentors and exploiters of the popular masses.

7. That, finally, the disappearance of the divine phantoms, necessary condition of the triumph of humanity, will be one of the inevitable consequences of the emancipation of the proletariat.

As long as Mazzini was content to insult the youth of the schools, the only ones who, in the profoundly corrupted and degraded circles of the existing *bourgeoisie*, still evinced a little enthusiasm for great things, for truth and justice; as long as he limited his attacks to the German professors, to the Moleschotts, the Schiffs, and the others, who commit the horrible offence of teaching true science in Italian universities; and as long as he amused himself with denouncing them to the Italian government as propagators of subversive ideas in the country of Galileo and Giordano Bruno,—the silence enjoined by affection and pity was possible to us. The young people are energetic enough and the professors learned enough to defend themselves.

But today Mazzini has exceeded the limit. Still in good faith and still inspired by an idealism as fanatical as sincere, he has committed two crimes which, in our eyes, in the eyes of the entire socialistic democracy of Europe, are unpardonable.

At the very moment when the heroic population of Paris, more sublime than ever, was getting itself massacred by tens of thousands, including women and children, in defending the most humane, the most just, the most grand cause which was ever produced in history, the cause of the emancipation of the working-people of the whole world; at the moment when the frightful coalition of all the unclean reactions which are now celebrating their triumphal orgies at Versailles, not content with massacring and imprisoning en masse our brothers and sisters of the Commune of Paris, launches at them all the calumnies which a baseness without limits can alone concoct,—Mazzini, the great, the pure democrat Mazzini, turning his back upon the cause of the proletariat and remembering only his mission of prophet and priest, likewise hurls his insults at them! He dares deny not only the justice of their cause, but even their heroic and sublime devotion, representing them, they who have sacrificed themselves for the deliverance of the whole world, as a lot of coarse creatures ignorant of all moral law and obeying only egoistic and savage impulses.

This is not the first time that Mazzini has insulted and calumniated the people of Paris. In 1848, after the memorable days of June which had inaugurated the era of the demands of the proletariat and of the really socialistic movement in Europe, Mazzini had launched a manifesto full of wrath, cursing the workingmen of Paris and socialism at the same time. Against the workingmen of 1848, devoted, heroic, sublime, like their children of 1871, and, like them, massacred, imprisoned, and banished en masse by the bourgeois Republic, Mazzini had repeated all the slanders of which Ledru-Rollin and his other friends, self-styled red republicans of France, made use to palliate in the eyes of the world, and perhaps in their own eyes, their ridiculous and shameful incapacity.

Mazzini cursed socialism: as priest or as Messianic deputy of the master on high, he must curse it, since socialism, considered from the moral point of view, is the advent of *human respect* replacing the voluntary degradations of *divine worship*, and, considered from the scientifically practical point of view, is the proclamation of that grand principle which, from this time a part of the conscience of the people, has become the single point of departure, as well of the researches and developments of positive science, as of the revolutionary movements of the proletariat.

This principle, summed up in all its simplicity, is as follows:

“As in the world specifically called material, inorganic matter (mechanical, physical, chemical) is the determinative base of organic matter (vegetable, animal, intelligent or cerebral), so in the social world, which can be considered only as the highest known degree of the material world, the development of economic questions has always been and still continues to be the determinative base of all religious, philosophical, political, and social developments.”

We see that this principle brings with it nothing less than the most audacious overturning of all the theories, scientific as well as moral, of all the religious, metaphysical, political, and judicial ideas, which together constitute the belief of all idealists, past and present. This is a revolution a thousand times more formidable than that which, starting from the Renaissance and especially from the seventeenth century, overthrew the scholastic doctrines, those ramparts of the Church, of absolute monarchy, and of feudal nobility, to replace them by the metaphysical dogmatism of so-called pure reason, so favorable to the domination of the latest privileged class and especially of the *bourgeoisie*.

If the overthrow of scholastic barbarity caused such a terrible emotion in its time, we can understand what convulsions must be caused, in our day, by the overthrow of doctrinal idealism, of this last refuge of all the oppressors and privileged exploiters of humanity.

The exploiters of ideal beliefs feel themselves menaced in their most precious interests, and the disinterested, fanatical, and sincere partisans of dying idealism, like Mazzini, see all the religion, all the illusion of their life, destroyed at a single blow.

Since he began to act, Mazzini has not ceased to repeat to the proletariat of Italy and of Europe these words, which sum up his religious and political catechism: “Be moral, adore God, accept the moral law which I bring you in his name, aid me in establishing a republic founded on the (impossible) marriage of reason and faith, of divine authority and human liberty, and you shall have glory and power, and, moreover, you shall have prosperity, liberty, and equality.”

Socialism says to them, on the contrary, through the mouth of the International: “That the economic subjection of the laborer to the monopolist of raw material and the instruments of labor is the source of servitude in all its forms,—social misery, mental degradation, political submission,—and

“That, for this reason, the economic emancipation of the laboring classes is the

Continued on page 6.

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BOSTON, MASS., OCTOBER 30, 1886.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the crusing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Not Compromise, but Surrender.

No more painful task have I, as editor of Liberty, ever found it necessary to perform than that which now lies next my hand. For years I have worked side by side with E. C. Walker for the cause of Anarchy, never for a moment doubting that his reliability and his intelligence were equal to the best and equal to each other. But it is rapidly becoming plain that I have over-estimated him in one of these respects. So that now, in his hour of trial, when the long cooperation of less critical days should grow closer than ever, I am compelled to interrupt it in consequence of his failure to understand the true significance of the work which we have been harmoniously engaged in, or else his unwillingness to comply with its demands upon him in the course which he has lately chosen for himself in entering upon sexual relations with Lillian Harman.

The facts in the case may be briefly stated as follows. On September 19 Mr. Walker and Miss Harman, at the house of Miss Harman's father, the senior editor of "Lucifer," went through what they term an autonomatic marriage ceremony. This consisted of the reading by the father of a statement of principles in regard to marriage; declarations by Mr. Walker and Miss Harman that they then and there formed a love and labor union, at the same time repudiating legal marriage and the powers legally conferred upon husbands and wives; and an avowal by the father of his consent to this union. On the following day the contracting parties were arrested for "living together as man and wife without being or having been married," since which time Mr. Walker has been in the jail at Oskaloosa, Kansas, and Miss Harman has been under guard, neither having been able to get bail in consequence of the intimidation of the Liberals of the vicinity by the religious element.

In spite of the fact that I consider all marriage ceremonies as indelicate, obtrusive, needless, and unwise; in spite of the fact that they recognize, at least by implication, the right of third parties to know and to interfere; and in spite of the fact that this ceremony in particular revealed not a few inconsistencies in the declarations of the parties to it,—I nevertheless felt at first that here was a brave defiance of the State, the institution through which third parties effect their interference, and that Mr. Walker and Miss Harman were in so far acting as Anarchists. Therefore, when I heard of their arrest, I thought them deserving of the sanction and support of Anarchists, and I hastened to express my readiness to render them any assistance in my power. I was the more ardent in my desire to be of service from the fact that Mr. Walker had accompanied his announcement of their arrest with the most positive assertions that the issue would be met squarely and that there would be no compromise. Judge, then, of my surprise at receiving a second

letter from Mr. Walker containing the following statement:

Our line of defence is simply this. The agreement between a man and a woman to live together as husband and wife is the essential element in marriage, all things else being unnecessary adjuncts. This, of course, was our own position, and subsequent to our arrest we received from three able attorneys, two of whom we had consulted and the other of whom volunteered his counsel, a line of defence precisely similar, but backed in each case by a mass of common law precedents and court decisions that very much surprised me. The courts of no less than eighteen States have rendered decisions substantially supporting this position, and now we hope to add Kansas to the number.

Of course, a decision in our favor will not decide all questions of liberty; the right of parties to mutually divorce themselves will remain untouched. But that is not the issue in our case. We claim the right to marry ourselves without any license, without any official, without the intervention of any third party. In brief, we totally ignore the statute and fall back upon our natural rights,—in legal parlance, our common law rights. This position is the one taken by our counsel, and it is the one he will defend before the Supreme Court. No denial is made of the facts; there is no quibbling on technicalities. I think that the issue is a square one, and that all radicals can consistently help us.

In giving publicity to the foregoing and to the correspondence which succeeded it, I hope I am not violating confidence. I presume that Mr. Walker was not writing for publication, but I desire to give him the benefit of his own statements. To his astonishing letter I straightway made the following reply:

BOX 3366, BOSTON, OCTOBER 4, 1886.

Dear Mr. Walker:

I write to you hastily and in no little alarm, but not, I trust, inconsiderately. Your letter of September 30 is just at hand. In what I am about to say in answer thereto, I do not in the least impugn your honesty, your courage, or your motives. But I wish to make my protest promptly against your proposed line of defence, and let you know how radically it must change my attitude in regard to your case, if you carry it out. Nor must my words be regarded as in any sense a threat or attempt to bulldoze. I want you to follow strictly your own judgment. But as you may expect me to lift my voice in your behalf, I ought to explain to you without delay under what circumstances such a course on my part would be impossible.

I understood that you proposed to make an issue with marriage. Now it appears, on the contrary, that you propose to prove your marriage. I thought you meant to vindicate the right to live together outside of marriage. But it seems you intend to vindicate only your right to get inside of marriage through a door of your own and then live together. You say there will be no compromise. I should say as much! It will be worse than compromise; it will be *absolute, wholesale, unconditional surrender*. I would not ask a friend of Liberty to aid you in the smallest in such a course; I shall be obliged, instead, to distinctly urge them all to disown you in it. If you establish in the courts that a man and woman who agree to live together thereby put themselves legally in the same position as those who are married by a minister or magistrate, you not only do not serve the cause of free love, but you distinctly damage it. As it has been hitherto, a man and woman could live together in Kansas without running any greater risk than that of being prosecuted for fornication; if you succeed in your design, any who do so hereafter will be bound together for life and made subject to all the evils that we complain of in the marriage system. Can any Anarchist help you to such an end? Certainly no one will, if my voice can prevent it. I appeal to you not to demean our cause by so feeble and ridiculous a course. Do not let it be said of us that the multitude labored and brought forth a mouse. Two manly courses are open to you. One is to appease the authorities by getting regularly married, declaring at the same time to the world that you do it under protest and because you are not in a position to fight for your rights. The other is to maintain your right to associate sexually with Lillian Harman without marrying her in any way, and to suffer whatever consequences tyrannical power may impose upon you. Adopting the former, I can excuse you. Adopting the latter, I can champion you. Adopting any other, I must combat you as I would any ordinary friend of marriage.

I write earnestly, but not in anger. In this crisis, to have to take my stand against you instead of by your side would add another to the grievous disappointments of my life. Hoping there may be no such necessity put upon me, I am as sincerely as ever your friend and comrade,

BENJ. R. TUCKER.

This elicited another and more elaborate, but even less satisfactory, explanation.

CELL 2, THE JAIL, OSKALOOSA, KANSAS, Oct. 11, 1886.

Dear Mr. Tucker:

Yours of the 4th instant just to hand. Some days ago I received a letter of similar tenor from A. Warren. It was

intended for publication, and to it I prepared an answer. Then came a second from him, saying that he withdrew the first for the present, as he feared it might embarrass us. I think that we shall print it this week, however.

I understand your motives, and am not offended, but I shall be very sorry if, after you have read this letter, you cannot champion us in the fight we are waging, for there is no man in America whose confidence I more desire. But I think that you fall into several serious errors, both as regards the law and what we mean and are trying to establish.

YES, we "propose to prove our marriage," just that and nothing less. But do not, I beg you, commit the mistake that the enemies of Anarchism do and try to compel us to accept our enemies' definition of words. We do not intend to let either the Church or you do that. We insist upon our right to put our own construction upon this word "marriage." To be sure, we do not have the etymological authority for its use in the sense that we employ it that Anarchists have for their definition of the word Anarchy, but we do have a much better authority than that. Marriage is the union of a man and woman in a sexual association. As a practical fact, it assumes various forms in different portions of the world. We hold that its ESSENTIAL FEATURE is the *consent of the parties themselves AND OF NO OTHERS*. This is our first affirmation. Our second is that the common law and the higher courts agree with us in this. Now, we have not appealed to the law to say that we have complied with its provisions, we have not asked the State for leave to live together. On the contrary, we ignored all the statutes, and proceeded to exercise our natural right to associate, without asking the permission of any person or aggregation of persons. And this was the logical practicalization of our primary postulate. But now comes the State and says that we have committed a misdemeanor, and it, through its minor officials, puts us under arrest. What are we to do? Defend ourselves, of course. But how? First, by denying that we have been guilty of any wrong, by affirming that what we did we had a perfect right to do. And in defending ourselves we point to every principle of the common law and to every decision of the courts that makes for natural Liberty and Justice. Just as I should do, if prosecuted under the Sunday law of this or any other State; I should raise between me and my persecutors the shield of the State Bill of Rights and the National Constitution, taking that position on the legal aspects of the Sunday question and at the same time asserting clearly and strongly my natural right to make such use of the twenty-four hours of Sunday as I saw fit. Would you say that I was making "absolute, wholesale, unconditional surrender"? I think not, and I am sure that I should not think that I had either surrendered or compromised. And this is precisely our position today. Dragged into court, without our consent, of course, and threatened with the penalties of the statute law, we declare that we have done no wrong, that we are clearly within our natural right, and, furthermore, that there is no principle of fundamental law that will allow us to be subjected to the pains and penalties of the statute law.

Another mistake of yours is in supposing that hitherto those who have so lived together in this State have not been regarded as married, to all intents and purposes, and that, should we succeed in establishing our right to live together without compliance with the statutory provisions regulating marriage, we shall have driven another nail in the coffin-lid of Liberty by making it a principle of Kansas law that parties so living together are bound for life, and that from that marriage there is no escape save through the legal door. *This is already the fact.* In several suits regarding the inheritance of property, and under the bastardy laws, it has been held by the lower courts that such marriages are valid. In other words, these unions are *already* held to be valid so far as *duties* are concerned, and, if we succeed in our fight, it will be established that in the matter of *rights* they are also valid, a guarantee of protection, and against such parties the fornication laws would be inoperative. A decision in our favor will not impose a single additional restraint, and, on the other hand, it will remove some disabilities and in every way help the cause of progress. As matters now are, although we are being prosecuted for "living together as man and wife without being married," we are nevertheless amenable to the laws against bigamy and adultery. In short, my dear sir, whoever live together in the sexual relation are regarded by the law as married so far as property rights, the legitimacy of children, bigamy, adultery, and divorce are concerned. By the "law" I mean the whole body of it, not the particular statutes of any State. In our case we are prosecuted by those who are ignorant of natural right and of the common law and the almost innumerable court decisions sustaining our position. They know only the meddlesome, barbaric, *statute* law, and they have a hazy idea that compliance with those statutes alone constitutes marriage. They do not understand our position that the consent of the parties themselves is *all* that is requisite. And were this fact known to all, and also the further fact that it is the one essential condition in the eyes of the higher courts, we should behold a great change almost immediately; for, when it once comes to be recognized that the mutual consent of a man and a woman to live in the social relation is all that is essential in marriage, the whole marrying machinery of the State will rapidly fall into disuse. And then we can consider

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the succeeding steps in reform, among which is the settlement of all marital difficulties by mutual agreement or arbitration. Then will the divorcing machinery of the State rust in inaction.

In the logical order of progressive reforms comes, first, the recognition of the right of men and women to marry themselves; next, the recognition of their right to manage their own home affairs (a right denied by the Comstock postal statutes and similar legislation); and, next, their right to unmarry themselves when they discover that their happiness is no longer subserved by their union.

Lillian Harman and I are making a defensive fight for the first of these rights, as Heywood and others have for the second. We have no occasion, and we hope that we may never have, to enter the lists in behalf of the third. But the need and the hour will bring the man and the woman, I doubt not.

In conclusion, my comrade, I shall be most sorry to forfeit your friendship and your confidence, and shall miss, if you withhold it, your public commendation, but each must be true to his or her own conviction and follow the light that he or she sees, let the consequences be what they may.

But it seems to me that you *must*, after reading this, look at this matter in a somewhat different light from that in which you were viewing it when you wrote your letter. The facts that I see are very different from those that you thought you saw. At least, so it appears to me.

Very cordially yours,

E. C. WALKER.

Instead of modifying my views, this letter on the contrary betrays more clearly than before the retrogressive nature of Mr. Walker's defence. He may define the word "marriage" to suit himself; I have not the slightest objection. But when he attempts to prove himself legally married, he does not define the word himself, but accepts the definition which the State imposes and all its consequences; that is, he accepts the thing with which he has been doing battle and in defiance of which he formed his union with Lillian Harman. That when this union was formed Mr. Walker did not regard it as that "agreement between a man and a woman to live together as husband and wife" which he now calls "the essential element in marriage," and that he did regard it as the opposite of a legal marriage, is clear from his words during the ceremony:

She [Lillian] remains sovereign of herself, as I of myself, and we severally and together repudiate all powers legally conferred upon husbands and wives. In legal marriage woman surrenders herself to the law and to her husband, and becomes a vassal. Here it is different; Lillian is now made free.

That the present position is a retreat from the one thus announced at the ceremony is too plain for argument. That it is a surrender of the principle of Anarchism is equally plain. It is true that Mr. Walker did not ask the State for leave to live with Lillian Harman, but now that the State arrests him for living with her on other than its own terms, he declares that he accepts its terms, whereas his previous battle has been for a rejection of these terms,—terms that are in a high degree tyrannical and Archistic. His analogy in regard to the Sunday law is no analogy at all. In establishing his right under the constitution to do as he may choose on Sunday, he would establish to that extent his freedom, but in establishing under the constitution that, if he lives with a woman, he is married to her, he would establish his slavery (and hers also). A rather vital distinction, I fancy!

If parties who live together in Kansas are married already as far as duties are concerned, Kansas law is very different from that of Massachusetts and many other States. But for aught I know it may be the case. If so, then Mr. Walker's design of bringing Kansas into line with the eighteen States to which he refers amounts only to an acceptance of the duties of legal marriage provided the privileges thereof are granted also, which is a still further recognition of State marriage as the only allowable marriage. Such a change, instead of causing the marrying machinery to fall into disuse, would render it stronger than ever by making it more consistent.

Mr. Walker's idea that it is the logical order of reform to first establish the liberty of legal marriage and then the liberty of legal divorce is a little more absurd than that of Anarchists like Putnam, who propose to first tax churches and then abolish taxation altogether, or of some other alleged Anarchists, who propose to give the ballot to woman and then abolish suffrage altogether. Mr. Walker has heretofore made

himself conspicuous by opposition to such methods of reform; his acceptance of them now is another proof that he has turned his face towards the past. I cannot turn my face to keep him company or give him countenance; my course is straight on. He may surrender, if he will; I propose to continue the war. We Anarchists are too poor to spare money for the vindication of the right of men and women to enslave themselves. All who contribute to the Lucifer Defence Fund will be doing just that and nothing less. It is painful to be obliged to give such warning, but I caution all Anarchists against it.

What Could We Do Without Police?

The first question proposed by almost every one, when told that the Anarchists advocate the abolition of all government, is what would you do without policemen, what would you have to protect us from thieves and desperadoes. The Anarchists usually answer that under just conditions thieves and desperadoes will for the most part disappear; that from the few that remain voluntary association of citizens will be sufficient to protect society; that the worst class of criminals is not the small, disreputable ones, but the large, honorable, respectable thieves, for whose benefit the government exists. But now evidence is accumulating to show that the State not only causes and favors the growth of the wealthy class of criminals, but that it directly encourages the depredations of the poorer class, and that the main mass of the people, patient and long-suffering, is continually being crucified between the two classes of thieves.

Must the "Sun" make war once again on the gangs of this city? On Tuesday the Young Men's Cathedral Association of St. Rose of Lima went upon an excursion to an island in the Hudson. Year after year this association has spent one day in each twelvemonth in this manner, and always peaceably and happily; but this time its trip was marred by disorder. Some members of a notorious gang of desperadoes, calling themselves the "Short Tails," smuggled themselves on the boat, got drunk, and began to fight. It was an imposition on the members of the association.

The "Sun" is entirely ready and willing to take up the cudgels again against these gangs, but, if it does so, it will not put them down again until either the gangs are broken up or the police officials who fail to quell this form of lawlessness are brought to task for negligence."

It is a notorious fact that scarcely an excursion of working-people leaves New York or vicinity for a day's pleasure without some of these gangs getting aboard and causing such trouble as in the affair of Tuesday, and that in every case, as in that case, they are countenanced in their disturbance by the police, who are supposed to protect the interests of the citizens. The people have not only the gangs, but the police, to contend against,—but what could we do without the police?

The members of these gangs usually represent part of the constituency of some "honorable" gentlemen for whom they do valiant service at election times after the distribution of "free beer," and the police are appointees of the same honorable gentlemen; consequently their interests are identical, and opposed to those of the ordinary citizens, whose function in the social economy consists in being fleeced. In the excursion to Oscawanna Island the Hon. Tim Campbell's police set free the Hon. Tim Campbell's "heelers" as fast as the injured citizens locked them up,—and yet what could we do without the police?

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, but why should we voluntarily increase the number of those against whom vigilance is necessary, endow them with extraordinary powers over our lives and property? If it is necessary, as the "Sun" admits, that we must protect ourselves against the gangs, is it also necessary that we maintain a costly police force to aid the gangs? Is it good war tactics to aid in increasing, at such great expense to ourselves, the strength of the enemy? But these Anarchistic theories are only impractical dreams; the practical person, who has been sleeping all the while, now wakes up, raises his head, and, looking at us with owl-like solemnity, confounds us with the terrible question: "What could we do without the police?"

GERTRUDE B. KELLY.

"Scientific Socialism": A Farce in Three Acts.

Having seen the announcement in a New Haven paper that Dr. E. B. Aveling and his wife, Eleanor Marx Aveling, were to appear in their well-known roles of "scientific socialists" in that city, and anticipating much extraordinary fun, I made up my mind to go there and enjoy it. "Come," said I to a friend, "come and see with how little wisdom the world of State Socialism is governed." "Ah! you are wicked," responded my friend, "this thing is anything but amusing to me. I cannot laugh when I hear such silly and childish nonsense as the notions of the political theologians labelled 'scientific socialism' and preached in the most serious and solemn manner to a truth-seeking and earnest, but easily mystified, people." I left him to his grief.

On reaching New Haven, I hurried to the hall. I was pleasantly surprised to meet there Dr. Gertrude B. Kelly and all the Anarchists of that place. They had come to see and be seen, hear and be heard. Dr. Aveling having distinctly told the reporters that he invites discussion and criticism, our friends accepted the challenge and were ready to give him every opportunity to preach his gospel. That the Anarchists are not afraid of competition in ideas the people of New Haven well know, for the Anarchist meetings were chiefly noted for the lively discussions and hot debates which were encouraged in every possible way. What the policy and methods of the State Socialists are—they were soon to learn.

A word from the chairman, and the crusade against common sense began. Dr. Aveling is an eloquent speaker, but he is nothing more. He made a vigorous attack upon the "capitalistic system," which he very properly held responsible for all the evils and wrongs that afflict society, and the remedy he found—in the abolition of *all* private property! "This was a pretty how-do-you-do." Dr. Aveling certainly failed to show that private property is in any way responsible for the crimes and atrocities of the "capitalistic system," which, to any one who knows what he is talking about, means monopoly and legal privilege, and nothing else. But the logic of "Scientific State Socialists" is peculiar.

Speaking of the philosophy of Karl Marx, which he characterized as the philosophy of the nineteenth century, and of his discovery of surplus value (others before Marx have discussed and written about it), he took occasion to denounce as a relic of barbarism the so often raised objection that socialism is a foreign growth, an imported commodity, un-American, or "not English, you know." Germany being preeminently the land of science and philosophy, it is but natural that the grandest and greatest discovery in economic science should be made by a German philosopher. But Dr. Aveling failed to add that there is another kind of Socialism, Anarchistic Socialism, which is both American and English. The philosophy of State Socialism is the embodiment of the military spirit, of the love of artificialism, discipline, equality, which is certainly a characteristic of German civilization. The English philosophers and the American revolutionists are the fathers of Anarchistic Socialism, which is really the philosophy of the nineteenth century, and which is the embodiment of the spirit of industrialism, or voluntary cooperation.

Dr. Aveling emphatically denied any solidarity with the Anarchists. He is as bitterly opposed to Anarchy as he is to the present system, "which practically is Anarchy." Education, agitation, organization, and political action are the methods of the State Socialists. He endorsed the Knights of Labor, the eight-hour agitation, the Henry George boom, in short, every popular movement. This is hardly in accordance with scientific strictness, but prudential considerations demanded such a course.

The "daughter of her father" then appeared. She said her piece in a way that charmed everybody. One profound remark was that nobody shall have a right, under Socialism, to call human beings his "hands," but everybody will have the right to call his own hands "my hands," because he will produce something useful or beautiful with them. We were also informed that society will control the thoughts as well as the actions of its members.

While Mrs. Aveling spoke, the arrangements for the *finale* were completed. The actions of the managers aroused our suspicions. Something was being planned. I went up to one of them and told him of our intention to reply to Dr. Aveling. "What!" exclaimed the frightened Socialist, "do you want to preach Anarchy at our meetings?" "Dr. Aveling invited discussion," I quietly reminded him, but was angrily told that we should only be permitted to ask questions. This did not satisfy us. We announced to the meeting that Dr. G. B. Kelly wished to make a few remarks on the lecture. The chairman regretted that he was compelled to deny Miss Kelly this privilege, but *criticism was not included in the programme*. We then moved that the house take action upon the matter, but the authoritative statement from the chair that the house does not control, but is controlled, settled the matter. Dr. Aveling, with a forced smile, explained to the meeting that they have "organized" and must follow the original programme. "We, unlike the Anarchists, believe in organization, and we do not propose to disorganize now just to please Miss Kelly."

Continued on page 8.

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

Continued from page 3.

great end to which all political movements should be subordinated as a simple means."

Such is, in its simplicity, the fundamental thought of the *International Association of Working-People*.

One can understand that Mazzini has been obliged to curse it; and this is the second crime with which we reproach him, while recognizing, however, that, in cursing it, he has obeyed his conscience as prophet and priest.

But, while rendering justice to his incontestable sincerity, we must affirm that, in adding his invectives to those of all the reactionists of Europe against our unfortunate brothers, the heroic defenders and martyrs of the Commune of Paris, and his excommunications to those of the National Assembly and of the Pope against the legitimate claims and the international organization of the workingmen of the entire world, Mazzini has definitively broken with the revolution, and has taken his place in the international reaction.

In the course of this work, examining one by one his grievances against our admirable Association, I shall endeavor to lay bare the emptiness of the religious and political doctrines of the prophet.

To be continued.

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART FIRST.

THE TRUE CONSTITUTION OF GOVERNMENT

IN THE

Sovereignty of the Individual as the Final Development of Protestantism, Democracy, and Socialism.

INTRODUCTION.

This little treatise on the True Constitution of Government was delivered as one of the regular course of lectures before the New York Mechanics' Institute for the present winter. It is now published as the introductory number of a contemplated series of publications, presenting certain new principles of society, which it is the belief of the author are eminently adapted to supply the felt want of the present day for an adequate solution of the existing social disturbances. For the principles in question, either as original discoveries, or else as presented in a new light, as solvents of the knotty questions which are now puzzling the most capacious minds and afflicting the most benevolent hearts of Christendom, the author confesses his very great indebtedness, and he believes the world will yet gladly confess its indebtedness, to the genius of Josiah Warren, of Indiana, who has been engaged for more than twenty years in testing, almost in solitude, the practical operation, in the education of children, in the sphere of commerce, and otherwise, of the principles which we are now for the first time presenting prominently to the public.

It has been the belief of the author that there are in the ranks of those who are denominated Conservatives many who sympathize deeply with the objects of radical reform, but who have never identified themselves with the movements in that direction, either because they have not seen that the practical measures proposed by the advocates of reform contained the elements of success, or else because they have distinctly perceived or intuitively felt that they did not. They may have been repelled, too, by the want of completeness in the programme, the want of scientific exactness in the principles announced, or, finally, by the want of a lucid conception of the real nature of the remedy which is needed for the manifold social evils of which all confess the existence in the actual condition of society. If there are minds in this position, minds more rigid than others in their demands for precise and philosophical principles preliminary to action, it is from such that the author anticipates the most cordial reception of the elements propounded by Mr. Warren, so soon as they are seen in their connections and interrelations with each other.

Believing that these principles will justify the assumption, I have ventured to place at the head of this series of publications, as a general title, "The Science of Society."

The propriety of the use of the term "Science" in such a connection may be questioned by some whom habit has accustomed to apply that term to a much lower range of investigations. If researches into the habits of beetles and tadpoles, and their localities and conditions of existence, are entitled to the dignified appellation of Science, certainly similar researches into the nature, the wants, the adaptations, and, so to speak, into the true or requisite moral and social *habitat* of the spiritual animal called Man must be, if conducted according to the rigid methods of scientific induction from observed facts, equally entitled to that distinction.

The series of works, of which this is the first in order, will deal in no vague aspiration after "the good time coming." They will propound definite principles which demand to be regarded as having all the validity of scientific truths, and which, taken in their co-relations with each other, are adequate to the solution of the social problem. If this pretension be made good, the importance of the subject will not be denied. If not well founded, the definiteness of the propositions will be favorable to a speedy and successful refutation.

S. P. A.

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1851.

THE TRUE CONSTITUTION OF GOVERNMENT.

A LECTURE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The subject which I propose to consider this evening is the true constitution of human government.

Every age is a remarkable one, no doubt, for those who live in it. When immobility reigns most in human affairs, there is still enough of movement to fix the attention, and even to excite the wonder of those who are immediately in proximity with it. This natural bias in favor of the period with which we have most to do is by no means sufficient, however, to account for the growing conviction, on all minds, that the present epoch is a marked transition from an old to a new order of things. The scattered rays of the gray dawn of the new era date back, indeed, beyond the lifetime of the present generation. The first streak of light that streamed through the dense darkness of the old régime was the declaration by Martin Luther of the right of private judgment in matters of conscience. The next, which shed terror upon the old world, as a new portent of impending revolutions, was the denial by Hampden, Sidney, Cromwell, and others of the divine right of kings, and the assertion of inherent political rights in the people themselves. This was followed by the American Declaration of Independence, the establishment of a powerful Democratic Republic in the western world upon the basis of that principle, followed by the French Revolution, the Reign of Terror, the Reaction, and the apparent death in Europe of the Democratic idea. Finally, in our day, comes the red glare of French Socialism, at which the world is still gazing with uncertainty whether it be some lurid and meteoric omen of fearful events, or whether it be not the actual rising of the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in His wings; for there are those who profoundly and religiously believe that the solution of the social problem will be the virtual descent of the New Jerusalem,—the installation of the kingdom of heaven upon earth.

First in the religious, then in the political, and finally in the social relations of men new doctrines have thus been broached, which are full of promise to the hopeful, and full of alarm and dismay to the timid and conservative. This distinction marks the broadest division in the ranks of mankind. In Church and State and social life the real parties are the Progressionists and the Retrogressionists,—those whose most brilliant imaginings are linked with the future, and those whose sweetest remembrances bind them in tender associations to the past. Catholic and Protestant, Whig and Democrat, Anti-Socialist and Socialist, are terms which, in their origin, correspond to this generic division; but no sooner does a new classification take place than the parties thus formed are again subdivided, on either hand, by the ever-permeating tendency, on the one side toward freedom, emancipation, and progress, and toward law and order and immobility on the other.

Hitherto the struggle between conservatism and progress has seemed doubtful. Victory has kissed the banner, alternately, of either host. At length the serried ranks of conservatism falter. Reform, so called, is becoming confessedly more potent than its antagonist. The admission is reluctantly forced from pallid lips that revolutions—political, social, and religious—constitute the programme of the coming age. Reform, so called, for weal or woe, but yet Reform, must rule the hour. The older constitutions of society have outlived their day. No truth commands itself more universally to the minds of men now than that thus set forth by Carlyle: "There must be a new world, if there is to be any world at all. That human things in our Europe can ever return to the old sorry routine, and proceed with any steadiness or continuance there,—this small hope is not now a tenable one. These days of universal death must be days of universal new birth, if the ruin is not to be total and final! It is a time to make the dullest man consider, and ask himself, Whence he came? Whither he is bound? A veritable 'New Era,' to the foolish as well as to the wise." Nor is this state of things confined to Europe. The agitations in America may be more peaceful, but they are not less profound. The foundations of old beliefs and habits of thought are breaking up. The old guarantees of order are fast falling away. A veritable "new era" with us, too, is alike impending and inevitable.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 87.

She broke down now with joy.

Entirely artificial, her rapidity, her energy, of the moment before, was the result of a passing excitement of the nervous system, and, under the shock of the news that her son lived, she fell again into her usual feebleness. So much sorrow in such tragic circumstances had preyed upon her; her sleepless nights, haunted with funereal visions, and her continued fasting had exhausted her.

The Duke, who lacked patience, detested these fainting-spells, which he could scarcely tolerate in the ladies of his own society, and he coarsely invited her to stop this affection.

Yes, her son existed; he would even recover. She had better luck than an honest woman.

"Thanks, thanks!" said she, with effusion.

"No, do not thank me. He will recover. He is up and in good condition. A hard head; but bullets will penetrate it, nevertheless; powder has more expansive force than the arms of an old woman, although animated by a mad desire for vengeance."

"You say that bullets?" . . .

She suspended her question, not daring to ask, and the blood hummed in her head, blinding her with a veil through which lights bewilderingly danced.

"Certainly, bullets," repeated the Duke; "twelve."

"Oh!"

"That is the number for a soldier who deserts, and a thirteenth if the dozen are not sufficient."

Edith forced back her tears, which then flowed into her mouth, causing a spasm which choked her.

"My lord," said she, endeavoring to find words, and feeling the hopelessness of her cause, "Michael did not desert. I assure you, he came to embrace me. Yes, to embrace his mother."

"His mother Ireland!"

"No, no, . . . you are mistaken, . . . that is all. Torture me, kill me for having attempted the life of a soldier of the king, but let him live! let him live!"

Newington laughed, showing his ferocious teeth, and, shrugging his shoulders, continued:

"Ah! for what kind of a simpleton do you take me? Pay attention!"

"I swear to you" . . .

"Come, don't perjure yourself, especially as it is useless. He has submitted to an examination, and has confessed."

"Under the hideous pressure of the tortures which you inflicted upon him."

"By no means, of his free will. He even boasts of it."

"My God! My God!" exclaimed Edith, sobbing.

But she would have lost her time in weeping. Falling on her knees, with clasped hands, she dragged herself at Newington's feet.

"Pardon for him!" she exclaimed; "pardon!"

"I am willing!" said the Duke. . . .

"Ah! I bless you!"

"Wait a moment. It depends on you whether I accord it."

"On me!"

"Yes."

"Ah! You are cruelly jesting. Truly, you would not . . . An unfortunate woman so tried."

"I speak seriously. Your son will not die if it is your desire that he live."

"If it is my desire! But do you doubt it? Is that the way to talk to a mother? Only do not make the imprisonment too hard."

"It is not a matter of imprisonment, or of transportation, or of exile, but of complete, untrammeled liberty, of the run of the fields, with the bridle thrown on his neck."

"You are not deluding me?"

"No. But all on one condition, understand."

"I accept it beforehand,—on the condition, is it not, that he will not think of avenging his father, that he will not bear arms against you? I will guarantee that he will not leave my house."

She remained a second confused, as she reflected on this promise. She had no house left. But she resumed directly:

"We will leave the country. With courage we will work, we will hire ourselves out on the farms."

"There is to be an important meeting on Christmas at Treor's house," interrupted the Duke; "I want to be present clandestinely, and I count on your help for this purpose."

"Treason!" cried the miserable woman, the blood mounting in her cheeks up to her forehead, causing her tanned skin to flame as deeply as if the rays of a blazing hearth had fallen upon it.

"You admit already that there is a conspiracy!" said Newington, inflating his voice and with his steely look withering Edith, who, thinking of her child, tried to brook the offence of the proposition which he addressed to her, and answered with gravity and dignity:

"To introduce anywhere one who wishes to conceal himself for the purpose of hearing what would not be said in his presence, and of capturing some secret or other, is to betray!"

"You find fault with it," said the Duke; "so much the worse for your son!"

"Oh!"

"You refuse?"

"I refuse."

"So be it!"

And the lord turned towards a door.

"Where are you going? What are you going to do?" asked Edith, running after him and seizing him by the elbow.

But Newington did not answer. At the entrance to the park a sentinel was watching. Pointing to a long wall in front, made white at night by the reflection of the castle lights, the Duke said:

"Let them take the prisoner from his dungeon and lead him down to the wall yonder, with a lantern on his chest!"

"No! no! I do not wish it!" cried the poor, unfortunate mother, turning towards the soldier and commanding him with a gesture not to obey.

"Twelve balls," pursued Newington, "will extinguish the candle!"

"No! no! I do not wish it, I do not wish it!" repeated she, and, clinging to the soldier, she prevented him from executing the order of the general, trying to move him to pity that he might refuse this murderous commission, this executioner's task.

But the Duke, elbowing her aside, quickly disengaged the soldier, to whom he gave again his pitiless command.

To be continued.

The Melbourne Anarchists' Club.

A brief sketch of the origin and progress of the Melbourne Anarchists' Club will doubtless be of interest to our friends who reside in the land of "the stars and stripes"; and for that reason I acquaint you with the following facts.

In the latter end of April last, two or three of the Melbourne Anarchists met to consider the advisability of forming an organization of some sort for the purpose of meeting to exchange our thoughts and to make them known to others. With that object in view, Mr. F. P. Upham, Mr. W. C. Andrade, and myself called a meeting of friends "by word of mouth" to take the necessary steps for carrying out our intentions. The time was particularly opportune; for a brisk debate on the subject between Mr. James Donovan and myself had just been running in the "Liberator" for three or four months; the local government had just failed in gagging our freethought lectures; the legislators had aroused the intemperate fanaticism of the temperance party with new Licensing Act, and a few riots by means of a tyrannical Factories Act; and the people were beginning to "take stock" of the lot of thieves they had just elected to "represent" them, and were already feeling dissatisfied. At such a season did these dissatisfied rebels meet to discuss ways and means. As we had no funds to hire a hall, and as we were too widely scattered over the suburbs to meet at the private dwelling of any one of us, we quietly gathered in a far-off corner of the Secular Hall on the evening of May 1, when the members and visitors of the Australasian Secular Association were holding their weekly "club" meeting. Besides a few Archists, who were watching our proceedings with a sort of awe and wonderment, the following Archists were present: Mr. W. C. Andrade, Mr. D. A. Andrade, Mr. T. O. Roper, Mr. F. P. Upham, Mr. J. McMillan, and Miss Wigraf. We decided, after a little discussion, to form ourselves into a body to be known as the Melbourne Anarchists' Club; and we all agreed, before proceeding further, to adopt as a form of proceeding for our future deliberations that, "in accordance with strict Anarchist principle, only resolutions accepted unanimously be recognized and entered on the minutes; all others to be left to individual judgment." After this preliminary, I was chosen secretary, no further officers being appointed; and the "Prospectus" which I had drawn up was accepted, subject to a few slight alterations, and subsequently printed for gratuitous distribution. A free circulating library, consisting of pamphlets by Bakounine, Fowler, Spencer, Burke, and others, was instituted among the members, and proved of great utility in many ways. Voluntary donations were taken up to provide "sinews of war," and the Secular Hall was engaged for Sunday evening, May 16, at a moderate weekly rental, the proceedings on that evening consisting of several readings by the members, followed by discussion in which anyone was invited to take part. A voluntary collection was taken up to defray expenses. A brief report was sent to the "Liberator," and the editor of that paper inserted it. A reporter of our leading daily paper, the "Age," was present, and he published a brief and remarkably fair account of the proceedings in the next day's paper. The editor of the "Herald" (the "penny-dreadful" of this city), having seen the report in the morning contemporary, sent a messenger for a copy of the "Prospectus," and from these materials concocted a most sensational leading article, headed "An Anarchy Club," in which it stated that our object is "to hoist a species of social 'black flag,' order in a supply of red caps, and go on the rampage generally, each man doing that which seemeth right in his own eyes, without the slightest regard to the opinion of his neighbor." After half a column more to the same effect, the writer went on to say that "we are a happy and contented people," and that Anarchy would only "benefit the members of criminal classes," concluding by calling upon the inspector of police to "take a quiet look around and see if there are any amateur Anarchists about with an eye to the division of private property." This little effusion of the scribbler only succeeded in bringing out an able reply from Mr. F. P. Upham and in drawing public attention to our meetings, and thereby popularizing them; for few of our visitors have left us with a bad impression upon their minds. Other newspapers took up the cry of the "Herald," one of them lamentingly stating that the formation of our Club was "an indication that Socialism, which has wrought so much evil in older countries, has gained a footing in Australia. The thin end of the wedge has been inserted, and, if a Bismarckian policy of repression be not adopted, we may anticipate a further development of Socialistic ideas, and of the insane proposals fathered by Mr. Joseph Symes and his 'Anarchist Club.'" This appeared to tread on the sensitive corns of certain individuals in the Secular Association, and one of them moved a resolution at the following meeting, repudiating any connection with the Anarchists' Club (although the members of the Club nearly all belonged to the Association), and calling upon Mr. Symes

to second the resolution, which he did, although he practically neutralized it with qualifications, which, however, did not appear in print. This brought out a letter from myself in reply, to which other members of the Club also appended their signatures, and a little controversy ensued. The comic paper, "Punch," entered into the matter with zeal, and on two occasions devoted lengthy rhymes for our consideration. We have even provided themes for a great number of the pulpits.

The members of the Club have met each week, and public debates have been held, when there have been discussed: "Individualism or Communism,—Which will best further the world's progress?" "The Voting Swindle," "What is Government?" "Taxation, and Who Pays It?" "Cooperative Government" (by an opponent), "Theological Anarchy," "The Evils of Monopoly, and How to Remove Them," "The Political Lie," "Natural Selection vs. Political Selection." There has been also a seat debate, to which an opponent challenged me, upon the question: "Is Government a Necessity?" In addition to these may be mentioned a paper which I read before the Australasian Secular Association at one of its usual weekly debates, and which has proved my most successful effort.

Mr. James Donovan, with whom I carried on the recent controversy in the "Liberator," when he defended Spencerianism, is now an out-and-out Anarchist, and with his exceptional abilities is doing some powerful fighting on our side.

Our members-roll has steadily increased from the first, and numbers are coming forward to help us. Many of the State Socialists have been diverted from political methods by the force of our arguments; and the maxim, DON'T VOTE, is becoming a familiarism. In Sydney (New South Wales) Anarchy is being discussed, and there is a prospect of a club being founded there shortly, similar to the one in Melbourne. In New Zealand, the brave and out-spoken Joseph Evison is doing tough work in the exposure of political jobbery, and the "Rationalist" is making a name for itself under his able editorship. Liberty (a copy of which I posted to him) meets with his warmest approbation. Freethinkers have just been taught a valuable lesson in politics. Robert Stout, formerly one of the most admired and respected of Australasian Freethinkers, has just been sucked into the political maelstrom, his parliamentary position having corrupted him as it does every other good man; and he is now a Knight,—a Sir Robert Stout,—and there is sore lamentation in the camp of heterodoxy that this able and learned individual has strayed from the fold like a lost sheep.

Anarchistic sentiments are spreading everywhere; and I am constantly being informed of persons in the country districts who have recently embraced our ideas. Unfortunately the "Liberator," which at the outset allowed us the use of its columns to report our discussions in, has now almost excluded them entirely, admitting only the briefest chronicles possible. In other ways, besides this, the Anarchist principle of the "boycott" is being applied to us; but somehow or other we manage to thrive under it, and have seriously considered the advisability of issuing a paper of our own. In the meantime, the excellent little work of Michael Bakounine, "God and the State," is doing good work among us; Fowler's and the other excellent pamphlets in "Liberty's Library" are lending their might, and those who have read your paper come seeking for more Liberty.

The Sydney "Freethinker" is opening its columns to us, and is ably championing our cause; and, if the friends of freedom continue to show the zeal which they have done already, it may not be long before these colonies are dotted over with Anarchist Clubs, fraternally cooperating with each other as THE AUSTRALASIAN ASSOCIATION OF ANARCHISTS.

Wishing success to our American fellow-workers,

Fraternally,

DAVID A. ANDRADE.

SOUTH YARRA, MELBOURNE, AUGUST 11, 1886.

Trouble in the Goat Herd.

There's a rumpus among the goats. How the curious little beasts butt and bleat and caper. Horns pop like castanets, and hair flies like prairie grass in a whirlwind. Goatherd Tucker and goatherdless Kelly (excuse me, Miss Kelly; I suppose I should have said shepherdless, but there's nothing sheepish in this crowd); and, besides, it's far more poetical to herd goats than sheep, if you only think so) run hither and yon, administering the condign with a right good will, but it doesn't seem to mend matters.

Take it not to heart, O our leaders! We are naught but goats; what can you expect? We will quiet down and ruminant like lambs directly; and, when next you blow your pipe of Pan, we will skip after you to the green hills as gaily as ever.

Let us analyze the row. It seems to me the epidemic started with Edgeworth, who wouldn't bleat right on rent, or cost, or something of that sort. Comrade James gets a sneaking fancy (very unbecoming in a goat) for old Shepherd Malthus who was so hard on the lambs. Comrade Walker is down on the kids; doesn't want so many around; they eat up everything, and feed promises to be short anyhow; besides, they bother the old goats so that they don't know anything. Comrade Lum wants to stick his horns *slap dab*, regardless of consequences, into those hateful fellows who build the pens and do the shearing. Comrade Warren wouldn't hurt anybody; wouldn't say "Bah!" but rather hates to be called a goat; would a good deal sooner be called a hircine quadruped, or else a beast *sui generis*. Comrade Yarros was peaceable at the start, but, after ruminating a while, gets his bristles up, concludes we are too peaceable a herd altogether, wants to fight, and is disposed to wag his horns at the herder as being too "pacific." He doesn't care a tail-twist for the kid question, but considers goat pens the source of all our woes. And as for me,—the youngest and meanest little billy in all the flock,—I am so "unco guid" and happy that grave suspicions are aroused that I may be part sheep after all. At any rate, I'm not social enough,—that's flat! Don't bother about me, my good herder. I'm full-blooded goat. It's all heredity and habit. I was born marked like a sheep, and, when I was a little kid, they let me run with the lambs, and that's what's the matter. And now, "unkindest cut of all," Colly "X" has slipped his dogskin collar and is kicking up his heels with the rest of the flock, with whom he must bide hereafter. Alas, my comrades, we're a bad lot!

But, after all, why should I say so? We are good fellows, every nanny's son of us, and we all know it, and trust each other. Let a dog but show his muzzle, and our defensive mutualty will be readily seen.

Seriously, my comrades, no bad blood should arise because of these little differences, which, as we are all individualists and fallible, must be expected. We are all agreed, I think, on these essentials, to wit: that individual or self-happiness is the true object of existence; that this is possible only under conditions of liberty; that the State, being the greatest of organized tyrannies, *must go*. Right here we split and differ, and between the dynamite of Lum and the self-freedom that I advocate extends room for a great variety of methods,—space that promises to be well occupied. In Mr. Tucker we all know that we have (even if he does cuff our ears pretty freely) a grand leader. What matters it if he does confine himself to fighting the State? Is it not better so? If he runs on a narrow-gauge track, we must all admit that he is a splendid locomotive, and, with Miss Kelly attached as a charming tender, will "get there" in a hurry. Those who ride with him will go direct. Those who get on the track must get off, or they will be suddenly assisted. He will meet the State some day, and there will be a bang-up collision. Let him stay on his track and go ahead, while the rest of us, horse and foot, jog along the by-roads, and tend to the needs of the surrounding country.

J. WM. LLOYD.

GRAHAMVILLE, FLORIDA, AUGUST 29, 1886.

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

Continued from page 5.

The scene was decidedly dramatic. Being a dramatic critic, Dr. Aveling must have felt it very keenly. When asked if he would consent to meet the New Haven Anarchists in a fair and public debate at any time that might suit his convenience, he replied that it would be useless and unprofitable. "I came to preach Socialism, not to debate with any of the schools that call themselves Socialistic."

Well, Dr. Aveling, as you please. We are more than satisfied. The New Haven people had an object lesson. They know the methods of the Anarchists. They have now had the opportunity of watching the workings of State Socialism. Let them choose.

V. YARROS.

[The New Haven experience had its counterpart in Boston. The Avelings spoke in Faneuil Hall Saturday evening, October 16. When Dr. Aveling had finished his speech, I asked from the floor if questions were allowed. The chairman consulted Dr. Aveling, and then answered that questions were allowed, but only at the end of the meeting, after the speakers had finished. It was easy to see the motive of this. There are no seats on the floor of Faneuil Hall, and the audience continually dwindle. At the end of the meeting, of the thousand people who heard the speech only a hundred would be present to hear the question. However, being an Anarchist and therefore an orderly person, I temporarily subsided. Mrs. Aveling then proceeded to supply the emotional part of the entertainment, after which the chairman announced that the remaining advertised speaker, Liebknecht, had failed to make his appearance. Obviously this was the proper time to listen to questions. But no. Before I could catch the chairman's eye or ear, he had called on John Orvis as a substitute speaker, who in turn was followed by the president of the Central Labor Union. As the latter sat down, I asked the chairman if my question would be in order. He turned again to consult Dr. Aveling, and, while he was thus engaged, a few stray voices shouted for Cherrington, a local labor agitator who, fired by the example of Henry George, hopes to be the labor mayor of Boston. This furnished the desired excuse, and the chairman promptly said that, while Dr. Aveling would be glad to answer my question, the voice of the many was for Cherrington, and the voice of the many must be heeded before the voice of the one. Again I subsided, but only to "bob up serenely" as soon as Mr. Cherrington had concluded his brief but indispensable oration. It was evident by this time that I "meant business," and so, after another consultation, it was decided to face the pestering Anarchist. Being recognized at last, I said:

"I understood the speaker, in the earlier portion of his remarks, to point out this as an essential difference between State Socialism and Anarchism,—that State Socialism favors peace and legality as a method, while Anarchism favors force and violence as a method. I wish to ask him whether he knows of anything in the doctrine of State Socialism *per se* which necessarily excludes violence as a method, and whether he knows of anything in the doctrine of Anarchism *per se* which necessarily includes violence as a method."

Dr. Aveling advanced nervously to the front of the platform and replied:

"The answer to that question is short and simple. I am not an advocate of State Socialism, and so cannot answer for it. As for Anarchism, I did not know that it had any doctrines at all."

And with this *ad captandum* and *scientifically* socialistic retort, Dr. Aveling retreated to his seat amid some applause and yells. As soon as quiet was restored, I rejoined:

"Such an answer as that is characteristic of a man who believes in force rather than reason as a method of settling the social question. Dr. Aveling makes no other answer because he does not dare to."

Although the doctor's reply served his purpose of catching the crowd, it made every judicious State Socialist grieve. A number of those who sat on the platform have since confessed to me that they were ashamed of their champion's conduct, that his answer was a distinct evasion, and that I was not treated fairly. It was certainly absurd for him to say that he was not an advocate of State Socialism, since he had expressly stated in his speech that he was in favor of the abolition by legal force of private property in the means of

production. And it was equally absurd for him to say that he did not know that Anarchism had any doctrines, since he had also stated in his speech that he disagreed, not only with the methods of Anarchism, but with the *ends* of Anarchism. If he had answered my first question seriously, I should have followed it up with several others; but as the first sufficed to compel the charlatan to reveal his true character, I saw that there was no further good to be secured by prolonging the discussion. Thus, then, this incident terminated.

But the most revolting part of my experience with the Avelings was yet to come.

On the following Tuesday morning appeared conspicuously in the Boston "Herald" a communication, over a column in length, signed by Edward Aveling and Eleanor Marx Aveling. The first paragraph was as follows:

To the Editor of the Herald:

When on Saturday night last we had finished speaking in Faneuil Hall, your "Cradle of Liberty," a paper was handed to us containing thirteen questions. It was headed: "Questions Americans are asking. Will you please make public answer?" The paper was anonymous. We make it a rule to take no notice of the hundreds of anonymous documents received in the course of a year. Even had it been signed, to answer thirteen questions at the end of a long evening would have been impossible. But since Saturday these questions have been sent to the Boston "Herald," and the name of their propounder has been given. He is Mr. Benjamin Tucker, editor of the Anarchist paper *Liberty*. We understand fully that these questions are not put with any desire to get at the meaning of Socialism, but we recognize the necessity of making it clear to Americans that Socialism and Anarchism are antagonistic, and we therefore take the opportunity courteously offered by the editor of the "Herald" and "make public answer."

Then followed a series of thirteen questions, which (excepting one or two) were only exceeded in silliness by the answers accompanying them. They were questions which I could not have asked under any circumstances, and many of my friends who read the communication were only relieved of their fears regarding my sanity by reading the following in the "Herald" of Tuesday afternoon:

To the Editor of the Herald:

The extraordinary communication in this morning's "Herald," signed by Edward Aveling and Eleanor Marx Aveling, answering thirteen questions which they charge me with propounding, is one of the most remarkable outrages on an individual's private opinions that has ever come under my notice. I not only never asked the questions therein printed, either verbally or in writing, but I never caused them to be asked. In fact, until I read the "Herald" at eleven o'clock this morning, I had never seen or heard these questions. The only question that I have put to Dr. Aveling since his arrival in America was one that was asked in Faneuil Hall last Saturday night, which his own friends say that he distinctly evaded. Further, the questions now answered by the Avelings do not represent my opinions at all or the doctrines of the Anarchists. No intelligent Anarchist would have asked them. I do not know their origin, but they read to me very much like questions that State Socialists like the Avelings would put themselves in order to avoid answering questions really asked by their opponents. A discussion in which the Avelings can control what is said on both sides is the only sort of discussion upon which they are willing to enter.

BENJAMIN R. TUCKER.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 19, 1886.

[Mr. Tucker's denial is enough, but it should be added that the "Herald" had already learned that he was in no way responsible for the questions propounded Saturday, and elsewhere printed with the answers of the Socialistic advocates. The use of his name in connection with them was a blunder.—EDITOR HERALD.]

Not only a blunder, Mr. Editor; in the eyes of the law, it was also a crime. It is very fortunate for Dr. Edward Aveling, Eleanor Marx Aveling, and the proprietors of the "Herald" that I am an Anarchist; for if I were not, but, instead, a believer in the "legal force" which they advocate, they would now be defendants in a libel suit, and would soon be mulcted in heavy damages to compensate me for this wanton outrage. A lawyer of high standing urged me to prosecute, and assured me that I would succeed; but of course such procedure was out of the question. Legal force and bomb force are all one to me; I would use neither except as a last resort. I am bound to add that the sub-editor of the "Herald" who made the cor-

rection treated me courteously and seemed disposed to make amends. As for the Avelings,—well, the facts speak for themselves.

In conclusion, I have a question for William Morris. He is the most conspicuous figure in the management of the London "Commonweal," a paper for which Dr. Aveling is a prominent writer. He is also, to the best of my belief, a thoroughly sincere and honorable man. To be sure, Dr. Aveling does not officially represent Mr. Morris, but he is intimately connected with him in the minds of the people who read his paper; and I therefore ask Mr. Morris what he thinks of Dr. Aveling's conduct in America, judging it by the facts above cited. I hope and believe that he will not follow Dr. Aveling's example by evading my question.

Since the foregoing was put in type, a letter from Dr. Aveling has reached me, in which he does not have the grace even to apologize for his misconduct, but attempts to explain it by saying that he supposed the thirteen questions to have emanated from me because friends on the platform at Faneuil Hall and a "Herald" reporter had so informed him, and because I was the only person in the audience who manifested a desire to ask questions. This does not lessen the awkwardness of Dr. Aveling's predicament. In the first place, either he is too ignorant regarding Anarchism to warrant him in publicly discussing it, or else the nature of the thirteen questions must have made him so sure that no Anarchist asked them that he could not have honestly attributed them to me on the strength of the unproven assertions of others. In the second place, these questions, however absurd, bore no evidence of malice, and therefore Dr. Aveling, if he saw fit to depart from his rule not to notice anonymous communications, should have respected the writer's anonymity. And, in the third place, it was just as unwarrantable in him to make a libellous statement about me which he did not know to be true as it would have been had he known it to be false. Yet, after unscrupulously making this false statement without first sufficiently investigating it, he now, with an impudent seldom paralleled, writes to rebuke my lack of "common fairness" in sending my denial to the "Herald" and other papers before consulting him. Dr. Aveling may wriggle as he will; he has enabled me to drive him into a corner, and I propose to hold him there.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

The Winsted "Press," commenting on the Walker-Harman case, says: "The fact that, at common law, contract and consummation constitute valid marriage, and the further fact that the canon law of the Roman Catholic church gives ecclesiastical sanction to such marriage, would seem to open an easy way of escape from the unpleasant predicament in which these two young people find themselves; but, being stubbornly conscientious in the matter, they may not choose to avail themselves of a means which might require some sacrifice of their principles, since to them the special merit of their conduct consists in the point that they are not legally married and never intend to be." Alas! friend Pinney, you thought you knew your man. Well, I made the same mistake. E. C. Walker at large did scorn legal marriage, but E. C. Walker in Oskaloosa jail asks nothing better. In a six-by-nine room the most "stubborn consciences" are apt to become pliable.

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PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER

Vol. IV.—No. 11.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1886.

Whole No. 89.

"For always in thine eye, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

To a correspondent.—I have consulted the passage referred to, and I understand your meaning. But, before complying with your wishes, I prefer to consult your friends as to the advisability thereof, and therefore must postpone till another issue.

"Le Révolté" describes the progress of Anarchy in Australia and compliments Comrade Andrade and his associates. What does this mean? Does not "Le Révolté" know that these Australian fellows are not Communists, but mere *bourgeois*, like the editor of *Liberty*?

The speeches of Fielden, Lingg, Spies, Nebe, Parsons, Schwab, Fischer, and Engel, made before Judge Gary on October 7, 8, and 9, have been published by J. M. Foley, 266 W. Randolph St., Chicago. The type is exceedingly small, but the pamphlet is sold at the low price of five cents.

After the "Truth Seeker's" verdict that, from the standpoint of Anarchism, E. C. Walker's recent conduct was wrong and my view of it correct, Mr. Walker must find rather cold comfort in the support given him by the "Truth Seeker" from the standpoint of Secularism. The way of the transgressor is hard.

"Our thanks are due to B. R. Tucker," writes "Lucifer," "for his apparent efforts to get at the animus of our position on the marriage question, but much regret that he has thus far utterly failed to comprehend or appreciate the real object of our revolt against church-and-state rule in matters of sex." This regret I share and this failure I confess.

The letter of George W. Searle in another column, warmly commanding Lysander Spooner's "Letter to Cleveland," must be considered a rather remarkable confession, when it is remembered that the writer is regarded as perhaps the ablest special pleader at the Massachusetts bar and is therefore a conspicuous representative of that profession which Mr. Spooner scores so mercilessly.

Mrs. H. S. Lake writes in the "New Thought" that she is "glad to see that E. C. Walker has apparently renounced the *variety* views which it has been supposed he hitherto entertained, and that he has taken to himself a 'life-long companion,' it is to be hoped according to the true laws of conjugal union." What Mrs. Lake is glad to see, I am sorry to see, but the important fact for Mr. Walker is that both of us actually do see it and that many others will see it.

Captain Schaack of the Chicago police force, who boasted of having secured the conviction of the Chicago Communists by causing a suppression of evidence, now says, referring to threatening letters which he claims to have received from Communists: "If any of those fellows attempt the execution of their threats, they will never be tried for it. I will spring something surprising on them. The fact is, *I will kill them.*" There's law and order for you.

Many of those who have contributed to the Walker-Harman Defence Fund did so before they knew or thoroughly realized the nature of the defence which they thereby helped to support, and, had they known

or realized it, they would not have contributed. They had every reason to suppose that the defence would be just the opposite of what it turned out to be. I do not think that this was a deliberate attempt on the part of Mr. Walker to get money under false pretences, but in its results that is what it comes to.

Those New Political Forces, which John Swinton never refers to except with capital letters, are already by the ears. The committee appointed after the George campaign to find them a common standing-ground gave them for sure foundation "the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." Such pious platform timber as this was a surprise to the German Socialists, and they promptly objected to its use, but the Irish Catholics who are in the movement under Father McGlynn and the "Irish World" strenuously insist on a recognition of their divine descent. The New Political Forces may not split upon this rock, but others will confront them soon.

A Liberal having refused to contribute to the Walker-Harman Defence Fund for the reason that Walker is trying to load down the American Secular Union with Free Love and Anarchism, Mr. Walker asks him if it has never occurred to him "that an organization is of value only as it incarnates principles, and that the moment it begins to slur its demands, to cover its principles, to veil its record, to obscure its aims in a mist of rhetoric, that moment marks the beginning of an ever-accelerating rush down the declivity of Policy into the fathomless abyss of Dishonor." Has it never occurred to Mr. Walker that this is as true of an individual as of an organization? What rate of speed has the ever-accelerating rush attained in his case?

The International Publishing Company of London—that is, Henry Seymour—has favored me with a copy of its latest publication, the old Manifesto of the Communists issued by Karl Marx in 1847. I cannot agree with the London "Justice" that "it is well worth buying," but I can echo that journal's words when it says that it is most amusing—only I find it shameful rather—"to see advertised inside a whole set of Anarchist publications, when we remember that Marx is the very Beelzebul to Anarchists." That a professed champion of Proudhon, who writes his biography, sells his portrait, and publishes selections from his works, should also be foremost in circulating a pamphlet in which Proudhon and all who agree with him are classed as "*bourgeois* socialists" and "hole and corner reformers of the most varied and piebald character" is enough to make every serious Proudhonian hang his head in shame.

In a late number of *Liberty* H. M. Hyndman was rebuked for confounding the teachings of *Liberty* with those of Most and Schwab. Now his paper, the London "Justice," in commenting upon a recent article in *Liberty*, says: "Evidently the *Liberty* and *Property* Defence League, the Manchester school of economists, and the Anarchists are one and the same." This indicates advancing intelligence. Most and Schwab are much nearer to Hyndman than to *Liberty*, and Anarchism is much nearer to the Manchester men than to Most and Schwab. In principle, that is, *Liberty's* aim—universal happiness—is that of all Socialists, in contrast with that of the Manchester men—luxury fed by misery. But its principle—individual sovereignty—is that of the Manchester men, in contrast with that of the Socialists—individual subordination.

But individual sovereignty, when logically carried out, leads, not to luxury fed by misery, but to comfort for all industrious persons and death for all idle ones.

When the news of the arrest of E. C. Walker and Lillian Harman was first made known, and as long as it was supposed that they intended to make a fight against legal marriage, they had the sympathy and support of Anarchists generally, and would have had that of *Liberty*, if a number had been issued in season. At the same time the attitude of the "Truth Seeker" towards them was one of indifference, neglect, or worse. But when they made known their line of defence and their determination to prove their legal marriage, they at once lost the sympathy and support of the uncompromising and unflinching Anarchists, and seriously weakened themselves even with the milder type, and at the same time they won the emphatic support and endorsement of the "Truth Seeker." The respective attitudes of *Liberty* and the "Truth Seeker" regarding legal marriage have been well known, and it has also been well known that E. C. Walker has stood squarely with *Liberty* and against the "Truth Seeker." Do not these facts throw some light upon the question whether or not E. C. Walker has surrendered?

It now appears that in the community of the Credit Foncier of Sinaloa it will be not only impossible to have two wives, but very dangerous not to have any. It was at first the intention of Owen, the Great Mogul, to tax single men of thirty and over in order to encourage marriage, but he abandoned this idea because the Credit Foncier looks with disfavor upon direct taxation. He says, however: "In answer to whether we are in favor of 'free love,' our reply is that we are certainly in favor of unrestricted love—for love not forced—for love free to be wedded and blessed; but when 'free love' is interpreted to be the removing of restraint between the sexes, we are opposed. . . . The marriage contract with us will be sacred. Mormonism and bigamy we do not tolerate; and celibacy we regard with suspicion." In accordance with this idea, every colonist is required to sign a pledge in the presence of two witnesses, whereby he agrees to abide by a creed entitled "Our Principles," the thirty-fifth article of which is as follows: "Marriage is the foundation of the home and of the State, and its contract should be encouraged and performed, free of charge, by the State; and every man should have one wife, and every woman one husband, and no more." Yet I know people who are the most pronounced free lovers and who sneer at the monogamic idea, who nevertheless loudly sound the praises of this incipient socialistic marvel. And I know others who profess to be Anarchists, whose names are on the list of stockholders. For instance, no sooner are H. W. Youmans, J. K. Moore, and the Repplegles, of Liberal, Missouri, out of trouble in one community on account of their free-love views than they forthwith take shares in another, though warned in advance that they will be proscribed. Is it possible that they have signed "Our Principles"? If not, do they propose to sign it? How many people are there in the world, anyway, that have any ideas which they are not prepared to contradict at five minutes' notice? The marriage plank is of the same timber as the rest of the platform. Altogether, this Credit Foncier enterprise is the most artificial and authoritarian scheme of social reformation that has been broached since the collapse of the Oneida Community.

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

THE POLITICAL THEOLOGY OF MAZZINI

AND

THE INTERNATIONAL.

By MICHAEL BAKOUNINE,

MEMBER OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WORKING-PEOPLE.

Translated from the French by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 88.

Mazzini must be very disconsolate. Hardly has he had time to launch his excommunication against the International, when forthwith the archangels of public order set themselves to striking him.

We know what has just happened at Naples. The International Association has just been dissolved by a superior order, "as a permanent offence against the laws and the fundamental institutions of the country"; and this condemnation, pronounced without trial by the simple good pleasure of the ministry, has naturally been accompanied by minute and fruitless searches and arbitrary arrests. In a word, the public authorities have done their duty, and for the thousandth time, in this century, society has just been saved.

No one can be as much dismayed as Mazzini. For a revolutionist like him, incorrigible idealist though he be, it cannot be an agreeable thing to see a government, of which he certainly cannot be a friend, thus translate his *theoretical* maledictions into action. It is a great pity! But the principal cause must be sought in the religious and political theories of Mazzini, all the latest manifestations of which have made the entire reactionary press of Italy and Europe leap for joy.

It is more than probable that the deed which has just been done at Naples will be soon reproduced in all the other cities of Italy. All the governments of Europe are plotting today the ruin of the International, and already our adversaries in all countries are beginning to cry, making or not making the sign of the cross: "Thank God! it is dead!"

"The International is dead!" you say. Oh, no; long live the International! And it is you, dear involuntary allies, who are conducting in its favor, by your atrocious persecutions and by your infamous calumnies, a propaganda far more formidable than that which our poor means would ever permit us to carry on.

Notwithstanding the millions that the hireling press attributes with a ridiculous generosity to the General Council of the Association, sitting at London, we must say, alas! that the International is very poor. And whence should it get its millions? Is it not the Association of misery and exploited labor, and has it not all the rich against it? Admit it then, this holy poverty which is a sure guarantee of its sincerity, of its honesty, a proof of its power. For, if the International is developed and progresses notwithstanding its undeniably poverty, notwithstanding all the machinations of the mighty joined against it, it is because it constitutes evidently one of those grand historical realities, the vitality of which has its causes, not in the artificial and more or less arbitrary combinations of some tens, or hundreds, or even thousands, of interested, ambitious, or fanatical individuals, but in the fatal development of society, the irresistible tendencies and needs of the century; it is because it contains in itself the future.

We have, then, full confidence in our inevitable triumph, which does not in the least prevent us from understanding how urgent it is to propagate our principles and organize the working-people's forces. For, if we are convinced, on the one hand, that true ideas, which are such only because they are the faithful expression of the real development of humanity, must necessarily triumph, sooner or later, we know also that they will obtain this triumph only because there are always found at their disposal a certain number of individuals who are profoundly penetrated with them, who are passionately devoted to them, who propagate them, and who aid in the spontaneous creation of new associations formed in their name. Without prejudice to the fatuity which presides over all historical developments, the initiative of individuals, conscious or unconscious instruments of the movement which pushes and bears them on, has been and is still necessary to impregnate the creative faculty of the masses.

So, fully assured though we are of the final triumph of the International Association, we are very far from ignoring the urgency of active propaganda and a social organization of the working-people's forces. But it is precisely in the accomplishment of this duty that our poverty creates for us, alas! too often, insurmountable obstacles.

Strikes ruin us, and yet it is impossible either to anticipate or prevent them. They are never or almost never the result of a plot, of a rash action, of a caprice; they are the forced result of the entire existing economic situation. Each day more and more menaced in the last guarantees of their independence and even of their existence, the workingmen well know that to commence a strike, for them, means to condemn themselves to inconceivable sufferings. But generally they have no other means of defending their miserable morsel of bread and the shadow of liberty which the economic organization of society allows them. One more step in this path, progressive and prosperous for the happy holders of capital, but retrogressive and disastrous for them, and they would see themselves reduced to the condition of serfs or of negroes. White negroes! such is the name which the workingmen of the United States of America, of that democratic republic *par excellence*, are now giving themselves. On the other hand, it is evident to all those who can comprehend and see that in this same social organization a fatal law and one which no capitalist can escape without condemning himself inevitably to ruin, forces indirectly all the money-lenders and directly all the conductors of industrial enterprises, to base all their calculations on the progressive diminution of the liberty and the bread of the workmen whom they employ. In the midst of frightful competition, in this struggle of life and death where small and medium-sized capitals are being swallowed up, little by little, in the pockets of the great bank-lords, all profits are made exclusively out of the wages of the proletariat; and if the proletariat did not defend itself with the energy of despair, it would find itself in a state of slavery worse than that of the Middle Ages.

We foresee, then, that strikes will become from day to day more universal and more formidable, until the very intensity of the evil shall produce at last the good. And we not only cannot, but we ought not to prevent them. For strikes and all the unheard-of sufferings, the keen misery, the hunger, the illnesses and often death which are the inevitable consequences of them, are the most powerful and the most terrible propagators of socialistic ideas among the masses.

Well! the Internationalists have to run to the help of their brothers of all countries, deprived of work. They have to give their last cent, and sometimes even contract debts, to prevent them from dying of hunger. This ruins them.

If it were known how much of their meagre funds they have had to expend, first to save their brothers of Paris from the clutches of the *bourgeoisie* Republic, and then to give them hospitality! And all this was done without ostentation, without boasting, as the most natural thing in the world, not for the love

of God, but by simple and irresistible human impulse. It was human brotherhood concrete and direct. Such is the practice of the International.

It is the ardent solidarity of a mass of obscure, ignorant, miserable workingmen who, again raising very high the flag of humanity which the privileged and civilized classes had let fall into the mud, are, at the same time, the strugglers, the victims of the present and the founders of the future. It is the daily exercise of real love, founded on the most complete equality and on the respect of all for the liberty and for the human dignity of each. More than all the organizations and the propaganda of principles, this love each day practised by the sections of all countries, without any exception, reassures us concerning the near triumph of the International!

It will be understood, nevertheless, that this practice must leave us very little money for propaganda and the organization of the working-people's forces. If it were known at what cost and sacrifice we publish our pamphlets, which are, naturally, read and paid for only by workingmen! The journals of the International—and there are many already, thanks to the zeal of our companions in all countries—are supported only by the few remaining cents which the workingmen deduct from the bread of their families.

Such are our means of action. In presence of the immense task which is imposed upon us, and which we have accepted with passion, with happiness, relying less on our forces than on the justice of the cause which we serve, these means seem so ridiculously small that really there are moments when we could despair, precisely at these very hours of distress, our enemies and our persecutors did not come generously to our aid.

What has popularized the International in France since 1866, and especially since 1867? The persecutions of the Empire. And today, what has made, and what continues to make, the most powerful propaganda in our favor? First—and here hats off—the heroic Commune of Paris,—the immense fact of this last socialistic revolution, conquered externally for a time, but morally everywhere triumphant. It has roused the popular masses, it has been unanimously greeted by the proletariat of all countries as the announcement of a near deliverance. But what has explained to the masses the true sense, the whole import of this revolution? The official and officious press of all countries, the terror of the privileged classes, the Draconian measures of governments, and, finally, Mazzini himself.

Mazzini had doubtless entertained the hardly generous intention of morally annihilating the Commune, which the government had succeeded only in killing in brutal manner. Has Mazzini attained his object? Not at all; he has, on the contrary, powerfully contributed to exalt the Commune in the opinion of the Italian masses. And today, always fatally bound up with the negative propaganda of the reactionary press, he has just rendered the same service to the International. He wished to destroy it, and he aids us in propagating its principles. Hardly a year ago, except at two or three points isolated and lost in space, the existence of the International in Italy was not even suspected. Now, thanks to the governmental press and thanks to Mazzini above all, no one is ignorant of it.

Mazzini is not contented, like the journals of the reaction, with frightening only the *bourgeoisie*. No, he and his partisans, scattered in very little groups in almost all the cities of Italy, go to the workingmen's associations to say to them: "Beware of the International! It is the Devil!" Poor things! They do not know, then, that the Devil has been in all times the being who has most interested the human race. Ah! the International is Satan in person; we must therefore make his acquaintance as soon as possible!

And thus it is that, thanks to this furious negative propaganda, in Italy, as everywhere, an immense interest in the International is being awakened today among the masses.

Our enemies have ploughed well; now is the time for us to sow.

In all the cities, and even in many of the country places, there will be found one, two, or three intelligent workmen, devoted to their brothers and who know how to read; or else, in default of such, some young people born in the *bourgeoisie* class,—in short, to avail myself of an expression consecrated by Mazzini, some apostles inspired with a true love for the holy cause of justice and humanity, and who, the statutes of the International in their hands, will make it a duty to explain to the working-people's associations:

1. That this pretended Devil claims for each worker *the full product of his labor*: finding it wrong that there should be in society so many men who, producing nothing at all, can maintain their insolent riches only by the work of others. The International, like the apostle, Saint Paul, maintains that, "if any would not work, neither should he eat."

The International recognizes the right to this noble name of labor as belonging only to *productive labor*. Some years ago, the young king of Portugal, having come to pay a visit to his august father-in-law, was presented in the working-people's association at Turin; and there, surrounded by workingmen, he said to them these memorable words: "Gentlemen, the present century is the century of labor. We all labor. I, too, labor for the good of my people." However flattering this likening of royal labor to workingmen's labor may appear, we cannot accept it. We must recognize that royal labor is a labor of absorption and not of production; capitalists, proprietors, contractors, also labor; but all their labor, having no other object than to transfer the real products of labor from their workingmen into their own pockets, cannot be considered by us as productive labor. In this sense thieves and brigands labor also, and roughly, risking every day their liberty and their life.

The International clearly recognizes intellectual labor—that of men of science as well as of the application of science to industry, and that of the organizers and administrators of industrial and commercial affairs—as productive labor. But it demands for all men a participation as much in manual labor as in labors of the mind, suited, not to birth nor to social privileges which must disappear, but to the natural capacities of each, developed by equal education and instruction. Only then will disappear the gulf which today separates the classes which are called intelligent and the working masses.

2. The International declares that, so long as the working masses shall remain plunged in misery, in economic servitude, and in this forced ignorance to which economic organization and present society condemn them, all the political reforms and revolutions, without excepting even those which are projected and promised by the *Republican Alliance* of Mazzini, will avail them nothing.

3. That consequently, in their own interest, material as well as moral, they should subordinate all political questions to economic questions, the material means of an education and an existence really human being for the proletariat the first condition of liberty, morality, and humanity.

4. That the experience of past centuries as well as of all present facts ought to have sufficiently convinced the working masses that they can and should expect no social amelioration of their lot from the generosity nor even from the justice of the privileged classes; that there has never been and that there will never be a generous class, a just class, justice being able to exist only in equality, and equality involving necessarily the abolition of privilege and classes; that the classes actually existing—clergy, bureaucracy, plutocracy, nobility, *bourgeoisie*—dispute for

power only to consolidate their own strength and to increase their profits; and that, consequently, the proletariat must take henceforth the direction of its own affairs into its own hands.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 88.

In vain by touching arguments did the poor woman try to soften the soldier as he moved away. She represented her son Michael to him as a comrade, a soldier also; and perhaps enrolled by chance in the same regiment, they might have become good friends! The soldier, inflexible, automatic, did not slacken his steps or swerve. She invoked his regretted mother, who was doubtless weeping at home over the thought that he was in the war; for, evidently, this was a war, or, if not today, would be tomorrow.

"In the name of that good woman, old like me, and whom you love, and whom you would like to embrace every day, and near whom you wish to stay!" . . .

"Enough of this!" interrupted the Duke, who thrust her back with a shove into the little room where they had just been talking.

Then, beside herself, she exclaimed:

"One may plunder, kill, unmercifully beat! It is the law of the strongest. But such bargains as this are another matter; they dishonor him who conceives and imposes them even more than those who accept them!"

And, speaking to herself, she added:

"The life of those who trust in you, against the life of your child. Edith! what a shame to believe yourself capable of hesitating! Michael, at such an ignominious price, would refuse with indignation . . . My lord, you are an infamous wretch!"

Suddenly a fresh change of view humbled her, and she resumed with more gentleness and calmness:

"Pardon me, I am flying into a passion again. I am sorry. My mind wanders, do you understand? Pity! pity! I drag myself on my knees as I would before God!"

Newington walked the room rapidly backwards and forwards, silent, insensible.

"Pity!" repeated she, "pity!"

He let her follow him on her knees, and, when he hurried his steps, she fell on her face on the carpet.

"Pity!" repeated she again while rising, having only this single word on her lips.

"Look!" simply answered Newington, stopping at last and pointing out to her with his finger, in the park dimly lighted by the glimmer of a lantern, the advancing funeral procession,—the execution platoon, and, in the middle, Michael, his forehead bandaged with linen, and wavering still on his feeble legs.

He marched proudly, and, notwithstanding his mother's cry, he did not tremble.

"There!" ordered the Duke.

They placed the condemned man against the wall and fixed the lantern on his breast, hanging it on one of the buttons of his uniform.

"Ah! this is horrible!" said Edith, hiding her eyes in her hands.

"Decide promptly!" said the Duke; "bullets travel fast."

"The abomination!" exclaimed she, unveiling herself now, and looking on in stupor at this spectacle, at which she hoped to die.

"Hurry yourself!" said Newington.

The platoon, taking the regulation range, aligned itself twenty paces from Michael.

"Grace! grace!" cried Edith, whose expiring voice was lost in the command of a sergeant, and whose blood the snapping of the gun-locks froze in her veins.

"Present!" ordered the Duke himself.

"No, no," said the miserable woman, embracing Newington's knees.

"Adieu, mother!" cried the young man, in a very firm voice.

For her this was the supreme test, and, going nearer to Newington, she said, in a faltering voice:

"I consent!"

"For sure! Swear it to me!"

"I swear it to you!" she murmured.

The Duke made a sign to the soldiers, who put down their arms.

She rose suddenly, holding out her arms to embrace her child; but the platoon, forming in line again, led away the prisoner; and as she, in her astonishment, reproached Newington bitterly, with a look, for failing in his promise, the Duke exclaimed:

"I keep him as a hostage. He shall leave the castle, free, when I leave Treor's house."

"If you leave it, my lord!" whispered in the recess of a door the Duchess Ellen.

And she withdrew in haste, satisfied and so radiant that Sir Bradwell, when she again entered the rooms where at last the ball was really being organized after a fashion, stopped her in passing.

"You are the demon incarnate," he said to her, with a profoundly dramatic air, at which she laughed, with all her heart, finding him comical, a boy, a big ridiculous boy, and inviting him not to borrow the phraseology of the theatre to use with her, and especially of an old-fashioned, superannuated, silly theatre!

Then, changing her tone and manner, she asked seriously:

"Did I take you by force? Did I seduce you by a criminal artifice, tempted by culpable coqueteries?"

Sir Richard sighed, evidently in repentance.

"Did I dream of you?" continued she. "All the joy of my new situation, of having attained the object of my existence, that is to say, as the Duke has reproached me, riches, luxury, power; astonished at my rôle of lady of the castle, fawned upon, feasted, rendered eager homage on all hands, and surrounded by all sorts of adulation—did I encourage you more than the other suitors? Did I distinguish you even among the crowd of gallants, young or old, who languished around me, strutting about or babbling their frivolities, telling of their hopelessness and gloomily lavishing their compliments?

"Love! I did not dream of it the least in the world. The brilliancy of the receptions, the excitement of the feasts, intoxicated me, fatigued me delightfully; and my heart, my faith, my senses, in the vortex of pleasures, the perpetuity of this joyous and brilliant life, lost their rights, abdicated. Who, then, overturned all this order of things, and obsessed me with his pursuit?"

"I was mad!" said Bradwell.

"And you are mad no longer!" exclaimed the Duchess. "Thanks!"

He protested, but without energy,—out of pure politeness, one would have said; and Ellen, incensed, furious, resumed with panting utterance:

"You are no longer mad, or else you are mad over another. At least, express

to me your remorse for your conduct toward me. I was tranquil, happy, very happy. A passion is born in you, and, for the satisfaction of your desires, you beset me, you overcome my resistance,—for I defended myself, I struggled, you must admit, and it was by surprise, by violence, that you triumphed!"

"I admit it."

"After long, useless artifices, seeing that your sighs did not move me, that your tears did not soften me, that your fever did not consume me, one night . . .

"I beg of you!"

"One night, during Newington's absence, you forced the door of my chamber" . . .

"Hush! I implore you." . . .

"Exhausted in the struggle, you conquered me at last, and since then, weakening me with your caresses, burning me with your kisses, you have aroused in me the sentiment which slept, you have excited the appetites of my flesh, you have unchained the fury of passion. Submit to the consequences of your madness! No, no: you will not shield yourself there!"

She trembled; her anger, her pain, at once agitated her, and her voice, alternating abruptly, was now mournful and husky, now vibrating in its tones, as her recollections passed before her.

Sir Richard, at first, had listened abstractedly. His saddened gaze wandered, and, faint-hearted and disengaged, his thought roved far off, down towards Bunclody, as always, around Treor's house. But, in proportion as the Duchess unrolled the picture of the ardent past, of the bold attempts of his incessant love for Ellen, his imagination, his senses, became inflamed. Marian, the angel, vanished, yielding her place to her whom he had called the demon incarnate, and in all his being now reigned the revived criminal passion of which he tried vainly to cure himself.

But to possess again the Duchess, at Cumslen-Park, under the roof where Lord Newington lived, after having grasped the hand of his father, who continued to place in him perfect confidence of which he showed himself unworthy,—no, that, this knavery, this hypocrisy, this treachery, was keenly repugnant to him and filled him with disgust.

"Let us go away!" said he to Ellen. "I have already proposed it to you; we will go to England, to France, wherever you please."

"No, indeed!" she replied.

"Why?" said he, amazed.

"Because, being as poor one as the other, what of our future? People do not live on air, or dress any longer in green as our first parents did in their earthly paradise. How should we live? You as a clerk, and I as a bar-maid. . . . I should be homesick for the grand life which I have tasted. Cross, whimsical, I should become as ugly as envy. And you, moreover, even before this metamorphosis, would cease to love me; you already love me less. Did you distinguish me when I was the heiress of a clergyman, under my biblical head-dress, my gowns as flat as one of my honorable father's sermons? . . . It was only when I blossomed out as a Duchess that I had the good fortune to please you. . . . I will remain Duchess . . . without the Duke."

"Without the Duke!" repeated Richard, contemplating her with fear. "Without the Duke,—what could these three words signify, since she refused to go away? They could be explained only by the resolution firmly fixed in her of ridding herself of Newington, and suddenly the repeated attempt to which the general had almost fallen a victim appeared to him in all its horror.

Lady Ellen had inspired it, commanded it, dictated it. The agitation of the young woman the first time at Bunclody; her advice, her pressing entreaties that he should not approach the Duke; her cry: "You wish, then, to be killed in his place!" when nothing had then indicated the presence of the assassin in the vicinity,—all the circumstances confirmed the intuition which he now had of these two attempts.

And the dreadful death of Casper was now illuminated for him with a frightful light; chance and his drunkenness alone would not have caused the filthy fellow to fall into the teeth of the dogs; a hand guided him, perfidious wretch, that of the Duchess. Casper, the clumsy and suspected executioner of the base plots of Lady Ellen, well! she had put him out of the way through anger, for the sake of prudence, in anticipation of future attempts!

So the Duchess, thrice criminal,—in thought, in command, in action,—was projecting the perpetration of fresh misdeeds which she would renew unweariedly until successful and, doubtless, badly seconded by her paid acolytes, she would end by operating herself, without fear, without reluctance, now that, tinged with blood and free evidently from remorse, she had made her *début* in the career of personal crime.

In disgust and terror he recoiled, with a start, from the Duchess, destitute, however, of the force necessary to break off the *tête-à-tête* and casting about with an inviting look to find a third party who might deliver him.

With her delicate instinct and clear sight, the young woman divined that, beside these perfectly ostensible movements, he was secretly revolving a decisive project in his gloomy head, behind his eyes fiercely concentrated, and, abruptly, she said to him:

"Richard, what are you plotting?"

"What am I plotting?"

He feigned not to comprehend, despite her piercing in this way his hidden resolutions, and being above all apprehensive that she would turn him aside from a design in which he saw salvation.

Salvation for him, for her, for the Duke!

"Yes," repeated Ellen, abandoning her tone of armed defence, "you are plotting something!"

And, obliging him to let her decipher the language of his eyes, she read what he was meditating.

"You wish to go away alone!" said she.

Incapable of lying, he confessed that it was so.

He would go very far, would travel, would forget. During this time the fever which ravaged her would gradually cool.

"Do that!" said she, furious and afraid, "do that, and the Duke, the cause of your departure and my abandonment, will die immediately so that I may rejoin you sooner."

"You confess, then, that you are capable of the crimes of which I suspect you?"

"Of all crimes, if I lose you, and in order to see you again!"

"And I, to escape you, will attempt anything."

"Happily also," she said, recovering herself suddenly, as if sure of herself. "I count on your weakness, on the captivating memory of the delights which you have tasted in my arms, for, although it was you that excited me to love, is it not true that I have practised its mysteries divinely? You have crowned me priestess of this religion, but I knew better than all others its secret incantations, and I have bewitched you!"

Calm, insinuating, her voice modulated to caressing music, she enveloped him in a sensuous network, radiating voluptuousness.

"Remember then!" she said to him softly, taking his hands, which he tried to withhold, and burning his cheeks with her warm fragrant breath, which fanned his

Continued on page 6.

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the crasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

The Neo-est Malthusian of All.

There is a man in New York who can give points to the Chicago police regarding the extermination of Anarchists. He proposes to destroy them, root and branch. He has discovered their origin, and intends to attack them at their source. The name of this discoverer is H. B. Philbrook. He announces his discovery in a fortnightly paper which he edits, called "Problems of Nature." In the issue of August 15 he begins an article, headed "What is an Anarchist?" by asserting the mistake of those people who suppose that there is any difference between Anarchists, Socialists, Nihilists, and Communists, and that these parties are seeking by different roads a social state which will be advantageous to all. This mistake Mr. Philbrook proceeds to rectify as follows:

When the Anarchist is given opportunity to disclose the purposes and desires of the order, a chance is offered a community of better people to observe what actually gives existence to the person or a class of persons like him. A person can discover that a ferocious beast in human aspect is stalking through a human society, and it can be seen that all persons of such propensities were born in a place infested by bad animals. A community of cats or wolves or bears were occupying the country or place when a class of desperadoes were given existence. In Russia these people are called Nihilists; in Germany and other portions of Europe they are called Anarchists or Revolutionists; in Paris they are called Communists; and in this country each of these names is given them, according to a practice of a newspaper or person in describing them. There is not one of such persons on the globe but what is a cat or bear or wolf given a human form, and there is not one who is not conducting himself or herself as a cat or wolf or bear does, so far as the operation of propensities is concerned.

Having thus shown conclusively that there are no shades of Revolutionists, but that all are equally Red and spring from the same sources, Mr. Philbrook further enlightens us regarding the cause of their appearance at the present stage of social development:

A consciousness of a conquest of all bad practices in the community by the advancing of the people is the provocation for a desperate attempt to destroy both government and society by the bad person. . . . The outburst of such frenzied persons against society and government is but a final throe of a degraded class to destroy the cause of a greater progress and greater cultivation of a community. It is, in fact, the desperate plunge of the infuriated beast toward a slayer of its kind. . . . A continual attempt to check the operations of the degraded and vicious classes is the cause of the disclosure of a gang of Anarchists in every great city of the world where a civilization is more than a degradation itself, and of great communities of them in the forests of Russia and Poland. Cats are making Communists in Paris by the hundred, and a wolf and bear are making them in all the portions of Europe where a forest is possessing such beasts. On a plain of our own country where a wild beast has not dwelt for several centuries a destroyer of life and property in a human form is not a dweller unless he is placed there by a migration of bad persons from a forest or foreign city. Only a sneak thief and disgusting sensualist is given an American city by the animals in it at present. A greater want of bread and

employment will give the person a desperation of a European Anarchist. Let our readers ascertain the nationality and locality of birth of so-called Anarchists and discover if they can that one was not born either in a city where cats have been breeding for a century or more, or in a country where wolves and bears were in the forests in great numbers.

All this would be as mysterious as it is startling, were we not informed in another part of the paper that this unusual fecundity of nature in the production of Anarchists does not partake at all of the miraculous, but is thoroughly in harmony with our Creator's plan, — a plan which he never revealed to the world prior to his conversion of some animal — an owl, I fancy — into Mr. Philbrook. Pending that event, it appears, a huge mountain of discredit has been heaped upon the Creator by the incomplete observations of a bull-dog named Darwin. The explanation of this canine exploit is too valuable to be lost.

All that is delaying us in getting the most important fact in the people's minds is the silly sophistry of a Darwin given to every household as a fact and as an explanation of a person's or animal's origin. All the fashionable follies of the world, called scientists, with one or two exceptions, are giving this disgusting and degrading prognostication of a person who was himself but a bull-dog in human form, to a world of people, and they are glorying in the work. A church teacher, and all the newspapers, and every fame-seeking publisher of a worthless account of so-called science were for a score of years assisting in getting a bull-dog's conception of creation accepted by the people. The most of them are getting disgusted with this work; the others soon will be disgusted with it. Mr. Darwin was but a bull-dog given conversion into a human object, and by this operation a competent watcher of flies and bugs, and all kinds of animal that are out of the water was constructed. No animal of the water was considered by this person to any extent, and, in his neglect of watching a creature of the water, he overlooked the astonishing fact that where a plenty of water was existing a womb in a creature was not necessary. A start from a land animal was taken in the bull-dog's observation of animals, and, in going over the countries of the world, every creature a dog would discover was discovered by him. No great attention was paid to birds, as this class of animals are beyond a bull-dog's jump, and too beautiful for its consideration. Only a crawling or walking animal was of much interest to the stare with the great eyebrows. Every particle of his conclusions upon the origin of animals was given him by a want of understanding of a power of a Creator to give existence and organization to a person or animal, originally or in any operation.

The immense headway gained by the evolution theory, however, could not have been achieved by one dog alone. The dog Darwin required an audience of dogs. Accordingly Mr. Philbrook declares that every person who accepts the Darwinian theory is a dog in human form, and that no person not of canine origin can be made to adopt it. Huxley, he declares, is a sleuth-hound, and Tyndall a clever and active setter. We are left in ignorance as to the precise canine variety to which Herbert Spencer belongs, being vouchsafed simply the information that the dog that bears that name is more combative than those named Huxley and Tyndall and was originally endowed with a larger brain. Some time since, however, disease rendered his brain inactive, and it is now operated by a spirit worker.

In the accomplishment of this vast amount of evolutionary mischief I find fresh confirmation of the wise old saw that "every dog has his day." Darwin evidently has had his. Now a new day has dawned. And not wholly new, either. Mr. Philbrook, after all, seems to be simply a modern Pythagoras, and his theory a revival, in a reversed form, of the doctrine of transmigration or metempsychosis. He states it briefly thus:

All persons are given origin by objects an animal kingdom gives the atmosphere. A soul of a brute is the object, and one or a couple are actually pulled into a human mother's womb when conception takes place. A great surprise is in store for every household of the world when the fact is known.

I anticipate that none will share this surprise in a larger degree than the Malthusians. In fact, I fear it would fill them with alarm, were it not that Mr. Philbrook himself is a Neo, a very Neo-Malthusian, and has discovered a new preventive check, — a sort of contraceptive unknown hitherto to Dr. Foote, Jr. Here is the prescription:

The astonishing truth will be known after a few months more of our pounding of the heads of the people with the

fact. When all people have the knowledge, a cat will be slaughtered, and so will all worthless and vicious animals that are anywhere near a human habitation.

Mr. Walker, rejoice! You have only to kill the cats and other worthless and vicious animals, and there will be speedily evolved a select few possessed of sufficient intelligence to solve the labor problem. This knowledge, too, will act as a check upon the population of hell. For I infer from Mr. Philbrook's statements that the moment when an animal's soul is pulled into a woman's womb is the precise point called to the attention of the Corinthians by Saint Paul as that when "this mortal puts on immortality" and "death is swallowed up in victory." Now, when all vicious souls have been annihilated by the slaughter of the lower animals in which they are incarnate, there will be nobody to send to hell, and those already there will find partial relief from their torments in the thought that Malthusian Cassandra will find their occupation gone.

I have not space here to point out the many directions in which this new theory throws light. For the present I will only note that it reveals the true character of the Chicago police. If all evolutionists are dogs and all revolutionists cats, I see no reason to doubt that Chicago policemen are rats. If this be so, they need no points from Mr. Philbrook. Chicago rats know that their lives depend upon belling Chicago cats, and that is what Captain Schaack and his men are trying to do.

It must be encouraging to Mr. Philbrook to see that the Anarchists and Revolutionists themselves are beginning to acknowledge the truth of his explanation of their origin. Here is Helen Wilmans, for instance, editor of the "Woman's World." She is a Revolutionist, and unquestionably a cat. Yet, while reading Mr. Philbrook's book, she declares that she can scarcely let it go from her hands long enough to write an article upon it, and confesses that it completely overthrows all her preconceived scientific ideas. And after writing the article, she spends two hours more in devouring the book, which rouses her to such a pitch of enthusiasm that she writes a postscript to announce her belief that "the author has unravelled the whole mystery of creation." And "Equity" also, that Anarchistic organ published at Liberal, asserts that Mr. Philbrook has completely refuted the evolution theory of the origin of species. The editors of "Equity" are clearly conscious of their feline nature.

Before closing, I ought to warn a friend of mine in New York of the imminent danger in which he stands. I refer to John Swinton. He is a Communist, and therefore a cat. Mr. Philbrook is death on cats. Mr. Swinton publishes his "Paper" at 21 Park Row. Mr. Philbrook's organ hails from the same street and number. *Verb. sat sap.*

Are Methods of No Moment?

The Harman-Walker case afforded another occasion to a number of reformers to show how little they understand themselves and the fundamental principles of the cause they profess to champion. It is said that the question as to methods of defence is unimportant; it is sufficient to know that our co-workers in the movement are victimized by the State, which fact alone establishes their claim to our warmest sympathy and support. According to this logic, an Anarchist may humbly and dutifully acknowledge his guilt and repentance of his treasonable anti-Authority ideas, or an Infidel may avow a change of heart respecting the questions of the divinity of Christ and the Bible, and still remain loyal to their respective causes, and still be entitled to the friendship and favor of all true Anarchists and Infidels respectively. What a chance the condemned men in Chicago have thrown away!

To the steadfast and unsentimental men of principle, who do not go into hysterics at the mere sight of suffering, the question of methods is of the utmost importance, these deciding for or against the individual. An Anarchist, in times of danger, when the eyes of the world are upon him and the minds of the people are engaged in the investigation of the thing he suffers for, must be more Anarchistic and uncompromising than ever, must stand firm and draw courage and inspiration from the fact that he is given the rare opportunity

of serving his cause in the best way possible,—by example. If the man thus tried is found wanting and proves unequal to the task, we pity him; and, while deeply regretting the circumstance, and regarding it as a misfortune that the lot did not fall to the right man, we do not blame him; but, if he disgraces the cause by his conduct and non-Anarchistic methods of defence, we are not only relieved from all obligations to him as a comrade, but we are in duty bound to let him severely alone and make it clear to the world that he is no longer to be looked upon as a representative of our class. Thousands of innocent people receive injustice from the hands of the State almost every day; but, aside from utilizing all such occurrences as evidence against the State, we are never expected to give our money, time, and labor to these victims. We are ready to help Anarchists as such, and we shall stand by everybody that suffers for being an Anarchist; but along with the abandonment of the bond that held us together goes the loss of friendship and respect.

V. YARROS.

Regicides and Republicans.

If in Germany, for example, there were a republican movement, and there were a society preaching death to the Kaiser and his officials with the view of establishing the republic, upon an arrest and trial for any violence committed by adherents of the regicidal society would not the monarchical press and tribunals seize upon the occasion to declare that, as the regicides are republicans, the republicans are regicides and their principle is to kill officials? This may serve to show the causal relation between Anarchism and bomb-throwing.

When the Southern States seceded, the Republican party declared that Democracy means secession. When Booth, a Democrat, killed Lincoln, the Republican orators and papers declared that Democracy meant assassination, and that the Democratic party must surrender its name and organization.

Those who fancy that Anarchy is compromised by what has happened at Chicago can draw the comparison.

On the day when the news of Lincoln's death was flashed to the capital of Iowa, a Republican politician entered a room where over a dozen men were at work and exclaimed: "They have assassinated the president. Now I am in favor of hanging every copperhead!" There were two Democrats present, and one of them had nerve to reply: "You would take a pretty big contract!"

The Democratic party did not disband. Republicanism is not dead by reason of its regicides or of the regicides who are not republicans. The Irish league has not renounced its object because of the incident in Phoenix Park. Free traders are not scared into becoming protectionists because contrabandists have killed revenue officers. Free traders are not required by reason to admit that the violent smuggler is a worse or even as noxious a growth as the government which makes smuggling a crime according to statute. Neither will Anarchists be frightened out of their rational consistency by clamor arising out of conflicts between the police and enemies of the present form of government or of all government,—be the case as it may. One may will an end and yet differ widely as to the means, and different persons may resort to violence with very different purposes, or no purpose that could be classed with relation to social organization.

In scientific Anarchism method is of paramount importance. No ebullitions of passion or acts of violence can really compromise the principle. Governmentalists would certainly not admit that wars and malversation of public funds settle the question whether some sort of government is necessary and useful. If the crimes of governments do not close the discussion against government, the wildest or the most ruthless acts of alleged Anarchists could never close the discussion against Anarchism, the theory of liberty and voluntary mutual assurance as the best substitute for government, *alias* rulership, *alias* tyranny. All the attacks of ignorant and starving men upon the police go to impeach government, as symptoms show the disease. Anarchism comes before the people as the science of living and letting live.

TAK KAK.

Association as a Means of Reform.

Of no persons is it more true than of the Anarchists that they can find "sermons in stones, books in running brooks, and *texts* in everything." My text on the present occasion is drawn from the recent "falling-out" of the editorial writers for Liberty. The fault, to my mind, lies not in their rupture now, but in their ever having put themselves into the position in which it was possible for such an occurrence as the present to take place. The more I see of life, the more I am convinced of the truth of Josiah Warren's position,—that at the basis of all true peace lie the separation, the individualization, of responsibilities. True co-operation is secured, not by binding ourselves into organizations, or associations, or editorial staffs, but only in so far as our aims and interests are identical. When our aims and interests are identical, co-operation is secured without any formal arrangement whatsoever. Although there is no association of Anarchists in this country, no organization by which they are bound together, there is no band of reformers in which there is so much true co-operation. At the present time, and probably for all time, in the multifarious concerns of life, it may be impossible to secure this complete separation of responsibilities, but the more we keep this ideal before our minds, the more we strive to live up to it, the nearer are we to true harmony. Association has no benefits in itself, and has nearly always some evil. The chapter of Proudhon's that I would like to see published everywhere at this time when the country is resounding with the cry of the necessity of workingmen's organizing to secure their rights, is that on *Association* in "L'Idée Générale de la Révolution."

Mr. Appleton shares, as I share, all John Stuart Mill's dread of the tyranny of public opinion, but he apparently fails to see, as Mill failed to see, that this tyranny is in great part due to the power which it has of erecting itself into an organized form, called the State, and that, with the destruction of this organized form, the very diversity of opinion which would necessarily follow would prevent any part of it exerting the enormous power that it does today. This we already see in the case of the church. The multiplicity of sects prevents any one sect from having the power which the church formerly possessed. A great part of the power which the church still retains is due to its protection by the State.

Admitting, then, that the State is only part of the governmental power which has to be combated, and taking Anarchism in its most limited sense, as implying merely the destruction of the State (in which sense, however, it has never, to my knowledge, been used in Liberty), still Anarchism is the most important part of the work for Liberty in which we can engage, as its indirect consequences are almost as great as its direct.

I hope that, if Mr. Appleton has a higher philosophy than this of Anarchism, he will not fail, for our sakes, to promulgate it in Liberty, for of course we are only interested in the discovery and spread of truth. But whether we remain in Anarchism, or ascend into the higher philosophy, we have only one lesson from this experience, and that is, that neither harmony nor growth is secured by confusion of individuals, and that true co-operation is dependent, not upon the union of men, but of interests.

GERTRUDE B. KELLY.

[So far as this gentle and finely tempered criticism falls upon me, I am disposed to accept it with much thankfulness and some humility. There is vital truth and force in it. The present editorial arrangement is preferable to the former for the very reason that it is not a union of men, but of interests or ideas, and does not involve any connection of responsibilities which cannot be quietly and harmoniously severed. It is an arrangement, in fact, which excludes the idea of permanency, and thereby allows even a *temporary* disconnection of responsibilities without prejudice to their subsequent reunion. I do not think it correct, however, to blame the union of responsibilities for all, or even the greater part, of the unpleasantness attending the recent rupture. My own sorrow, at least, is much less for the rupture itself than for the fact that an old and valued worker for Liberty has come to regard its mission as comparatively trivial and unimportant, and this sorrow would have been equally intense though he had been a correspondent instead of an editorial writer. Nor is it true, to my mind, that "association has no benefits in itself." After Liberty, I deem it the most beneficent thing in the world. Association which does not entangle responsibilities beyond the point of easy separation is in conformity with the spirit of Warren's teachings and both the spirit and the letter of Proudhon's. In the very work referred to, "L'Idée Générale de la Révolution," Proudhon outlines an organization of economic forces that is vast and complex. In decision of the question whether Anarchism has

been used in Liberty in the sense of destruction of the

State, I refer Miss Kelly to the first editorial that ever appeared in Liberty, entitled "Our Purpose." In that I said specifically that this century's battle is with the State, and that Liberty's work is to destroy the State. It is true that I did not then use the word Anarchism, but, as I have steadily advertised Liberty as a "Journal of Anarchism" or "of Anarchistic Socialism," it is evident that I have used the word Anarchism as expressive of the main purpose announced in my salutary. And if, from the first number to the present, I have not adhered to the policy originally outlined, I have signalized it by my intent. When Mr. Appleton enlisted, Liberty's banner was flying in the breeze, and he knew the nature of the conflict. If his new flag is really emblematic of a higher philosophy and a more effective warfare, I join Miss Kelly in the sincere hope that he will "promulgate it in Liberty." —EDITOR LIBERTY.]

The "Index," commenting on Huxley's annual pension of fifteen hundred pounds, says: "It is gratifying to see the valuable services of a distinguished man of science thus rewarded by the English government." And I suppose it similarly gratifies the "Index" to see this same man of science play the toady to the government that supports him by advocating the extinction of all who question its right divine or absolute.

"Anarchistic Communism."

Edgeworth has a powerful article in the last number of the London "Anarchist," in which the absurdities of the so-called Anarchistic Communists are mercilessly dealt with. Communism, he pertinently observes, is not a chronic form of social disease, but only a morbid, reaction-like fever, which is accompanied with delirious ravings. A paradox in sociology and not practically viable, . . . it can be enforced only by stringent authority, because it contravenes natural instinct as well as all the habits of education. Mr. Seymour pretends to be amused at the alleged contradiction of having *voluntary* communism enforced by stringent authority, and remarks that it is a bore to have to continually confute the error invariably made by the Mutualists in confounding authoritarian Communism and Anarchistic Communism.

Mr. Seymour apparently assumes that his readers are mental imbeciles, incapable of understanding the meaning of words, and that he needs only to say something to show that he is not non-plussed, whether there be sense in it or not. In speaking of Communism, Edgeworth clearly has in mind the only form of it that is conceivable, which is compulsory communism, his idea being that voluntary communism is impossible, for no *rational* body of men, having the freedom of choice, would ever think of settling permanently, or even by way of experiment, under such anti-natural and abnormal conditions. The realization of that foolish and sentimental dream, "to each according to his wants, from each according to his capacities," would make a soup-house of society,—a perfectly natural ideal for paupers and tramps, but not one calculated to inspire with enthusiasm free and sober-minded men, who are not blinded by passion or driven by oppression. Communism was well characterized by Proudhon as the religion of poverty (and, we may add, superstition); and Edgeworth does not deny that it is quite practicable in religious orders. Every step in advance made by men under Liberty and Equity is a step away from Communism.

In conclusion I will say that, although the evidence is all against Mr. Seymour, I am willing to suspend judgment and give him another chance to explain his exact position. Not inviting him to discuss with me Communistic Anarchism or Anarchistic Communism, I merely wish that he would take the trouble to enlighten us as to what is *his* meaning of the term Communistic Anarchism. He should have done it long ago, but late is better than never.

V. YARROS.

Falsehood, When Force is Lacking.

[Galveston News.]

Mr. E. Aveling, the English lecturer on Socialism, writes a long letter to the Boston "Herald" answering thirteen questions which he states were propounded in writing by Mr. B. R. Tucker, a Boston newspaper man. The questions are rather stupid, and the statement attributing them to Mr. Tucker reflects Aveling's incapacity and unfairness. Mr. Tucker is a prominent and intelligent opponent, of whose criticisms Mr. Aveling ought not to be wholly ignorant. But, if not utterly misinformed of what, as a Socialist writer, he should know to be the strongest critical opposition to his creed, he must have been able to see at a glance that Mr. Tucker could not be the author of those questions, with their numerous absurd implications, and anonymously! There is much in Aveling that is not scientific, though he is loaded with a "scientific socialism," which is to solve the economic problem by having the laboring class capture political power and use—force. Those who want to use force will sometimes use falsehood, when they lack force.

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carnal agitation, "remember then the masses which we have said, the offices which we have celebrated together!"

To be continued.

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART FIRST.

THE TRUE CONSTITUTION OF GOVERNMENT

IN THE

Sovereignty of the Individual as the Final Development of Protestantism, Democracy, and Socialism.

What remains to be done, then, for wise men, is clearly this: to attempt to penetrate the future by investigating the past and the present, to ascertain whether there be not elements of calculation capable of fixing with tolerable certainty the precise point in the sidereal heavens of human destiny toward which our whole system is confessedly verging with accelerated velocity. To penetrate the gloom which encircles the orbit of our future progression might, at least, end the torture of suspense, even to those who may be least content with the nature of the solution. "If," says Carlyle again, "the accursed nightmare that is crushing out the life of us and ours would take a shape, approach us like the Hyrcanian tiger, the Behemoth of Caos, or the Archfiend himself,—in any shape that we could see and fasten on,—a man can have himself shot with cheerfulness, but it needs that he shall clearly see for what."

It is, then, neither unbecoming nor inappropriate, at this time, to attempt to prognosticate, by philosophical deductions from operative principles the characteristics of the new society which is to be constructed out of the fragments of the old. It is, perhaps, only right that I should begin by declaring the general nature of the results to which my own mind is conducted by the speculations I have made upon the subject, and toward which I shall, so far as I may, endeavor, this evening, to sway your convictions.

I avow that, for one, I take the hopeful, the expectant, even the exulting view of the prospects of humanity, under the influence of causes which, to the minds of many, are pregnant with evil. I hail the progress of that unsparing criticism of old institutions which is the characteristic of the present age. I hail with still higher enthusiasm a dim outline which begins to be perceived by the keenest vision, through the twilight mists which yet hang upon the surrounding hilltops of a social fabric; whose foundations are equity, whose ceiling is security, whose pillars are co-operation and fraternity, and whose capitals and cornices are carved into the graceful forms of mutual urbanity and politeness. It is just to you that I should announce this faith, that you may receive the vaticinations of the prophet with due allowance for the inebriation of the prophetic rhapsody. I proclaim myself in some sense a visionary; but in all ages there have been visionaries whose visions of today have proved the substantial realities of tomorrow.

I shall make no apology for the rashness of the attempt to trace, with a distinct outline, some of the gigantic changes which will occur in the social organization of the world as the necessary outgrowth of principles now at work, and which are becoming every day more potential, in proportion as forces, which have hitherto been deemed antagonistic, converge and cooperate.

I affirm, then, firstly, that there is at this day a marked convergence and a prospective cooperation of principles which have hitherto resisted each other, or, more properly, a development of one common principle in spheres of life so diverse from each other that they have hitherto been regarded as unrelated, if not positively antagonistic. I assert, and shall endeavor to make good the assertion, that the essential spirit, the vital and fundamental principle of the three great modern movements to which I have already alluded,—namely, the Protestant Reformation, the Democratic Revolution, still progressing, and, finally, the Socialist Agitation, which is spreading in multiform varieties of reproduction over the whole civilized world,—is one and the same, and that this common affinity is beginning in various ways to be recognized or felt. If this assertion be true, it is one of immense significance. If Protestantism, Democracy, and Socialism are merely different expressions of the same idea, then, undoubtedly, the confluent force of these three movements will expand tremendously the sweep of their results, in the direction toward which they collectively tend.

What, then, if this be so, is this common element? In what great feature are Protestantism, Democracy, and Socialism identical? I will answer this interrogatory first, and demonstrate the answer afterward. Protestantism, Democracy, and Socialism are identical in the assertion of the Supremacy of the Individual,—a dogma essentially contumacious, revolutionary, and antagonistic to the basis principles of all the older institutions of society, which make the Individual subordinate and subject to the Church, to the State, and to Society respectively. Not only is this supremacy or **SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL** a common element of all three of these great modern movements, but I will make the still more sweeping assertion that it is substantially the whole of those movements. It is not merely a feature, as I have just denominated it, but the living soul itself, the vital energy, the integral essence or being of them all.

Protestants and Protestant churches may differ in relation to every other article of their creed, and do so differ, without ceasing to be Protestants, so long as they assert the paramount right of private or individual judgment in matters of conscience. It is that, and that only, which makes them Protestants, and distinguishes them from the Catholic world, which asserts, on the contrary, the supreme authority of the church, of the priesthood, or of some dignitary or institution other than the Individual whose judgment and whose conscience is in question. In like manner, Democrats and Democratic governments and institutions may differ from each other, and may vary infinitely at different periods of time, and still remain Democratic, so long as they maintain the one essential principle and condition of Democracy,—namely, that all governmental powers reside in, are only delegated by, and can be, at any moment, rescinded by the people,—that is, by the *individuals*, who are first Individuals, and who then, by virtue only of the act of delegating such powers, become *a people*,—that is, a combined mass of Individuals. It is this dogma, and this alone, which makes the Democrat, and which distinguishes him from the Despotist, or the defender of the divine right of kings.

Again, Socialism assumes every shade and variety of opinion respecting the modes of realizing its own aspirations, and, indeed, upon every other point, except one, which, when investigated, will be found to be the paramount rights of the Individual over social institutions, and the consequent demand that all existing social institutions shall be so modified that the Individual shall be in no manner subjected to them. This, then, is the identical principle of Protestantism and Democracy carried into its application in another sphere. The celebrated formula of Fourier that "destinies are proportioned to attractions," means, when translated

into less technical phraseology, that society must be so reorganized that every Individual shall be empowered to choose and vary his own destiny or condition and pursuits in life, untrammeled by social restrictions; in other words, so that every man may be a law unto himself, paramount to all other human laws, and the sole judge for himself of the divine law and of the requisitions of his own individual nature and organization. This is equally the fundamental principle of all the social theories, except in the case of the Shakers, the Rappites, etc., which are based upon religious whims, demanding submission, as a matter of duty, to a despotic rule, and which embody, in another form, the readoption of the popish or conservative principle. They, therefore, while they live in a form of society similar in some respects to those which have been proposed by the various schools of Socialists, are, in fact, neither Protestants nor Democrats, and, consequently, not Socialists in the sense in which I am now defining Socialism. The forms of society proposed by Socialism are the mere shell of the doctrine,—means to the end,—a platform upon which to place the Individual, in order that he may be enabled freely to exercise his own Individuality, which is the end and aim of all. We have seen that the hell is one which *may* be inhabited by despotism. Possibly it is unfit for the habitation of anything else than despotism, which the Socialist hopes, by ensconcing himself therein, to escape. It is possible, even, that Socialism may have mistaken its measures altogether, and that the whole system of Association and combined interests and combined responsibilities proposed by it may be essentially antagonistic to the very ends proposed. All this, however, if it be so, is merely incidental. It belongs to the shell, and not to the substance,—to the means, and not to the end. The whole programme of Socialism may yet be abandoned or reversed, and yet Socialism remain in substance the same thing. What Socialism demands is the emancipation of the Individual from social bondage, by whatsoever means will effect that design, in the same manner as Protestantism demands the emancipation of the Individual from ecclesiastical bondage, and Democracy from political. Whoever makes that demand, or labors to that end, is a Socialist. Any particular views he may entertain, distinguishing him from other Socialists, regarding practical measures, or the ultimate forms of society, are the mere specific differences, like those which divide the Protestant sects of Christendom.

This definition of Socialism may surprise some into the discovery of the fact that they have been Socialists all along, unawares. Some, on the other hand, who have called themselves Socialists may not at once be inclined to accept the definition. They may not perceive clearly that it is the emancipation of the Individual for which they are laboring, and affirm that it is, on the other hand, the freedom and happiness of the race. They will not, however, deny that it is both; and a very little reflection will show that the freedom and happiness of each individual will be the freedom and happiness of the race, and that the freedom and happiness of the race can not exist so long as there is any individual of the race who is not happy and free. So the Protestant and the Democrat may not always have a clear intellectual perception of the distinctive principle of their creeds. He may be attached to it from an instinctive sentiment, which he has never thoroughly analyzed, or even from the mere accidents of education and birth.

Protestantism proclaims that the individual has an inalienable right to judge for himself in all matters of conscience. Democracy proclaims that the Individual has an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Socialism proclaims that the Individual has an inalienable right to that social position which his powers and natural organization qualify him, and which his tastes incline him to fill, and, consequently, to that constitution or arrangement of the property relations, and other relations of society, whatsoever that may be, which will enable him to enjoy and exercise that right,—the adaptation of social conditions to the wants of each Individual, with all his peculiarities and fluctuations of taste, instead of the moulding of the Individual into conformity with the rigid requirements of a preconcerted social organization.

If this be a correct statement of the essential nature of Protestantism, Democracy, and Socialism, then Protestantism, Democracy, and Socialism are not actuated by three distinct principles at all. They are simply three partial announcements of one generic principle, which lies beneath all these movements, and of which they are the legitimate outgrowths or developments, modified only by the fact of a different application of the same principle. This great generic principle, which underlies every manifestation of that universal unrest and revolution which is known technically in this age as "Progress," is nothing more nor less than "**THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL.**" It is that which is the central idea and vital principle of Protestantism; it is that which is the central idea and vital principle of Socialism. Democracy; and it is that which is the central idea and vital principle of Democracy; and it is that which is the central idea and vital principle of Socialism.

This being so, it is high time that the mutual affinity of these movements should be intelligently perceived and recognized both by the friends and the enemies of the movements themselves. It is high time that the scene of the battle-field should be shifted, from the right or wrong of any or all of the partial developments of the principle to the essential right or wrong of the principle itself. The true issue is not whether Protestantism be good or evil, whether Democracy be good or evil, nor whether Socialism be good or evil, but whether the naked, bald, unlimited principle of the Sovereignty of the Individual, in human government and the administration of human affairs, be essentially good and true or essentially pernicious and false. This is the issue now up for trial before the world, and the definitive decision of which must be had before the final destiny of mankind upon earth can be even rough-hewn by the most vivid imagination, and certainly before any thing approximating scientific deduction respecting it can be had.

You will please to consider yourselves, Ladies and Gentlemen, as a jury empannelled to try this issue. I take my position before you as the advocate of the Sovereignty of the Individual, and the defender of the spirit of the present age. If this principle be essentially good and true, then it may be trusted wherever it leads, and the general drift of what the world calls "Progress" is in the right direction, whatever mistakes may be made in matters of detail. If it is a false principle, the sooner we understand that fact the better; but let it be also understood, in that case, that we have much to undo which has been already done, and which has been supposed to be well done, in these modern times. In that case, Protestantism is all wrong, and Democracy is all wrong; the Whateleys, the Wisemans, the Bronsons, the Windischgratzes, and the Haynaus are philosophers and philanthropists of the right school; and the Lathers, the Channinges, the Jeffersons, the Washingtons, and the Kosuths are the world's worst foes,—the betrayers and scourges which the wrath of an offended Heaven has let loose upon earth, first to delude and then to punish mankind for their sins.

I will first endeavor to set before you a clearer view of the doctrine of the Sovereignty of the Individual, as based upon the principle of the infinite Individuality of things. I will then show that this Sovereignty of the Individual furnishes the law of the development of human society, as illustrated in the progressive movements of modern times. Finally, I shall endeavor to trace the development which is hereafter to result from the further operation of this principle, and to fix, so nearly as may be, the condition of human affairs toward which it conducts, especially in that particular department of human affairs which constitutes the subject of investigation this evening,—namely, the government of mankind.

To be continued.

"Irene: or, The Road to Freedom."

The above novel, written by Sada Bailey Fowler and published by H. N. Fowler & Co., 1123 Arch Street, Philadelphia, has made its appearance. As a review of this book in the columns of Liberty has essentially to do with its bearings upon the problem of sex relations, I will forego any criticisms upon its strictly literary merits and demerits. The former are many, and the latter, while they plainly indicate that the lady is something of a novice in literary art, should be generally overlooked in view of the nobleness, zeal, and self-sacrifice which have adorned her many years of struggle in behalf of the emancipation of her sex.

The story of Irene is that of a woman whose tender soul sent forth in girlish flashes of inextinguishable light her yearning for liberty and sex autonomy. As her incongruous manifestations of higher aspiration display themselves, the usual brigade of darkness, in the person of father, clergyman, and the regulation array of soul-keepers, is on the alert. Her choice of companions is interdicted, her opinions are assailed, and the usual assumed prerogatives of meddling outsiders are asserted. In all these situations the dialogue is sound, vigorous, and often eloquent and beautiful.

Early in her youthful career the mother of one of her schoolmates, Mrs. Derby, is made the subject of the existing unjust property relations between man and wife. Mrs. Derby, a woman of superior instincts, had by untiring labor and sagacity put in far more than the other half of the Derby home. For years she had managed it alone, besides watching tenderly over her sick husband for five years previous to his death. Now that he dies, the law suddenly discovers that she is fit to hold but a third of it, and incompetent to administer it at all. His relatives, a cheap and narrow crew, who are enemies of all the reforms to which Mrs. Derby had hoped to devote her hard earnings, step in and claim the lion's share of what they had no hand in acquiring. This abomination of the State, by which to rob and keep woman in subjection, is treated with great force and ability by Mrs. Fowler.

As the book progresses, each chapter carries its varying picture and situation, but the central theme in each is the marriage question, with that haven of woman's relief in the background, the cooperative farm. It will be noticed that, while Mrs. Fowler is boundless in her hatred of marriage, she holds persistently to the reservation that perfect sex liberty can only be safely put into practice where the conditions have been prepared for it.

Perhaps the most powerful, eloquent, and effective character in the book is Madam LeRoy, the mistress of a house of ill fame, upon whom Irene and her friend, Mrs. Fleming, make a chance call, for evidence bearing upon a lecherous husband who frequented her house. Upon being taken to task for her occupation, Madam LeRoy, with monumental power and earnestness, draws a picture and institutes distinctions and comparisons within the fabric of our lie-eaten, hypocritical society that are as vivid and grand as anything ever depicted in the English language. That accompaniment of prostitution, the receipt of money for sexual favors on the part of the woman, which to the vulgar eye constitutes its essential definition and iniquity, she dispenses of by an appeal to the equities of the case, and shows that hosts of men and women in ordinary married life are engaged in the double damnation of prostitution, coupled with a failure to adjust equitable costs. Well does Irene remark, under the illuminating eloquence of Madam LeRoy: "It isn't the receipt of money that makes certain relations prostitution, but the conditions under which the act itself is committed." Because the open prostitute refuses to be mafte the sewer for a lecherous man, without a settlement of the bill of costs, so far as money will settle it, the prostituted wife and the prostituted young woman who lie down to be debauched and swindled in the same act rise up to point the finger of scorn at a "fallen woman." This chapter, "Madam LeRoy's Story," is alone worth the price of Mrs. Fowler's book, and it ought to reach the hands of married prostitutes and "our girls" everywhere.

But while Irene is ceaseless in her reprobation of the existing order of marriage, she is all the time spoiling to go and do it herself. And it is in her marriage experiences that the chief interest of the book, in its bearings upon liberty and the State, centres. Foolish Irene thinks to be rid of the existing State machine for supervising marriage by drafting her own pet machine in contravention of it, and submitting it to the officers of the State, under forms prescribed by the State, so as to get the seal of the State attached to it. Her scheme, as drafted, is a fair sample of the ordinary schemes of half-hearted free lovers who attempt to fix a compromise with the State, except that the clause which stipulates community of ownership and government in the children is utterly at war with equity. How Mrs. Fowler can appeal for an ownership which is the ownership of woman by herself, minus the contents of her womb, which is the fruit of her labor more sacredly than all things else, is astonishing. Alas! how seductively does communism turn the heads of reformers against themselves everywhere!

As might have been expected, this lying down of Irene's principle in prostitution with the State proved a swindle and debauch of her integrity. Her patent scheme soon came into collision with the "law" and was trodden under foot by the State. Yet she tries the scheme on a second husband, and is swindled again. By this time she becomes convinced that all

patent schemes of marriage which lie at the mercy of the State's tyrant heel are fruitless. She resolves to organize a little world of her own, under conditions that will permit of perfectly natural and free relations between the sexes. What this little world will be will appear in the sequel to the present work, which is promised to be forthcoming.

While Mrs. Fowler's novel does not appear to have its roots in a well-defined system of social philosophy, and is tinged with Communism to an extent that challenges some incisive criticism, I have refrained from inflicting it, because she has never pretended to champion views opposed to the doctrines of Liberty. She is only a woman; but, alas! one who has drunk the bitter dregs of man's inhumanity through years of sorrow and toil. For truth she has defied law and custom, and stood in the market places to be mocked by the mob of fashion and conformity. Her novel is the picture in story of her life. For that I deal tenderly with its faults, and commend its many merits to those who feel that all paths sanctified by oppression's tears and illuminated by singleness of devotion to truth shorten the way to final emancipation.

DOTIE CASE.

Another View of "Irene."

The review of Mrs. Fowler's novel, "Irene," which appears elsewhere, is a generous tribute from a friendly hand. I have read only bits of the book at random, but, judging from these, my own opinion of it as a romance is better expressed by the following extract from a criticism passed upon it in Moses Hull's "New Thought":

To us, about every attempt to blend story writing and radical reform is a failure, and this book is no exception. Reformers, as a class, have little time to read stories; the thing they want is argument, — solid argument. Story readers are seldom greatly interested in reform, and, when they see the drift of such a book as "Irene," will conclude they have been lured into reading reform literature and lay the book down in disgust. Again, story writers are sometimes guilty of the same sin that so often afflicts young orators and young actors; that is, they are inclined to overdo the matter. That is one of the faults with this; there is very little that is natural in it. Every character in the book is a prodigy; every thing done is wonderful. The three young girls with whom the book opens have heads on their shoulders not less than fifty years old. They are not girls; they are mechanics, making trap doors and mysteriously getting into people's houses, where and when they are not expected. One, Nannie, opens a trap door, and somehow puts her hands through it, and holds a circle with Patrick and Dr. Raymond over poor, sick Irene several nights, and neither of the three know it. These absolute impossibilities occur with so many of the characters and so frequently that one comes to look for them on almost every page of the book.

Spooner to Cleveland.

Dear Tucker:

I received the copy of Mr. Lysander Spooner's Letter to President Cleveland you kindly favored me with.

I have read it and re-read it more than once. Whoever regards this as a contribution to political literature or party scheming will be mistaken. Mr. Cleveland is, of course, a figure-head, and his inaugural address merely the text from which the author seeks to present a summary of his principles of law and government and the institutions of both, and the rights of men and women under institutions wholly free. You are aware that I have not been accustomed to receive opinions because advanced by any one, or to accept principles on the authority of a name. Spooner is now advanced to the ripe age of seventy-seven. His position in American law and American literature is fixed for good or evil. His good or ill fame in American authorship is a question upon which you and I know opinions widely differ. Some have considered him the enemy of all religion; others as a wise contributor to religion in its best estate. Some have ranked him the foe to religion, others as its stanchest friend. Some speak of him as no lawyer and less a jurist, while others think that in his view of jury trial and of judge-made and statute-made law and in his broad and liberal interpretation of the institutions of the common law is contained the kernel of a comprehensive system of natural justice upon which the rights and liberties of all mankind may safely rest. I have never been quite able to agree with the one or the other of these opinions.

But the careful perusal I have given to this elaborate pamphlet of one hundred and ten pages convinces me that in this, his crowning work, he has embodied and discussed with superb ability and real power the outline of principles which will yet grow into a system of law and government grounded in pure truth and natural justice, unperverted by State craft and legal craft, reasoned in a manner which would have reflected credit upon a John Locke, a John Marshall, a John C. Calhoun, a Daniel Webster, or any of the master thinkers and reasoners of this and the other and greater ages. The views expressed in this letter are not entirely new to me, as they are not new to any who have been readers of Mr. Spooner's previous publications as they have from time to time issued from the press. For he has been an author rich in contribu-

tions to original thought and liberal opinions for over fifty years, and, although he has never commanded a constituency of general readers, he has always had a limited body of readers who never failed to see in his pages what was at the least worthy of careful reading, of which last you are aware I have always been one. But these views were new when first presented by him, or at least the stern logic by which he applied his principles to the facts of life and to law and government was new, startling, and unique. The usurpations and crimes of lawmakers and judges and the consequent poverty, ignorance, and servitude of the people are in this document depicted with the pencil of a genuine artist and a thinker thoroughly in earnest in devotion to his principles of truth and justice.

With him "justice is an immutable, natural principle; and not anything that can be made, unmade, or altered by any human power. It is also a subject of science, and is to be learned, like mathematics, or any other science. It does not derive its authority from the commands, will, pleasure, or discretion of any possible combination of men, whether calling themselves a government or by any other name. It is also, at all times, and in all places, the supreme law. And being everywhere and always the only law. Lawmakers, as they call themselves, can add nothing to it nor take anything from it." These natural, inherent, inalienable, individual rights he holds to be sacred things. *They are the only human rights.* But to you, who have doubtless read the pamphlet with an appreciative spirit as I have, no summary of its great truths can be necessary or useful; and it is pleasing to turn from that topic to what would be the probable consequences, for evil or good, of putting such a system into practical life.

This is a question upon which old fogies in the law and out of it would, by virtue of their office, their education, and their diabolical prejudices, have but one opinion, and that an adverse one; but the world will not in the near future be run by this class of thinkers and reasoners. The liberal, the candid, and the just will see in this body of principles the seeds of a new birth for man and a new life under law which is natural justice, having its home, as Richard Hooker, in stately phrase, wrote, in the bosom of God and its voice in the harmony of the universe. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity would have free course and be abundantly glorified under such a system, developed in wise practical detail and prudently applied in practice to the business of life. There is too much law; too much legislation and too little of genuine liberty on this earth. It is simply astounding that, with the vast progress of man in all other sciences and arts, he has made so little advance in the practical application of justice and in the true principles of government. This pamphlet will, I for one believe, do more to pave the way to sounder thought and better principles on the great problems of life, truth, justice, and humanity than any one publication within a century. In this land of free thought no man is bound to accept any farther than he pleases these views of Mr. Spooner in their larger or more limited application. Nor will any one who prides himself upon a decent self-respect reject them, in their entirety, or in any part, without such an examination of them as their importance demands from all intelligent thinkers. This bold and grand discussion of these great principles challenges the attention of every intelligent American citizen who would think and act aright upon the great problems of social, legal, and governmental science. More I need not say: less I could not say and express adequately the very high estimate I have put upon this last effort of the great thinker, the stern logician, and the brilliant writer. With regards, yours sincerely,

GEO. W. SKARLE.

BOSTON, AUGUST 10, 1886.

The Dawning.

A NOVEL.

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Moralizing Population.

The eminent successes of moralism in enforcing the decoupling and purifying civilization naturally encouraged it to try its hand on population. It is true that its old friend, the Bible, had said: "Multiply and increase," but

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamini cum illis.

When you have the indiscretion to be born into an already inhabited world without bringing a proprietary title deed, you are liable to arrest as a vagrant, for fear lest you poach on some respectable domain; so the best you can do is to make yourself scarce, incontinently.

It remained for our moralists of today to make a floriture upon necessity, or the police, and show how virtuous, how evolutionary, how Anarchistic, it is to moralize your passions and not multiply.

Between such degree of continence as is healthful or potential and such as precludes offspring, there is, however, nothing but the name in common. The facts are in trenchant opposition.

To prevent fecundation is a mechanical affair, requiring only the interposition of a membrane. Prostitution had devised this as a guard against infection, but willingly lends it to her elder sister, Marriage, in return for many favors received from her,—not to speak of existence even under persecution.

Marriage, by excluding competition in love, as expressed in the poem,

None but the brave deserve the fair,

and in subjecting woman to her owner's desire, bespeaks an inferior grade of progeny; but the culture of constraint within marriage bonds, otherwise than under the influence of scientific stirpiculture, which will be rather a guided spontaneity, and which does not require marriage at all, is not likely to improve morals. It is not very difficult to train youth to moral cowardice, to make it ashamed of its passions, and to dress up virtue in the corsets, stays, and belts of asceticism, but that style of virtue is a scarecrow for Anarchism.

In marriage or without marriage, self-restraint, carried to a point prohibitory of progeny, will be very uncomfortable to love. Considering Mr. Lloyd's hints of anæsthetic diet, I have consulted my billy-goats and my bull—who are strict vegetarians—on this subject, but they do not appear to take the philosophical Malthusian or Original view of it. My pasture probably abounds in phosphates.

Now, what happens when you make Love uncomfortable at home? He roams abroad, and then when you have your choice of adultery, prostitution, and the harem; or rather, you would have, but for the virtuous Grover Cleveland and the puritan Edmunds; but now you have only the two first resources. They are eminently moral, as Washington, New York, and London, which set the fashions in morality, agree; but less economical than the harem, which is a factory not only of children, but of shawls and other manufactures quoted in the market.

Not even prostitution is to be despised as a safety-valve from practices still more ignoble and disastrous, whether in self-abuse, abuse of wives, or encroachments on the neighbor's premises. The females who have recourse to it for bread, in forfeiting the respect of personality, acquire a title to the gratitude of wives whom they save from persecution, and in a good State Socialist régime will doubtless be pensioned by government for their services in the preservation of morality. Parson Malthus has no crow to pick with venal love, for it is not prolific.

In a natural order, Love will brook but one form of constraint, *viz.*, in the necessity of obtaining the preference of its object. It is precisely from this salutary constraint that marriage laws pretend to exempt it. Now, this constraint, maintained by the competition of attractions, is not self-restraint; its influence is exerted towards the development of greater faculty, not to the repression of what we possess; its object is not to control passion, but to ally ambition with love, and to stimulate intellect in its pursuit. Thus there will come to be great artists in love, as in painting or sculpture, and races will improve by their progeny.

The demand of the Alphites and clerical hypocrisy for self-restraint among the married begins by excluding the natural competition of love forces, by establishing an arbitrary privilege, which is a fief or vassalage of the Church, and then begging the proprietary husband not to love his wife to death in the sacred marriage bed,—request which appears to him preposterous as long as other property of the same sort can be had for the asking. So it will be, until Anarchism establishes woman industrial independence, sets a premium upon good stock, and eliminates the bad.

Not in his need to prove superiority in love alone does the Anarchist lover meet those forces which nature opposes to luxurious excess, for love quickens the conscience of prudence for offspring. It is true that associations must provide in any case for the industrial education of all children suffered to live in their midst, but dishonor will attach to the parent who fails to render equivalent service, and this dishonor will operate as an obstacle to success in love. Subject thus to the compound tension of emulation in the love sphere, and of prolific faculty in other departments, there will be little or no occasion left for the introverted exercise of self-

control. The social counterpoises to excess suffice; the equilibrium is passional, not moral.

Another thing you don't consider, Mr. Lloyd. Before folks get too thick to thrive, it makes no difference how many pickaninnies they have, for either they are unhealthy and more than half die, or they are healthy and help more than they cost on a farm before they are twelve years old.

La Place used to find music congenial to the solution of abstruse mathematical problems, but it does not follow that the vocalizations of a very tender age shall be helpful in the solution of the population problem. The philosopher should not, however, fold himself too closely apart in his intellectual egoism to perceive that the demand of the heart in the greater number of women—plain country women, at least—is for babies, and babies, and babies; while they care nothing for his thought-children. Their husbands, though less enthusiastic or absorbed in babyhood, yet take quite as much stock in this kind of life stock some years later, when it is big enough to feed its brother pigs and scratch for a living. It is the fault of the city if children are a drug there.

But there is a superior reason of society even here, for it is not until folks get too thick to thrive in separate families that the solidarities of associative co-operation are studied. Then it is the laboring poor who organize for self-preservation. Man is so organized that he will never organize spontaneously, except either for mischief or for defence. Plunder I include under the head of mischief, as in case of monkeys for plundering orchards, or governments for levying taxes. So when the usual palliatives of population—war and malaria—hold up awhile, and misery relays them; when I finds he cannot make a living, he begins to speculate on what can We do. And when we perceive that what hinders us are the organizations for plunder called Government, then the monkey's occupation—as jurist, for instance—is gone, and the cats agree to eat their own cheese.

EDGEGWORTH.

Requisites of an Anarchist Editor.

It is the pride of the editor of Liberty that it has ever been his endeavor to conform his editorial policy to a standard similar to that held up by A. B. Bradford in a recent number of the "Truth Seeker," as printed below:

As the two requisites of a man who occupied the responsible position of a watchman on the walls of a beleaguered city were, first, that he have good eyesight to see, and, secondly, that he have fidelity of character, so the editor of a Free-thought journal should be a man who takes a large view of things, and who, impartially studying the causes, foresees the effects of them. Mounted on the walls, of course he is expected to see farther than those who are inside, and whose vision must necessarily be limited. Besides the qualification of intelligence and foresight, such an editor must have a heart loyal to the cause he professes to advocate. He must not be turned aside from the pursuit of his object, or be goaded into a compromise of the truth at any crisis, by short-sighted friends who criticize his judgments. Such friends have a right to criticize, and he is glad of any light they can shed on the path of his duty. But if he is fit for the place, he must go, after all, by his own convictions, or resign it to the occupancy of some one else. In times of panic, when men's minds are generally confused, and when he is liable to be misunderstood, even by his friends and co-laborers, he must still remain firm.

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* NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER

Proudhon

Vol. IV.—No. 12.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1886.

Whole No. 90.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

I am obliged to postpone till the next issue a letter from J. Wm. Lloyd exposing E. C. Walker's inconsistency in claiming that he is legally married.

"Fortunately for the new party vote on the 2d of November," says "John Swinton's Paper," "Archbishop Corrigan's pastoral letter was not issued till after the election." And how much crowing and blowing is it wise to indulge in over the votes of men who will change their ballots at an archbishop's bidding? The man who attempts to effect the Social Revolution by permission of the Catholic Church may prosper in his insane purpose for a day, but his ultimate fate will be crushing disaster as sure as eggs are eggs and superstition is superstition.

I wonder if the managers of the Sinaloa enterprise intend to adopt Fourier's suggestion of marching the toilers to the places of work in regiments, with banners and bands of music. I shouldn't be surprised if such really were the intention. Yet, no matter how near they may seem to come to the realization of the desideratum of "Attractive Industry," I think that, if a popular vote shall be taken on the question, the toilers will declare in favor of marching *home*, from the places of work, with music and fireworks, instead of from home and *to* the places of work. However, I may be wrong. If the Bosses of Sinaloa are to have their way, the homes of the toilers are not likely to be more pleasant than the workshops.

With the end of this year the "Index" will die, after seventeen years of life, such as it was. For the first year or two of its existence it did a useful work, but since then it has been rather a hindrance than a help to Liberalism. It is to be succeeded by a Chicago weekly called "The Open Court" and edited by B. F. Underwood and Sara A. Underwood. Most of the "Index" contributors will write for the new paper. There is said to be no lack of capital behind the enterprise, but it will all be needed unless Mr. Underwood makes a very much better paper than the "Index" has been. The source of this capital has not been publicly announced, but it is generally understood that the money is to come from a large manufacturer of La Salle, Illinois, named Hegeler, who is reputed to be an enthusiastic follower of Herbert Spencer. A short time ago there was a report current that the "Index" would have another successor in the shape of a journal to be published in New York under the editorship of Monroe D. Conway. This news was too good to be true. Nevertheless it is Mr. Conway's desire to edit a paper, and I hope it may be realized.

On January 8, 1887, Henry George will publish the first number of the "Standard," a weekly newspaper "for all who work with hand or brain." Mr. George announces that it is his purpose "to make a newspaper that, while keeping abreast of the times in all the main departments of human thought and interest, and affording a field for the free discussion of social and political topics by the ablest writers, shall give earnest support to the great movement that is now beginning for the abolition of monopoly and the recognition of

natural rights,—a paper so full and strong and fair as to meet the desires of our friends and command the respect of our opponents." Mr. George has the journalistic faculty in a marked degree, and ought to produce a readable paper. I am glad that he makes this venture, because it will do more than anything else to force to an issue the question whether the doctrine of taxation of land values as a panacea for society's ills can retain and increase the hold upon the public mind which it has secured in such a phenomenally short time. With its editor's prestige, the "Standard" should certainly be a financial success. The subscription price is \$2.50 a year, and the address is "Box 2051, New York."

George E. Macdonald, the "Truth Seeker's" "man with the badge-pin," whose clever reports of the Liberal Club meetings are often the most readable part of the paper, and who, as a humorist, is worthy of rank with the best of the professionals, had an experience last election day, in the capacity of poll-clerk in one of the New York election districts, of which he has given "Truth Seeker" readers a long and amusing and instructive account, the upshot of which is that his experience has made him "heartily sick of the whole business," and has convinced him that "not more than half the voters vote with any object in view, and that that object is likely to be lost through the carelessness, dishonesty, or incompetency of those who receive, record, and count the ballots," although he admits that the election machinery is pretty nearly perfect. Well, Mr. Macdonald, what are you going to do about it? You cannot seriously suppose that the appointment of women as election inspectors, as you suggest, would do more than slightly modify the evils of which you complain. And if this would not remedy it, what will? And if nothing will, how long are you going to uphold the political system of which such evils are the inevitable product? In other words, when will you declare yourself an Anarchist?

J. Wm. Lloyd, in "Lucifer," rightly condemns the anxiety of some Anarchists to drop the name. He holds that it accurately expresses the negative side of their principle. But he thinks that they should also have a name expressive of its positive side. Describing this positive side as "voluntary co-operative defence," he suggests the names Defendocrat and Defendocracy, and calls for criticism upon them. I have secondary objections to them, but my primary objection is that they are needless, for the reason that *Anarchism has no positive side*. The positive work of any movement is something which remains to be done after its negative work has been accomplished, or else something distinct from its negative work, but which may be done simultaneously with it. Anarchism means the abolition of invasion. In what respect is voluntary co-operative defence distinct from abolition of invasion, and, after the abolition of invasion, where will the necessity of defence arise? It is true that we may wear our swords for a while after putting our foes to flight, but for so remote and insignificant a feature of our struggle we need not trouble ourselves to find a name. Our names are all right, and we have enough of them. Our principal need at this juncture is of men who will stand consistently for the ideas which these names represent.

My Wichita Falls comrade, Mr. Warren, falls into error when he accuses me of "adopting the nomenclature of a class with whom no individualist could

harmonize," meaning, I suppose, by this class the Communists who call themselves Anarchists. Is Mr. Warren aware that the Chicago men never dreamed of adopting the name Anarchist until long after Liberty was started, and that the Communistic Anarchists of Europe did not so style themselves until nearly forty years after Proudhon used the name, for the first time in the world, to designate a social philosophy? Proudhon was an individualist, and to him and those who fundamentally agree with him belongs, by right of discovery and use, the employment of the word Anarchy in scientific terminology. We individualists hold the original title, and we do not propose to be evicted by the first upstart Communist who comes along with a fraudulent claim. Mr. Warren should read history. However, I can freely forgive almost any error about words to a man who sees ideas with the clearness, and holds to them with the steadfastness, indicated by Mr. Warren's letter in another column, written in criticism of E. C. Walker and Lillian Harman. He disposes of Mr. Walker's sophistry most effectively. But let not Mr. Warren be discouraged. This man and that man may drop out of our ranks, but the number of people who understand the principle of Liberty and are disposed to stand by it is growing every day. One swallow does not make a summer, and the whole flock of snow-birds now twittering in "Lucifer's" dominions cannot make winter there. The glorious sun of Liberty is rising in the east, and no part of the world can escape its light and heat.

Not since the first appearance of Henry George's light above the horizon have its rays been subjected to any such keen and searching analysis as that which they must now suffer under the prismatic criticisms of John F. Kelly. Ingalls, Hanson, Leavitt, Edgeworth, and others have dealt Georgism some hard blows, but Mr. Kelly's acute reasoning does more,—it undermines it; or, better still, it points out how completely, in his latest work, George has undermined himself. With marvellous clearness Mr. Kelly indicates that the real politico-economic alternative lies deeper than that between protection and free trade, and necessitates a choice not simply between free trade and that particular form of taxation known as a protective tariff, but between free trade and all forms of taxation whatsoever, including the taxation of land values. Further, Mr. Kelly deftly turns one of George's strongest arguments for free trade against his deductions from the Ricardian theory of rent, and shows that, if the protective tariff which George so hotly opposes were levied on nations producing most advantageously, for the benefit of an international treasury, it would not differ in principle from the tariff which George is so ardently in favor of levying on the more advantageous land sites for the benefit of the national treasury. And again, in striking contrast to George's lame and illogical solution of the tariff question by imposing a tax on land, Mr. Kelly sets up the efficacious and consistent Anarchistic solution by abolishing the tax on money. On the whole, no stronger article has ever appeared in Liberty than that in this number from Mr. Kelly's pen. Aside from his incidental thrust at Tak-Kak, whose doctrine he incorrectly states, I find the argument so good that I shall print it in pamphlet form forthwith. If George is the honest investigator that I take him to be, he will see that he cannot afford to ignore Mr. Kelly's criticisms. Liberty's columns are open to him, if he wishes to reply.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 89.

But, an idol with ears that heard not, with eyes that saw not, Sir Richard Bradwell remained cold as ice and hard as stone, and neither the intoxicating fragrance of Lady Ellen's superb body, nor the knowing promises of her eyes, nor the chant of her words, sweet and swelling like a canticle of canticles, moved him.

Under these ways of the irresistible siren was outlined, in spite of everything, the abominable author of assassinations. This whole being fashioned for pleasure revealed the monstrous aspect of the Fates who cut off the thread of our days: the bones of her slender fingers clicked like the steel of daggers, the passionate phrases of her mouth burst forth like the detonations of murderous fire-arms, and there emanated from her, from her neck, from her breasts which stood out beneath her low-necked dress, from her lustrous hair, an acrid odor of blood which suffocated him.

And he did not conceal it from her, nor that this impression would not, in the future, be effaced; that it would, on the contrary, be emphasized if she did not amend, and he would curse her tomorrow, pitying her today, if she persevered in this tragic and villainous path to which she had committed herself.

Then, suddenly, to save himself from her seductive attempts, the danger of which he knew, and the efficacy of which had been of old too often established, he rushed to the side of Lord Musker, who was passing with a lively skip, having succeeded, some minutes before, in kissing the long nails of Lucy Hobart.

CHAPTER VII.

"Go! Go!"

"Without having moved you?"

"My answer is unchangeable!"

Christmas eve, having slipped into Treor's house, during the master's absence, Sir Richard was vainly begging Marian to listen to him.

She had not had the strength, on perceiving who entered, to drive him away, to evict him immediately like an intruder, like an enemy; his countenance bore witness to so much trouble; she knew so well the purity of his intentions, and with what a tender, respectful passion she had inspired him.

"You will never be my wife?" continued Richard.

"Never!"

"Still," said he, "you have loved me, and not so long ago,—a few months only. We met in the fields, in the woods where you led the children to teach them to spell the Irish books which our stupid authorities prohibited, and I helped you often in your task. Sometimes, in turning the leaves, our fingers touched. Today you would refuse to give me your hand, even as a comrade."

"You are the enemy!"

"You know well that I am not, and that I protest energetically against the persecutions of which you are the object."

"That is to your credit, but the honor of the oppressed consists in not distinguishing between the oppressors, in breaking every bond of friendship with any one belonging to their race."

"Oh, the injustice which those grand, solemn words contain! So, whether I am kind or cruel to your friends, you will hate me just the same."

"I do not hate you!"

"But you no longer love me?"

"Who has told you that I loved you?" said the young girl with a start, her tremor contradicting her denial and her voice quivering.

"No one has told me, you least of all; but everything in your manner with me of late, everything in the emotion which you felt near me, in the impatience, the joy which you showed on my arrival, the sadness at my departure, gave me to understand it. Oh! I did not plume myself upon it, believe me, to importune you, to dare to beg a rendezvous without the witnesses who always accompanied you."

"It is true!"

"You love me, then?"

"Yes!"

"And you love me no longer?"

"Do not question me. Events separate us. They dig each day between us an abyss more profound, a river of blood! Forget by-gone days!"

"No! and I will not take my leave unless you promise me to reconsider your cruel decision to which I would not have submitted had I not been sure of your crime."

Excessively moved by this recollection so delicately evoked, Marian paled and faltered, closing her eyes, in which, amid the trembling lashes which fringed them, stood pearly tears.

And Sir Richard comprehended that the sentiment of the old time still lived within her, and, in an outburst of intense happiness, he seized her hand and covered it with tender kisses; but she withdrew it promptly, offended. After the categorical declarations which she had just made to him, this effusion constituted an offence, and now she invited him to go without delay, without respite. She would not pardon him unless he obeyed quickly, submissive and repentant.

He was obstinately opposed to leaving, to being dismissed. It was senseless, when they both loved each other, to sacrifice themselves to considerations of race.

"Though one has undertaken to utterly annihilate the other," said the young girl, "and by the most atrocious means. You refuse to comprehend this, and yet a different attitude on my part would scandalize you,—yes, render me odious in your eyes; at least, I hope so. If I were indifferent to the massacres which succeed each other, and of which your people make heartless sport while my friends mourn, and with which yours are always surrounding us, what a heart of bronze, what a despicable soul would be mine!"

"Weep for those whom you love and whom they kill, curse their assassins, but do not confound me in the hatred which you vow to the executioners,—me who join in your just wrath against them, and who share your pity for the victims!"

"Alas! are you not the son of one of our most ferocious persecutors, of Lord Newington, this man of prey? The balls of his muskets have killed our past, and have laid in the bloody grave of my brothers the future which might have smiled upon us."

At the name of the Lord, Sir Richard clenched his fists, and an explosion of savage hatred shook him at the same time that a flash of wild hope crossed his mind. The Duke, whose image Marian called up as an obstacle to their happiness, he abhorred at this moment. He could have desired to learn suddenly of his death, and he thought with satisfaction of the thousand perils which menaced him,—the chances of war, the snares of the conquered, and especially the relentless plotting of Lady Ellen.

And he who had testified to the Duchess such vehement indignation at the idea of impious murder which she cherished, would have actually, willingly urged her to hasten the *dénouement* of her plots; perhaps he would have put his hand to the sacrilegious work!

But this odious impulse did not last long, and he immediately reflected that perhaps this intrusion of the Duke in the midst of his tender dream was the revenge for the injury of which he had been so shamefully culpable in regard to him.

He had possessed himself of his wife in a cowardly, disloyal, treacherous way, and Lord Newington, in retaliation, frightened Marian, splashed him with the blood in which he rode up to the breast of his steed, and caused the fiancée whom Bradwell coveted to refuse him.

Nothing could be more just!

Then the young man's animosity turned against the Duchess.

It was true that the initial responsibility was not Lady Ellen's. He had desired her, had long importuned her in unceasing courtship, sown with snares; at last, weary of unsuccessful stratagems, of profitless ambuscades, of ineffectual artifices, a madness, because of his repeated checks, seizing him, he had had recourse to force; but, in the sequel, when his consciousness of guilt awoke, did she not lull it with the sweet murmur of magic words, with the warmth of her embraces? When remorse assailed him, did she not smother it with the clasp of her muscles, stamped with an infernal magnetism?

Vainly he had tried to break the bonds of this fatal passion: the Duchess had set herself against it, and, by the love-potion which her whole being distilled, she held him uneasiness, and kept him enthralled in a subjection from which he could never free himself.

Never! above all since Marian would not consent to aid him and since she alone, the only being in the world capable of exorcising it, shrank from the salutary task of combatting and overcoming the influence which bewitched him.

In this very instant when he was inwardly invoking her help, she urged him anew to go away, to return to Cumslen-Park, to the castle, and Ellen waited for him there, impatient and finely dressed, knowing that the Duke would be absent.

He daily defended himself from her caresses, and daily he fell back into his slavery, languid and feverish, becoming from day to day less capable of resistance and without energy to flee.

For hours he would escape her, retrenching himself in the chaste sphere of his love for the granddaughter of Treor. But suddenly, far from the Duchess, at distances really enormous, a sensation would imprint itself in his flesh, which immediately sent an imperious thrill through his whole body; an intoxication enervated him; irresistible desires took possession of him, and brought him back close to her whom he anathematized, whose death he sometimes wished, and whom he would finally hurry to rejoin, in terrible apprehension of not finding her or of being repulsed by her.

On a few rare occasions he had rebelled against the cowardice of his senses; he had succeeded in fleeing twenty leagues away and staying there half a week. This was after getting a glimpse somewhere of Marian's serene profile, respectfully saluting her, and receiving from her a furtive good-morning, discreet, however, and full of reverence.

This viaticum was sufficient to start him on one of his journeys of refuge; but, in the end, the salutary impression would be dissipated, melted away by the ardent, corrosive breath of the unworthy passion, and, slowly at first, then more rapidly, then with a speed which bordered on vertigo, he would regain the castle and fall again into the power of the wicked enchantress.

"Speak!" repeated the young girl for the second or third time, now disturbed at this meeting already too prolonged, and afraid that some one would come in.

"Marian!" said Sir Bradwell, in the tone of a prayer.

And he was on the point of opening his mournful heart, of revealing all,—his criminal love for the Duchess and the assistance of which he was in need.

But the sound of steps outside was heard, and Treor's granddaughter really feared a surprise. They would not suspect her of doing wrong. Still, under the circumstances, Sir Bradwell's presence would seem singular. Besides, it would be embarrassing; people would consider themselves compromised; and she begged him to leave the place.

As he still did not go, in spite of her incessant entreaties, she gave him to understand, trusting to his faithfulness, that her father was going to have a re-union of friends, it being Christmas, and that she must prepare the house for the children who were coming, in the sadness of this dreadful winter,—perhaps the last,—to amuse themselves with some playthings and to participate in a meagre repast furnished just to keep up the tradition.

Tregor had been obliged, in the persistent absence of the priest, to celebrate a kind of mass in his capacity of descendant of the elect of the parish, and doubtless the ceremony was in progress. Directly they would leave the church, and the children would not be long in reaching the house. The parents would follow them closely. How could Sir Richard's presence be explained?

Already the singing could be heard,—a canticle which terminated the ceremony, or which, at least, was intoned after the first part. In twenty minutes they would arrive.

"Go, I beg you!" Marian went on repeating.

"I remain!" said Sir Richard.

Marian, while speaking, busied herself in stirring the fire, and, in the great fireplace, lay whole branches of larch-trees, which curled up, and threw out sparks of fire; she turned her head quickly, doubting if she had understood, and if it was Sir Richard whom she heard. The accent so sweetly sad with which up to that time he had lulled her differed so much from the rough, brutal accent with which he had just pronounced his last words! And she rose up, stupefied at the change wrought in him.

His countenance, usually rather cold, rather severe, but which kindness softened, and which, above all, the love which he showed her smoothed,—this face, a moment before so expressively affectionate, breathed now a secret irritation, a kind of wildness convulsing the features and twisting the mouth, ordinarily so correct, but the under lip of which, a simple, hardly perceptible white line, betrayed, beneath the calmness of the whole, a slumbering cruelty, just as the narrow forehead, contracted between the temples, indicated a decided obstinacy; and his eyeballs, of a pale topaz, in which sometimes glistened the gold of exquisite tenderness, now radiated gloomy fire.

The young girl experienced an emotion of painful fear, and reiterated, but more imperiously, the order that he should go, to which he showed himself more deaf than before. Then she became really angry.

Remain in spite of her! Marian asked him where he believed himself to be that he should speak in that way; she had received him without animadversion, almost as a brother, and, because of her gratitude for the service rendered, that she might thank him for his intervention when the odious soldier was about to do violence to her. But truly now she recognized no longer his nobility.

By virtue of what right would he remain against her will in this house? By virtue of the order putting the village outside of the king's peace? Then she herself would retire and warn Treor; she would inform all the invited guests to seek

elsewhere a free roof under which they could meet, provided always Sir Bradwell would permit them and would not rout them out of their new refuge, either alone or escorted by the Ancient Britons, of whom he seemed now quite worthy to take the command.

"Pardon!" said he all at once, coming out of a profound meditation into which his mind had suddenly fallen, while his contracted features relaxed and the sinister flames which had been burning in his eyes went out.

And again, with a softened face, slightly ashamed, he begged Marian to excuse a temporary fit, altogether ill-timed and improper, but spontaneous, of involuntary madness. A wicked rage had passed over him against these Irish who revolted, who would not passively accept the yoke of the conquered; formerly the same wrath had animated him against the oppressors. Love had unsettled him, wiped out his sense of justice; he had considered only his passion, had seen only the obstacles raised across its path and whence they arose, and a blind anger had taken possession of him against the people from whom they emanated.

Now, he had no feeling in his heart, in regard to the sons of the "old woman," save the keen and glowing sympathy which they had always inspired in him; he framed the most sincere, the most ardent vows for their success; and, the platonism of desire not seeming to him of a nature to aid powerfully enough these unfortunate people who were so worthy, he proposed to enter with them into bonds of more effective solidarity.

Quite himself again, breathing deeply, and with the resplendent air of pride and joy of one conscious of harmony between the resolves of his conscience and the acts which he has determined to perform, he opened his heart to his thoughts and reassured Marian, who, with her ear close to the door, or opening the window-shutters, was on the watch to see whether they were returning from the mass.

"I remain," repeated he, "but to put my hand, guiltless of blood, in that of your father, in those of your friends, in those of your brothers, and I will say to them: Your cause, legitimate and sacred, I will content myself no longer with accompanying with vain admiration and idle words of encouragement. It was chance that placed me among your enemies; it omitted fashioning me in their image. I feel as you do the horror of their conduct as highway robbers. The little which comes to me of their wealth has doubtless been acquired by depredations which despoil you. The luxury in which I participate has been stolen from your miseries. Forget that I have so long withheld what belongs to you; I despoil myself to restore it to you; accept me in your ranks as one of your own!"

To be continued.

THE POLITICAL THEOLOGY OF MAZZINI AND THE INTERNATIONAL.

By MICHAEL BAKOUNINE,

MEMBER OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WORKING-PEOPLE.

Translated from the French by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 89.

5. That, once clearly understanding itself and organized nationally and internationally, there will be no power in the world that can resist it.

6. That the proletariat ought to tend, not to the establishment of a new rule or of a new class for its own profit, but to the definitive abolition of all rule, of every class, by the organization of justice, liberty, and equality for all human beings, without distinction of race, color, nationality, or faith,—all to fully exercise the same duties and enjoy the same rights.

7. That the cause of the workingmen of the entire world is solidary, across and in spite of all State frontiers. It is solidary and international, because, pushed by an inevitable law which is inherent in it, *bourgeois* capital, in its threefold employment,—in industry, in commerce, and in banking speculations,—has evidently been tending, since the beginning of this century, towards an organization more and more international and solidary, enlarging each day more, and simultaneously in all countries, the abyss which already separates the working world from the *bourgeois* world; whence it results that for every workingman endowed with intelligence and heart, for every proletaire who has affection for his companions in misery and servitude, and who at the same time is conscious of his situation and of his only actual interests, the real country is henceforth the international camp of labor, opposed, across the frontiers of all countries, to the much older international camp of exploiting capital; that to every workingman truly worthy of the name, the workingmen of foreign countries, who suffer and who are oppressed like himself, are infinitely nearer and more like brothers than the *bourgeois* of his own country, who enrich themselves to his detriment.

8. That the oppression and exploitation of which the toiling masses are victims in all countries, being in their nature and by their present organization internationally solidary, the deliverance of the proletarian must also be so; that the economic and social emancipation (foundation and preliminary condition of political emancipation) of the working-people of a country will be for ever impossible, if it is not effected simultaneously at least in the majority of the countries with which it finds itself bound by means of credit, industry, and commerce; and that, consequently, by the duty of fraternity as well as by enlightened self-interest, in the interest of their own salvation and of their near deliverance, the working-people of all trades are called upon to establish, organize, and exercise the strictest practical solidarity, communal, provincial, national, and international, beginning in their workshop, and then extending it to all their trade-societies and to the federation of all the trades,—a solidarity which they ought above all scrupulously to observe and practise in all the developments, in all the catastrophes, and in all the incidents of the incessant struggle of the labor of the workingman against the capital of the *bourgeois*, such as strikes, demands for decrease of the hours of work and increase of wages, and, in general, all the claims which relate to the conditions of labor and to the existence, whether material or moral, of the working-people.

Is it not true that all these affirmations and all these counsels are so simple, so natural, so legitimate, so true, and so just that a government must have deliberately determined upon brutal iniquity and the flagrant violation of all human rights, like the Russian government, for example, or like that of the present French Republic, to dare avow that the propaganda and the putting in practice of these truths are contrary to its existence, and to have the cynical courage to openly and rigorously proceed against them. Such a government, formidable as may be, or rather, as may appear, the organization of its material power, will not be able to maintain itself long against the irresistible tendencies of the century, and the more violence it shows the sooner it will perish. Thus we see that the statesmen of Germany, who certainly will not be accused of ignorance, or of want of foresight, or of exaggerated tenderness for the popular cause, or of weakness, since they are found at the head of the most powerful State in Europe, and who have never failed to interpose in our path as many obstacles as they could,—we see, I say,

that they take good care, nevertheless, not to openly and violently proceed against the propaganda and legal agitation, or against the public organization, of the Social-Democratic party. The day when, imitating the summary proceedings of the French and Russian governments, they shall have recourse to open violence, the government of Germany will betray the beginning of its downfall.

But let us leave the governments, and return to this proletariat, which contains the lightning that must exterminate all the injustices and absurdities of the present, and the fruitful elements that must constitute the future.

The labor associations most devoted to Mazzini,—those which, consequently, whether through Mazzinian propaganda or through the official action which today no longer disdains to descend to the lower strata of society, will be the most obstinately prejudiced against the International,—when they have heard the explanation of its programme and when they are convinced that this great association aims at absolutely nothing else than their moral and human emancipation by means of a radical amelioration of the material conditions of their labor and their existence, produced solely by the association of their own efforts, will all say, as we have often happened to hear in other countries: "What! Is that what this International of which we have heard so much evil believes and wishes? But we have been thinking, feeling, and wishing the same thing for a long time. Then we also belong to the International!" And the workingmen will be amazed that an association founded exclusively in the interest of the people has been attacked by men who call themselves the friends of the people, and they will finish by concluding, not without much reason, that these pretended friends are in reality enemies of popular emancipation.

The great error of Mazzini and of all the other persecutors and slanderers of the International, consists in imagining it as an association more or less secret and artificial, which sprang unexpectedly, arbitrarily, with all its principles and all its organization, from the brain, *naturally inspired by evil*, of one or a few individuals, as the *Republican Alliance* sprang from the brain, *doubtless divinely inspired*, of Mazzini.

If the International were really such, it would be a weak, insignificant sect, lost in the midst of so many other still-born sects. No one would deign to speak of it. Who disturbs himself today about the deeds and movements of the *Republican Alliance*? On the contrary, the International has become today the object of universal attention,—the hope of the oppressed, the terror of the powerful of the world. Hardly seven years old, it is already a giant.

A few individuals, however great their genius might be, could never have created an organization, a power, so formidable. Therefore the very intelligent and very devoted men who are found among those generally called the first founders of the International have been in a way only its very fortunate, very skilful midwives. But it is the laboring masses of Europe which have given birth to the giant.

That is what Mazzini refuses to comprehend, and what, in his two-fold character of believing idealist and self-styled revolutionary statesman, he will probably never succeed in comprehending.

As an idealist, he cannot do otherwise than deny the spontaneous development of the real world and what we call true force, the logic or reason of things. And the moment he believes in God, he is forced to believe that not only ideas, but the life and movement of the material world come from God,—all the more, then, the religious, political and social, and intellectual and moral evolutions of humanity.

As a statesman, he must scorn the masses. Urged by his generous heart and loving to do them the most good possible, he must consider them as absolutely incapable of guiding themselves, of governing themselves, and of producing the least good thing by themselves.

And, in reality, we know, and later we will prove, that Mazzini, preëminently a religious man and founder or revealer of a new religion, which he himself calls the *Religion of Association and of Progress*, affirms the permanent and progressive revelation of God in humanity, by means of men of genius crowned with virtue and of the nations the most advanced in the realization of the law of life. He is deeply convinced that upon Italy today is again incumbent the high mission of interpreter or apostle of this divine law in the world; but that, to fulfil this mission worthily, the Italian people must first be thoroughly imbued with the Mazzinian spirit, and by means of a Constituent Assembly entirely composed of Mazzinian deputies, give itself a Mazzinian government. At this price, but only at this price, he promises her, for the third time in her history, the supremacy (moral only, and not Catholic this time, but Mazzinian), the sceptre of the world.

From the moment that the initiative of the new progress must proceed from Italy, and, what is more, from exclusively Mazzinian Italy,—that is, from an excessively small minority which, by I know not what miracle, is to represent the whole nation,—it is clear that the International, which is born outside of Italy and entirely outside of the Mazzinian party and Mazzinian principles, must be declared null and void by Mazzini.

We also know that Mazzini, preëminently a politician and dogged partisan of a unified and powerful State, proclaims that upon the State alone is incumbent the duty and the right of administering to the whole nation a uniform education, strictly in conformity with the dogmas of the new religion which the coming Constituent Assembly, met at Rome, again become the capital of the world, and, without doubt, divinely inspired (the Constituent Assembly, not Rome—but perhaps Rome also?), will have proclaimed as the sole national religion, in order that the nation may become one in thought, as it will be in acts. We know that, beyond the unification produced artificially, from above to below, by this so-called national education, Mazzini does not recognize in the popular masses, which he always calls multitudes (only the adjective *idle* is lacking, but it is implied), the character of a people, and refuses them, consequently, what we call the popular initiative.* But the International has sprung properly from the spontaneous initiative of the laboring masses, not instructed, not warped, not mutilated by the Mazzinian education; therefore it is evident that it must be rejected and disparaged by Mazzini.

There is nothing more strange than to see the unheard-of pains which Mazzini takes to persuade the public, the militant youth and, above all, the working people of Italy, that the International is nothing but a mockery, an unfortunate abortion all ready to dissolve, and that all which is related of its present power is ridiculously exaggerated.

Does he himself believe what he says? Out of respect for his high sincerity we must think that he does; but the respect which his intelligence inspires in us

Continued on page 6.

* That the Mazzinians may not be able to reproach me with misrepresenting Mazzini's ideas, I reproduce his own words: "But in order that a people *may be*, it must be *one*: . . . in order that universal suffrage may be given to the citizens of the State, that the State may be a nation, and that the State and morality, may not repeat the sorrowful spectacle of the last half-century, voting today for tyranny, tomorrow for the republic, and the next day for the constitutional monarchy, universal suffrage must be the expression of a national inspiration. And there is no nation except where there exists the perception of a common aim, solemnly expressed in a compact, communicated and developed by education."—*La Roma del Popolo*, August 31, 1871.

** That is this compact? A real Procrustean bed prepared long since by Mazzini, on which to stretch, willingly or unwillingly, this poor Italian nation. In examining closely the theologic-political system of Mazzini, I shall necessarily return to this question.

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the excise-man, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHOM.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

No Half Loaf, But a Crumb of Stale Bread.

Mr. Harman, the editor of "Lucifer," "respectfully commends to the careful consideration of Comrades Tucker, Warren, Heywood, and 'Tritogen'" a letter from Dr. E. B. Foote, Sr., printed in "Lucifer" of November 13. Before tendering any advice of this kind, it would be becoming in Mr. Harman to give his readers a chance for "careful consideration" of the criticisms passed upon his erring children by the aforesaid comrades. But thus far he has taken precious good care that they shall not get a glimpse of them, although Mr. Walker has been allowed to fully state himself to Liberty's readers. Still, I have followed Mr. Harman's advice and carefully considered Dr. Foote's letter.

What does he say? That I, in my editorial entitled, "Not Compromise, But Surrender," am "wonderfully clear and logical from an Anarchial standpoint," but that he [Dr. Foote] is "enough of an 'opportunist' to accept of half a loaf when I [he] cannot get a whole one." Looking further on to find out what this half loaf is which Dr. Foote thinks that Mr. Walker and Miss — beg pardon — Mrs. Harman have gained, I find it to be the privilege of getting legally married without solemnly promising to love each other as long as they live, thereby avoiding the necessity of sacrificing their personal honor by violating such promise in case they should wish to get legally divorced. To say nothing of the fact that there can be no sacrifice of personal honor in violating a promise intrinsically impossible of fulfilment, and that therefore the gain of this privilege would be a very trifling matter, they have not gained even this, for it was theirs before. It is open to any couple to go before a justice of the peace and make a very simple legal marriage contract without promising to love each other. What becomes of the gain, then? Half a loaf, indeed! It's but the merest crumb,—and stale bread at that.

Such being the result of my careful consideration of Dr. Foote's letter, I now begin to suspect that Mr. Harman himself has not considered it as carefully as he might have, and in turn I command it to him. Has he observed Dr. Foote's admission that my criticism is "wonderfully clear and logical from an Anarchial standpoint"? If this be true, then Mr. Walker's course can be logical only from some standpoint other than "Anarchial." In other words, he has surrendered his standpoint, —which has been the burden of my contention. My criticism was one addressed by an Anarchist to Anarchists for the purpose of showing them that, as Anarchists, it is their business, not to sustain E. C. Walker, but to oppose him. The minute he ceases to act from an Anarchistic standpoint, that minute he ceases to be of interest to Anarchists except as an enemy. Whether he acts logically from some other standpoint is a matter of no moment.

But why does "Lucifer" content itself with answering its critics through Dr. Foote, instead of meeting

them itself? The only attempt that it has made in this direction is the following:

Our contention is not for marriage as a Legalized Institution, but simply and squarely for freedom of contract. We use the word marriage for want of a better term. We have all the while distinguished and in most emphatic language opposed marriage so far as it implies a surrender of ANY natural right of man, and especially of WOMAN. If marriage to be recognized as such by the law, implies or compels the surrender of any natural right, then the defendants in this prosecution are not legally married; and it is safe to predict that they never will be. But if the law concedes to us the right to make our own civil contract in the conjugal relation, without any more preliminaries than are required for other civil contracts, then so much the better for the law! We shall then have gained a clear Autonomistic victory. What more would you have, Messrs. Heywood, Tucker, 'Tritogen,' Warren, et al?

Nothing more, in truth; but, if the law should concede that right, it would thereby take its hands off the conjugal relation altogether, and there would be no such thing as legal marriage. It is precisely the regulation by law of conjugal contracts, whether in the method of forming them or in the obligations resulting from them, that constitutes legal marriage. By however simple a method Mr. Walker and Mrs. Harman may have formed their contract, in claiming it as legal marriage and securing (if they did) judicial acknowledgment thereof they fastened upon themselves the duties and obligations of legal marriage and so surrendered their natural rights, notwithstanding Mr. Harman's assertion that they have made no such surrender. Mr. Harman's defence of Mr. Walker is inconsistent with Mr. Walker's defence of himself. In what a muddle people find themselves when once they deviate from the path of right reason!

Stick to the plumb-line!

it voices the warning which I wish to convey to them much more forcibly than I can:

An early deep-seated love to which we become faithless has its unfailing Nemesis, if only in that division of soul which narrows all newer joys by the intrusion of regret and the established presentiment of change. I refer not merely to the love of a person, but to the love of ideas, practical beliefs, and social habits. And faithlessness here means, not a gradual conversion, dependent on enlarged knowledge, but a yielding to seductive circumstances; not a conviction that the original choice was a mistake, but a subjection to incidents that flatter a growing desire. In this sort of love it is the forsaker who has the melancholy lot; for an abandoned belief may be more effectively vengeful than Dido. The child of a wandering tribe, caught young and trained to polite life, if he feels a hereditary yearning, can run away to the old wilds and get his nature into tune. But there is no such recovery possible to the man who remembers what he once believed without being convinced that he was in error, who feels with in himself unsatisfied stirrings toward old beloved habits and intimacies from which he has far receded without conscious justification, or unwavering sense of superior attractiveness in the new. This involuntary renegade has his character hopelessly jangled and out of tune. He is like an organ with its stops in the lawless condition of obtruding themselves without method, so that hearers are amazed by the most unexpected transitions, —the trumpet breaking in on the flute, and the oboe confounding both.

GERTRUDE B. KELLY.

Socialist Quackery.

The State Socialists of the country, having been lulled to sleep by the monotonous and spiritless music of labor reform, and having slept soundly for a number of years, suddenly awoke and bestirred themselves. They realized that they were almost entirely forgotten, and were greatly alarmed at the indications of the development and spread of the Anarchistic movement. It was necessary to check this dangerous epidemic, which threatened to carry off every member of the diseased Authority family, and extraordinary measures were decided upon. A revival of the State Socialist propaganda was started, and Sam Smalls imported from distant lands to carry on the missionary work. If the "daughter in flesh" of Marx, his son in law and "in spirit," and a professional labor bamboozler cannot move the social infidels, there is assuredly no hope for them. Each of these three missionaries excels in some line or other of the work, and so they were to specialize the task and perform different functions. Herr Liebknecht, the Talmage of State Socialism, was to damn the heretics, rave and curse, abuse and threaten, in short, strike terror into the hearts of the wicked and the weak. Dr. Aveling was to personify the dignity and authority of Scientific Socialism,—the label under which they are trying to smuggle the productions of their impotent heads, and in the selection of which name they show the same sagacity that a certain schoolboy exhibited when, having finished a drawing in accordance with the teacher's directions, he made the inscription, "this represents a deer," being conscious of the fact that it might very easily be taken for something else. Finally, those whom Dr. Aveling's "science" would fail to inspire with worshipful reverence, and who would not even be frightened into submission by Herr Liebknecht's loud-mouthed insolence, Eleanor M. Aveling was bound to move, not literally by tears, but by touching and sentimental appeals.

Well, the campaign is nearly over, and what is the result? A complete fiasco and a disgraceful bankruptcy. The "distinguished guests from abroad" have made fools of themselves, disgusted all their sensible friends, and thrown discredit on their cause. To the State Socialists who are honest and intelligent enough to feel grievously disappointed we offer our sincere condolences. It is a painful duty for us to add to their sorrow by bringing into notice things they would wish to see forgotten; but, as the purpose of the campaign was, according to their repeated statements, the utter annihilation of the Anarchists, we do not see how we can avoid making this summary.

With regard to the efforts of Eleanor Marx Aveling we have very little to say. "Scientific" Socialism is something she never laid claim to. With her, Socialism is a religion, and she eloquently and earnestly appeals to us to believe and be saved. It is certain that she succeeded in making one convert at least, Dr. Aveling having confessed to us that she exercised a great

influence over him; but she seems to have over-taxed herself in that supreme effort. We leave her with the assurance of our distinguished consideration.

It is perhaps in accordance with the law of the fitness of things that the expounder of Scientific Socialism should be virtually a know-nothing; and the spectacle of men venturing upon a fight against things they do not understand is also common enough. But we at least expected to find in Dr. Aveling a sincere and honorable man, a *gentleman*, and a man of honor. He proved himself to be a fraud, a charlatan, and a quack. Having made the statement in the N. Y. "World" that he is opposed both to the ends and means of Anarchism, he had the shamelessness to say, when publicly convicted of gross ignorance of the subjects he dealt with, that he did not know that Anarchism had any ends at all. Having boasted of his readiness to meet and refute all opposition, he cowardly retreated at the very first challenge, and systematically barred out fair discussion and criticism from his public lectures. No doubt, this was simple prudence on his part, but, unfortunately, he forgot himself for a moment, and let out the whole secret. Yielding to the temptation of appearing before the public as "the only original Jacob" of socialism, he crossed swords with Prof. T. Davidson, and the wound he received is mortal to him as a "Scientific Socialist." The "effort to clear away current misunderstandings of Socialism" took the shape of an exceedingly silly and stupid letter to the N. Y. "World," in which the reader was assured that, "while we cannot speak with either the eloquence, the power, or the command of the father of one of us in the flesh and of both of us in the spirit, we have striven to say no word that we do not believe he, the teacher of all scientific socialists, would have indorsed." Professor Davidson did not seem to be much frightened by the ghost of the "father," and the quack was unmoved. It is to be hoped that Aveling's American experience will make him a wiser, if not a better, man.

And what is to be said of that demagogue and humbug, Liebknecht? Very little needs to be said to characterize the man who slandered the heroes of the Paris Commune and denounced them by wholesale as robbers, thieves, drunkards, and the vilest wretches, and who told the reporters of capitalistic papers that the Anarchists were all liars, lunatics, hirelings in pay of detectives, and criminals. But much can be said when we come to think that such as he head the procession of the proletariat and play the part of leaders and teachers. And very little faith and confidence can be had in the men who listen to and applaud a "leader" who preaches absolute obedience and who demands of them as blind a trust in himself as the devout Roman Catholic extends to his priest.

When we turn our eyes from this disgusting and revolting scene of quackery, false pretence, and presumptuous ignorance to the free, intelligent, and earnest men and women who have enlisted under the banner of true Anarchism, and who are bound to attract the brainiest and brightest elements of society, we cannot but feel proud of the work we are engaged in and of the place our movement is to take in social evolution.

V. YARROS.

Chicago Anarchists.

The Chicago "Tribune" of November 27 says that Chief Justice Scott (of the Supreme Court of Illinois) has granted a *supersedeas* in the case of the Anarchists, upon the ground:

That in criminal cases, the law imposes on the courts a solemn and responsible duty to see that no injustice is done by hasty action, passion, or prejudice, or from any other cause.

The Boston "Daily Advertiser" of November 29 has a long editorial to show that, if a new trial should be had, there is no reasonable ground to expect that the Anarchists will be convicted.

These things indicate that trial and conviction by newspapers is not perfectly certain to insure the hanging of innocent men.

There will, of course, be great mourning among the newspapers, but we hope their grief will be assuaged by time.

Forbidden to Write for Publication.

Dear Mr. Tucker:

I sent a letter to you yesterday, which I intended should be private, but, as the sheriff has issued his edict that we shall write no more for publication in "Lucifer" or any other paper, I will ask you to publish it. You can now have the opportunity of proving beyond dispute that we are Anarchistic, because, no matter what you may say, we cannot answer from this place.

Our letters to friends, such as the one I wrote to you, are too much for our sheriff. He has unbounded faith in "Law" and the Christian religion, and he thinks that we are building up our wicked publication by sending copy to it. He says that "the girl has been making her brags that [we] are going to wear the county out," and so he says that we shall have the full benefit of our determination. E. C. is to be kept in "solitary confinement" in a cell where we cannot see each other, and we are to have our "punishment" as much in the spirit of Judge Crozier's decision as it is possible to make it. And yet, sad to say, our consciences are no more "pliable" than previous to this tightening of the screws! We are as determined as ever, and have not changed our opinions in the least.

LILLIAN HARMAN.

CELL 1, THE JAIL, OSKALOOSA, KANSAS, NOVEMBER 4, 1886.

[The letter referred to never reached me. It was probably detained by the sheriff. I regret very much that the prisoners are to be subjected to further hardships. As to answering me, however, they need not feel disturbed, for they have a worthy champion in Mr. Harman, who is still free and in a position to answer me if he chooses to.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Inconsistency at Its Climax.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Although I have one communication lying on your table (or in the waste basket) with little prospect of its publication, I venture a few lines on another topic, a more vital one, hoping it may meet a more cordial reception.

There is trouble at Valley Falls, as your readers already know. That trouble concerns us all, and is more serious than is yet generally understood. If we are to judge by the contents of "Lucifer," the radical family have failed to comprehend the situation. Perhaps there is *no radical family*. I have counted the conductors of "Lucifer" among the most consistent and steadfast of individualists. I have myself been criticised by them for what *they regarded my conservatism*. I have received less mercy from Walker, if possible, than from yourself. Probably, the trouble with all of us is that we are individualists, and, as such, persist in refusing to follow in each other's ruts; but that is of no consequence, just now.

Well, in the plenitude of his individuality, friend Walker has gone and perpetrated what he terms an "autonomistic marriage." He has formed a sexual relation with a young woman, based on mutual consent and choice; which relation is to continue so long as the mutual consent continues, and no longer. It is also expressly agreed that the woman shall retain her maiden name, and all the rights she ever had, including that of forming similar relations with others. Now, everybody knows such a relation is not marriage; and, if it were, no genuine individualist, or autonomist, or Anarchist, would have any use for it. Had this relation been formed without any announcement or ceremony of any kind, it would have been strictly autonomistic, though not in any sense marriage. But friend Walker was not content with this. He wanted all the world to *know* what he had done; and so he called his friends together and enacted it into a ceremony. This was a mistake, a foolish, unnecessary, and inconsistent act. It did not absolutely destroy the autonomistic character of the arrangement. It still was not marriage; and to label it "autonomistic marriage" was a glaring contradiction in its own terms. All this could have been overlooked, because, as yet, the principle of freedom had not been violated; no right had been abandoned. I perceived, however, at a glance, that the enemies of freedom, and of the "Lucifer band," would have an immense advantage over them, in the fact that this neat little radical wedding could be construed as a genuine legal marriage, and that it would be so construed, by the shrewd enemies of freedom, and that they would avail themselves of that advantage. I wrote, therefore, to friend Harman, warning him of his mistake. My letter was in form for publication, but I requested that it be withheld, if in his opinion it would give too much "aid and comfort to the enemy." I received a card accepting it for publication.

In the meantime another issue of "Lucifer" came, with news of the arrest, on a charge of living together as *husband and wife*, without being married; not of fornication, as "autonomistic marriage" in the language of the *law*, is called. The technical line of defence was not announced in that issue, but we were assured that they would "stand for the inalienable natural rights of men and women, the dignity of the person," etc., and that the battle would be fought "to the last." There was a good deal of valiant talk in that

number of "Lucifer," and I felt proud of our champion, notwithstanding his indiscretion; but in due time "this cause coming on for trial," behold this valor had nearly all oozed out. The defendant pleaded GUILTY to the charge of living together as man and wife, but not *without being married*. He had been legally married, and of course intended to carry out the requirements of the law in good faith. The court held that, though his marriage was valid, so far as binding them was concerned, they still had not complied with the law in a way to shield them from punishment.

Friend Walker knew that the court was right; that he had not complied with the law, and did not intend to; that this was the very thing he had proposed *never* to do; but, instead of standing to his position, and taking his punishment, and denouncing the law, he stood by his defence. He had *fulfilled* the law; and he denounced the court, and the jury, and the prosecuting attorney, and the witnesses, and the people, because they differed with him as to the "*true intent and meaning*" of the law.

I was surprised and disappointed. I had looked for a desperate fight, and a legal defeat; but I was wholly unprepared for the announcement of an ignominious surrender. I had learned to view with composure the spectacle of the Knights of Labor throwing stones at their Chicago friends; I had concluded to ignore the inconsistency of Tucker, Walker, and others, in adopting the nomenclature of a class with whom no individualist could harmonize, and in undertaking to reconstruct the dictionary for their benefit. I had heard of the candidacy of Henry George for the office of mayor of New York, and I thought no inconsistency under heaven could disturb my equilibrium; but I was mistaken. The news of Walker's surrender, and of his querulous adherence to the *more form* of his marriage, did quite upset me. But I had not yet reached the climax of my astonishment. One man, or two, or three, may, at any time, fail us; but lo! each successive "Lucifer" came, crammed with "letters from friends," breathing nothing but commendation and approval. Some of these came from the scarred veterans of a hundred battles. Had all these lost their wits?

Seeing all this, I wrote again to "Lucifer," and requested that this second letter be substituted for the first. I gave my best thought, and begged to know who, if any, remained at the front. "Lucifer" is said to belong to its subscribers and patrons. All are entitled to a hearing in its columns; but just now the policy is modified. My letter is held over, from week to week, in order to give place to others containing only justification and approbation. I have made no complaint. I imagine our friends do not dare publish anything in criticism of their course. The safety of the press and material depends on the united support of the entire liberal army. Let individualists take warning. If you *will marry*, do it in the *regular way*. Marriage is *marriage*. There is no merit in the "autonomistic" way of getting into it. If you believe in freedom, and desire to work effectually for it, *keep out of the institution altogether*. I wonder if any still have the courage to *do that*. How is it, friend Tucker, in your corner of the world? In the west, the prospect is gloomy. The "Central Radical League" is still-born, "Lucifer" advocates marriage, and we no longer know on whom to rely.

A. WARREN.

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS, NOVEMBER 4, 1886.

Mr. T. Wetzel, Shake!

[New York Truth Seeker.]

MR. EDITOR: Will some one kindly inform us what Mr. E. C. Walker is fighting for? Not for the principles of free love or free love marriage surely, for he claims an ironclad, bullet-proof *legal* marriage. So far as free love principle is concerned, he surrendered at the first shot. I am surprised to see so many old free lovers getting excited over this affair. They seem to think that they have treed a coon, but, when they have cut the tree down, they will find to their disgust that there is no coon in it,—not even a measly possum. It is a mere quibble as to the best form for a legal marriage, a dispute as to the difference 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee. If, as Walker claims, the form is not essential, what is the good of fighting about it? Better fight for something that is essential.

The fracas reminds me of the senseless wrangle among Christians about the form or mode of baptism. Walker's form of marriage, like the Presbyterian form of baptism, is undoubtedly the best, because there is less of it. But the game is scarcely worth the ammunition. He loaded up for a bear and fired off at a chipmunk. T. WETZEL.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, NOVEMBER 3, 1886.

What is Freedom?

AND

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Continued from page 3.

commands us to suppose the contrary. For, after all, Mazzini is not only an idealist and a theologian, the inspired revealer of a new religion,—he is at the same time a consummate conspirator, a man of action, a statesman. It is true that many of his own friends (I will not give their names, not wishing, in imitation of Mazzini, to sow or increase discord in the Mazzinian camp, this being a proceeding which I leave to the theologians),—yes, many of his nearest friends have often declared to me that his religious hallucinations, projecting their fantastic and delusive light on his judgments, on his acts, have always perverted them, and that, in spite of all his great intelligence, they have always prevented him from appreciating things and facts at their true value. So it is, they have said to me, that, living in a perpetual illusion, and considering the world only through the prism of his imagination haunted by divine phantoms, he has always exaggerated the strength of his own party and the weakness of his enemies.

To be continued.

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART FIRST.

THE TRUE CONSTITUTION OF GOVERNMENT

IN THE

Sovereignty of the Individual as the Final Development of Protestantism, Democracy, and Socialism.

Continued from No. 89.

The doctrine of the Sovereignty of the Individual—in one sense itself a principle—grows out of the still more fundamental principle of "INDIVIDUALITY," which pervades universal nature. Individuality is positively the most fundamental and universal principle which the finite mind seems capable of discovering, and the best image of the Infinite. There are no two objects in the universe which are precisely alike. Each has its own constitution and peculiarities, which distinguish it from every other. Infinite diversity is the universal law. In the multitude of human countenances, for example, there are no two alike, and in the multitude of human characters there is the same variety. The hour which your courtesy has assigned to me would be entirely consumed, if I were to attempt to adduce a thousandth part of the illustrations of this subtle principle of Individuality, which lie patent upon the face of nature, all around me. It applies equally to persons, to things, and to events. There have been no two occurrences which were precisely alike during all the cycling periods of time. No action, transaction, or set of circumstances whatsoever ever corresponded precisely to any other action, transaction, or set of circumstances. Had I a precise knowledge of all the occurrences which have ever taken place up to this hour, it would not suffice to enable me to make a law which would be applicable in all respects to the very next occurrence which shall take place, nor to any one of the infinite millions of events which shall hereafter occur. This diversity reigns throughout every kingdom of nature, and mocks all human attempts to make laws, or constitutions, or regulations, or governmental institutions of any sort, which shall work justly and harmoniously amidst the unforeseen contingencies of the future.

The individualities of objects are least, or, at all events, they are less apparent when the objects are inorganic or of a low grade of organization. The individualities of the grains of sand which compose the beach, for example, are less marked than those of vegetables, and those of vegetables are less than those of animals, and, finally, those of animals are less than those of man. In proportion as an object is more complex, it embodies a greater number of elements, and each element has its own individuality, or diversities, in every new combination into which it enters. Consequently these diversities are multiplied into each other, in the infinite augmentation of geometrical progression. Man, standing, then, at the head of the created universe, is consequently the most complex creature in existence,—every individual man or woman being a little world in him or herself, an image or reflection of God, an epitome of the Infinite. Hence the individualities of such a being are utterly immeasurable, and every attempt to adjust the capacities, the adaptations, the wants, or the responsibilities of one human being by the capacities, the adaptations, the wants, or the responsibilities of another human being, except in the very broadest generalities, is unqualifiedly futile and hopeless. Hence every ecclesiastical, governmental, or social institution which is based on the idea of demanding conformity or likeness in any thing, has ever been, and ever will be, frustrated by the operation of this subtle, all-pervading principle of Individuality. Hence human society has ever been and is still in the turmoil of revolution. The only alternative known has been between revolution and despotism. Revolutions violently burst the bonds, and explode the foundations of existing institutions. The institution falls before the Individual. Despotism only succeeds by denaturalizing mankind. It extinguishes their individualities only by extinguishing them. The Individual falls before the institution. Judge ye which is best, the man-made or the God-made thing.

In the next place this Individuality is inherent and unconquerable, except, as I have just said, by extinguishing the man himself. The man himself has no power over it. He can not divest himself of his organic peculiarities of character, any more than he can divest himself of his features. It attends him even in the effort he makes, if he makes any, to divest himself of it. He may as well attempt to flee his own shadow as to rid himself of the indefeasible, God-given inheritance of his own Individuality.

Finally, this indestructible and all-pervading Individuality furnishes, itself, the law, and the only true law, of order and harmony. Governments have hitherto been established, and have apologized for the unseemly fact of their existence, from the necessity of establishing and maintaining order; but order has never yet been maintained, revolutions and violent outbreaks have never yet been ended, public peace and harmony have never yet been secured, for the precise reason that the organic, essential, and indestructible natures of the objects which it was attempted to reduce to order have always been constricted and infringed by every such attempt. Just in proportion as the effort is less and less made to reduce men to order, just in that proportion they become more orderly, as witness the difference in the state of society in Austria and the United States. Plant an army of one hundred thousand soldiers in New York, as at Paris, to preserve the peace, and we should have a bloody revolution in a week; and be assured that the only remedy for what little of turbulence remains among us, as compared with European societies, will be found to be more liberty. When there remain positively no external restrictions, there will be positively no disturbance, provided always certain regulating principles of justice, to which I shall advert presently, are accepted and enter into the public mind, serving as substitutes for every species of repressive laws.

I was saying that Individuality is the essential law of order. This is true throughout the universe. When every individual particle of matter obeys the law of its own attraction, and comes into that precise position, and moves in that precise direction, which its own inherent individualities demand, the harmony of the spheres is evolved. By that means only natural classification, natural order, natural organization, natural harmony and agreement are attained. Every scheme or arrangement which is based upon the principle of thwarting the inherent affinities of the individual monads which compose any system or organism is essentially vicious, and the organization is false,—a mere bundle of revolutionary and antagonistic atoms. It is time that human system builders should begin to discover this universal truth. The principle is self-evident. Objects bound together contrary to their nature must and will seek to rectify themselves by breaking the bonds which confine them, while those which come together by their own affinities remain quiescent and content. Let human system makers of all sorts, then, admit the principle of an infinite Individuality among men, which can not be suppressed, and which must be indulged and fostered, at all events, as one element in the solution of the problem they have before them. If they are unable to see clearly how all external restrictions can be removed with safety to the well-being of society, let them, nevertheless, not abandon a principle which is self-evident, but let them modestly suspect that there may be some other elements in the solution of the same problem, which their sagacity has not yet enabled them to discover. In all events, and at all hazards, this Individuality of every member of the human family must be recognized and indulged, because first, as we have seen, it is infinite, and can not be measured or prescribed for; then, because it is inherent, and can not be conquered; and, finally, because it is the essential element of order, and can not, consequently, be infringed without engendering infinite confusion, such as has hitherto universally reigned, in the administration of human affairs.

If, now, Individuality is a universal law which must be obeyed if we would have order and harmony in any sphere, and, consequently, if we would have a true constitution of human government, then the absolute Sovereignty of the Individual necessarily results. The monads or atoms of which human society is composed are the individual men and women in it. They must be so disposed of, as we have seen, in order that society may be harmonic, that the destiny of each shall be controlled by his or her own individualities of taste, conscience, intellect, capacities, and will. But man is a being endowed with consciousness. He, and no one else, knows the determining force of his own attractions. No one else can therefore decide for him, and hence Individuality can only become the law of human action by securing to each individual the sovereign determination of his own judgment and of his own conduct, in all things, with no right reserved either of punishment or censure on the part of any body else whomsoever; and this is what is meant by the Sovereignty of the Individual, limited only by the ever-accompanying condition, resulting from the equal Sovereignty of all others, that the onerous consequences of his actions be assumed by himself.

If my audience were composed chiefly of Catholics, or Monarchs, or Anti-Progressives of any sort, I should develop this argument more at length, for, as I have said, it is the real issue, and the only real issue, between the reformatory and the conservative portions of mankind; but I suppose that I may, with propriety, assume that I am before an auditory who are in the main Protestant and Democratic, and, assuming that, I shall then be authorized to assume, in accordance with the principles I have endeavored to develop, that they are likewise substantially Socialist, according to the definition I have given to Socialism, whether they have hitherto accepted or repudiated the name. It is enough, however, if I address you as Protestants and Democrats, or as either of these. I shall therefore assume, without further dwelling upon the fundamental statement of those principles, that you are ready to admit so much of Individuality and of the Sovereignty of the Individual as is necessarily involved in the propositions of Protestantism or Democracy. I shall assume that I am before an assembly of men and women who sympathize with ecclesiastical and political enfranchisement,—who believe that what the world calls Progress, in these modern times, is in the main real and not sham progress, a genuine and legitimate development of the race. Instead, therefore, of pursuing the main argument further, I will return to, and endeavor more fully to establish, a position which I have already assumed,—namely, that, by virtue of the fact of being either a Protestant or a Democrat, you have admitted away the whole case, and that you are fully committed to the whole doctrine of Individuality and the Sovereignty of the Individual, wherever that may lead.

I assert, then, the doctrine of Individuality, in its broadest and most unlimited sense. I assert that the law of genuine progress in human affairs is identical with the tendency to individualize. In ecclesiastical affairs it is the breaking up of the Church into sects, the breaking up of the larger sects into minor sects, the breaking up of the minor sects, by continual schism, into still minuter fragments of sects, and, finally, a complete disintegration of the whole mass into *individuals*, at which point every human being becomes his own sect and his own church. Does it require any demonstration that this is the natural tendency and the legitimate development of Protestantism, that it is in fact the necessary and inevitable outgrowth of its own fundamental principle. The History of all Religions in Protestant Christendom is becoming already too voluminous to be written. With the multiplication of sects grows the spirit of toleration, which is nothing else but the recognition of the sovereignty of others. A glance at the actual condition of the Protestant Church demonstrates the tendency to the obliteration of Sectarianism by the very superabundance of sects.

In the political sphere the individualizing tendency of Democracy is exhibited in the distribution of the departments of government into the hands of different depositaries of power, the discrimination of the chief functions of government into the Legislature, the Executive, and the Judiciary, in the division of the Legislature into distinct branches, in the representative system which recognizes the individuality of different confederated states, and of different portions of the same state, in the divorce of the Church and State, and yet more strikingly than all in the successive surrender to the Individual of one branch after another of what was formerly regarded as the legitimate business of government.

Under the old order of things, government interfered to determine the trade or occupation of the Individual, to settle his religious faith, to regulate his locomotion, to prescribe his hours of relaxation and retirement, the length of his beard, the cut of his apparel, his relative rank, the mode of his social intercourse, and so on continuously, until government was in fact every thing, and the Individual nothing. Democracy, working somewhat blindly, it is true, but yet guided by a true instinct, begotten by its own great indwelling vital principle, the Sovereignty of the Individual, has already substantially revolutionized all that. It has swept away, for the most part, in America at least, the impertinent interference of government with the pursuits, the religious opinions and ceremonies, the travel, the amusements, the dress, and the manners of the citizen. One whole third of the field heretofore occupied by government has thus been surrendered to the Individual. To this point we have already attained, practically, at the precise stage at which we now are in the transition from the past to the future model of the organization of society.

To be continued.

George's "Protection or Free Trade."

Whatever Mr. George has to say on any subject is sure to be said in an interesting manner. No one can state the truth better than he, and when he is arguing falsely, the glamour of his style is apt to hide his want of logic. It is to these qualities, no doubt, that the success of his writings is due, and nowhere are they more conspicuous than in the book now before me.

Mr. George professes to be a free trader, not in the ordinary narrow sense of wishing the abolition of customs duties, but in the higher and wider sense of desiring the total abolition of all shackles on production or distribution, whether they exist nominally for protection or for revenue. Of course in this latter sense internal taxes must be placed in the same category as duties. It can scarcely be necessary to tell the readers of Liberty that, in spite of his professions, Mr. George is not a free trader in this broad sense, and he scarcely begins his book before he demonstrates it. Free trade, being the abolition of taxation, means the removal of polities from the field of industry. In a word, free trade is but another name for Anarchy. But Mr. George proposes to attain free trade through politics, relying upon universal suffrage. Can anything be more inconsistent than to seek freedom of industry and of the individual through political control of industry and majority rule? The true free trader, the Anarchist, rejects all such methods. Long before a majority of free traders could be elected to congress an intelligent minority of the people could of themselves establish free trade by simply refusing to pay taxes. Besides, it is not reasonable to expect a body of tax-eaters like congress to abolish taxation; the most it will do is to change its form, and in reality this is all that Mr. George wishes.

That the fundamental conception of free trade, the right of each to do as he pleases, provided he does not directly infringe on the equal rights of his neighbors, is lacking to him, the following passages will show:

I differ with those who say that with the rate of wages the State has no concern. I hold with those who deem the increase of wages a legitimate purpose of public policy. To raise and maintain wages is the great object that all who live by wages ought to seek, and workingmen are right in supporting any measure that will attain that object. . . . Where the wages of common labor are high and remunerative employment is easy to obtain, prosperity will be general. . . . If we would have a healthy, a happy, an enlightened, and a virtuous people, if we would have a pure government, firmly based on the popular will and quickly responsive to it, we must strive to raise wages and keep them high. I accept as good and praiseworthy the ends avowed by the advocates of protective tariffs. [The italics are mine.]

Such is the Georgian philosophy, the new revelation which is to save the world. Liberty is not a good in itself; but is something to be sought after or trodden under foot according as it seems likely to produce immediate material advantages or not. Mr. George does not believe in taking a general principle as a guide; each particular action must be judged by its results,—that is, its direct results. This doctrine, also taught by some ultra-individualists like Stirner and "Tak Kak," is really only the revival of the Jesuit maxim that the end justifies the means. As an individual murder may produce beneficial results,—say an increase of wages,—Mr. George, Mr. Stirner, and "Tak Kak" ought, according to their philosophy, to approve of it; but the true individualist, the holder of the utilitarian philosophy in its higher form, is bound to condemn the murder, because to generalize murder, as praise of a particular murder tends to do, would disrupt society and ultimately prove injurious to the greater number, if not to all, of the individuals composing it.

It seems strange to see a writer who dedicates his book to Condorcet decrying steadfast adherence to general principles, and yet such is the case with Mr. George. He is inclined to look with favor on the principle of *laissez faire*, yet he will abandon it at any moment, whenever regulation seems more likely to produce immediate benefits, regardless of the evils thereby produced by making the people less jealous of State interference.

The same passages would seem to indicate that Mr. George's knowledge of political economy is as rudimentary as his comprehension of liberty. To say that high wages cause prosperity is so ridiculous a misplacing of cause and effect that no one can be guilty of it who is not either ignorant of the first elements of economic science or a demagogic pandering to the prejudices of the masses whom he professes to instruct. When prices rise, wages are always the last to go up, a sufficient evidence that the increase in prosperity is not due to the higher wages. It is true that, in so far as the higher wages expresses a greater proportion of the total product going to labor, the increase does tend to sustain the prosperity, as it prevents the market's becoming glutted as soon as it otherwise would. But the increase in wages usually but little exceeds the amount necessary to make up for the increased cost of provisions,—the net increase being due to the sharper competition between employers for labor, and this in turn being generally due to the reduction of interest, a greater freedom of the circulating medium, just as the periods of prosperity are usually ended by interest's going up and the market's being glutted. Then factories close, mortgages are foreclosed; and, the amount of trade being lessened, the rate of interest falls, causing the market to become slowly depleted, and so a new cycle begins. It was by similar reason-

ing to this on wages that Mr. George attempted to show in "Progress and Poverty" that interest is not injurious, as high rates prevail when business is prosperous and wages high, ignoring, as in the present case, that the rate of interest is always low when the prosperous period begins. If Mr. George would only absorb and assimilate another incomplete State-Socialistic work, Kellogg's "New Monetary System," he might produce a thorough and homogeneous book and, perhaps, at the same time escape from the meshes of governmentalism.

Mr. George poses as the reconciler of labor and capital; but except in so far as he unites them by directing their attention to private landlordism as a common enemy (and this does not amount to much, for no sharp line can be drawn between capitalists and landlords; the functions of both are often united in the same person), he is stirring up strife between them. He refuses to tell us what is the just rate of wages, and what is the just rate of interest; but tells us instead that wages and interest are both just and natural. Now, wages and interest are both drawn from the products of labor, since Mr. George assures us that "labor creates all wealth," and that the three great orders of society are "workingmen, beggarmen, and thieves"; and, if we do not know what is the true wages of labor, if labor should take, as Mr. George says, all it can get without being scrupulous as to the means, what is there to prevent its absorbing the interest altogether? And how are the interests of the dividend-eating capitalist and the wage-earning laborer to be regarded as identical? Besides, as Mr. George makes it evident in another place that he does not regard the capitalist as a workingman, it would be interesting to know whether he is to be regarded as a beggar or a thief, and what the rights of either may be.

Surely it must be evident to any one that, if the amount going to the laborer is increased without the total products of his labor being increased to the same extent, the shares of the landlord and capitalist, either or both, must be reduced. And if wages were reckoned, as they ought to be in scientific works on political economy, in fractions of the product, no one would dare to state such a proposition as that of the identity of interests.

It is not surprising after this to learn that Mr. George is an *a priori* philosopher and decries reliance upon "long arrays of statistics" and "collocations of laboriously ascertained facts." Why should he resort to such tiresome expedients when it all exists in his own mind and has only to be evolved? I wonder did Mr. George ever hear of the experience of that German philosopher of his school, who, relying on the theorem that all external things are but manifestations of the ideas within, set himself to work to develop the idea of a camel. Mr. George attempts to prove that social questions may be settled without experiment, and to illustrate tells us a story of how he settled a physical question—the explanation of the flotation of iron ships—in that manner when he was a boy. His results were not quite so unsatisfactory as those of the German professor, for George had the memory of previous experiments to draw upon, while the professor had never seen a camel. The *a priori* method is serviceable only when its deductions are from general ideas, which latter are the result of induction from "collocations of laboriously ascertained facts."

On page 27 occurs the following statement: "For the largest communities are but expansions of the smallest communities, and the rules of arithmetic by which we calculate gain or loss on transactions of dollars apply as well to transactions of hundreds of millions." This is all very true; but, when it is inferred from it that we can consider the interests of an individual as if he formed no part of a community, and then generalize to the interests of the community by simple multiplication, it is utterly and outrageously false.

Mr. George does not seem able to comprehend the truth lying at the bottom of the notion about the balance of trade, though he comes a little nearer than the ordinary free trade economists to doing so. He accepts unhesitatingly the doctrine that international trade, and domestic trade likewise, consists simply in the exchange of products against products. This being so, of course, he can see no evil resulting from an excess of imports; it is simply getting a great deal for a little. He goes on to show historically that an excess of exports over imports does not mean prosperity, but is, in fact, generally a form of tribute to a foreign country, as in Ireland, India, and Egypt today. But at the present time products are not exchanged directly against products; they are exchanged through the medium of money, and this has more than the confusing effect that Mr. George attributes to it, for money is a privileged commodity and has a sort of royalty attached to it.

What would Mr. George think of a man, without an income, who should continue to buy on credit instead of going to work? or, what amounts to the same thing, of one whose purchases exceeded his income? He would reply, no doubt, that such a state of affairs could only exist for a short time, and that a person guilty of such extravagance would soon have to live on less than his income, and he might even possibly admit that, on account of the existence of interest, this second state might become permanent. If two nations start out on equal terms, and the imports of one exceed those of the other, just as in the case of the individual, the nation is running into debt. When the debts have sufficiently accu-

mulated, the direction of motion of products is changed, the previously over-importing nation beginning to send away more than it gets, the balance being paid for by receipts for rent and interest. It is singular that Mr. George fails to see this, for he states that the excess of our exportation at present is largely due to our having to pay interest on bonds and rent on lands owned here by English capitalists. A little reflection ought to suffice to show him that the ownership of the bonds and lands referred to must have originated in over-importation on our part at some previous period.

Now, as to the effect of money. Mr. George has attempted to justify the taking of interest; but, leaving out of sight the fallacy of his argument, he has never shown, nor, as far as I know, attempted to show, that interest could persist if the royalty of gold and silver were destroyed, and the making and issuing of money thrown open to free competition like any other enterprise. The absurdity of the rule of the precious metals Mr. George is beginning to see; but he has little notion of its fatal influence, and, free trader though he calls himself, he has no idea of free banking. Our over-importations are at first paid for in specie; then, specie becoming rare, and it being supposed necessary as a basis for our financial system, we must borrow it from those countries which have it,—that is, those from which we have been importing. We thus get into debt, and, if the over-importation continues, we continue to do so at an ever-accelerating rate. If it were not for the existence of interest, we might recover from the evil, in a short time. It would only be necessary to increase our exports for a time to such an extent as to counterbalance the previous excess of imports. But, owing to the existence of interest, we may make our exports considerably greater than our imports, and yet ever remain in debt, as is Egypt's condition. The effects of free money would be in fact still greater. We should be prevented from running into debt to any extent. For no nation would continue for any length of time selling to us and taking our non-interest-bearing money in exchange. It would accept our money only as a means of getting our goods, and it would get them as soon as it could. Were it not for the royalty of the precious metals, products would be exchanged against products, so that exports and imports would always nearly balance each other, an excess of one at any time being balanced soon after by an excess of the other. Mr. George may say that this is no argument against international free trade, for, as he points out, the same movement may take place within the limits of one country, as here between the east and west. But Mr. George looks on such concentration of wealth as an evil, and he is, also, a nationalist. Now, free trade opens the way to a still greater concentration, and tends to subordinate one country to another. Of course from our stand-point international free trade is no evil, for it is not the cause of the greater concentration, but its condition. In what I have said I have not been arguing against international free trade, but in favor of free money as the more important issue, and the very phenomenon to which Mr. George calls attention is proof that I am right. Free trade, domestic or foreign, works no harm where a proper financial system exists; but as long as we have a false financial system, the thing called free trade can do no good. In fact, when we speak of free trade in its higher sense, it presupposes free money, for interest is the greatest burden to which trade is subjected.

There is one passage in Mr. George's book which is of so much importance in its bearing on his theory of rent that I think it desirable to quote it in full.

But let us suppose two countries, one of which has advantages superior to the other for all the productions of which both are capable. Trade between them being free, would one country do all the exporting and the other all the importing? That, of course, would be preposterous. Would trade, then, be impossible? Certainly not. Unless the people of the country of less advantages transferred themselves bodily to the country of greater advantages, trade would go on with mutual benefit. The people of the country of greater advantages would import from the country of less advantages those products as to which the difference of advantage between the two countries was least, and would export in return those products as to which the difference was greatest. By this exchange both peoples would gain. The people of the country of poorest advantages would gain by it some part of the advantages of the other country, and the people of the country of greatest advantages would also gain, since, being saved the necessity of producing the things as to which their advantage was least, they could concentrate their energies upon the production of things in which their advantage was greatest. This case would resemble that of two workmen of different degrees of skill in all parts of their trade, or that of a skilled workman and an unskilled helper. Though the workman might be able to perform all parts of the work in less time than the helper, yet there would be some parts in which the advantage of his superior skill would be less than in others; and as, by leaving these to the helper, he could devote more time to those parts in which superior skill would be most effective, there would be, as in the former case, a mutual gain in their working together.—pp. 155-6.

This seems a most clear and convincing statement as far as it goes. What I wish to draw attention to is its contradiction of the theory of rent as taught by Mr. George and his disciples. Rent is not with them, as with us, the price which monopoly exacts for the use of the soil, but is an eternal natural phenomenon, due to the difference in value of different soils. Thus, in regard to cultivated lands, they call the difference in product, with equal amounts of labor, between the poorest land cultivated and any other, the rent of the latter. The only effect of monopoly, they say, is to

cause the rent to pass into the hands of an idle proprietor instead of remaining in those of the cultivator. In either case they tell us that rent does not enter into price, that being determined by the cost on the poorest land in cultivation, so that the rent would be a free gift to the cultivator or the monopolist, as the case might be, and it is on this that they base their claims for its confiscation. Now, however, Mr. George, in order to sustain his free trade theories, tells us that the difference in natural advantages of two countries simply calls them to a difference in function; that rent enters into price; and that, consequently, the people of the poorer land will profit by the riches of their neighbors. When I say that rent enters into price, I mean that, the difference in function having been established and monopoly being gone, prices will be so much lower by the amount that would have been paid to the monopolist. According to Mr. George's pet theory, the people of the richer country should have paid rent to a joint State, so that the latter might use it to equalize the wealth of the two countries. But here we have his avowal that the same result is attained by the natural laws of trade without any of the waste or corruption necessary with governmental methods. It is true that as absolute a level of equality may not be reached by the natural as by the artificial method; but it must be borne in mind that the equality attained in the latter way is reached more by depressing those well off than by raising the poor. The equality of conditions it assures us is of the same kind as the equality of food secured to the two cats by the monkey in *Aesop's story*. It rests with Mr. George to show us why the laws of trade which served to equalize the conditions of two nations should not be equally efficient in internal affairs; for since, as Mr. George admits, a nation is an arbitrary political division, there is nothing illegitimate in our supposing it reduced indefinitely in size until it vanishes, and up to the limit, according to another of Mr. George's statements, the free trade argument must remain true. Is, then, rent to be paid simply because the State exists? And is the State to exist merely because rent is to be collected?

Mr. George attributes, and rightfully, the failure of free trade to produce useful effects to a greater and overpowering evil's being left untouched; but, being possessed by a fixed idea, he takes a narrow view of the question. He likens the producer to a traveler who at various points along his road is attacked by robbers and relieved of portions of his wealth. There is one robber, however, who is stronger and bolder than the rest, and who, standing at the end of the line, completely strips the traveler. This "robber that takes all that is left" is private property in land acting through rent. This illustration is peculiarly unfortunate, for more reasons than one. In the first place the method of reform that would naturally suggest itself to any one is the destruction of the robber. Mr. George, however, permits him to live and follow his calling, and then has the police to interfere and take from him his ill-gotten wealth, which they, the police, then proceed to use for the benefit of the traveler, say in improving the road over which he travels, so that he may be able to carry a greater burden the next time to be despoiled of in turn. It is to be noticed that, even if the police were to turn over the traveler's wealth to him directly, to do with as he pleased, he would still labor under the disadvantage, not incurred in the simpler system of killing the robber, of having to support both the robber and the police.

Another weak feature in the comparison is that in real life the robbers do not rob serially, but all together, and that any one of them is capable of entirely despoiling the traveler, though, on account of differences of strength between themselves, the shares they actually get are unequal. It is therefore entirely idle to think of benefiting the traveler by attacking one of the robbers only, even though he were to be destroyed, and that Mr. George does not think of doing.

To come from the illustration to the facts, any one of the various forms of usury, though they differ today in the amounts they take, is more than capable, when acting alone, of absorbing the entire increase of the world. To benefit the producer, therefore, usury itself must be destroyed.

Mr. George, as I said, does not propose to destroy private property in robbery directly; he simply intends to have the police throttle the robber after the robbery has been effected and take from him his booty to use for the general good (the good of the police?). This leads to a curious contradiction in his views. When arguing against private property in land, he tells us of the "robber who takes all that is left"; but, when arguing in favor of his governmental scheme, it would appear that he thinks a comparatively light tax would be sufficient to prevent the evil. Now, either the tax is to be practically equal to the rent, or it is not. If it is not, then the robber will continue to grow fat on the difference, and, if it is, then the people will be dependent on the good-will and good management of the government for all but the mere necessities of life. One of the benefits Mr. George attributes to his scheme is that of the suppression of all forms of taxation except that on rent, which, he says, will give an immense impetus to industry. Now, according to his own theory, the benefits of this change must be absorbed by the rent, and so go either to the idle landholder or his superiors, the police. And that this is George's real wish there is some reason to suppose. He favors the immediate taking over by the local or national governments of all railroads, telegraphs, gas- and water-works, and all other industries when suffi-

ciently developed. His apparent liking for freedom seems to be due to his looking on it as a stimulus to production. His system is to the ordinary State Communism as the present system is to chattel slavery. The hope of being able to accumulate serves today to make the toilers work more energetically, but in the end they are as surely despoiled as were the chattel slaves. Mr. George's plan is to continue the present system, modifying it only by putting the State in as chief user (Mr. George is now a Greenbacker) instead of leaving it, as at present, simply the protector of the usurers.

On the whole, after a calm and unprejudiced reading of his book, I see no reason to change the opinion at which I arrived some years ago,—that in Mr. Henry George liberty has one of her bitterest and ablest foes.

JOHN F. KELLY.

Save Me from My Friends!

To the Editor of *Liberty*:

Gail Hamilton, in a very clever article on "Words" in a recent number of the "North American Review," makes the very correct observation that the greater part of the writings of our critics and commentators is valueless, because the critics do not know how to read. To these we must add another class of critics,—critics whose interest it is to misrepresent and misinterpret the utterances of an antagonist. *Apropos* of my article on the "Philosophical Anarchists" in *Liberty* of July 31, the editor of the London "Anarchist" has this to say:

Victor Yarros takes *Liberty* severely to task for its vacillating language of late. Mr. Tucker says force is only justifiable when the right of free speech is denied. That is to say, Mr. Tucker is only going to maintain his right to remain an eternal windbag.

I have never known *Liberty* to show any sign of wavering in the faith or of lowering its flag; consequently, I could not have taken it severely to task for a sin it did not commit. Mr. Seymour certainly has the distinction of being "a reader with a penetrating eye." As to *Liberty*'s position on the question of force, it is unassailable, and Mr. Seymour is shrewd enough not to attempt any serious argumentative attack. The following remarkable words cannot be too often quoted: "It is because peaceful agitation and passive resistance are, in Liberty's hands, weapons more deadly to tyranny than any others that I uphold them, and it is because force strengthens tyranny that I condemn it. War and authority are companions; peace and Liberty are companions. . . . It is foolish in the extreme, not only to resort to force before necessity compels, but especially to madly create the conditions that will lead to this necessity."

Let the impartial reader contrast the brilliancy of these guiding ideas with the confused and senseless utterances of the brainless, passion-drunk howlers, and say who is the real wind-bag.

Mr. Seymour's position on this question,—indeed, on any question,—I have never been able to find out. He treats everything in a truly cavalier fashion, and is very careful not to commit himself by any definite statement, so that you can never charge him with inconsistency or vacillation. I should very much like to reason with Mr. Seymour, but the experience of those who have tried it before is not encouraging. Yours for common honesty,

V. YARROS.

[We shall now see how studiously Seymour will refrain from copying this crushing retort. If he reprints it, he will do so only to defeat my prediction that he will not.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

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"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

A few weeks ago Alexis Vanderbeck, who was then employed in a mine in Washington Territory, subscribed for *Liberty*. On receipt of the first number he passed it around among his fellow-miners. His employers found it out and forthwith discharged him, and he was obliged to seek work in another territory. These mine-owners see farther and deeper than the law-befuddled officials of Chicago. They know that ideas are far more dangerous to them than bombs.

Dr. Aveling said in New York the other night that the American upper classes were the worst bred people he ever met. Perhaps I have never moved in circles far enough "up" to enable me to realize this, but thus far among Americans I have seldom failed to get a direct answer to a direct question, and my personal experience extended to the Anglicized Celt, Dr. Aveling, before I ever met a man who would publicly put thirteen questions in the mouth of a man who never asked them.

The "Easton Labor Journal" takes a squint towards Anarchy in a leader favoring *aterocracy*, a word "taken from two Greek words, which signify *ater*, without, and *cratos*, government." The writer, however, has got no firm grasp of the idea which he fancies that he is championing, for he would change government into administration and then draft citizens to serve without pay in administrative capacities, just as the government now drafts men to do military service. He is evidently on the right track, but such a provision is not at all consistent with his ideal society, in which "all authority and all cracies will be superseded by liberty and solidarity."

In the next issue of *Liberty* will appear a letter from Charles T. Fowler, the author of a work which E. C. Walker has characterized as "in many respects the best Anarchistic work produced in America," taking substantially the same attitude towards Mr. Walker's present championship of legal marriage as that occupied by Warren, Lloyd, Yarros, "Tritogen," and nearly all the Anarchists of brains, consistency, and consequence. The citation of supposed authorities is in itself no argument; but when real arguments have been advanced, and when Mr. Walker, with the partial opportunity which he has had, and Mr. Harman, with unlimited opportunity, have failed to answer them with arguments, it is fair to cite, in support of *Liberty*'s position, the names of those whom Walker and Harman have always pointed to as the clearest exponents of Anarchy.

John Swinton lately gave expression to a profound "Thought" in his "Paper," to this effect: With the present means and methods of production, and the marvellous progress in mechanical science, how happy and contented our life would be under the sun, if a plan for perfect and rational organization of Industry were devised! It appears, then, that happiness is within our reach,—only a plan is lacking; and the "Thought" that we are so near and yet so far from it naturally makes my sympathetic friend despondent and melancholy. How much sadder he would become if he comprehended the truth that not even a "plan" is needed

for our salvation! All that we need is industrial freedom, and the only thing that stands between men and the Ideal is artificial restraint and the curse of law-making. Paraphrasing, then, Mr. Swinton's words, I say: With the present means and methods of production and exchange, how easily and beautifully everything would settle itself to our full satisfaction if but the shackles would be taken off and free play granted to the existing industrial forces!

From the stories and hints of the newspapers it seems pretty nearly established that Alexander III. is a fit subject for a lunatic asylum. We must remember that not one-tenth of what is going on in that hell on earth, the Russian empire, chances to find its way into the press, and that the press is likely to be unusually discreet in such a matter and resist the temptation of serving its patrons with an exceptionally sensational piece of news for the sake of law and order and the blessings of government. Those who delight in singing the praises of our civilization and the progress of the nineteenth century will do well to dwell a second upon the trifling, though somewhat vexatious, fact that the lives and fortunes of ninety millions of sane people are at the mercy of a dangerous madman. By the way, our Russian friends, the Nihilists, should not allow any scruples that they may have in regard to the punishment of an irresponsible person to interfere between Her destructive majesty, the dynamite bomb, and her candidate. Though occupying an elevated position on the question of Right, we are not adverse to a compromise with Expediency on this particular point and quite ready to spare this individual. Force should be the last resort, but in Russia all other resorts vanished long ago.

"There is nothing any better than Liberty and nothing any worse than despotism, be it the theological despotism of the skies, the theocratic despotism of kings, or the democratic despotism of majorities; and the labor reformer who starts out to combat the despotism of capital with other despotism no better lacks only power to be worse than the foe he encounters." These are the words of my brother Pinney of the Winsted "Press," Protectionist and Greenbacker,—that is, a man who combats the despotism of capital with that despotism which denies the liberty to buy foreign goods untaxed and that despotism which denies the liberty to issue notes to circulate as currency. Mr. Pinney is driven into this inconsistency by his desire for high wages and an abundance of money, which he thinks it impossible to get except through tariff monopoly and money monopoly. But religious despotism pleads a desire for salvation, and moral despotism pleads a desire for purity, and prohibitory despotism pleads a desire for sobriety. Yet all these despotisms lead to hell, though all these hells are paved with good intentions; and Mr. Pinney's hells are just as hot as any. The above extract shows that he knows Liberty to be the true way of salvation. Why, then, does he not steadily follow it?

"Lucifer" prints a communication from Rudolf Weyler which it prefaces with the statement that it was sent to me for publication in *Liberty*, but that I, while not positively rejecting it, would give no assurances of its appearance. The facts are these. Some months ago Mr. Weyler sent me a very good article of a general nature, which I accepted and intended to print as soon as a convenient opportunity offered. Af-

ter my criticism of E. C. Walker, he sent me a second article taking exception to my views. Four or five days later, not having heard from me, he wrote to inquire what disposition I intended to make of his articles. I do not remember exactly how I stated myself in reply, but in substance I said that I could not print his second article until numerous other articles which had been long waiting had appeared, and that his first article would be good at any time, as it would keep indefinitely. If I do not report myself accurately, Mr. Weyler is at liberty to print the letter which I sent him. But whatever I said, the little hot-box flew into a passion, and demanded the return of both articles, adding that, if they would keep, he might as well do the keeping. They were returned, and now one of them appears in "Lucifer" to exhibit me as the "high-priest of Gag"!

In "Lucifer" of December 10 appeared the following: "Mr. Tucker made no less than seven attacks, by himself and Mr. Yarros, upon Mr. Walker in one number of *Liberty*, but he had not even one line of space to spare to tell his readers that the reason Mr. W. did not appear in self-defence against the editor's previous diatribes was because his articles had been confiscated by the sheriff. Mr. Tucker had been apprised of this fact, but he was determined that his readers should not be. Truly Mr. Tucker seems to be the very high-priest of—Gag!" Let us look into this. The first intimation given me that Mr. Walker and Mrs. Harman were not allowed to write for the press from their prison occurred in the letter from Mrs. Harman which appeared in the last issue of *Liberty*. It is true that that letter reached me just in season for the previous issue, which contained the seven attacks. Why did I not print it then? Because to the letter was appended a postscript saying that it was not for publication, but adding, in a sentence which passed the sheriff as entirely harmless but which concealed a meaning that he little dreamed of, a remark which was meant to convey to me the idea that this appended instruction not to publish was to be disregarded. It was an exceedingly neat device, and I enjoyed it hugely, only thinking it the greater pity that a girl thus fertile in resource should be utilizing it to so little purpose. Then this thought occurred to me: If I print this letter, the sheriff may see it, realize that he is the victim of a trick, and strip the prisoners of their remaining privilege of writing private letters. Therefore, instead of printing the letter, I placed at the head of the "On Picket Duty" department a notice "to a correspondent," which was probably mysterious to other readers, but which told Mrs. Harman that her letter was held over until I could consult with her friends. Then without delay I wrote to Mr. Harman, telling him what had happened, expressing my fear of endangering the prisoners' privileges, and asking his advice. In his reply he thanked me for the interest I had thus shown, and said that he thought the publication of the letter would do the prisoners no harm. Accordingly the letter appeared in the very next issue of *Liberty*, and its readers were informed that Mr. Walker and Mrs. Harman could not write for the press. And for taking these precautions in the interest of the prisoners I am charged with a determination to conceal facts from my readers and labelled "the high priest of Gag!" It is painfully evident that "Lucifer" has not only surrendered, but means to conceal its surrender behind a policy of bare-faced and ungrateful lying.

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

THE POLITICAL THEOLOGY OF MAZZINI

AND

THE INTERNATIONAL.

By MICHAEL BAKOUNINE,

MEMBER OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WORKING-People.

Translated from the French by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 90.

All this is possible and even very probable. Yet Mazzini remains none the less a statesman recognized and reputed as such by all Europe.

He cannot fail to see what all the world sees today, some with joy, others with terror,—the growing power of the International. This power, as an established fact which no sane person can longer deny, is imposed henceforth in a most imperative manner on the conviction of the most serious, at the same time as on the most stubborn, minds of Europe. Statesmen of almost every country are immensely preoccupied with it today, and among them, with them, against us, Mazzini himself. All his recent writings prove it, doubtless in spite of himself.

Why, then, does he deny this power? Why does he promise the youth and the Italian laborers its speedy dissolution? Can he himself believe it? I have put to myself and very seriously debated in my own mind this question. I at first hesitated, uncertain whether I ought to suspect Mazzini's intelligence or his good faith. For a long time I could not decide between these two equally distressing suppositions. And yet one of them, if not both together, must be true, since the power of the International is a fact as positive and patent as is, alas! the public negation of this power by Mazzini. This uncertainty was painful to me, for, in spite of all the religious hallucinations of the prophet, my respect for the practical intelligence and the good faith of the great Italian patriot was profound and sincere.

But the last articles which he has just published in "La Roma del Popolo" (Numbers 29, 30, and 31) have forced me to recognize that, if his great intelligence, perverted by theology, takes a considerable part in the errors which he believes it his duty to propagate, it is incontestable also that in the furious polemical crusade which he has undertaken against the International Association of Working People, he lacks sincerity and good faith. I shall prove it in analyzing his articles.

No one will dare to accuse him of falsehood, but of pious larceny, yes. A great writer and consummate politician, Mazzini is a master in that manipulation of language which is very evidently calculated to instill into the minds of his numerous readers certain judgments, certain estimates of facts, conforming to his views, without positively expressing them and still less proving them. Moreover he never descends to proofs, to that real verification and comparison of things and of facts which constitutes in our opinion, the only solid foundation of all positive knowledge and of all serious judgment. This method doubtless appears to him much too material, too brutal, and, above all, it would embarrass him considerably in the demonstration of the errors which he wishes to propagate. He prefers the easier method of ingenious allusions and hazardous affirmations. That is what he calls, in opposition to the critical method, the synthetic method. It is that of all theologians.

Mazzini never appeals to free thought; he takes good care not to arouse it in his audience. This would be a witness and a judge far too troublesome. His great care, on the contrary, is always to lull it to sleep, as much in himself as in others, by the poetic harmony of his language, of his mystical fantasies, and of his sentimental reasoning. His logic is not that of thought, as with pure metaphysicians, and still less that of facts, as with the materialistic or positivistic thinkers; it is not even the brutal and frank logic of the absurd, as with theologians by profession; it is a logic of sentiment, powerful in its fervor, but as uncertain and vague as the Ideal which forms its object, and masking with a remarkable skill, behind the appearances of a delusive liberalism and of a false rationalism, its fanatical worship of the absurd and of authority.

Mazzini is a great artist. He knows the generous sentiments of youth and of a part of the Italian proletariat which he has so powerfully aided in forming, and for forty years he has known how to draw from this magnificent instrument whatever sounds he wished. But in politics the name of art is prestidigitation. For forty years Mazzini has been the great prestidigitator of Italy.

I understand, there are two kinds of prestidigitators. There are the common statesmen, whose interested, personal ambition, foreign to any ideal, asks nothing better than to avail itself of all ideas and of all possible sentiments, to gain its ends more promptly. Such was the great Napoleon, the leader and true founder of the modern political school; such were, and are after him, naturally each in his own way, the Napoleon Thirds, the Cavaours, the Bismarcks, the Thiers, the Gambettas, and, not to forget the small fry, the Jules Simons, the Jules Favres, the Trochus, the Keratrys, the Picards. . . . But there are also, at rare intervals, in history, political prestidigitators of a kind infinitely superior and incomparably more noble and pure: these are the sincerely religious statesmen like Mazzini. These deceive the people in deceiving themselves; they are strangers to the vulgar inspirations of interest, vanity, and personal ambition, and, if they magnetize and abuse the masses, it is never with a view to their own glory, but with a view to the triumph of an adored ideal, of their God.

There is one thing in common between these two categories of statesmen, otherwise so different and even so completely opposite,—it is that both, although actuated by quite contrary motives, equally deceive the popular masses and oppress them, when they have the power, by imposing on them tendencies which have nothing in common with their spontaneous aspirations or their real needs.

Alas! history tells us that the masses have lent themselves only too readily up to this time, never weary of playing this unhappy rôle of instrument at the disposition of the first artist who deigns to make use of it. It tells us also that they have always paid very dear for this generous, but blind, confidence. And we see, in truth, that, in spite of the lofty deeds of so many skilful and illustrious enchanters, in spite of all these Messiahs and all these Saviours, the real situation of the proletariat remains in the highest degree deplorable. It is not ameliorated, it has grown worse.

But here is the proletariat of Europe and of America beginning, at last, to perceive this also. Everywhere, in all countries, we see the masses awakening, stirring, agitating, and putting their heads together, defiant of all their saviors, tutors, and past leaders, and more and more resolved to take into their own hands the direction of their own affairs. And as they are collectivists as much by position as by nature, they tend to create today an immense collective force, by organizing in solidarity among themselves across the political frontiers of States.

Such was the real, the sole cause of the birth of the International, and such is also the secret of its present power.

prehend. Idealist to the marrow of his bones, revealer, statesman, he always imagines that one can still impress today upon the hearts and imaginations of the people, as on a blank page, anything that one wishes. This false idea is the basis of all his hopes, but also the permanent cause of all his disappointments. "Multitudes, as well as individuals," he pretends, "are essentially capable of being educated," and doubtless this is why, although forty years of abortive efforts ought to have sufficiently proved to him the profound incompatibility which exists between the living and real nature of the Italian nation—the least religious of any in Europe, excepting always the people of Russia—and the mystical idealism of which he has made himself the Messiah and apostle, Mazzini does not yet despair of converting it. But this is also the reason why he dreads, more than he is willing to admit, the disastrous effects of the socialistic and materialistic propaganda, the more threatening as it is infinitely better suited to the national genius of the Italians than his own. This is why he has declared this war to the death against us, not receding even from the horrible danger of seeing himself sustained, in the furious struggle which he has excited against us, by the arbitrary and violent acts of government which he detests, as much as an heir, more or less legitimate, can detect his rich relative who shows himself in no hurry to die.

I well know that Mazzini professes in theory the greatest respect for the people. In his celebrated formula, "Dio e Popolo," he even accords them the second place after God. Mazzini respects the people as much as a theologian can respect anything outside of God; as much as an idealist in general is capable of recognizing and appreciating a living reality.

Moreover, between the theologians and the idealists the difference is not great. The theologian is the idealist consistent and sincere, and the idealist is the theologian hesitating and ashamed. Both of them, moreover, agree in the worship of the absurd in theory and in that of authority or discipline, appointed from above, in practice; the absurd being the consecration of this discipline, which in its turn is the guaranty of all privileges; with this difference, as I have just said, that the theologians have the courage and the ostentation of the absurd, while the idealists vainly try to give it an appearance of rationality. Theology, then, is only the heroic and violent display of that historic disease of the mind which is called, in general, idealism; a disease which, long prepared by the Pantheistic religions of the East, as a metaphysical theory, dates from the first Greek philosophers and especially from Plato, but which Christianity alone has introduced officially, as a practical, dissolvent element of life, into the social and political organization of nations. The essential nature of this disease is to seek and to love in the real world, in society, in men, in things, only itself,—either its own interest, or its personal thought,—not their real nature, but the reflection of a preconceived ideal, which is, in reality, nothing but the worship of himself by the individual, who adores himself in the absolute or in God.

Mazzini, who proscribes and who abhors individualism, but who, on the other hand, proclaims and adores idealism, does not even suspect that idealism is the spiritual father of individualism.

Mazzini, moreover, never says the *Absolute*: he says "God." And he is a thousand times right, for, from the moment that one is an idealist or a spiritualist, he must, under penalty of inconsistency, recognize himself a theologian, and, when one is a theologian, he must have the courage to proclaim it before the whole world. He must have the holy audacity of the absurd. The *Absolute* is an equivocal term invented by the metaphysicians who endeavor to establish an impossible golden mean between reason and religious faith, between scientific truth and theological fictions, between the real world and the God-phantom.

But, although actually a phantom, once taken from nothingness and placed on his throne by the belief of the faithful, God becomes a proud and jealous Master. He does not suffer himself to be denied, or even simply concealed, under any circumstances or pretenses whatsoever. So we have seen the republican Mazzini conceal at times the flag of the Republic, but never the flag of God. For love of Italian unity, necessary and sole instrument, according to him, for the propagation and realization of the new divine law in the world, he could consent to covenant or, at least, to treat with the Pope and the kings; but to covenant with ungodly persons,—what do I say?—to merely observe a truce of tolerance toward republican, ardent, devoted, generous, but atheistical, youth, for love of the Italian Republic, that he can not, that he will not do. Better retard a hundred years the advent of the Republic, for the Republic without God would be the triumph of the Italian people, real and living, and not that of the Mazzinian Italy, privileged throne of his God.

The religious hypocrites, the Tartuffes, have well said, there is no transaction or compromise with God. From the moment that his existence is proclaimed, he wishes to be everything, to invade everything, and to absorb everything. If he is, everything must disappear; he is alone, and alone he wishes to fill the heart of his subjects, whose existence even, strictly, would be already in contradiction with his being; so of all known religions Buddhism appears to me the most consistent, since its worship has no other object than the progressive annihilation of human individuals in the absolute nothing, in God. It is certain that, if God had a real existence, neither the world nor, consequently, the believers would ever have existed. He alone would be: the sole Being, the absolute recluse. But as he exists only in the imagination and simply through the faith of the believers, he has been forced to make them this important concession,—to suffer them to exist also, by the side of him, in spite of logic,—and this is one of the fundamental absurdities of theology. So he makes them pay very dear for this forced and single concession, because he immediately demands of them that, annihilating themselves continually in him, they shall seek and find their existence only in him and shall adore only him, which is to say that they must break all human and terrestrial solidarity to adore themselves in him. *God is egoism idealized; he is the human Me lifted to an infinite power.*

This refined egoism, this adoration of self in any ideal whatsoever,—the adoration of God, in a word,—produces effects so much the more maleficent and cruel because, in men sincerely religious, it has no consciousness of itself: they believe they are serving God in satisfying their own desires and in sacrificing all the world, including themselves, to their dearly-loved fancies, to the ardent hallucinations of their own minds. I speak only of sincere believers, for the hypocrites do not deceive themselves, but make use of religion as a very convenient mask to hide their infamous game, and as a pretext to sacrifice others, never themselves.

These religious hypocrites, always allied, more or less, with political hypocrites,—see Versailles, see all the present governments of Europe,—have doubtless done immense harm to human society. But the harm which the sincere believers have done and still continue to do is not less. In the first place, without these last, the power of the hypocrites, whether religious or political, would have been impossible. Hypocrites have never founded any religion; they have contented themselves with exploiting those religions which the sincere believers have founded. The ardent sincerity of the latter has always served as a passport to the criminal hypocrisy of the former. This is our prime grievance against the sincerely religious.

These men may be divided into three categories: first, the violent and furious believers; second, the loving believers; and, third, the routine, or machine, believers. This last category constitutes the immense majority of believers. Irresponsible because they are destitute of all power of reflection, believing through tradition,

But this the mind of Mazzini, so profoundly religious, absolutely refuses to com-

through ignorance, through custom, they form the flock of Panurge in their respective churches, and at the same time a terrible instrument of reaction, when blood is wanted,—see Saint-Bartholomew,—in the hands of the hypocrites and the violent and furious believers.

Above the flock, and by the side of the hypocrites, always sharing the power and the control with these last, rises the terrible group of the fanatical and furious believers. Purer because infinitely more sincere, they are at the same time more maleficent and much more ferocious than the hypocrites. Humanity is unknown to them; burning with an ardent zeal for their God, they despise it, hate it, and ask nothing better than to exterminate men by thousands, by tens and hundreds of thousands. There are such religious demoniacs in the Assembly of Versailles; not many, the majority of that Assembly being composed of hypocrites or fools, but there are some. Such were the people who in the Middle Ages and later soaked the earth in blood in the name of their so-called God of mercy and love. They established the Inquisition and the order of the Jesuits. Torquemada and Loyola were sincere Christians, but rather violent. Moreover, we find them as well in Protestant churches as in the Roman Catholic church; Luther, Melanthon, Calvin at Geneva, Knox in Scotland, were of this number. And even today the societies of the pietists in Germany, of the *Möniers* in Switzerland, of the holy propagators of the Bible in England, as well as the Society of Jesus, are full of them. Savonarola, that hero and, after Dante, that inspirer of Mazzini, would have become a terrible persecutor, if, instead of being burned, he had triumphed. All these men, these heroes of religion, have burned and are burning with an ardent and exclusive love for their God, and, terribly consistent, they ask nothing better than to burn and exterminate all that appears to them heretical and profane,—that is, human,—for the greater glory of their God: Celestial Master, "Father and Teacher," as Mazzini says.

To be continued.

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

BY STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART FIRST.

THE TRUE CONSTITUTION OF GOVERNMENT

IN THE

Sovereignty of the Individual as the Final Development of Protestantism, Democracy, and Socialism.

Continued from No. 90.

But the principle of Democracy does not stop here. Government still interferes, even in these United States, in some instances, with the social and political *status* of the Individual, as in the case of slavery, with commerce, with the title to the soil, with the validity of private obligations, with the treatment of crime, and, finally, with the marriage and parental relationships of the citizen; and it is obviously an incongruous fact that it interferes with all these, in many instances at least, to the great annoyance of the citizen, who, according to our political theory, is himself the sovereign, and consequently the voluntary fabricator of that which annoys him. To the philosophic mind there is that in this incongruity alone which predicts the ultimate emancipation of the citizen from the restrictions of legislation and jurisprudence, in every aspect of his existence. Accordingly, there is another whole third of the domain hitherto occupied by Government which is at this moment in dispute between it and the Individual. The whole of that legislation which establishes or tolerates that form of human bondage which is called slavery is at this moment undergoing the most determined and vigorous onset of public opinion which any false and tyrannical institution of Government was ever called upon to endure. The full and final abolition of slavery can not but be regarded, by every reflecting mind, as prospectively certain. Such is the fiat of Democracy; such is the inevitable *sequitur* from the Democratic premise of inherent political rights. Government interferes, again, to regulate commerce; but what is the demand of Democracy in relation to that? Nothing short of absolute free trade. Democracy says to Government, Hands off! Let the Individual determine for himself when, and where, and how he will buy and sell. Does any one doubt that Democracy will, in the long run, have its own way in relation to this matter as well, and that tariffs, and custom houses, and collectorships, and the whole lumbering paraphernalia of indirect taxation, which fences out the intercourse of nations, will be looked back upon, in a generation or two, in a light akin to that in which the police system of Fouché, the passport system of the despotic countries of Europe, and the censorship of the press are now regarded by us? Government still interferes to control the public domain; but already an organized and rapidly augmenting political organization is demanding in this country a surrender of this whole subject to the Individual Sovereigns who make the Government, and who need the land. Nor are the modest pretensions of Land Reform, which as yet touch only the public domain, likely to end at that. The very foundation principles of the ownership of land, as vested in individuals and protected by law, can not escape much longer from a searching and radical investigation; and when that comes, the arbitrary legislation of Government will have to give place to such natural and scientific principles regulating the subject as may be evolved. Land Reform, in its present aspect, is merely the prologue to a thorough and unsparring, but philosophical and equitable agrarianism, by means of which either the land itself, or an equal participation in the benefits of the land, shall be secured to the whole people. Science, not human legislation, must finally govern the distribution of the soil. Government, again, interferes with contracts and private obligations. But already the demand is growing loud for the abolition of the usury laws, and a distant murmur is overheard of the question whether good faith and the maintenance of credit would not be promoted by dispensing with all laws for the collection of debts. Both the statesman and the citizen have observed, not without profound consideration, the significant fact that the fear of the law is less potential for the enforcement of obligations than commercial honor; that the protest of a notary, or even a whisper of suspicion on Change, is fraught with a cogeny which neither a bench warrant nor a *capias ad satisfaciendum* ever possessed. Government still deals with criminals by the old-fashioned process of punishment, but both science and philanthropy concur in pronouncing that the grand remedial agency for crime is prevention, and not cure. The whole theory of vindictive punishment is rapidly obsolescent. That theory once dead, all that remains of punishment is simply defensive. Imprisonment melts into the euphemism, detention; and, while detained, the prisoner is treated tenderly, as a diseased or unfortunate person. Nor does Democracy stop at that. Democracy declares that liberty is an inalienable right, the inherent prerogative of the Individual Sovereign, of which there is no possible defeasance, even by his own act. Democracy therefore claims, or will claim when it better understands the universality of its own pretension, either such conditions of society that criminals shall no longer be made, or else that some more delicate

method of guardianship shall be devised which shall respect the dignity with which Democracy invests the Individual man.

When the battles which are thus already waged in these various departments of human affairs between Government and the Individual shall have been finally fought and won, the domain of Government will have shrunk to the merest fragment of its old dimensions. Hardly any sphere of legislation, worthy of the name, will remain, save that of the marriage and parental relations. These are subjects of great delicacy, and form, ordinarily, an insuperable barrier to the freedom of investigation in this direction. It is in connection with these subjects that men shrink with dismay from what they understand to be the programme of Socialism. A brief consideration of the subject, conducted with the boldness and impartiality of science, will demonstrate, however, that the most extreme proposition of Socialism does not transcend, in the least, the legitimate operation of the fundamental principle of either Protestantism or Democracy. There is that, both in one and the other, which, carried simply out to its logical and inevitable conclusion, covers the whole case of marriage and the love relations, and completely emancipates them from the impertinent interference of human legislation. First, what says Protestantism? Why, that the right of private judgment in matters of conscience is paramount to all other authority whatsoever. But marriage has been, in all ages, a subject eminently under the dominion of conscience and the religious sense. Besides, it is one of the best recognized principles of high-toned religionism that every action of the life is appropriately made matter of conscience, inasmuch as the responsibility of the Individual toward God is held to extend to every, even the minutest thing, which the Individual does. No man, we are told, can answer for his brother. This, then, settles the whole question. It abandons the whole subject to the conscience of the Individual. It implies the charge of a spiritual despotism, wholly unwarranted, for any man to interfere with the conscientious determination of any other with regard to it. Nor can it be objected, with any effect, that this rule only applies when the determination of the Individual accords with, and is based upon, his own conscientious conviction, for who shall determine whether it be so or not? Clearly no one but the Individual himself. Any tribunal assuming to do it for him would be the Inquisition over again, which is the special abhorrence of Protestantism. Such, then, is the Protestant faith. But what, let us inquire, is the Protestant practice? Precisely what it should be, in strict accordance with the fundamental axiom of Protestantism. Every variety of conscience and every variety of deportment in reference to this precise subject of love is already tolerated among us. At one extreme of the scale stand the Shakers, who abjure the connection of the sexes altogether. At the other extremity stands the association of Perfectionists, at Oneida, who hold and practise, and justify by the Scriptures, as a religious dogma, what they denominate complex marriage, or the freedom of love. We have, in this State, stringent laws against adultery and fornication; but laws of that sort fall powerless, in America, before the all-pervading sentiment of Protestantism, which vindicates the freedom of conscience to all persons and in all things, provided the consequences fall upon the parties themselves. Hence the Oneida Perfectionists live undisturbed and respected, in the heart of the State of New York, and in the face of the world; and the civil government, true to the Democratic principle, which is only the same principle in another application, is little anxious to interfere with this breach of its own ordinances, so long as they cast none of the consequences of their conduct upon those who do not consent to bear them.

Such, then, is the unlimited sweep of the fundamental axiom of Protestantism. Such its unhesitating endorsements, both theoretically and practically, of the whole doctrine of the absolute Sovereignty of the Individual. It does not help the matter to assert that it is an irreligious or a very immoral act to do this, or that, or the other thing. Protestantism neither asserts or denies that. It merely asserts that there is no power to determine that question higher than the Individual himself. It does not help the matter to affirm that the Scriptures, or the law of God, delivered in any form, have determined the nature and limits of marriage. Protestantism, again, neither denies that proposition nor affirms it. It merely affirms, again, that the Individual himself must decide for himself what the law of God is, and that there is no authority higher than himself to whose decision he can be required to submit. It is arrogance, self-righteousness, and spiritual despotism for me to assume that you have not a conscience as well as I, and that, if you regulate your own conduct in the light of that conscience, it will not be as well regulated in the sight of God as it would be if I were to impose the decisions of my conscience upon you.

In general, however, Government still interferes with the marriage and parental relations. Democracy in America has always proceeded with due deference to the prudent motto, *festina lente*. In France, at the time of the first Revolution, Democracy rushed with the explosive force of escapement from centuries of compression, point blank to the bull's eye of its final destiny, from which it recoiled with such force that the stupid world has dreamed, for half a century, that the vital principle of Democracy was dead. As a logical sequence from Democratic principle, the legal obligation of marriage was sundered, and the Sovereignty of the Individual above the institution was vindicated. That the principle of Democracy is, potentially, still the same will appear upon slight examination. Democracy denies all power to Government in matters of religion. No Democratic Government does, therefore, or can base its interference with marriage upon the religious ground. It defines marriage to be, and regards it as being, a mere civil contract. It justifies its own interference with it upon the same ground that it justifies its interference with other contracts,—namely, to enforce the civil obligations connected with it, and to insure the maintenance of children. But here, as in the case of ordinary obligations, if the conviction obtains that different conditions of society will render the present relations of property between husband and wife unnecessary, and secure, by the equitable distribution and general abundance of wealth, a universal deference on the part of parents to the dictates of nature in behalf of children, Democracy will cease to make this subject an exception to her dominant principles. A tendency to change these conditions is already shown in the passage of laws to secure to the wife an independent or individual enjoyment of property. Already the observation is made, too, that children are never abandoned among the wealthy classes, and hence the natural inference that the scientific production, the equitable distribution, and the economical employment of wealth would render human laws unnecessary to enforce the first mandate of nature,—hospitality and kindness toward offspring. The doctrine is already considerably diffused that the union of the sexes would be, not only more pure, but more permanent, in the absence, under favorable circumstances, of all legal interference. But whether that be so or not is not now the question. I am merely asserting that the inevitable tendency of Democracy, like that of Protestantism, is toward abandoning this subject to the sovereign determination of the Individual, and that Democracy in this country will attain, only more leisurely, the same point to which it went at a single leap, and from which it rebounded, in France.

It is far less obvious, judging from the practical exhibition which it has hitherto made of itself, that the essential principle of Socialism is, equally with that of Protestantism and Democracy, the Individual Sovereignty. Indeed, Socialism has

Continued on page 2

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Announcement Extraordinary!

After many years' waiting and preparing of the way, I am about to attempt the execution of a purpose which I have had steadily in view ever since I first became an Anarchist,—the translation into English and publication of Proudhon's complete works. In 1873, when, by the kind advice of Colonel William B. Greene, I began an examination of Proudhon's writings, I knew no more about the thought of the great French philosopher and economist than Herbert Spencer knew about it when he made bold to criticise it in his "Social Statics." In fact, I shared with nearly all people in America and England the misinformation regarding him that, having once said that "property is robbery," he was therefore a Communist and a most ferocious one. But, thanks to Colonel Greene, I read Proudhon's discussion with Bastiat on the question of interest, and then the famous "What is Property?" and great indeed was my astonishment at finding in them, but presented in very different terms, the identical ideas which I had already learned from Josiah Warren, and which, evolved by these two men independently, will be as fundamental in whatever social changes henceforth come over the world as has been the law of gravitation in all the revolutions in physical science which have followed its discovery,—I mean, of course, the ideas of Liberty and Equity. Moreover, as I continued in my reading, I found that Proudhon had not, like Warren, confined himself to the bare elucidation of the principles, but had discussed in their revolutionary light nearly every subject touching the welfare of mankind, bringing to this Herculean work a mastery of style, a skill of dialectics, and a wealth of learning entirely beyond the limits attainable by the simple and untutored, though wonderfully lucid, mind of Warren.

However it may be with other kinds of wealth, no one will dispute, I think, that the satisfaction derived from the possession of knowledge—especially newly-discovered knowledge—is proportional to the degree in which its owner can make others share it. Naturally, then, my first thought was: "What a pity that these unparalleled researches of Proudhon in the realm of sociology should remain a sealed letter to the English-speaking race!" And I said to Colonel Greene: "Why don't you translate 'What is Property?'" His answer was: "Why don't *you*?" A mere boy, the thought of my competency for such a task had never occurred to me. But, the suggestion thus deposited in my mind, I turned it over and over and enlarged upon it, until I reached a determination that I could spend my life in no worthier, more helpful, more congenial pursuit than the enrichment of English literature by embodying in it at least an approximate equivalent of the entire product of a master mind in French literature. "What work nobler," asks the editor of Herr

Teufelsdröckh's biographical documents, "than transplanting foreign thought into the barren domestic soil; except indeed planting thought of your own, which the fewest are privileged to do?" Not belonging to the privileged few, I enthusiastically took my place in the second rank and published "What is Property?"

It received a great deal of attention from the press, was read, and is read more and more, by thinking people in all classes of society, can now be found in most of the principal libraries and institutions of learning, and has exercised a marked influence upon the minds foremost in the revolutionary movement. Nevertheless, it did not find a market sufficient to justify me in following it with the other works. Reluctant to abandon my design, it occurred to me that I might create a market; that, by presenting the basic thought of Proudhon in simpler shape and applying it to the events uppermost in people's minds, I might not only directly spread the truth, but arouse an interest to know it in its (as yet) best estate,—the works of Proudhon.

And I started Liberty. It proved to be the very thing, and more. It began directly, not only to accomplish my purpose regarding Proudhon, but to do an invaluable work of its own. Minds here, there, and everywhere were interested, attracted, and won, and the best elements of the progressive schools gradually gathered around it, until now it has, not a very large, but a growing, enthusiastic, earnest, and intelligent body of supporters. These have testified their interest in Anarchistic literature, and the time seems to have come to try them with the works of Proudhon and to push once more my original design.

Accordingly I shall issue on January 1, 1887, the first number of a monthly periodical to be called the "Proudhon Library," its purpose being the publication of an English translation, in parts of sixty-four pages each, of the entire works of P. J. Proudhon, including his voluminous and very valuable correspondence. A number will be issued on the first day of every month, and, as fast as each work is completed, I will bind it, for such subscribers as will return all the numbers, handsomely and at a trifling cost. The bound volumes will be uniform in every respect with "What is Property?" and there will be not far from fifty in all, averaging four or five hundred octavo pages each. The subscription price is fixed at three dollars a year,—a rate which will enable the subscribers to get the complete works, bound, for *nearly fifty dollars less* than they would have to pay if they should wait till the completion of each volume before buying it.

The first work to appear will be that wonderful product of the human intellect entitled: "System of Economical Contradictions: or, the Philosophy of Misery." It consists of two volumes, which will constitute the fourth and fifth of the series. "What is Property?" is the first, and the second and third will appear later. A descriptive circular, giving fuller details of the project and a list of the works, has been mailed to every subscriber to Liberty, and any other person may receive one by applying for it. I confidently expect every reader of Liberty to subscribe for the "Proudhon Library," and all of them who are pecuniarily able, to put their names down for two, three, five, ten, or more copies. If they do this, the enterprise will be an assured success and an immense impetus will be given to the Revolution. *It will be a great help to me in the work if all who can will send the money promptly.*

The publication in English of these fifty volumes, in which the great French Anarchist discusses with a master's mind and pen nearly every vital question now agitating the world, covering the fields of political economy, sociology, religion, metaphysics, history, literature, and art, not only is a great event in literature, but will mark an epoch in the Social Revolution which is now making all things new. Of this Revolution, in fact, Proudhon's works constitute almost an encyclopaedia. "Nothing has escaped the great thinker," said Michelet, in reference to them. Can the people of America—the country in which Proudhon is said to have expected his ideas to be first realized—afford to remain in ignorance of them? I think not. What do you think, reader? If you, too, think not, *will you help to make them known?*

BENJ. R. TUCKER.

The Colin Campbell Suit.

A discussion is going on about the propriety of publishing in the newspapers the reports of the Colin Campbell divorce suit, and many heads of families have expressed the opinion that the publication should not be made. For one thing, they are afraid that innocent girls will get bad ideas about married life. The report of the trial will certainly give them an idea of some of its dangers. The so-called purists do not appear to reflect upon what is the reason or cause of the publication. Here is a wife who finds her husband diseased. She tells him that she cannot consent to relations which poison her health. Under Anarchy her decision would be the law of the case. He could have no rights over her person. But under statute law this man is licensed to persecute this woman.

The statute provides for a public trial, so that a court and jury may determine whether the woman shall be again free from the disgusting individual whom she has taken for her husband without knowing of his disease. The law invites him to attempt to prove her relations with other men as a reason why she shall not go free of him! Hence the reports. They spring out of the trial. The law arranges for a public washing of dirty linen, and then the admirers of statute law are shocked at the publication of the testimony and cross-examinations, which nothing but the law has made necessary. If the so-called purists want to abolish such publications, let them abolish the laws providing for divorce suits, and substitute a simple recognition of the natural and inalienable right of every individual to govern himself or herself in sexual relations.

TAK KAK.

Beecher, the Anarchist.

Henry Ward Beecher says a great many true things, but he also talks much nonsense. That is because he takes more pains to be smart than to be accurate, and talks with the most assurance of things concerning which he knows least. He recently treated Plymouth church to a discourse on labor which was a bewildering imbroglio of ideas and pure ignorance. His misinformation on the subject of Socialism is an extensive as any able editor's, and the density of his stupidity when talking about Anarchy is unequalled. Like all the rest of the pulpitiere and newspaper editors, he confounds every revolutionary doctrine with State Socialism. Take this ridiculous statement for example: "Socialism is a skin disease, and nothing but Anarchy disguised. Its aim is to accomplish everything through the government." It would be laughable, were it not so discouraging, to hear a man of Beecher's intelligence and with his opportunities to acquire correct information accusing Anarchy of conspiring with the State or seeking its aid. The very derivation and absolute meaning of the word ought to teach him better than that.

After this lucid statement of the aim of Anarchy, Mr. Beecher says:

The Anarchist wants society devastated and then have it sprung up anew. It would be a benevolence to imprison these crazy people, who are as much outside the pale of humanity as the wolf and bear. It is not ennobling to exterminate them.

How he can reconcile his two statements is beyond my comprehension. Both being absolutely false as well as contradictory, no reconciliation is necessary, however. The simple explanation that the man doesn't know what he is talking about is sufficient. But if Mr. Beecher would take the trouble to learn the meaning of Anarchy and ask some real Anarchist what he wants or hopes to accomplish, he would avoid making a fool of himself, and I trust would also avoid speaking falsely. He could learn readily that Anarchy does not aim to accomplish anything through the government, and that no Anarchist wants to devastate society. Anarchy demands that government shall cease devastating society and let society reform itself on a natural basis. The Anarchist wants to abolish injustice, poverty, ignorance, and crime. Mr. Beecher says such a person is no better than a ravaging wolf and ought to be exterminated. If that be so, Mr. Beecher is no better than a wolf and ought to be knocked in the head. Why, the disturbing, turbulent fellow said in

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that same sermon: "I want equality for everybody. . . Absolute individualism is the one great thing to be desired, because it begets intelligence and forms the basis of society." Absolute individualism, Mr. Beecher! that is rank Anarchism. As an Anarchist, I ask for nothing more. If I ought to be exterminated, what right have you to live? You say I and those who believe as I do are crazy and unfit to live, because you imagine that we do not agree with you, but you see we do agree. Cease muddling the minds of people, Brother Beecher. Climb down from your pulpit and join the Anarchists, the Absolute Individualists, who want equality of opportunity for everybody. Let us all be exterminated together.

MAX.

Drawn by the Magnet, Anarchy.

When S. P. Putnam, the travelling lecturer and secretary of the American Secular Union, who, with a zeal worthy of a better cause, spread far and wide the nine-demands-agitation during the out-going administration of 1886, visited the home of "Lucifer" and observed the all-absorbing interest which the light-bearers seemed to take in their unpopular work, he expressed surprise and regret that such heroic warriors should insist on separating themselves from the central column, which is making gigantic strides to victory, and engage in a hopeless fight, which can but end in martyrdom, for the sake of trifling "side issues" which "may or may not tend to the general progress." How much "more for man's advancement, both ideally and practically," it is to tax churches than to abolish usury and legal privilege! It is not unreasonable to assume that since that time the Valley Falls reformers have considerably risen in the estimation of the Secular Union, for the work of Simplification of Ceremonies habitual on the solemn occasions when two adult fools are shut up forever in the cage of marriage to make life an intolerable burden to each other is scarcely less noble, grand, and progressive a work than that for any of the nine demands. But, on the other hand, we begin to perceive a marked tendency on the part of the theological Anarchists to give more and more attention to the "side issues" which they have heretofore scornfully neglected. Are we to explain this phenomenon by the law of compensation, and see in it the hand of a merciful providence? If so, let the pessimistically-inclined Anarchist be consoled. The loss is more than counterbalanced by the gain.

The fact to be mentioned first is that Mr. Wakeman has been seized with so strong a craving for some real reform work that he, lively and with youthful vigor, jumps over the blocks in the political path that would at any other time be considered as insurmountable obstacles to further advance. Watching Mr. Wakeman as he serenely and calmly stood on the Fatherhood-of-God platform and determined to stick to Henry George in spite of his tricky ways and suspicious silence on the subject of the nine demands, the idea occurred to us that the bull and the red shawl may be expected to be reconciled one of these days. Of course, our gratification would be much more intense, had he brought over this ardor and activity to the Anarchistic side of the fence, but, Mr. Walker's idea of the logical order of progress having been properly assimilated, we can clearly see how the Henry George movement and the platform of the new party are going to boom immensely the No-State movement. When the time is ripe for the third of Mr. Walker's stages, the Fatherhood of God will be dropped overboard in the close embrace of the Brotherhood of Man, and behold the birth of Anarchy!

However, for those that are not given to metaphysical speculation and who cannot see any method in Mr. Walker's madness, there are more tangible and direct indications of progress. The recent utterances of Colonel Ingersoll unmistakably show that the centre of gravity of his reflections had been carried over from the theological realm into the politico-social. Jonah and the whale are to be given a rest, and our modern Jonahs, who have nothing to swallow, but who are in danger of being swallowed by the monster of monopoly, are more looked after. In his Lay Sermon and the published interviews on the labor topics, though full of contradictions, as the reader will judge from

the few samples which the editor of Liberty elsewhere displays, he yet takes very radical ground and gives some excellent advice. Without being aware of it, he favors the Socialistic Cost principle, the Anarchistic occupying-ownership land theory, and "dissolution of government in the economic organism."

So the world moves.

V. YARROS.

Who are the Cowards?

The extreme of impudence is reached by Mr. Harman when he insinuates that Tucker, Yarros, and Lloyd "say a hundred words against the (to them) apparent slight yielding of Walker and Harman to one word against the bitter persecutions and imprisonment to which they are subjected," because "that is safer just now." "The State," he adds, "will not hold that as treason, because it is aid and comfort to it." Note, first, the egregious assumption and misrepresentation hidden away in the words "the (to them) apparent slight yielding." He must know—for we have stated it explicitly and repeatedly—that the yielding, instead of being to us apparently slight, seems to us like utter surrender. If he had wanted to be fair, he would have said: "the (to them) apparent enormous yielding, though the yielding in question is really very slight, if it exists at all." But in saying this he would have sacrificed the point of his paragraph, and he *must* make his point. This, however, is not the worst feature of his impudence. That consists in hinting that the thought of our own safety keeps us from siding with the prisoners against the State, whereas in truth our sole complaint is that the prisoners surrendered to the State at the first gun instead of making a battle with the State in which we could have fought by their side. It is precisely because the prisoners themselves are giving "aid and comfort" to the State (though the stupid State doesn't know it and persecutes them just the same) that we refuse *them* aid and comfort. And because we insist on a battle and protest against surrender, we are cheekily told that we are "fair-weather Anarchists"!

The plaintive wail of the editor of "Lucifer" that Lloyd, Tucker & Co. are exhibiting cowardice in attacking Walker and Harman when they are in jail and cannot reply is based on the mistaken idea that the question at issue is one of persons instead of principles. It also ignores the fact that Mr. Walker himself made it a question of principles. If his appeal for aid had been entirely personal, Lloyd, Tucker & Co. would have done all that they could to protect him against the State. But he has gone to jail professedly in vindication of a principle, though really, as it seems to us, in violation of a principle. If it is true that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," his imprisonment is the most effective of arguments in support of his erroneous position and is liable to mislead many people by telling upon their sympathies. Are we, then, simply because he is allowed to offer no other argument, to abstain from all effort to prevent these people from being misled? Are we to be branded as cowards if we do not desist from the discussion of principles and of Mr. Walker's conduct as a self-constituted exponent of principles? Absurd! As well say that we should not discuss the theory of the Social Contract because Jean Jacques Rousseau is in his grave!

Powderly's instructions to the Chicago Knights of Labor to collect no more money for the condemned men at Chicago and to return the money already collected must be instructive, if not interesting, reading to those who were so angry with me some months ago for denouncing the Knights of Labor as an authority-ridden organization. In what respect is this act less arrogant and arbitrary than the suspension of Father McGlynn for his support of Henry George? As the New York "Sun" says: "It seems a queer thing in this country for a gentleman with spectacles to set up as a positive lord over the minds and thoughts of thousands of intelligent and self-supporting men, and to tell them whether they may or may not bestow a little alms upon a few poor wretches who are trembling on the brink of the grave." Yet this act is but the legitimate and inevitable flowering of a plant rooted in authority, and

every one whose vision extends beyond the end of his nose ought to have foreseen it from the first.

E. C. Walker indignantly declares that "marriage or the sex-union of men and of women is something with which neither the State nor so-called Anarchists have anything to do." Just so! I have been saying so all along. Why, then, did not Mr. Walker keep his sexual relations to himself instead of appealing to Anarchists to concern themselves therein?

The Replogles' Reasons.

Comrade Tucker:

Your criticism on our holding shares in the Credit Foncier of Sinaloa is timely, and seems logical so far as any information you, or the public, may have on the matter. But of a private nature we have reasons that we deem sufficient to make this seeming contradiction to our general ideas. Also, we could afford to sign the "Principles" for the same reason that you cannot refuse to remain on this State-monopolized planet. We know of nothing more promising in some respects, and its worst features are as good as those you must abide by in the States. Besides, its people are certainly quite as susceptible to progress as the masses outside.

Now, as regards the assertion of "Equity" on Philbrook, you will find your quotation in Comrade Moore's "Principles of Life" instead of "Equity." In No. 8 of that paper will be seen our opinion, in part, of him. We do not feel conscious of our feline nature at all. Though we are here where the "Catskill Mountains," we have not even your desire to destroy Anarchistic mice or "rats."

We hope to carry our share of the west end of the cause on the Pacific, while you and the royal friends do so in the east. Yours fraternally,

REPROLOGLES.

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 21, 1886.

[The English in which the foregoing is couched is scarcely up to the standard set for these columns, but it would be hardly fair to refuse the writers the privilege of replying to my criticism of them. The information upon which I based my criticism was the official information given to the public by the Sinaloa leaders themselves in the declaration of principles. If the Replogles have had private information which contradicts public information,—that is, for instance, if they have been given any assurances by Colonel Owen or his friends that their tyrannical propositions regarding marriage are simply exoteric, and that the Credit Foncier is to be esoterically a free love community,—this simply means that the Replogles have entrusted their welfare to the keeping of a band of hypocrites. The difference between their consent to sign "Our Principles" and my consent to remain on this State-monopolized planet is marked. They voluntarily lend their influence to, and assume a share of responsibility for, a thoroughly compulsory social system, whereas I remain on this planet to fight the monopoly of it and vindicate my claim to enjoy my share of it undisturbed. If we assume the social principle of equality of opportunity, neither the State, nor society as a whole, has any right to monopolize the planet to my exclusion, and, if it attempts to do so, it is my right to stay here and defend myself against it. But any special society voluntarily formed has a right to acquire by proper methods its share of the planet,—that is, as much as its members can actually use,—and there live under an arbitrary régime. Now, of two things one: either the individual who enters such society accepts its arbitrary régime sincerely, and then he is not as true to Liberty as the individual who stays outside and fights Authority; or else he accepts it insincerely and intending to resist it, and then his entrance into it is manifestly improper and dishonest. If the Replogles go to Sinaloa, they must choose between the horns of this dilemma.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

A Very Palpable Hit.

(Washington Post.)

Newspapers desiring to interview him on the land reform question, Henry George declines. "I am perfectly willing to answer these questions for the 'Sun,' but to do so would be equivalent to writing an article, and I want pay for it. I am no longer a candidate. I make my living by writing." As to the propriety of this, it is the reformer's own business; but we protest against his getting more than one dollar a day for it. For he gladly sold the same views for one dollar a day ten years ago, and the difference between that and what he can get today is "unearned increment,"—that is, it is increased value resulting from increased popular interest; therefore, as he says of land, it is not his at all, but "belongs to the people whose presence has caused the increase."

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been attacked and resisted more vigorously than from any other cause in consequence of an instinctive perception that the measures hitherto proposed by it sap the freedom of the Individual. The connected interests and complicated artificial organization proposed by Fourier, and the renunciation of independent ownership contemplated by Communism, have been severely criticised and denounced, and the most so, perhaps, by those who are the most thoroughly imbued with the Protestant and Democratic idea of Individuality. To understand this apparent discrepancy we must distinguish the leading *idea* of Socialism from the *method* proposed by its advocates. The two are quite distinct from each other, and it may be that Socialism has mistaken its measures, as every human enterprise is liable to do.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 90.

He was transfigured. His features, in general simply correct and wearing a passing expression, now became of that true radiant beauty which grand sentiments produce, and Treor's granddaughter submitted to the invincible charm of this metamorphosis.

"Yes, I desert my camp!" he repeated. "The Duke has several times reproved my inaction. He invited me to take part on one side or the other, and, when I urged upon him conciliatory measures, he mocked at my desire for peace, which—I am sure, for his mocking smiles declared it—he looked upon at bottom as mere cowardice!

"Well! I will enter the struggle; I will lead your troops to battle for the vindication of their rights, although they do not lack heroic chiefs, for the example of my desertion will strengthen the confidence which it is necessary for them to place in their good cause."

His exaltation was increasing, but its very excess frightened Marian, and she reflected that in reality, justice, devotion to Ireland took only second rank in this display of enthusiasm in favor of their side. The love which he felt for her was the real motive of his fine fervor, his resolutions, which perhaps he would regret in the future.

She was not so innocent that she had not understood the hints, in the conversations of the Buncloydans, of the empire which the beautiful Duchess exercised over Richard; and without imagining that between Ellen and him matters went so far as incestuous adultery, she felt that Sir Richard would find difficulty in extricating himself from this influence.

Perhaps it would need only word, a sign from Lady Newington later to make of him, when they believed him definitively gained to the Irish cause, a renegade for the second time; and Marian did not dare to assume such a responsibility.

Seeing her all at once lose the animation which flushed her face and made her eyes glisten, Sir Richard guessed the change which was working in her and, that she refused his generous decision, taken so freely, with an enthusiasm above suspicion, and even without having weighed the reward with which his conduct would be crowned.

He wished to doubt, however, and, full of anguish, interrogated Marian.

"Remain neutral," she said to him with effort, with regret, "content yourself with palliating, in the measure of your influence, the horrors of the savage war which they make on us. This is all which it is allowable for us to accept."

And, without waiting for her to furnish him the least explanation in support of her words, he flew into a passion. In vain, in order to soften her words, she tried to say that both of them would be suspected, and that she would be accused of lukewarmness and of thinking more of her love than of the cause, in bringing Sir Richard among them.

Seized with a fit of mad grief, he uttered the frightful phrases of an insane man:

"Since my devotion is refused, well! I will carry it elsewhere. Ah! Marian, I shall have, some day, the spectacle of your love for some hero of your party" . . .

"I shall never love anyone," she said.

"A vow? All women perjure themselves. I say that you will love some one of your people who will bear himself heroically, whose bravery will excite applause, whose name will be transmitted in history, covered with famous laurels. Well, every Irishman is transformed for me today into an abhorred rival whom I must kill. From this time forward I declare a pitiless war upon them all. The handsomest, the youngest, the bravest especially! Bad luck to them!"

What a transformation for Marian!

Notwithstanding her silence, just before, when Richard questioned her to discover if she still loved him; notwithstanding her affirmation that their past was dead, quite dead, forever buried with its dead brothers, and that the future would see them strangers to each other,—she still kept in her heart the same tender passion as before.

Her vow to the league of the United Irishmen simply bound her to renounce hope certainly entertained formerly,—and on this point she would not compromise,—but it did not at all invalidate a love born long years before, at a time when a young girl's heart is first awakened.

During the interval that had elapsed since that epoch, it had developed freely, and had taken deep root, always strengthened by the generous attitude of Sir Bradwell so far, up to this moment even; and Richard's fury shook her painfully, producing in her a commotion which stunned her, torturing her soul and wounding all its tenderness.

Would she be forced to despise him, to hate him? Or could she preserve for him feelings of which he showed himself unworthy?

In that case, it would be she who would deserve contempt. My God! Had not her unhappiness yet reached the limit of the possible?

No, Richard was only under the dominion of a new fit of passion which would disperse. Only an instant before, moved by frightful and unreasoning anger, had he not suddenly made amends and at once asked her pardon? In a second, the same sudden change would humble him before her, repentant, saddened, like a child filled with remorse for a fault.

She looked at him.

Alas! his countenance did not change, and his vague and enlarged pupils betrayed a continuance of his madness. Then she recalled having often seen him in old times wandering gloomily and aimlessly across the fields, with dishevelled hair, and a fixed look that was now directed towards the clouds and now straight on into the immensity of the plains, and that occasionally he would be talking in a very loud voice.

Neither the rain nor the sun disturbed him; neither the water which flooded him nor the heat of the leaden star turned him aside from his course or his esta-

sies, for the spectators declared his mind upset, explaining the fact by his birth in a year especially marked by dramatic events, massacres without number, and continual conflagrations.

A famine, the previous year, had decimated the country and emaciated spectres, strolling skeletons, circulated slowly through the streets, dragging after them their sufferings and the want which tortured them; the Duchess, Richard's mother, very compassionate, had been revolutionized by these pitiable, hideous pictures, and had taken into her system the germ of the nervous malady to which she succumbed later, after having communicated to her son an unhealthy susceptibility, combatted, it is true, by a dread of the paternal temperament which he had doubtless inherited.

So Marian, with a breaking heart, tried to calm him in a friendly and gentle way. Amicably and gratefully, she recalled to him his generous interference when he arrived upon the scene of the barbarities of Gowan and his gang, of the revolting extortions of the Britons. She cited his discussions (of which she had been informed) with Sir Walpole, the sleek, glittering officer, the bickerings and quarrels they had had together and which often just escaped degenerating into challenges.

This was why she did not cherish malice at his menaces; she would not keep even the memory of them. Oh, no! No more would he, moreover,—and she well knew that he would continue to conform his acts to those of the past, and explicitly deny, by his future conduct, the blasphemies which he had just uttered!

But this peaceful overture did not act at all on Bradwell as she had hoped. Neither the suavity of the young girl's voice, nor the kindness of her words, melted the exasperation into which he had fallen and from which his morbid mental state would not permit him to extricate himself easily.

He was wrongly accused of insanity; but all the causes cited by the witnesses of his fantastic ways and of the intermittent incoherence of his ideas and his actions had had really the fatal influence which they pretended on his brain, in which inexplicable fits of violence succeeded exemplary feelings of charity.

Excesses in goodness as well as in evil struggled for the victory in his character, and Lady Ellen had contributed not a little to unbalance him by the unreasonableness of her always unsatisfied passion and the deadly refinements with which she stimulated the satiety and the ardor of her lover.

So that, pushed to an extreme point, he lacked the elasticity necessary to reaction.

"Richard," said Marian, "it is over, is it not, your wickedness?"

"If you retract your desperate *never*," he answered, roughly and imperatively.

And as she kept still that she might not excite a new crisis, he interpreted her silence as a negative, and in a transport less exalted than the previous one, but not less categorical as to conclusions, he said:

"Well! you will have forced me to it: I entered your father's house as a friend; I leave it an irreconcilable enemy; I came imploring the favor of a hope; I go away promising you surprises that will terrify you."

He was wandering; he surely would not keep his diabolical promises. Nevertheless, Marian held him back that he might not leave after this abominable imprecation, and that his voice, when he were no longer there, might not resound under this roof in such a diabolical tone; but harshly and roughly, positively disowning her, he called on her to let him go away.

Already, dragging her after him, he had reached the door, when it was suddenly opened, and some one entered who imposed silence and, with his extended hand, stopped Bradwell, bent on his intention of departure.

It was Father Richmond, the priest of Buncloyd.

"I have been wandering about my profaned church," said he, "awaiting Treor, who is repeating his sacrifices; I recollect before the scandal of again turning the ungodly out of the sanctuary; I am waiting, outside, to reprimand them, as is my right, in the name of the Most High whom they are outraging, whom they are defying with impunity, but who will soon chastise them, we cannot doubt."

"And what do you wish of us?" asked Sir Bradwell, drily.

"I walked some distance away," the priest resumed, tranquilly, "and I was praying. Thus I overheard your dispute. After my orisons, I thought that perhaps my ministry could be exercised usefully here, and here I am."

He paused, sanctimoniously watching Marian and Richard by turns to see what chance of success was reserved for his intervention; and seeing that both, extremely puzzled, were waiting for him to speak, he said:

"The wrong is on your side, Marian, and it is you whom I blame."

Although much astonished, she did not reply, thinking only of the result to be reached,—the restoration of Bradwell to reason,—and the priest resumed:

"It is you whom I blame, Marian, because you will be responsible for the miseries with which he will overwhelm your country, for he will fulfill his menace. He will fulfill it, I tell you, because I remember his childhood and know that he possesses, by the side of the tender qualities which he inherits from his deceased mother, in an equal degree the excessive passion of Lord Newington, his wild and blood-thirsty anger."

Marian was weeping, with her face in her hands.

"Moreover," concluded the priest, "the infernal sin has exalted the bad instincts in his soul and weakened the good ones."

"Sir!" said Bradwell, knitting his bushy eyebrows in a sinister fashion and biting savagely his pale lips.

He asked himself what the curate was coming at; but the placid countenance of the holy man, like the limpid clearness of the lakes, more inscrutable than a blank wall, completely eluded his examination. Father Richmond, shivering with cold, turned to the fire, warming his blue hands and his feet benumbed in the damp shoes which smoked in the blaze of the fire-place.

"Yes! yes! yes! It is you, Marian," repeated he for the third time, "it is you who will bear the weight of the responsibility, for if sin inflames the faults of Sir Bradwell, his bad tendencies which there is reason to fear, it belongs to you to combat them, to annihilate them by your happy influence."

"Me!" said Marian, trembling.

"Yes," replied Richard, approving the priest, whom he supposed to concur in his opinion.

The priest made his customary pause, by which he thought to give more force to his arguments; then he went on, pointing with his fingers, which were losing their numbness, to the heavens through the roofing:

"God appears to have selected you for this rôle. He has placed you as the guardian redeeming angel with the face of the angel of the persecuted, placed by the side of Sir Bradwell as well as the sentinel of the bad."

"Exactly!" said the lover of the Duchess, looking at Marian with his clear eyes, in which joy beamed with re-awakening hope, with confidence in the effect of this word of the priest, who was touching the dangerous point from which he had recoiled.

"I call no names!" continued Sir Richmond, stretching by turns before the flames his thin legs like spindles; "but you will understand of whom I speak, Marian, who is this demon whose pernicious empire you, by divine appointment, are called upon to combat."

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

Save at the Spigot and Spill at the Bunghole.

I am afraid I hit Mr. Yarros's noggan a harder whack than I intended. It must have made him see stars; for what does he do, when he picks himself together, but go right off and hit my grandmother. Really, comrades, I don't like that. I'm a good-natured fellow, and I know that Donnybrook is rather a lax place, but fighting grandmothers is against all precedent, and, in the name of chivalry, I protest. Such procedure curiously reminds me of the Mohammedan curse: "May your face be turned upside down, and jackasses dance on your grandmother's tombstone!" As to whether friend Yarros is trying to capsizes my countenance by a process of inverted argumentation, or is desirous of executing an asinine waltz on the tomb-slab of my grandmotherly ancestor, or neither, I am not clear; but his third-floor-back kind of tactics makes me suspicious. But—merely remarking parenthetically that my grandmother was a woman of thoughtfulness and good sense, that she was the mother of Caleb Pink, whose granny-wisdom even Miss Kelly approvingly quotes, and that she died before teaching me any "happy sayings"—I will drop this, for something about Mr. Yarros's doctrines makes me fear he never had a grandmother, and so he has no sympathy.

About the time he assaults my grandmother he gives me a back-handed whack about "truisms." What's wrong about using truisms, comrade? What are truisms, anyway? Undisputed truths, I take it. Well, in the first place, outside of mathematics I know of no such truths; everything is denied or disputed; and, in the second place, if there are such truths, they are just what should be used at all times. They are the bones to which all muscles should attach; the solid, immovable foundations on which all logical structures should rise.

Now, it is a sad and, to me, remorseful evidence of Mr. Yarros's headache and general mental muddlement that he commences his reply to me by using several of these truisms himself, all in a heap. First, by mentioning my foolishness (grandmother's not to blame for that, I didn't know anything when I was born); secondly, by quoting a truistic proverb; and then by making an "almost axiomatic statement," which is a very good definition of what passes for truisms. Then he gets a teleological and theological streak, and finds in the State the "cause of causes," the Great First Cause, so to speak, of all "poverty and degradation." That's a "find," indeed; tantamount to "raising the devil," I should say. But, good comrade, I fear you've missed it.

Now, let me state the case. The real disease is social conflict, injustice. It is chronic and all-pervading. It has many forms and diverse symptoms. The State is one of these forms,—a tumor, a fungus, an excrescence upon the body social; a sort of morbid remedial effort against bacteria, which, however, favors them and is kept up by them. Poverty and degradation are two of the symptoms. The causes are many, and laminated one above the other. The proximate cause is *criminality*, below that lies *viciousness*, and below all others *ignorance*—the "cause of causes." Here, then, Dr. Yarros, is the tap-root of society's diseases. Teach your patient, therefore, *liberty* and *justice*, in both their practical and ideal forms and principles, and you will see a cure go on that will astonish you.

Owing to its diseases, society is deformed, covered with warts, pimples, blotches, the biggest of which is the State, and needs to be reformed. The first step in that reform is the liberating education I have just mentioned, and the second is its vigorous and courageous application. And under, or rather *in*; Anarchy this education cannot be made compulsory, neither can its application. All we can do is to educate ourselves, reform ourselves, defend ourselves; except so far as others freely consent to be educated, reformed, and defended by us, or our example. As soon as a man becomes intelligent in liberty, he will instinctively, as well as rationally, reform away his vices because of their self-injuriousness; and, comprehending that injury to others is invariably injurious to self, he will cease to commit crime because of its inseparable viciousness. (And men can never be made to abandon crime till they do perceive this.) He will then thoroughly understand liberty, both personal and social, and, no matter where he is put, may be relied upon to struggle for freedom where it is not, and to defend it where it is. He is self-centred and, so to speak, selfishly unselfish, a typical Anarchist, Individualist, and Autonomist, and one who cannot be otherwise.

Of course I do not mean that all men must be reliably wise and virtuous before social freedom can be realized. But there must be a sufficient number of these self-empowered ones to co-operate together for mutual protection, before *anything* can be done of a practical nature against external government. And I believe that number must constitute a majority, or, at least, an equality, before Society (with a big S) can enjoy any assured freedom.

I do not say "the people have nobody but themselves to blame for their wretched condition." They have nature to blame. It is not "natural depravity," but natural ignorance, that is at the bottom of all this poverty, vice, and crime. It is because men were ignorant enough to think crime beneficial (and the way nature placed aboriginal man, and the way "civilization" places modern man, it certainly was, and is, in various low, narrow ways, beneficial, though

injurious at the same time) that they became criminals. And growth in that mistake made them think organized crime (war, government, etc.) less criminal than unsystematic crime, and made them think, moreover, when they held out their hands to support these governments, that the handcuffs snapped upon them were muffs to keep their fingers warm.

Governments did not swoop down from heaven, nor steam up from hell, ready made; they grew, they evolved, and are among the legitimate products of humanity's blear-eyed, misguided scrambles after happiness. When the *Pithecanthrop* fought and quarreled, in the forests of old, over their nuts and their amours, the germs of monopoly had taken vigorous root; and when the Missing Link grabbed some weaker Link by the scruff of the neck, and made him pick berries for his captor's mouth, the joy which started from his semi-lunar ganglion, and vibrated his soon-to-be-omitted caudal appendage, was precisely the same feeling the usurper has when he gets some poor devil in a snap and rakes in the shekels he never earned.

But I cannot echo your rash assertion, Mr. Yarros, that, if the State is not such a Beelzebub as you have pictured, we, therefore, "have no case against it." Have I no case against a tumor because, forsoteth, it is not self-caused? It itself is now a cause of pain and disease, an impediment, a deformity, and a perverter of nutrient. Have I not a right to study, wish, and work for its removal; to apply refrigerants, astringents, pressure, the ligature, the actual cautery or the knife, —whatever may seem most wise and efficient? And have I not a right to require the hands that do that work for me to be skilful, the nerves that guide them intelligent and firm, the agents pure and efficient, the instruments strong and keen? This is a point that *you* "carefully evaded," Mr. Yarros.

I do claim that a remedy can be applied, and a cure *commenced*, under "existing conditions." Even now those really desirous of learning what liberty and justice are have a fairly good chance to do so, and to teach others the same. At any rate the learning and teaching can be and are done. And when people have thus learned to state social problems correctly, they, according to your own dictum, have them "half solved." Even under existing conditions every man can say: "I will not willingly invade myself, nor others, nor will I willingly permit others to invade me!" When enough men have said that, Mr. Yarros, as earnestly as you and I would say it, the battle will be fought, the State will be dead, and you and I will be also, I fear.

But to suddenly destroy the State, while nine hundred and ninety-nine men in every thousand believe in States, and desire States, and advocate and practice self-invasion, mutual invasion, and collective invasion, is only to "save at the spigot and spill at the bunghole." Your first quotation from Mill is a misfit, "the present order [disorder] of society, considered as a whole," being quite another thing from the State considered as a part, and, as such, I have no objection to bring against it, nor have I against your second.

The difference between us, comrade, is chiefly one of method. You find the State in your pathway, and so you say: "Let us think of nothing else till we kill this lion"; while I say you must think of something else first, or the lion will only kill you. You were tempted by the clamor of the Communists till you were ready to reprove Tucker for his passive philosophy. The inevitable tendency of your view is to dynamite, while I see nothing in dynamite—for many a long day at least—but the power to blow out of human brains what little sense is now there. If you doubt my Anarchism, good comrade, I will say to you, as Tucker has just said, in substance, to these Communists: "Judge me by my fruits."

J. WM. LLOYD.

P.S.—After writing out the above, I once more picked up my Liberty and read Miss Kelly's "A Time to Beware of Passion," which I had before overlooked, and was naturally pleased at her agreement with my idea that the destruction of ignorance is our real *point d'appui*. And, if I have any influence among my comrades, allow me to second her eloquent appeal to beware, at this critical time, of the vice of passion,—a vice which so easily transforms into crime.

An Oratorical Crazy Quilt.

Colonel Ingersoll gave a "Lay Sermon" before the New York congress of the American Secular Union, which was a most extraordinary patchwork of wit, wisdom, and folly. To use an Ingersollian figure, it was starred with gems and marred with bolts. Here are some of the gems:

A civilized man will never want anything for less than it is worth; a civilized man, when he sells a thing, will never want more than it is worth; a really and truly civilized man would rather be cheated than to cheat. And yet, in the United States, good as we are, nearly everybody wants to get everything for a little less than it is worth, and the man that sells it to him wants to get a little more than it is worth, and this breeds rascality on both sides. That ought to be done away with.

No man should go an inch with a party,—no matter if that party is half the world and has in it the greatest intellects of the earth,—unless that party is going his way. No

honest man should ever turn round and join anything. If it overtakes him, good. If he has to hurry up a little to get to it, good. But do not go with anything that is not going your way; no matter whether they call it Republican, or Democrat, or Progressive Democracy,—do not go with it unless it goes your way.

There is only one good, and that is human happiness; and he only is a wise man who makes himself happy. I have heard all my life about self-denial. There never was anything more idiotic than that. No man who does right practises self-denial. To do right is the bud and blossom and fruit of wisdom. To do right should always be dictated by the highest possible selfishness. No man practises self-denial unless he does wrong. To inflict an injury upon yourself is an act of self-denial. To plant seeds that will forever bear the fruit of joy is not an act of self-denial. So this idea of doing good to others only for their sake is absurd. You want to do it, not simply for their sake, but for your own; because a perfectly civilized man can never be perfectly happy while there is one unhappy being in this universe. Do right, not to deny yourself, but because you love yourself and because you love others. Be generous, because it is better for you. Be just, because any other course is the suicide of the soul. Whoever does wrong plagues himself, and, when he reaps that harvest, he will find that he was not practising self-denial when he did right.

It is an insanity to get more than you want. Imagine a man in this city, an intelligent man, say with two or three millions of coats, eight or ten millions of hats, vast warehouses full of shoes, billions of neckties, and imagine that man getting up at four o'clock in the morning, in the rain and snow and sleet, working like a dog all day to get another necktie! Is not that exactly what the man of twenty or thirty millions, or of five millions, does today?

No man should be allowed to own any land that he does not use. Everybody knows that—I do not care whether he has thousands or millions. I have owned a great deal of land, but I know just as well as I know I am living that I should not be allowed to have it unless I use it.

And here are some of the blots,—italics mine wherever they occur:

Certain privileges have been granted to the few by the government, ostensibly for the benefit of the many; and whenever that grant is not for the good of the many, it should be taken from the few, —not by force, not by robbery, but by estimating fairly the value of that property, and paying to them its value; because everything should be done according to law and in order.

Only a few years ago morally we were a low people,—before we abolished slavery,—but now, when there is no chain except that of custom, when every man has an opportunity, this is the grandest government of the earth. There is hardly a man in the United States today of any importance, whose voice anybody cares to hear, who was not nursed at the loving breast of poverty. Look at the children of the rich. My God, what a punishment for being rich! So, whatever happens, let every man say that this government, and this form of government, shall stand.

What remedy, then, is there? First, the great weapon in this country is the ballot. Each voter is a sovereign. There the poorest is the equal of the richest. His vote will count just as many as though the hand that cast it controlled millions. The poor are in the majority in this country. If there is any law that oppresses them, it is their fault.

This is no country for Anarchy. No country for Communism, no country for the Socialist. Why? Because the political power is equally divided.

I am not an Anarchist. Anarchy is the reaction from tyranny. I am not a Socialist. I am not a Communist. I am an Individualist.

A Right Which Mr. Walker has Acquired.

(L'Intransigeant.)

The lieutenant of police, Piédegrue, while on his rounds, perceives an individual who, gun in hand, is beating a turnip field.

"Say, my friend," cries the vigilant guardian, "just show me your hunting permit, if you please."

"My permit, lieutenant? But I am not hunting," says the other.

Then, in a confidential tone, he adds:

"You see, I fully believe that my wife is deceiving me. I have reason to think that she is here, in this field, with a young fellow of my acquaintance. If they are here, I will kill them."

"To do that," declares the imperturbable Piédegrue in his potent serenity, "you will have to show me your marriage certificate!"

The Dawning.

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The Lucifer Match.

Dear Comrade Tucker:

I write to explain my position with regard to this marriage of our Kansas comrades. I feel that I must do this, painful as the job is, as otherwise what I have said in their favor will be misunderstood as unconditional approval. Have just mailed an article of similar tenor to "Lucifer" with request for immediate publication. I felt an intense sympathy for these two when first attacked, because they were to me as personal friends, because they were persecuted, and because I understood them to be suffering defiantly and heroically for the principles of radical Anarchism.

On the first two points my sympathy hangs undisturbed, but on the last—I fear there is no point there.

In this remote corner mails come only three times a week, and "Lucifer" is sometimes quenched by the wayside and fails to appear altogether. So in the early days of the trial I was a good deal in the dark. But I was foolishly, wilfully blind too, refusing to take the meaning of much that I read, because I thought that I knew my friend and that the types had belied him. I sent a letter of applause; I sent a poem to Lillian; I sent my mite of money. But as my vision cleared, I wrote to them once and again, and even a third time, suggesting a more radical course. But I did not know their circumstances,—perhaps they were compelled to compromise,—and so I did not urgently persuade. I, with you, would have considered a forced compromise, under protest, as excusable.

But, when I read with blank astonishment that they claimed to have "violated no law of Kansas," and asserted that their attitude *had not been* one of "defiance to law as law," I broke down. I could no longer doubt that they were in fact claiming to be law-abiding and law-respecting parties, legally married, and injured merely by some contradiction in the law. At least, this was the impression they seemed trying to make. Against such compromising and equivocation I must, of course, protest.

I feel positive, however, both from her printed words and the tone of her private letters to me, that Lillian went into the affair with a brave, defiant spirit, and would have ably and cheerfully seconded her mate in any act of devotion to principles. But a girl of sixteen, however womanly, can hardly be expected at such a time to combat the policy of her father and lover. I believe her to be in spirit a true heroine, capable of anything courageous.

But I cannot yet feel that there has been any conscious defection on the part of Mr. Walker. His fatal trip was in asking advice of the enemy. Instead of consulting the Oracle of his Ideal, instead of looking into the library of his own logical brain for right charts of conduct, he consulted the lawyers. And those hucksters in all damnable lies and evasions had soon so muddled him with their legal magic and mulled ale that he forgot both himself and his cause. Whispering to him all the time: "It is the same thing; there is no change; we are only demonstrating that the court is making a fool of itself," they whittled, and shaved down, and greased his convictions till they easily slipped into the pliant snare of legal marriage.

So he has hugged to himself the delusion that he could humbug the law into committing suicide by declaring his form of marriage legal; not perceiving that, if that python ever did swallow his nuptials, it would be after squeezing all the liberty out of them. For our good comrade is so desperate a reformer that, I verily believe, when the "gentleman in black" tells him he is wanted, and takes him to that unlored abyss where all Lucifer matches are made, he will so earnestly take it into his benevolent pate to indoctrinate that "Father of us all" with the charms of Autonomism, Malthusianism, etc., that said sooty proprietor will vote him the biggest bore in Brimstone Lake, and send him to Heaven for a rest. Even so he is now trying to *reform the law*.

As a devout Spiritist, I am solemnly of the opinion that Comrade Walker has been "obsessed." He being a stubborn and faithless materialist, and spiritually unguarded, certain *diakka*, legal spirits, that hover within the precincts and limbos of the law, have easily infested him, and are bewitching him to his damnation. By all means let him consult some competent medium, and have these daemons exorcised with all needful abracadabra and incantations.

I am against the law. Laws are the voice of government, the expression of arbitrary and tyrannical wills. Regarded as a collection of advisory precepts and commentaries on justice, the common law may be all right, but when enforced because it is law, it is no better than statute law. Away with everything but the *defendant of equal liberty*; that is all-sufficient.

I am sorry that Walker fooled with the lawyers; that he shrivelled his noble soul to the requirements of their thimblerig; that he did anything but manfully proclaim his right and demand instant release. Appeals to the law are *infra dig.* in Anarchism. But, Comrade Tucker, our good brother in the Church of the Rebellion is not lost; he has simply "fallen from grace"; he "didn't go for to do it"; he has merely made a bad mistake, and, when the fog clears out of his head, will own it and be with us as staunchly as ever.

I cannot join with you in advising none to aid him. Let people criticize, and advise, and stipulate the use their money

shall be put to; but let them help him, for he needs it and is worth saving. He is at close quarters with the Beast. What matters it if he does not hit it in the right place, or forgets to hit it at all? If he had not defied it in the first place, he would not now be in its clutches; and, when his wind and his wits return, he will throttle it again with a will.

I tell you, Comrade, E. C. Walker is a noble man, and will yet justify all my confidence in him.

J. W. M. LLOYD.

GRAHAMVILLE, FLORIDA, NOVEMBER 14, 1886.

I was considerably astonished when I saw the first indications of Comrade Lloyd's inclination to endorse Walker's incomprehensible position, but I felt sure that he was too good an Anarchist to persist in that direction after fairly viewing the whole situation. This excellent letter shows that I was right. I desire to point out to him, however, that Mr. Walker having seen fit to pursue, *in the name of freedom*, a course antagonistic to freedom, it is impossible to help him personally without aiding him to injure the cause and make it a fit subject of ridicule. If, in the first place, Mr. Walker, instead of defiantly declaring there would be no compromise, had simply said: "I find myself forced, in order to avoid persecution, to enter upon a course not in accordance with the Anarchistic ideal, and in this emergency I personally ask for the help of my friends," Liberty would have stood by him, and could have done so without injuring the cause; but when he says, as he substantially does: "In my contract with Lillian Harman I disclaimed legal marriage; in this matter there shall be no compromise; I claim that this contract was a legal marriage; I claim that I have entered the institution of marriage by one of the doors acknowledged by the law; in order to vindicate the principle of freedom I have placed myself in an institution where I cannot live otherwise than monogamically, however much I may wish to; to establish liberty I have tied myself to a woman and a woman to me so that nothing can separate us except death or the State; I have surrendered no right; if we can only fix this as the status of all men and women who contract to live together, the first step in reform will be achieved; to accomplish this I am suffering persecution; come, then, all ye liberals of whatever school, rally to the defence of liberty!"—when Mr. Walker, I say, gives utterance to this maudlin jumble of contradictions, it is folly to talk of helping him *simply*. Whoever puts money in Mr. Walker's purse, stipulate as he may the direction in which the money shall be spent, only enables Mr. Walker to apply other money to the objectionable use, —in other words, joins him in doing mischief. Mr. Walker, in his intentions, may be nobility personified, but, whether he is or not, he is today a practical enemy of liberty, and to help him is to help authority. I fancy, however, that Mr. Lloyd is not as much in favor of helping Mr. Walker now as he was when he wrote the above letter, and that his confidence in him is rapidly approaching the vanishing point. His confidence in the entire staff of "Lucifer," indeed, must have suffered a severe shock when that paper, after declaring in one issue that it doubtless cost Mr. Lloyd great pain to be forced to criticise his old friends in order to remain true to his ideas, exclaimed in the next (referring to him): *Et tu, Brute!* and asked him if his course was prompted by considerations of personal safety.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

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Vol. IV.—No. 14.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1887.

Whole No. 92.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou stay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

John Swinton convicts me of doing him an injustice in a paragraph in the last number of *Liberty*,—an injustice, however, which is more formal than real. Still, it is an injustice, and should be righted. In the next number I shall find space to right it.

See the advertisement of John F. Kelly's "Taxation or Free Trade?" on another page. This sixteen-page pamphlet, which I sell at three dollars per hundred copies, is the best document in existence for distribution among Henry George's followers.

The New Bedford "Standard" thinks it very doubtful whether I will "succeed in materializing Proudhon's ideas in this country," and indeed, when I saw it announced in the same paragraph that the "Proudhon Library" begins with the "System of Ecumenical Contradictions," I began to share its despairing view.

The Greek Socialistic paper, "Ardēn," is noticed elsewhere by one of the finest Hellenists in New England. Will the editor of the "Workmen's Advocate," who, writing in the shadow of Yale, translates the name of the journal by the word Labor, note the translation given in *Liberty*,—"utterly," "unreservedly"? He and C. S. Griffin probably studied Greek together. Perhaps it is Yale's shadow that causes the total darkness prevailing in this editor's mind, regarding not Greek alone, but many other matters.

The "Workmen's Advocate" sees no field for the "Proudhon Library," for the reason that, "since Marx and the vigorous Socialist agitation, it is hard to grovel among the dry bones of exploded theories and fanciful notions clothed in the threadbare garments of a worn-out philosophy." The theory upon which Marx's fame rests is that of "surplus value"; now, this theory Proudhon propounded and proved long before Marx advanced it, and, if it is one of the "exploded theories" referred to, Marx has been exploded with it. If it is not one of them, perhaps it would be well to specify some of them. I would suggest to the Socialists that they translate Marx's answer to Proudhon's "Economical Contradictions" and publish it when that work is finished in the "Proudhon Library." Then we shall see where the explosion will take effect.

In these days of sore trial to Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, late of St. Stephen's, who of all men should have been expected to stand by his side, speaking words of cheer for him and chastisement for his foes? Who, indeed, but Patrick Ford? Yet the "Irish World," though printing, to be sure, a great deal that other papers say, is as dumb as an oyster editorially. Where is the lash that ought at this moment to be descending upon the shoulders of His Arrogance Corrigan? Up Patrick Ford's coat-sleeve, and he dares not draw it out. That he can ply the lash with terrific effect when he chooses and has the bravery to do so, he has amply proven in the past. But he has felt the lash as well as plied it. He stands in awe and dread of the lashing voice of Rome. Once or twice already in his life he has heard it hiss past his ear and felt it cut his hide, and he has cringed and crawled, as he cringes and crawls now. I am glad to see strong indications that Dr. McGlynn is made of sterner stuff.

Mr. Pinney, editor of an exceedingly bright paper, the Winsted "Press," recently combatted prohibition in the name of liberty. Thereupon I showed him that his argument was equally good against his own advocacy of a tariff on imports and an exclusive government currency. Carefully avoiding any allusion to the analogy, Mr. Pinney now rejoins: "In brief, we are despotic because we believe it is our right to defend ourselves from foreign invaders on the one side and wild-cat swindlers on the other." Yes, just as despotic as the prohibitionists who believe it is their right to defend themselves from drunkards and rummers. In another column of the same issue of the "Press," I find a reference to a "logical Procrustean bed" kept in *Liberty*'s office to which I fit my friends and foes by stretching out and lopping off their limbs. It is a subject on which the dismembered Mr. Pinney speaks feelingly.

I congratulate Henry George upon his manly stand in his new paper against the warfare of the Church of Rome upon Dr. McGlynn, and I cannot regard as anything but folly John Swinton's protest against it as a distraction that may prove fatal to the unity of organized labor. In so far as Mr. Swinton aims at the destruction of all sources of usurious income, his attitude in economics is far superior in scope and consistency to the narrow and childish policy of Henry George, who aims to destroy but one form of usurious income and proposes no effective method of doing even that. But Mr. Swinton falls below Henry George when he lays supreme stress upon the union of labor's forces, regardless of the only conditions upon which permanent union is possible, chief among which is *Liberty*. To be sure, Mr. George, as John F. Kelly has well shown, is no friend of *Liberty* in principle, but in this Dr. McGlynn matter he is certainly on *Liberty*'s side, and, instead of thwarting the labor movement by the attitude he has taken, he is doing it a splendid service.

I am asked by Henry Seymour, editor of the London "Anarchist," on what authority I found my statement that he and the International Publishing Company are one. On the tone of Mr. Seymour's letters to me at the time of the formation of the Company and on the general character of its publications and policy. Mr. Seymour says that I have jumped at conclusions, and that he is not the Company, for he has a partner in it who is a State Socialist. Very likely Charles A. Dana has a Republican partner in the "Sun" corporation, but that does not alter the fact that practically Mr. Dana is the "Sun." It was in the same sense that I declared Mr. Seymour to be the International Publishing Company. If this was a jump at conclusions, what is the following? "Mr. Tucker, if I am correctly informed, gets his living by writing political articles for a daily newspaper, while denouncing all he writes about in *Liberty* once a fortnight." Prolonged study of this sentence has not yet enabled me to determine whether I am charged with denouncing in the daily newspaper what I write in *Liberty* or with denouncing in *Liberty* what I write in the daily newspaper. In either case it is a lie, and Mr. Seymour's informant is a liar. I do not write political articles for a daily newspaper. In the newspaper office where I am employed I do a certain sort of literary drudgery which those who do it are in the habit of describing facetiously as "putting commas into other men's copy." For the opinions and policy of the paper I am neither more nor less responsible than the compositors who set the type.

THE UNKNOWN GOD.

"Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, . . . declare I unto you."

Stand it up against high heaven,
So the fettered all may see!
Show them how we worship Freedom
In this land where none are free.

Ay, uprear your beauteous statue,*
'Mid the canons' cursed roar,
While the millions cheer and chatter,
Thronging all the ships and shore.

Ever thus, when substance passeth,
Do men wave the symbol high;
Ever, when the Truth is dying,
Wears its name some new-born Lie.

Tyrants, is there one among you
Knows the import of this act?—
Knows, ere long, this god ye blaspheme
Will become a god in fact?

Dare ye thus, with grave image,
Mock the world's high hope and God?
Dare ye, 'neath its sacred shadow,
Ply the licitor's axe and rod?

Know ye not the bones are waking
In the valley of the dead?
Note ye not the ravens' feeding
Hungry months that wait for bread?

Do ye think like fools we listen
When ye mock us: "Ye are free!"?
Think ye to your empty idol
We have come to bend the knee?

Let me tell you, prond-faced despot,
Ye build wiser than ye know;
Freedom's torch will light her heroes,
Light them to your overthrow.

She will spurn from 'neath her sandals,
Foul in filth, your hated name;
Theirs will glisten on her tablets,
Sculptured deep by hand of Fame.

Hear ye not those plaints of anguish?
No, your war-dogs bay too loud;
See ye naught of starving faces?
No, they shun your brutal crowd.

Listen then, and blanch and startle,
To that distant, awful roar;
Listen, to that wind-swept whisper:
"Tyrants, Death is at the door!"

See!—Look there!—ye pallid vampires,
Our upon Truth's flashing sea;
See that tidal-wave, foam-crested,
Rolled from far Immensity!

"Tis the Wave of Revolution,
Breaking o'er your fated land,
Not one barrier ye have lifted
Shall its sweeping surge withstand.

Prostrate falls your god of metal
From its base on hearts of stone;
In its stead—behold the glories
Of the Great, the real, White Throne!

Headlong falls your hollow idol,
Broken o'er your ruined land;
Burying deep your institutions
In Oblivion's wave-washed sand.

Smiling there with torch uplifted—
See!—the sweet, the Unknown God; \$
Look!—the olive's tender wreathings
Twine the licitor's broken rod.

J. Wm. Lloyd.

* The Bartholdi statue.

† Priests.

‡ Altar of Justice.

§ Liberty.

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART FIRST.

THE TRUE CONSTITUTION OF GOVERNMENT

IN THE

Sovereignty of the Individual as the Final Development of Protestantism, Democracy, and Socialism.

Continued from No. 91.

Socialism demands the proper, legitimate, and just reward of labor. It demands that the interests of all shall be so arranged that they shall cooperate, instead of clashing with and counteracting each other. It demands economy in the production and uses of wealth, and the consequent abolition of wretchedness and poverty. To what end does it make these demands? Clearly it is in order that every human being shall be in the full possession, control, and enjoyment of his own person and modes of seeking happiness, without foreign interference from any quarter whatsoever. This, then, is the spirit of Socialism, and it is neither more nor less than a still broader and more comprehensive assertion of the doctrine of the inherent Sovereignty of the Individual. The Socialist proposes association and combined interests merely as a means of securing that which he aims at,—justice, cooperation, and the economies of the large scale. Hence it follows that the Democrat *resists* and the Socialist *advocates* Association and Communism for precisely the same reason. It is because both want identically the same thing. The Democrat sees in connected interests a fatal stroke at his personal liberty,—the unlimited sovereignty over his own conduct,—and dreads the subjection of himself to domestic legislation, manifold committees, and continual and authorized espionage and criticism. The Socialist sees, in these same arrangements, abundance of wealth, fairly distributed among all, and a thousand beneficial results which he knows to be essential conditions to the possession or exercise of that very Sovereignty of the Individual. Each has arrived at one half the truth. The Socialist is right in asserting that all the conditions which he demands are absolutely essential to the development of the individual selfhood. He is wrong in proposing such a fatal surrender of Individual liberty for their attainment as every form of amalgamated interests inevitably involves. The Democrat is negatively wrong in omitting from his programme the absolute necessity for harmonic social relations,—wrong in supposing that there can always be a safe and legitimate exercise of those rights which he declares to be inalienable, short of those superior domestic arrangements which the Socialist demands. It is futile, for example, to talk of removing the restraints of law from marriage, thus guaranteeing freedom in "the pursuit of happiness" in that relation, before the just reward of labor and the consequent prevalence of general wealth shall have created a positive security of condition for women and children. Hence the blunder of Democracy in the old French Revolution, and hence the absolute dependence of Democracy, for the working out of its own principles, upon the happy solution of all the problems of Socialism. Hence, again, the natural affinity of Democracy and Socialism, and the reason why, despite of their mutual misunderstanding, they have recently fallen into each other's embrace, in France, resounding in the ears of terrified Europe the ominous cry, *Vive la République Démocratique et Sociale*.

The blunder of Socialism is not in its end, but in its means. It consists in propounding a combination of interests which is opposed by the individualities of all nature, which is consequently a restriction of liberty, and which is, therefore, especially antagonistic to the very objects which Socialism proposes to attain. It is this which prevents the harmony of Democracy and Socialism, even in France, from becoming complete, and which renders inevitable the disruption of every attempted social organization which does not end disastrously in despotism,—the inverse mode in which nature vindicates her irresistible determination toward Individuality. Let that feature of the Socialist movement be retrenched, and a method of securing its great ends discovered which shall not be self-defeating in its operation, and from that point Socialism and Democracy will blend into one, and, uniting with Protestantism, lose their distinctive appellations in the generic term of Individual Sovereignty.

Such a principle is already discovered. It is capable of satisfactory demonstration that out of the adoption of a simple change in the commercial system of the world, by which *cost* and not *value* shall be recognized as the limit of *price*, will grow, legitimately, all the wealth-producing, equitable, cooperating, and harmonizing results which Socialism has hitherto sought to realize through the combination or amalgamation of interests, while, at the same time, it will leave, intact, the individualities of existing society, and even promote them to an extent not hitherto conceived of. It is not now, however, the appropriate time to trace out the results of such a principle. We are concerned at present with Individuality and the spirit of the age as connected with governmental affairs.

It is already the axiom of Democracy that that is the best government which governs least,—that, in other words, which leaves the largest domain to the Individual sovereign. It may sound strange, and yet it is rigidly true, that nothing is more foreign to the essential nature of Democracy than the rule of majorities. Democracy asserts that all men are born free and equal,—that is, that every individual is of right free from the governing control of every other and of all others. Democracy asserts, also, that this right is inalienable,—that it can neither be surrendered nor forfeited to another Individual, nor to a majority of other Individuals. But the practical application of this principle has been, and will always be found to be, incompatible with our existing social order. It presupposes, as I have said, the preliminary attainment of the conditions demanded by Socialism. The rule of majorities is, therefore, a compromise enforced by temporary expediency,—a sort of half-way station-house between Despotism, which is Individuality in the concrete, and the Sovereignty of every Individual, which is Individuality in the discrete form.

Genuine Democracy is identical with the no-government doctrine. The motto to which I have alluded looks directly to that end. Finding obstacles in the present social organization to the realization of its theory, Democracy has called a halt for the present, and consented to a truce. The no-government men of our day are practically not so wise, while they are theoretically more consistent. They are, in fact, the genuine Democrats. It is they who are fairly entitled to the sobriquet of "The untutored Democracy." They fearlessly face all consequences, and push their doctrine quite out to its logical conclusions. In so doing, they repeat the blunder which was committed in France. They insist upon no government higher than that of the Individual, while they leave in existence those causes which imperatively demand, and will always demand so long as they exist, the intervention of just such restrictive governments as we now have.

It results from all that has been said that the essential principle of Protestantism, of Democracy, and of Socialism, is one and the same; that it is identical with what is called the spirit of the present age; and that all of them are summed up

in the idea of the absolute supremacy of the Individual above all human institutions.

What, then, the question returns, is to be the upshot of this movement? If every department of modern reform is imbued with one and the same animating principle; if there be already an obvious convergence, and, prospectively, an inevitable conjunction and co-operation of the three great modern revolutionary forces, Protestantism, Democracy, and Socialism; if, even now, in their disjointed and semi-antagonistic relations, they prove more than a match for hoary conservatism; if, in addition, material inventions and reforms of all sorts concur in the same direction; if, in fine, the spirit of the age, or, more properly, of modern times, and which we recognize also as the spirit of human improvement, tends continually and with accelerated velocity toward the absolute Individualization of human affairs,—what is the inevitable goal to be ultimately reached? I have said that in religious affairs the end must be that every man shall be his own sect. This is the simple meaning of Protestantism, interpreted in the light of its own principles. If the occasion were appropriate, it would be a glorious contemplation to dwell upon that more perfect harmony which will then reign among mankind in the religious sphere,—a unity growing out of infinite diversity, and universal deference for the slightest Individualities of opinion in others, transcending in glory that hitherto sought by the Church in artificial organizations and arbitrary creeds, as far as the new heavens and the new earth will excel the old.

Socialism demands, and will end by achieving, the untrammeled selfhood of the Individual in the private relations of life, but out of that universal selfhood shall grow the highest harmonies of social relationship. It is not these subjects, however, that are now specially appropriate. Let us restrict our specific inquiry to the remaining one of the three spheres of human affairs which we have in the general view considered conjointly,—namely, that which relates to human government.

Is it within the bounds of possibility, and, if so, is it within the limits of rational anticipation, that all human governments, in the sense in which government is now spoken of, shall pass away, and be reckoned among the useless lumber of an experimental age,—that forcible government of all sorts shall, at some future day, perhaps not far distant, be looked back upon by the whole world, as we in America now look back upon the maintenance of a religious establishment, supposed in other times, and in many countries still, to be essential to the existence of religion among men; and as we look back upon the ten thousand other impertinent interferences of government, as government is practised in those countries where it is an institution of far more validity and consistency than it has among us? Is it possible, and, if so, is it rationally probable, that the time shall ever come when every man shall be, in fine, his own nation as well as his own sect? Will this tendency to universal enfranchisement—indications of which present themselves, as we have seen, in exuberant abundance on all hands in this age—ultimately itself, by placing the Individual above all political institutions,—the man above all subordination to municipal law?

To put ourselves in a condition to answer this inquiry with some satisfactory degree of certainty, we must first obtain a clear conception of the necessities out of which government grows; then of the functions which government performs; then of the specific tendencies of society in relation to those functions; and, finally, of the legitimate successorship for the existing governmental institutions of mankind.

I must apologize as well for the incompleteness as for the apparent dogmatism of any brief exposition of this subject. I assert that it is not only possible and rationally probable, but that it is rigidly consequential upon the right understanding of the constitution of man, that all government, in the sense of involuntary restraint upon the Individual, or substantially all, must finally cease, and along with it the whole complicated paraphernalia and trumpery of Kings, Emperors, Presidents, Legislatures, and Judiciary. I assert that the indicia of this result abound in existing society, and that it is the instinctive or intelligent perception of that fact by those who have not bargained for so much which gives origin and vital energy to the reaction in Church and State and social life. I assert that the distance is less today forward from the theory and practice of Government as it is in these United States, to the total abrogation of all Government above that of the Individual, than it is backward to the theory and practice of Government as Government now is in the despotic countries of the old world.

The reason why apology is demanded is this: So radical a change in governmental affairs involves the concurrence of other equally radical changes in social habits, commerce, finance, and elsewhere. I have shown already, I think, that Democracy would have ended in that, had it not been obstructed by the want of certain conditions which nothing but the solution of the problems of Socialism can afford. To discuss the changes which must occur in every department of life, in order to render this revolution in Government practicable, and to prove that those changes now exist in embryo, would be to embrace the whole field of human concerns. That is clearly impossible in the compass of a lecture. But it is equally impossible to adjust the radical changes which I foretell in Government to the notion of the permanency of all other institutions in their present forms. What, then, can be done in this dilemma? I am reduced to a method of treating the subject which demands apology, both for incompleteness and apparent dogmatism. I perceive no possible method open to me but that of segregating the subject of Government from its connection with other departments of life, and deducing from principles and rational grounds of conjecture the changes which it is destined to undergo; and when those changes involve the necessity of other and corresponding changes elsewhere, to assert as it were, dogmatically, without stopping to adduce the proofs, that these latter changes are also existing in embryo, or actually progressing.

I return now to the necessities out of which Government grows. These are in the broadest generalization: 1, To restrain encroachments, and, 2, To manage the combined interests of mankind.

First, with regard to restraining encroachments and enforcing equity. Is there no better method of accomplishing this end than force, such as existing Governments are organized to apply? I affirm that there is. I affirm that a clear scientific perception of the point at which encroachment begins, in all our manifold pecuniary and moral relations with each other, an exact idea of the requirements of equity, accepted into the public mind, and felt to be capable of a precise application in action, would go tenfold further than arbitrary laws and the sanctions of laws can go, in obtaining the desired results. In saying this, I mean something definite and specific. I have already adverted to the discovery of an exact, scientific principle, capable of regulating the distribution of wealth, and introducing universal equity in pecuniary transactions,—an exact mathematical gauge of honesty,—which, when it shall have imbued the public mind, and formed the public sentiment, and come to regulate the public conduct, will secure the products of labor with impartial justice to all, and tend to remove alike the temptations and the provocations to crime. What that principle does in the sphere of commerce is done in the social and ethical spheres by the doctrine of the Sovereignty of the Individual. Both give to each his own, for it must be continually remembered that the doctrine of the Sovereignty of the Individual demands that I should sedulously and religiously respect your Individuality, while I vindicate my own. These two ground principles, with a few others incident thereto, once accepted and indwell-

ing in the minds of men, and controlling their action, will dispense with force and forcible Government. The change which I contemplate in governmental affairs rests, therefore, upon these prior or concurrent changes in the commercial, ethical, and social spheres. Statesmen and jurists have hitherto dealt with effects instead of causes. They have looked upon crime and encroachment of all sorts as a fact to be remedied, but never as a phenomenon to be accounted for. They have never gone back to inquire what conditions of existence manufactured the criminal, or provoked or induced the encroachment. A change in this respect is beginning to be observed, for the first time, in the present generation. The superiority of prevention over cure is barely beginning to be admitted,—a reform in the methods of thought which is an incipient stage of the revolution in question. The highest type of human society in the existing social order is found in the parlor. In the elegant and refined reunions of the aristocratic classes there is none of the impertinent interference of legislation. The individuality of each is fully admitted. Intercourse, therefore, is perfectly free. Conversation is continuous, brilliant, and varied. Groups are formed according to attraction. They are continuously broken up, and re-formed through the operation of the same subtle and all-pervading influence. Mutual deference pervades all classes, and the most perfect harmony, ever yet attained, in complex human relations, prevails under precisely those circumstances which Legislators and Statesmen dread as the conditions of inevitable anarchy and confusion. If there are laws of etiquette at all, they are mere suggestions of principles admitted into and judged of for himself or herself, by each individual mind.

Is it conceivable that in all the future progress of humanity, with all the innumerable elements of development which the present age is unfolding, society generally, and in all its relations, will not attain as high a grade of perfection as certain portions of society, in certain special relations, have already attained?

Suppose the intercourse of the parlor to be regulated by specific legislation. Let the time which each gentleman shall be allowed to speak to each lady be fixed by law; the position in which they should sit or stand be precisely regulated; the subjects which they shall be allowed to speak of, and the tone of voice and accompanying gestures with which each may be treated, carefully defined, all under pretext of preventing disorder and encroachment upon each other's privileges and rights, and can any thing be conceived better calculated or more certain to convert social intercourse into intolerable slavery and hopeless confusion?

It is precisely in this manner that municipal legislation interferes with and prevents the natural organization of society. Mankind legislate themselves into confusion by their effort to escape it. Still, a state of society may perhaps be conceived, so low in social development that even the intercourse of the parlor could not be prudently indulged without a rigid code of deportment and the presence of half a dozen bailiffs to preserve order. I will not deny, therefore, that Government in municipal affairs is, in like manner, a temporary necessity of undeveloped society. What I affirm is that along with, and precisely in proportion to, the social advancement of a people, that necessity ceases, so far as concerns the first of the causes of Government referred to,—the necessity for restraining encroachments.

The second demand for Government is to manage the combined interests of society. But combined or amalgamated interests of all sorts are opposed to individuality. The individuality of interests should be an absolute as that of persons. Hence the number and extent of combined interests will be reduced with every step in the genuine progress of mankind. The cost principle will furnish in its operation the means of conducting the largest human enterprises, under individual guidance and control. It strips capital of its iniquitous privilege of oppressing labor by earning an income of its own, in the form of interest, and places it freely at the disposal of those who will preserve and administer it best, upon the sole condition of returning it unimpaired, but without augmentation, at the appropriate time, to its legitimate owners.

A glance at the functions which Government actually performs, and the specific tendencies which society now exhibits in relation to those functions, will confirm the statement that all, or most of, the combined interests of society will be finally disintegrated and committed to individual hands. It is one of the acknowledged functions of Government, until now, to regulate commerce. But, as we have already seen, the spirit of the age demands that Government shall let commerce alone. In this country, an important Bureau of the Executive Department of Government is the Land Office. But the public domain is, we have seen, already demanded by the people, and the Land Office will have to be dispensed with. The Army and Navy refer to a state of international relations of which every thing begins to prognosticate the final extinction. The universal extension of commerce and intercommunication, by means of steam navigation, railroads, and the magnetic telegraph, together with the general progress of enlightenment, are rapidly obliterating natural boundaries, and blending the human family into one. The cessation of war is becoming a familiar idea, and with the cessation of war armies and navies will cease of course to be required. It is probable that even the existing languages of the earth will melt, within another century or two, into one common and universal tongue, from the same causes, operating upon a more extended scale, as those which have blended the dialects of the different counties of England, of the different departments of France, and of the kingdoms of Spain into the English, the French, and the Spanish languages respectively. We have premonitions of the final disbanding of the armies and navies of the world in the substitution of a citizen militia, in the growing unpopularity of even that ridiculous shadow of an army, the militia itself, and in the substitution of the merchant steamship with merely an incidental warlike equipment instead of the regular man-of-war. The Navy and War Departments of Government will thus be dispensed with. The State Department now takes charge of the intercourse of the nation with foreign nations. But with the cessation of war there will be no foreign nations, and consequently the State or Foreign Department may in turn take itself away. Patriotism will expand into philanthropy. Nations, like sects, will dissolve into the individuals who compose them. Every man will be his own nation, and, preserving his own sovereignty and respecting the sovereignty of others, he will be a nation at peace with all others. The term, "a man of the world," reveals the fact that it is the cosmopolite in manners and sentiments whom the world already recognizes as the true gentleman,—the type and leader of civilization. The Home Department of Government is a common receptacle of odds and ends, every one of whose functions would be better managed by individual enterprise, and might take itself away with advantage any day. The Treasury Department is merely a kind of secretary gland, to provide the means of carrying on the machinery of the other Departments. When they are removed, it will of course have no apology left for continuing to exist. Finances for administering Government will no longer be wanted when there is no longer any Government to administer. The Judiciary is, in fact, a branch of the Executive, and falls of course, as we have seen, with the introduction of principles which will put an end to aggression and crime. The Legislature enacts what the Executive and Judiciary execute. If the execution itself is unnecessary, the enactment of course is no less so. Thus, piece by piece, we dispose of the whole complicated fabric of Government, which looms up in such gloomy grandeur, overshadowing the freedom of the individual, impressing the minds of

men with a false conviction of its necessity, as if it were, like the blessed light of day, indispensable to life and happiness.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 91.

"The Duchess, the disastrous Lady Ellen!" exclaimed Sir Richard, eagerly.

"Yes, she," said the priest, who turned again, letting fall his cassock, which he had lifted up to the knees, and making a wry face; "but I should have preferred that the name had not been cited, that we had expressed ourselves with veiled words, that we had understood each other without being explicit. A certain obscurity seemed to me favorable to our explanation; the shade covers propositions which one would not make in full sunlight, and the confessional, in the darkest part of the church, is kept in a mysterious penumbra, where the sinner, with bent head, reveals secrets which he would hide carefully in the depths of his soul, if he were asked to disclose them under the tapers of the altar or the light of the porch."

And, in truth, an embarrassment seized Bradwell, who had become quite calm again, but who, having betrayed so freely his *liaison* with the wife of Sir Newington, with the wife of his father, felt how greatly he had failed in his duty as a gallant man, and his uneasiness extended to Marian, who, reddening, dared no longer look at him.

So much so that the situation became difficult, intolerable, inextricable, and that Sir Richard, ashamed, purple, furious with himself, desired now to disappear as soon as possible, and would have left abruptly, in a gust of wind, in his inability to invent a plausible way of escape.

The priest, happily, cut short the constraint which all, including himself, felt, and which, if prolonged, would spoil all, preventing the success which he had promised himself to achieve by his step.

"I will see you again this evening," said he to the young man, taking leave of him with an affectionate, paternal grasp of the hand. "I made allusion just now to the privileges of the confessional; alone with Marian, we will talk as if I were receiving her at the tribunal of penitence. . . . *Au revoir!*"

"Thank you!" said Bradwell, taking his leave and saluting Treor's granddaughter with an awkwardness which would certainly have been ridiculous under any other circumstances, but which denoted a complete suspension of his former vindictiveness.

And when the door closed on him, the abbe returned to Marian, taking her hands in an easy, caressing way, and inviting her to listen to him with attention, and, above all, to heed his advice; he implored it of her!

"We have only a little time to ourselves; let us talk little, let us talk well, or rather be silent yourself, my dear child, and be for me all ears and all heart. I declare to you that it is the voice of the Lord which converses with you," he concluded, investing his priestly air with unusual circumstance.

And, after his traditional pause, letting go the young girl's hands, walking rapidly through the room, veiling the tone of his phrases, with his chin in his hand, he began upon his subject:

"You love Sir Richard, Marian. Before the events which disturb our unhappy country, and expecting them to lay it waste, sowing everywhere misery and ruin, you have several times avowed it in your confessions."

"Yes!" said she.

"I have myself advised you to stifle this love, or at least quiet it, inasmuch as you did not know the intentions of Sir Bradwell in regard to you. In his rank, with his birth, it was to be feared, if he distinguished you, if he sought your society, it would not be from a commendable motive. I forewarned you against his fascinations, against the perils of a passion which sometimes ends in dishonor."

"And I took it kindly" . . .

"Today, it is no longer the same," said the priest, stopping, with folded arms, before his sheep. "Richard has formally declared himself; I have heard him. It is not a mistress whom he is deceiving, whom he is urging; it is a respected wife in whom he aspires. You repulse him, you have not the right."

"Oh!" exclaimed the young girl.

But father Richmond did not permit her to formulate her protest.

"You have not the right," repeated he, "for the reasons that I stated in presence of Sir Bradwell, and because, in constraining so your heart, in breaking his, in drawing on your cause the worst calamities, you only obey a guilty watchword, a criminal countersign, both sealed with a sacrilegious vow."

"Pardon me," said Marian, "we have not time to discuss this subject."

Although knowing the moments were counted and that he had himself stated the urgency of brevity, Sir Richmond, like the majority of his colleagues whom discourses from the height of a pulpit render necessarily prolix, not accustomed to limiting himself, elaborated endless phrases and wandered off into useless digressions. Now he had prepared his theme to develop it methodically, in the logical, progressive order of arguments, carefully accumulated. The remark of the young girl nonplussed him, showing a lack of deference with regard to the word of God which exhaled from his lips, as he had forewarned Marian.

But he did not entirely lose his bearings on that account, and, descending from the heights, he resumed familiarly, and not without malice, knowing the feminine nature by constant association with it and not fearing to come directly to the point:

"Lady Ellen is Richard's mistress; she has inveigled him, like a wicked princess in a fairy story; she is corrupting his body, she will ruin his soul. What do I say? If Bradwell should die today, what account would he render of his acts at the tribunal of the Most High? The lover of his father's wife, ignominy! All the commandments of the church, of God, outraged. Shameless, the work of the flesh accomplished under conditions which one shirks from relating and which Catholicism punishes with the most extreme torture, even with the stake! And, in another world, an eternity of pain among the orbs of hell!"

"Why has he committed this inexcusable crime, worse than murder?" said Marian, coldly, in whom, all at once, virtue and the chastity of her nature rebelled indignantly.

"Why? but am I not explaining it to you?" replied the abbe, inventing, in order to sustain his position, the circumstances of the crime. "Why? Because, endowed with an incomparable beauty, full of the voluptuousness which intoxicates, a nest of enticing lasciviousness, she has contaminated the unfortunate Richard with her sorceries like a poor innocent boy, and no adviser has shown him the peril, no friend has extended the hand to keep him from falling into the alluring atmosphere of delicious vice."

The priest watched Marian closely. Was the effect being produced on which he

Continued on page 11.

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PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

Liberty.

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BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the excise-man, the curving-knife of the department clerk; all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Six Cents a Week for a Library.

Subscriptions to the "Proudhon Library" are coming in at a rate not altogether disappointing, while not indicative, on the other hand, of highly flattering immediate success. If the rate keeps up, it will sustain the enterprise. *It is incumbent upon the readers of Liberty to keep it up.* If every one of them would subscribe, the "Library" would be a success from the start, and all additional subscribers would serve to lessen the cost of the future volumes. It is a source of amazement to me that men and women who have long been subscribers to *Liberty* and who profess the greatest interest in its work should need any urging to induce them to support a project which cannot fail to give its work a most powerful impetus.

Some complain, I know, that the price is high. Even if this complaint were well-founded, it would afford no large number of *Liberty*'s readers a valid excuse for withholding their support. Whatever relation the price may bear to the cost of publication, in itself three dollars a year is not a very large sum to pay for what one really wants very much indeed. On the contrary, it is very insignificant. Why, it is ONLY SIX CENTS A WEEK. How many readers has *Liberty* who do not spend that amount regularly for things which, if the question were squarely put to them, they would at least profess to want much less than they want the "Proudhon Library"? That it has a few such I believe, but I doubt if their number exceeds a dozen. Even the average workingman, oppressed and robbed as he is, can afford three dollars a year for whatever single thing he may regard as a necessity only second to that of his bare food, clothing, and shelter; and, if he refuses to pay it for the "Proudhon Library," it may be put down for a certainty, whatever his professions, that he is not actually hungering and thirsting after that author's writings. But I believe that such hunger and thirst do afflict nearly all of *Liberty*'s friends, and that they will hasten to satisfy their cravings when once they realize that they can get this wonderful set of books by sending me three dollars every year, or one dollar and a half every six months, or seventy-five cents every three months, or, if even that is too great a strain, then by simply putting aside six cents every Saturday night and sending me a quarter of a dollar at the end of each month.

Not only, however, is the price of the "Proudhon Library" not absolutely high,—it is not even relatively high. It is no rash assertion to say that there is very little literature published anywhere at as low prices, in proportion to excellence of quality and the extent of the demand, as those of the books and pamphlets issued in connection with *Liberty*, and to this rule the "Proudhon Library" is no exception. It is all very well to talk glibly of popular prices, but popular prices can be placed upon none but popular books. Anarchistic books are unpopular, and the wonder is that they are

sold as cheap as they are. When the people are as anxious to read Proudhon as Dickens, they will have the opportunity to do so at as little cost. Or, to take a fairer comparison, consider the recently published English translation of Marx's "Capital." I have not seen it yet, but it is probably little, if any, larger than the "Economical Contradictions," while in the matter of book-making it cannot well surpass the "Proudhon Library." Moreover, considering Marx's celebrity and the strength of the State Socialists, the market for "Capital" in the present and the immediate future must be ten times as great as for the "Economical Contradictions," and the price therefore should be very much lower. Yet the two volumes of "Capital" sell for \$5.75 (possibly this includes duty), while subscribers to the "Proudhon Library" will obtain the two volumes of the "Contradictions" for \$5.00 or less, including binding.

So much for those who criticise the price. There are still others who criticise the project itself. I have just heard of one man, an intelligent member of one of the professions, who thinks that I overrate Proudhon. I question very much whether he has acquired the competency to judge in this matter by reading Proudhon. Be that as it may, to this criticism I have at hand a very much better answer than any that I could make myself, in the following letter written by one of the very few people in this country who are intelligently familiar with Proudhon's writings:

Dear Mr. Tucker:

You can scarcely imagine how pleased I am that you have undertaken the publication of the "Proudhon Library." If it meet with the success it deserves, the sales should be extremely large. There can be no doubt in the mind of any unprejudiced reader of his works that he must be classed in the front rank of the men of this century. As an economist he is without a peer. According to my judgment, there is no modern sociological writer, not even excepting Herbert Spencer, destined to have a greater influence upon the future. That Spencer has had a greater influence upon me is true; but that is simply because I became acquainted with his writings earlier, and, therefore, there was not so much left for Proudhon to do.

As you know, however much of a worshipper of Man I may be, I have no worship for men, and I have not made an idol of Proudhon. I can see his faults, his divergencies from principle,—his government-patronized bank, his plans of taxation, reduction of wages, and the like; but, if it can be truly said of any man, it can of Proudhon that his faults were those of his time, his virtues his own. With the chiefs of all the other Socialist schools offering immediate happiness to the proletariat on condition of its embracing their various governmental schemes, and with that proletariat clamoring to him for something materially beneficial at once, the wonder is that he remained so steadfast to liberty. It should be enough for us to know that he developed and demonstrated the general principles of moral or, if you will, social action, and that he showed how government taxation and the arbitrary interference of man with man could be dispensed with. This abides with us forever as of permanent value, even though he himself occasionally yielded in his practice to the feelings and opinions of his time.

I have spoken of Proudhon from an Anarchistic standpoint, but no sociologist of any school can afford to be without him. The dialectic skill displayed in the "Economic Contradictions," the broad sweep and masterly generalizations of the "General Idea of the Revolution," equalled only by Buckle's, the ready wit of the newspaper controversies, the deep insight into the nature of the social organism exhibited in the "Philosophy of Progress," in which he demonstrates Man as the efficient cause and maker of men, an idea since so beautifully worked out by Clifford, are all too valuable to exist only in French. They ought to be accessible to all civilized peoples.

If I could only reach them, I would urge personally upon each of *Liberty*'s readers to do his utmost to make the publication a success, and I am sure that, when they became acquainted with the works, they would thank me for my urging. You may put me down for twelve copies, and, if necessary for the success of the enterprise, I will take up to forty. Yours truly,

JOHN F. KELLY.

This temperate and strong judgment I follow, even in its qualifications. Proudhon was not perfect, and his shortcomings are patent to those who read him. I would even go farther than Mr. Kelly, and advert to an error far more serious than the mere temporary yielding to the temptation to compromise for the attainment of immediate results,—I mean Proudhon's Archistic, reactionary, and almost brutal attitude towards the movement for the emancipation of woman. But, even in his discussion of woman and marriage, he

said many very original, very true, and very important things.

In regard to his government-patronized bank, it should be stated, to prevent misunderstanding, that the Exchange Bank proposed by Proudhon was simply to exemplify his idea that the Bank of France could be run on mutualistic principles, and was subordinate in his mind to his Bank of the People, which was not to be a governmental institution. He believed in the utmost freedom of banking.

I hope that Mr. Kelly's letter, by its sound estimate of Proudhon's character and importance, and the example set by its writer of whole-hearted and open-pocketed cooperation in a work so valuable, will bear abundant fruit in many quarters.

An Object Lesson in Communism.

What a practical lesson in the beauty of the formula, "To each according to his needs," the State Socialists and Communists have received in the bill of expenses presented by the son-in-law and daughter of Karl Marx to the committee of the Socialistic Labor party.

Dr. and Mrs. Aveling, being exquisitely refined, cultivated persons, with none of that ill-breeding which characterizes the upper classes of America, have, of course, needs of which the vulgar dwellers on the "east side" can form no conception. Can the wretched sewing-woman, with her low instincts, who feels extremely happy if, by the most strenuous exertion, she can obtain twenty-five dollars in a month, realize how much Mrs. Aveling's rôle as sentimental to the travelling troupe of scientific socialists is enhanced by twenty-five dollars' worth of corsage bouquets, or how, after the severe mental strain caused by her folding her pretty hands and saying with an infantile lisp and smile: "Brothers, come and join us, work with us shoulder to shoulder, and heart to heart" (which position, by the way, is very unfavorable to work of any kind), she needs to be soothed by the fragrant aroma of a cigarette, to have her exhausted vitality restored by a wine-supper, or to be distracted by a visit to the theatre? What idea can an east-side man form of Dr. Aveling's need of hotel accommodations at the rate of twenty-one dollars a day, after the worry he has been subjected to by those "rude and harsh" Anarchists, who so confuse him that he cannot even remember who was his own father-in-law, and oblige him to make up questions and answer them himself? No, these "unkind" and uncultivated east-siders can form no conception of these needs, and hence object to footing the bills. I think, however, that they are beginning to have a slight conception that, however much "surplus value" may be created by their labor, none whatever has been created by that of the distinguished expounders of scientific socialism.

But to be serious, there is a wholesome lesson for all students of society who have eyes to see it, in this farce, and that is that the needs of each, whether rude or refined, should be satisfied at his own expense, and not at the expense of his fellows. If the very apostles of State Socialism, at that stage of development in which all sects are purest (when they are still on trial before the public), cannot refrain from such shameful extortion, what fearful depredations may we not expect when State Socialism is an established fact, when officialism has full sway, and each official is to decide for himself what part of the common funds his needs require. It is utterly and absolutely impossible for such a state of society to continue, as it carries within it the germ of its own destruction, and it could only end in the wildlest kind of chaos, or in a despotism worse than the world has yet seen.

GERTRUDE B. KELLY.

[The foregoing needs to be supplemented by a statement of facts. A few weeks ago the New York "Herald" reported great agitation in the Executive Committee of the Socialistic Labor Party in consequence of a difficulty in settling with the Avelings, and charged that the latter, after receiving thirteen hundred dollars for thirteen weeks' work, put in an additional bill of six hundred dollars, which included such items as twenty-five dollars for corsage bouquets for Mrs. Aveling, fifty dollars for cigars for the doctor and cigarettes for his wife, one hundred dollars for theatre tickets, and forty-two dollars for two days' board and wine bill at a Baltimore hotel. Over this bill there was a war of words, which ended in the refusal of the Committee to allow the bill and in the payment of one hundred dollars instead. These charges

were taken up by the other New York dailies and reiterated with slight variations. As to their truth various opinions prevailed. Some, knowing the Avelings, believed the charges; others, knowing the press, looked on them as capitalistic lies: each of these conclusions being, in my judgment, a warrantable inference from its premises. The prevailing uncertainty was increased by the silence of some of the Socialist organs, the tergiversation of others, and a cabled denial of each charge by Doctor Aveling himself. Finally, the "New Yorker Volkszeitung," representing the faction favorable to the Avelings, settled the matter by a long editorial, from which the following is an extract: "The capitalistic press has within the last few days been in a paroxysm of delight through the fact that Edward Aveling, of London, on his return to this city, after a three months' tour of agitation throughout the United States in the interest of Socialism, presented a bill which exceeded the sum calculated by the National Executive of the Socialist Labor Party some five or six hundred dollars. The bill contained, furthermore, a class of expenses which a labor agitator, who must know that the funds to defray the agitation expenses almost exclusively flow from the pockets of hard toiling workers, should certainly have refrained from ringing in. The National Executive Committee made this point very clear to Mr. Aveling; the objectionable items were stricken from the bill, and the overcharges reduced to one hundred dollars, which were paid." This remarkable admission has since been clinched, according to the New York "Herald," by the receipt from Aveling of the one hundred dollars paid, which puts the treasure of the party in possession of the nucleus of a conscience fund contributed by one of the shining lights. Is anything more needed in vindication of Liberty's course in exposing this despicable charlatan? — ERROR LIBERTY.]

The Great American Quackery.

The disinherited are being driven to the last ditch of despair, and, if they will not lie down and die peacefully therein, they must soon stand upon the edge and defend themselves against all the forces and resources of sham civilization. The weapons they have forged are in the hands of the enemy and are turned against their own breasts, and the most deadly of these weapons is the pen. It is wielded by men whose ignorance is equalled only by the malignity with which they misuse whatever knowledge they happen to possess. In the daily papers of this country the working people are maliciously misrepresented, their aims misstated, and their actions lied about most damnably. The press boasts of being a public instructor, a disseminator of information, a dispeller of darkness, a Liberty Enlightening the World. In truth it is a false teacher, an apostle of ignorance, an extinguisher of light, a false and misleading beacon. When Henry George was a candidate for mayor of New York, the daily papers did nothing but lie about him. They said he promised to give every poor man a fine house and to divide the property of the rich. His speeches were misreported by ignorant, stupid reporters, and then garbled by editors to fit lying editorials. Abram S. Hewitt, who probably knew he was lying, said George was "a Socialist, a Communist, and an Anarchist," and the papers echoed that absurd statement. They might as well have called him a Mussulman, a Roman Catholic, and an Atheist. The paper owned by Cyrus Field pretends to inform its readers about the various phases of Socialism. The value of its information may be estimated from its assertion that "P. J. Proudhon was a Communist, but not an Anarchist," and that all writers on Socialism have been "ignorant men." Some villainous fool, who perpetrates crimes of the mind for "Puck," solemnly asserted that Henry George's followers were men who saw in his election "alluring prospects of opportunity for riot and rapine." Nearly all the papers said nearly the same thing. They all regard the workingman, who protests even with the impotent ballot against the conspiracy of capitalists and politicians, as a potential criminal.

In the cable reports of the Trafalgar square demonstration, printed on Monday, November 21, appeared these words: "When the speaking began, there were present five thousand Socialists, twenty-five thousand unemployed workmen and criminals, and twenty thousand spectators." Unemployed workmen and criminals are classed together. Was it a mere accident of speech that joined them? Not at all. The same report says the paraders carried banners bearing "incendiary inscriptions," and then it gives samples of the incendiarism. One of them was: "Work for all; overwork for none." That is incendiary. The man who de-

mands an opportunity to labor is a criminal, a dangerous person, and, when he meets other unemployed men to voice his protest against enforced idleness, the State calls out the troops. The papers call these starving workmen "the mob."

The newspapers are clamoring for the execution of seven Chicago men who dared to exercise the right of free speech. They fear that these men may not be murdered if public prejudice is allowed to cool, and so they invent lies to fan the flames. The story about an attempt to poison Armour, a scoundrel who gets up corners in the food supply, is a palpable fabrication. If such an attempt was made, it was a bogus affair concocted by Armour himself to create feeling against the striking workmen. No conspirators ever told their plans definitely and succinctly on a street corner in the presence of strangers. The whole thing is a lie. The daily press is a gigantic, organized lie, a conspiracy of knaves and fools against human rights and the veracities of this world. The writers of able editorials are as a rule either politicians, blind to the facts of life, or intellectual prostitutes. Capital has learned the power of the press, and shrewdly controls what it would otherwise have most cause to fear. A man with clear eyesight and some loyalty in the heart of him cannot be an editor of any important paper. To retain such a place, he must keep silent when the truth within him clamors for utterance; he must give facts a false color and twist them to the policy of the paper; he must write what he does not believe; he must mislead his readers, abuse honest men, and applaud knaves. In short, he must be a poor, lying dastard. And he must deafen the public ear with brazen trumpetings about the freedom and independence of the press. Of all the dismal quakers in this quack-infested world, the American daily newspaper is the most utterly despisable. It poisons the streams of knowledge at their source, and makes the people drunken with its distillation of lies. The capitalistic cancer has eaten its vitals out.

MAX.

A Principle of Social Therapeutics.

The idea that Anarchy can be inaugurated by force is as fallacious as the idea that it can be sustained by force. Force cannot preserve Anarchy; neither can it bring it. In fact, one of the inevitable influences of the use of force is to postpone Anarchy. The only thing that force can ever do for us is to save us from extinction, to give us a longer lease of life in which to try to secure Anarchy by the only methods that can ever bring it. But this advantage is always purchased at immense cost, and its attainment is always attended by frightful risk. The attempt should be made only when the risk of any other course is greater. When a physician sees that his patient's strength is being exhausted so rapidly by the intensity of his agony that he will die of exhaustion before the medical processes inaugurated have a chance to do their curative work, he administers an opiate. But a good physician is always loth to do so, knowing that one of the influences of the opiate is to interfere with and defeat the medical processes themselves. He never does it except as a choice of evils. It is the same with the use of force, whether of the mob or of the State, upon diseased society; and not only those who prescribe its indiscriminate use as a sovereign remedy and a permanent tonic, but all who ever propose it as a cure, and even all who would lightly and unnecessarily resort to it, not as a cure, but as an expedient, are social quacks.

T.

Having been severely censured by Mr. Harman for an alleged tardiness in informing my readers of the fact that "Mr. and Mrs. Walker," as the "friendly" "Truth Seeker" calls them, were forbidden to write for publication, I now hasten to apprise them of another fact in relation to that affair, just come to the surface, which will throw some light on the issue between us, albeit, I fancy, Mr. Harman will exhibit very little thankfulness for my promptness on this particular occasion. I wish my readers to learn that I have done the "Lucifer" people great injustice in underrating their intellectual capacities and clearness of perception and in making it out that they fail to understand the absurdity of their position. Mr. Harman

raises himself and his own above all such suspicions by his recent explicit declaration that it was fully known to them at the time the "autonomistic" marriage was "practicalized" that they could claim the same as a perfectly legal marriage in case the State should feel itself disobeyed, and that they went through all those ceremonies for no other reason than their solicitude for Lillian's welfare and desire to avoid persecution, entertaining the confidence that marriage by contract would be declared valid marriage if the matter should be brought before a competent court. It is to be deeply regretted that this important declaration was not made sooner; it would have saved considerable time and space and powder. . . . What? Do I hear the reader say that such a declaration makes the case still uglier for the "Lucifer" people? Does he think it was hypocrisy on their part to proclaim it an "autonomistic" marriage and play the part of defiant disregards of the law, when they really thought otherwise and expected the State to declare them loyal children? Well, I am happy to be able to reassure him, and set his agitated mind at rest. There was no hypocrisy about it. Only, Mr. Harman used the word "legal" in *two senses*, and the word "autonomistic" in a Pickwickian sense. Surely, you have no objection to that; for do you not use the word "Christian" sometimes in two different senses?

The "Index" is dead and buried. Its funeral was preceded by a sort of "wake," during which the chief mourners whacked each other's skulls with their shillelaghs in a manner that made Liberty's "Donnybrook fair" appear like an interchange of the mildest pleasantries. I was particularly pleased at the neat and efficacious manner in which Editor Potter flourished his blackthorn while cracking the narrow pate of his predecessor, Francis E. Abbot. But he struck him one blow which seemed to me decidedly unbecoming, —at least, in an "Index" editor. He said: "Mr. Abbot has been altogether 'too previous' in making his Protest." This is out of keeping with "Index" traditions and in violation of its manual of tactics. I know, for I was once engaged in a little skirmish in the "Index" columns myself, and had the rules enforced on me. In the course of it an article of mine was rejected, one of the reasons given being my "wretched slang use of the word 'tumble,'" Editor Potter adding: "Even if in all other respects the article had been wholly unobjectionable, I could not have printed it with that blot on its otherwise excellent English." And now Mr. Potter makes his final bow to his readers in seventeen columns of vigorous and excellent English, but blotted with a wretched slang use of the words "too" and "previous." It does make a difference whose ox is gored.

H. L. Green has moved his "Freethinkers' Magazine" from Salamanca to Buffalo, New York, where he publishes it in greatly improved form, with T. B. Wakeman as his associate editor. It is certainly a handsome publication,—in this respect in striking contrast with most radical periodicals. But when Mr. Green calls it "the finest appearing Freethought journal ever issued in America," he oversteps the boundaries of truth. If he will refresh his memory, he will recollect that I once published a magazine called the "Radical Review," beside which, for typographical beauty and richness, the "Freethinkers' Magazine" seems commonplace, and which many competent judges pronounced not only the handsomest Freethought magazine ever published in America, but the handsomest magazine of any kind ever published anywhere. Furthermore, between the "Proudhon Library" (though that is not exclusively a Freethought publication) and the "Freethinkers' Magazine" there is, from a typographical standpoint, a yawning gulf.

The New York "Times" says that Henry George stood higher in public esteem at the beginning of his canvass for the mayoralty than at the end of it. Goodness gracious! and yet at the end of it he got sixty-eight thousand votes! Mighty lucky for the "boys" that election day didn't come at the beginning of the canvass, now wasn't it, Mr. "Times"?

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

Continued from page 3.

counted? He smiled shrewdly, with an imperceptible half-closing of the eyelids. Evidently she was seizing the bait. Now her breast was heaving under her dress, her nostrils contracted, the tears gathered and were forced back into her throat, a hissing sound escaped from her clenched teeth, and in the pupils of her eyes something of defiance gleamed.

At once she deplored the position of Richard, irresponsible, fallen unwittingly into the snares of an enchantress, enervated by the carnal philters which she distilled; and a desire to struggle against Lady Ellen, to snatch her prey from her, invaded her, exciting the woman and the lover to the contest.

The feeling of her woman's power, of which she had been ignorant, was suddenly awakened in her; and, surprised, bewildered, proud of this power of influence which she had never before suspected, there came to her an irresistible, childish desire to use it.

In the past she had loved Sir Richard without reasoning, without accounting for it to herself, without reflecting, without dreaming, consequently, of defending herself from this capture of her soul, from this penetration of her being; and probably she would have been more inclined to believe herself the subject.

The pain of her sacrifice, when she had taken the pledge required by the League, the inefficacy of this oath, which was binding only on her acts, but could not modify her heart, could not repress its beatings, could not change its preoccupations,—such reasons confirmed her in the idea of this subjection.

Sprawlingly, in her revolt against the atrocities committed by the English, she had at the time included Richard in the reprobation which she vowed against them; the solemn kiss given to Paddy sealed, in her intention, the official rupture with Sir Bradwell; it had sufficed to see him, to learn of his interventions in favor of the conquered, to see him at work in various circumstances, to lose the courage and the force to persevere in this indifference, or, rather, hostility.

And after that she met him so often on the road! He prowled about, he stood taciturn, disconsolate, so constantly, so long, for hours, with death in his soul, about their house, impatient and feverish, until, at last, she did not appear at a window; rejoiced and revived, when she went out into the street to get something for the house, to speak with a neighbor who called her, to caress the children whom their mothers were leading!

It was stronger than she; in spite of her inmost resistance, of the scruples of a severe conscience, in spite of the fear of this sin which was always dragging her along, at last she ended by showing herself and did not always succeed in avoiding Richard with her look.

Then, evidently, she imagined herself dominated, subjugated; simple and without coquetry, she did not reflect that the attraction, at least, was reciprocal, and now, the priest, after having won her interest, repeated that she held in herself a sure power over Richard, a considerable power. And not only to command the son of Newington, free and in love only with her, but capable, in a struggle of which Sir Bradwell would be the object, of winning the victory over the Duchess, so wonderfully pretty, so armed with seductions, so artful, so refined, surrounded with all the resources of princely luxury.

THE POLITICAL THEOLOGY OF MAZZINI

AND

THE INTERNATIONAL.

By MICHAEL BAKOUNINE,

MEMBER OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WORKING-PEOPLE.

Translated from the French by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 91.

Finally, there is the category of the *loving believers*. This is the least numerous, the most amiable, but not the least dangerous. Jesus Christ, the greatest among them, was, without doubt, of this class. Let us hope that Mazzini will be its last representative in the history of the religious aberrations of civilized humanity. I have said that this category of believers is not the least dangerous. And, in truth, their first wrong consists precisely in serving as passports, and almost always also as tools and bait, for the hypocrites and violent believers. When society, tired of the falsehoods of the former and the cruelty of the latter, seems on the point of disgust with a religion which produces so much misery and horror, it is pointed to some simple, good, narrow, saintly man, and his sympathetic, venerable looks disarm suspicions and hatred. These men are very rare; so the leaders of the churches appreciate them highly, and generally know how to put them to excellent use. Thus it was that at the epoch when the cruel persecutions practised by the Jesuits upon the Protestants, the Vaudois, were drenching Savoy with blood, there was in this very order of the Jesuits, in Switzerland, a bishop, a saintly man, François de Sales, whose heart, overflowing with love, made more conversions than all the cruelties of the church.

Heart overflowing with love! That is the true, accurate definition of these men. They are, I repeat, excessively rare. But they exist, and each of us has met one at least in our lives. When they are very strong, and what is more, very intelligent, as Jesus Christ doubtless was, they found new religions, provided the spirit of their age is at all ready for the foundation of a new religion. Or they seek to found it and are disappointed, when the tendency of the surroundings and the times is opposed to it, as is happening to Mazzini. But ordinarily, with the exception of some rare geniuses "crowned with virtue," these men, profoundly, intimately, lovingly religious, form no school; for what predominates in them is not mind, but heart; is not thought, but love. They are religious, but they are not theologians. Their faith, indefinite and not firmly settled, is only a very imperfect expression of that love which is called divine because it is excessively rare, and which really overflows their whole being. Contrary to those who enlighten without warning, they warm all those who surround them without enlightening them, exciting love, never thought.

Mazzini, by his intelligence, is infinitely superior to these obscure lovers. But he does not equal them in love. They are so full of it that, in spite of their faith, they have the power of bravely loving pagans, atheists. Mazzini is too theological for this; he detests atheists, and, like Christ, if he had the power, would take the scourge to drive them from his dear Italy, considering them as corruptors of his predestined people.

Let us leave, then, to flourish in peace those sweet religious souls, loving and obscure, who perfume with their native grace their little unknown corners, and study in Mazzini himself the ravages which theology can and must work in the greatest souls, the noblest hearts, the loftiest minds.

Doubtless few men are capable of loving as Mazzini loves. Whoever has had the good fortune to approach him personally has felt the influence of that infinite tenderness which seems to penetrate his whole being, has felt his soul kindled by

the beams of that indulgent and delicate goodness which shines in his look, at once so serious and so sweet, and in his fine and melancholy smile. Whoever approaches him, sees him, and hears him, has no difficulty in discovering, under his most simple and least affected exterior, his great intelligence, his great heart above all, and a character which, by its extraordinary purity, seems to tower above all the miseries of this world. He does not overwhelm, he encourages, he provokes confidence. Few men, I believe, think as little of themselves as Mazzini. Behold the terrible revolutionist who has brought so many bad nights to most of the sovereigns and governors of Europe!

I am now giving my personal impressions. For I also had the happiness of meeting Mazzini, very often even, during the whole of the year 1862, at London. I shall never forget the noble welcome which he gave me when I arrived in that city, escaping from Siberia where I had been exiled for life and where I had lived for years, after having passed almost eight in different fortresses of Saxony, Austria, and Russia. I am, indeed, eternally indebted to Mazzini, for even before knowing me other than by name, he generously took up my defence against the infamous calumnies which German emigrants, Jews especially, with that noble delicacy, justice, and good taste which distinguish them, had endeavored to disseminate regarding me, not so much from personal hatred of me as from a general hatred for Russia, for the Slavs, and particularly for my compatriot, Alexander Herzen, who naturally did not fail to answer them; which I could not do, confined as I was in the Russian fortresses and later in Siberia, not even knowing that I was being attacked in this base fashion.

Herzen even told me that Citizen Karl Marx, who became later one of the principal founders of the International and whom I had always considered as a man endowed with a great intelligence and profoundly, exclusively devoted to the grand cause of the emancipation of labor, had taken an active part in these calumnies. I was not altogether astonished, knowing by my past experience—for I had known him since 1845—that the illustrious German Socialist, to whose great qualities I have always rendered and shall never fail to render full justice, has, nevertheless, in his character certain traits which one would be less astonished to meet in a Jewish *decouvert de belles lettres*, corresponding for German newspapers than in such a serious and ardent champion of humanity and justice. Therefore, arriving in London in 1862, I abstained from calling on him, naturally having little desire to renew acquaintance with him. But in 1864, as I was passing through London, he came to see me himself, and assured me that he had never taken any part, directly or indirectly, in these calumnies, which he had himself considered as infamous. I had to accept his word.

However that may be, Mazzini nobly took up my defense. Do I need to say that I was profoundly attached to this admirable individuality, certainly the purest and grandest that I have ever met in my life. I love Mazzini, and I venerate him today as much as I did nine years ago, and yet I must combat him. I must put myself by the side of Marx against him. It is a fatality from which all my convictions, my religion, no less profound and sincere than his own, will not grant me escape.

Mazzini, I have said, overwhelms no one; that is true. But he is himself overwhelmed by his God, and in this overwhelming, of which he is the first victim, he makes his friends, his party, more or less participate. Such is the real cause, in my opinion, of the present isolation of this party in the midst of the Italian nation, of its sterility and of its powerlessness, more and more visible.

This distressing powerlessness and sterility is read in every line printed, every thought expressed, in the properly Mazzinian journals. Open "*L'Unità Italiana*," or even "*La Roma del Popolo*," which are today the two principal organs of this party, and you will at once feel an indescribable stifling atmosphere, a breath of death, like the odor of corpses or dried mummies. It is a current, once limpid, but today struck with stagnation, whose waters flourish, as old age flourishes, without motion, without communication with waters more alive. In the midst of the immense social movement which has invaded the human world, drawing it irresistibly towards the realization of the grandest things that ever the imaginations of men have dreamed, they remain there, motionless, isolated, strangers to this development of life which is going on around them, to the aspirations, even, of this people which they pretend to govern and save, ignoring or misunderstanding the ideas as well as the facts which envelop them on all sides; and, their eyes fixed unalterably on Savonarola and Dante, they chant their old litanies, as the Jews recite the verses of the Talmud in the hope of raising again by this means the forever fallen walls of Zion.*

What is the cause of this stagnation, of this death? Ah! it is because God has smitten them with his favor. God is a terrible companion. He overwhelms, he absorbs, he annihilates, he devours, he distorts, or else he withers, all that has the misfortune to approach him from near or from far. Whatever has been done to humanize him a little during recent centuries, he remains always the ancient Jehovah, the egoistic, the jealous, "the cruel God of the Jews!"† and he has ended by reigning also over Mazzini. He has bewitched, perverted, and made barren the noblest intellect of this century. This is one more terrible grievance that we have against him.

Mazzini, by the natural impulse of his heart, loves men, and, more passionately still, he loves Italy. But this love is paralyzed or at least warped by the exclusive and jealous influence of the divine phantom, of the ideal *Me exaggerated to the Absolute, which, unconscious of itself, adores itself in the person of an imaginary God, hiding in this way from all the world as well as from himself, in the heights of a fictitious heaven, his supreme egoism*. And he who serves this God must sacrifice everything to him, even his country; he who loves God cannot really love anything else in the world. He must detest the world; and if, urged by an invincible need of the heart, he wishes to love it, it still must be only for the glory of God, in order to transform the world into a stepping-stone to the divine glory.

Mazzini loves most certainly Italy; but he loves her as Abraham loved his son Isaac, ready to sacrifice him, if it must be, on the altar of his God, who, like the God of the Christians and the Jews, of which he is only the somewhat illogical continuation, measures the love of his faithful by the grandeur of their sacrifices. Sacrifice, which, according to the doctrine of Mazzini, constitutes the supreme virtue, is in truth the foundation, at once cruel and mystical, of all real religious worship; for in every religion which takes the adoration of divinity seriously, cruelty and love are but one. Has not God himself given an example, forever memorable, to men, in sacrificing his only son and causing him to be assassinated by the Jews, his chosen people, in order, he says, to gratify his pitiless vengeance, otherwise called eternal justice? Divine justice, as we see, feeds on human blood, as divine wisdom feeds on human absurdities. This justice united to this wisdom constitutes what is called divine love.

To be continued.

* The new-old religion of Mazzini is in reality related to Christianity, as the Judaism of the Talmud is related to the Judaism of the Old Testament.

† Le cruel Dieu des Juifs t'emporte aussi sur toi! — Athalie, one of Racine's tragedies.

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

A Remarkable Letter by Carl Schurz.

In a German book, recently come under my notice, entitled "Memoire einer Idealisten," I find a remarkable letter by Carl Schurz, which I consider worthy of being placed before the readers of Liberty. The letter was addressed to the authoress of the book mentioned, about 1849, shortly after the young revolutionist's flight from Germany and his emigration to this country. In this letter he gives his impressions of the new life to which he had become a witness, together with some eminently sound and practical reflections on liberty and its application to social affairs. He was certainly at that time in sight of haven, in the noble sense of Auberon Herbert, and, in view of his splendid talents, it is greatly to be regretted that he again lost sight of it in his subsequent career as a public man.

The letter reads:

"I have not yet seen, but I have already learned a great deal in America. It is the first time that I live in a democratic country, and notice the behavior of a free people. I confess, without blushing, that in this regard I had formerly entertained but faint notions. My political opinions have undergone a sort of inner revolution since I read in the book which alone contains the truth,—the book of reality. When I imagine the majority of those hot-headed professional revolutionists, as the emigration develops them, or the majority of those liberal-minded ladies of the cultured classes, with their sentimental democracy, placed amid the conditions of this country, and consider how they would grow extremely abusive,—the former over the character of the *bourgeoisie* and the intrigues of the clergy, the latter over the unbridled spontaneity of the people,—and how they would arrive at the conclusion that there is nothing to this Eldorado,—then I become somewhat fearful concerning the future European republic which is to have its pillars in the two elements mentioned. Indeed, the first sight of this country fills one with mute astonishment. Here you see the principle of individual liberty carried to its last consequences, the contempt of the freely-enacted law; there you see the crassest religious fanaticism disporting itself in brutal acts;—here you see the great mass of the working people pursuing their emancipation in the fullest liberty, while close by the speculative spirit of capital launches out in unheard-of enterprises;—here a party that calls itself democratic, and that is at the same time the main support of the institution of slavery, there a party that thunders against the heaven-crying wrong of slavery, but bases all its arguments on the authority of the Bible, and exists in an incredible state of mental dependence;—here the irrepressible spirit of emancipation, there the active lust of oppression:—all this in complete liberty, intermingled in motley confusion, and side by side. The democrat, recently from Europe, who has hitherto lived in the world of ideas, and has had no opportunity of seeing these ideas embodied in human nature, questions himself, somewhat puzzled: 'Is this a free people? Is this real democracy?' Is democracy a fact, if it harbors all these contradictory principles within its womb? Is this my ideal?" Thus he asks himself doubtfully, and enters with uncertain step into this new, really new world. He observes and reflects, sloughs off gradually, one by one, the prejudices with which Europe burdened him, and comes finally to the solution of the riddle: Yes, so are the people when they are free. Liberty breaks the fetters of development asunder. All forces, all imperfections, the good and the bad, everything is to be seen in the light of the day and in its working mood; the struggle of principles proceeds unchecked; external liberty only reveals the foes that must be conquered before we can gain inner liberty. Who desires liberty must not be surprised if men do not show themselves better than they are. Liberty is the only condition in which it is possible for men to know themselves, because it alone offers them the opportunity of acting out their true lives. Thereby the ideal is not realized, to be sure, but it would be a foolish undertaking to force the ideal in spite of the people. In this country the Jesuits are accorded free scope, they are neither killed nor expelled,—for democracy postulates the liberty of every confession so long as it does not limit the civil liberty of others; they are not fought with the weapons of official power, but merely by public opinion. That is not only more democratic, but also more substantial, for, if the battle of public opinion against mental dependence proceeds slowly, it is simply proof that the people are not yet ripe. This struggle has the advantage that it always keeps equal pace with the mental state of the masses. On this account its victories are slower, less brilliant, but more enduring and thorough-going. Thus is it here in all things. The European revolutionist grows impatient over it, and would like to put in some hard hits; but the people are so constituted as to refuse to be knocked into reason, and it is in the nature of democracy that within its confines public opinion rules, not as it ought to be, but as it is. It is my firm conviction that the European revolutionists will force a next revolution on the side of the reaction by their mere lust of governing, by their mere desire to make things quickly and positively better. Every glance at the political life of America confirms my conviction that the task of the revolution can be nothing but the removal of obstacles in the way of the will of the people, i.e., the overthrow of all authority, organized in the institutions of the State, and of all barriers to individual liberty so far as that is at all possible. The

people will then have full sway, commit many stupidities, etc., but that is their way. If you wish to forestall things and thereafter grant the people freedom, they will commit stupidities none the less, in spite of all your artificial efforts to the contrary. But every stupidity committed absolves something, while the finest measure taken in advance of the popular understanding absolves nothing until the people are ripe for it. Until then, whatever you have forestalled must be maintained *à force de l'autorité* or it is unsettled. But if it is maintained by force of authority, it fares ill with democracy. Here in America you can daily see to how small a degree it is necessary to govern the people. Indeed, what in Europe one would mention only with a shudder, *Anarchy*, prevails here in finest bloom. There are governments, but no masters; governors, but they are agents. Whatever America boasts of in the shape of great institutions of learning, of churches, of gigantic means of communication, etc., is all owing to the spontaneous association of private citizens, and not to the authority of officialism. We behold here the productivity of liberty. Here you see a costly church,—a stock company have built it; there a university,—a wealthy man has left a magnificent legacy for educational purposes, this serves now as capital stock, and the university is founded almost on private subscriptions; there an orphan asylum of white marble,—a wealthy citizen has built it; and so on *ad infinitum*. One learns here for the first time how superfluous government is in many respects in which it is deemed indispensable in Europe, and where the possibility of doing something excites the desire of doing it."

So far Carl Schurz. I submit it to the readers of Liberty, Does he not preach first-class Anarchistic doctrine? When he wrote the above letter, he had certainly completely mastered the problem of liberty, and that is the first requisite for a man contemplating the service of the people. Not only had he mastered the problem of liberty, he also had the courage of calling it by its true name, Anarchy. It is of small consequence that he erred in declaring the conditions of this country those of Anarchy, for it is to be remembered that at the time of the above letter we were in many respects practically nearer Anarchy than at the present time, when we are fast becoming one of the most law-ridden people on the globe. But in truth we had not advanced so far. Schurz beheld the facts in somewhat too rosy a light. That, however, is of small consequence. The important thing to be noted is the precedence given by him to the principle of individual sovereignty and spontaneity over the popular principle of compulsion and arbitrary legislation as an agency in social evolution, together with the correct statement of the task of the coming revolution, *i.e.*, the overthrow of the barriers to individual liberty. The present understanding of these points does as yet in no wise foreshadow their importance. They are as yet so inadequately apprehended, even by the majority of the revolters against the present order of society, that they need still to be preached and impressed upon the popular mind with all the energy and eloquence we can command. Unless the people thoroughly master the problem of liberty, they will pass through the impending social crisis with little profit, and the problem of labor will remain unsolved. Indeed, I share the fear expressed in the above letter that the desire of many revolutionists, to make things quickly and positively better through the machinery of government, originating in their blindness to perceive the saving force of liberty, will defeat their very purposes and intentions. They appear to be unable to see that in the present state of the world all true reform work is necessarily of a negative character, that it consists principally in the removal of the usurpations of the State, and of the restrictions placed upon individual initiative on all sides.

It was a great thing in Carl Schurz, more than three decades ago, to have appreciated these points at their true worth, to have been so sober-minded and clear-sighted with regard to the methods and issues of social progress and revolution as he appears to have been in the light of his letter. It was a deplorable thing in him to abandon the ideal he had embraced for the vain prizes of political life.

There seems to be something in politics fatal to honesty and truth. In partial confirmation of this statement, I direct attention to Edmund Burke's splendid "Essay in Vindication of Natural Society," written before he became a politician, and which contains more helpful truth than the entire work of his political career, to the noble labors of Auberon Herbert in behalf of liberty since he abjured politics, and to the above letter of Carl Schurz, written when he was yet innocent of political ambitions. I believe Wendell Phillips was correct when, among other sharp things, he used to say that you can always get the truth from an American statesman after he has turned seventy, or given up all hope of the presidency. "They tell us that until this year they have not been able to survey Mt. Washington; its iron centre warped the compass. Just so with our statesmen before they reach seventy; their survey of the State is ever false. That great central magnet in Washington deranges all their instruments." A similar thought must have been in the mind of Emerson, that great Anarchist, when he spoke of "our pitiful politics, which stake every gravest national question on the silly die, whether James or whether Robert shall sit in the chair and hold the purse"; when he predicted the regeneration of society, "not through any increased discretion shown by the citizens at elections, but by the gradual contempt into which official

government falls, and the increasing disposition of private adventurers to assume its fallen functions"; or when he directed attention to "the severity of censure conveyed in the word *politic*, which now for ages has signified *cunning*, indicating that the State is a trick."

Had Carl Schurz possessed the character to turn a deaf ear to the misleading voice of political ambition, and with his great abilities entered the knightly service of that social ideal which by his letter he appears to have seen so clearly with his inner eye, he would have placed this country under greater obligations to himself than it will one day acknowledge. Better save one's self-respect and merit the gratitude of a redeemed future than bask in the sunshine of popular applause and vulgar success.

G. S.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

Autonomy and Marriage.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Your postal is at hand. In regard to the Walker-Harman controversy I will say that, technically, your position taken in Liberty, October 30, seems to me undoubtedly correct, and from your position, as editor of an Anarchistic paper, most obligatory for you to pursue. Either Mr. Walker is married, or he is not; there can be no mixing and shuffling, on the ground of constructive definitions, as to his idea of "essential" marriage. Nor can he stand on the *universal* principles of the common law, or civil and constitutional liberty, as a part of the State, to down the canon and statute law, since these have ever existed in the nature of things, independent of the State.

While it is Mr. Walker's privilege, personally, to select his own line of defence, he cannot consistently hold it up as a banner, for all non-believers in the State to rally under.

Whatever may have been Mr. Walker's justification, in his own mind, for taking the course he has, the fact must nevertheless remain that "marriage" is an institution. While the common law may recognize nature in voluntarily getting in, there is no necessity for such recognition in getting out, all autonomistic protestations to the contrary notwithstanding. Any public declaration of marriage, therefore, is practically a committal. Perfect autonomy,—not automaton,—it seems to me, would have reserved matters, since there was no binding consideration in the contract, until they arose, one at a time, separate and distinct, to one's self.

Then all this blood and thunder is technically reduced to a non-essential three-dollar fee, or form, which is the only issue between the plaintiff and defendant, and which there is little doubt but that the higher court will award in the defendant's favor. The autonomistic mouse, through his "essential" construction, would bring to it the mountain of the State, but behold, the mountain, by the definition of *fact*, has brought the mouse to it.

On the other hand I believe Mr. Walker's attitude arises, as in his position towards Malthusianism, from a *personal*, not a true and systematic acceptance of definitions as *existing*. We may be pardoned, in an *ad hominem* sense, for sometimes using words in a double sense, *provided* the context shows in which sense we use them. But among students this is never necessary, but leads to great confusion. One thing should go with one name, and one name with one thing, and they should both be verified by the facts of history from a scientific standpoint.

Furthermore, we shall have to admit that from Mr. Walker's construction and contract he is *intending* all that the most correct statement could demand. This is evidenced by his tenacity to principle, which no three-dollar fee or form can fitly represent; it is further corroborated by the virus of Valley Falls.

Moreover, outside of any belief or disbelief as to marriage, the fact must be patent to all fair-minded observers that Mr. Walker, however much we may accept or reject his opinions, is a peaceable citizen and is being grossly persecuted by an organized crime, called the State.

Therefore, while no Anarchist can contribute to the defense, as stated, they may contribute to him personally, for agitation and fair play, which, though not strictly in line, is proving a valuable auxiliary against tyranny and in favor of liberty.

Liberty attacks the State, the "Truth Seeker" attacks the Church, the "Word" attacks Madame Grundy, but "Lucifer" is not content, in its own way, without attacking all three. Yours truly,

C. T. FOWLER.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., NOVEMBER 18, 1886.

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What is the Moral?*To the Editor of Liberty:*

With all my respect and reverence for your noble work I cannot resist reproaching you for giving too much credit to the intelligence of the property-beast of Washington Territory who discharged brother Alexis Vanderbeck for subscribing to and spreading Liberty. Though not knowing the fact, I would bet ten subscriptions to this paper against one that that barbarian is as ignorant of Liberty's principles and methods as a tiger of philanthropy; but he discharged brother Vanderbeck because he believed that Liberty, being an Anarchistic journal, advocates what he thinks to be Anarchistic methods,—namely, dynamite, bombs, and revolvers. I am rather inclined to believe that, had Mr. Vanderbeck shown his employer certain articles in Liberty whereby he could perceive your position toward Herr Moss and the Chicago Communists, he would not have been discharged. On the other hand, there are thousands of employers who would discharge their employees for reading a paper even as harmless as the "Workmen's Advocate" of this city. The fact, however, is that the beasts of property, like the beasts of prey, fear for force rather than for theories.

M. FRANKLIN.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., JANUARY 2, 1887.

[As to the motives which governed Mr. Vanderbeck's employer, Mr. Franklin's supposition may be correct, or mine may be. If it gives him any satisfaction to think that his is correct, I am equally satisfied to have him think so. It is not a point about which I am strenuous. It is of little consequence to me whether Mr. Vanderbeck's employer is a fool or not. But I should like to know the moral of Mr. Franklin's letter. What lesson am I to learn from it? If Mr. Vanderbeck's employer discharged him because he feared force rather than theories, and would not have done so had he known Liberty's real position, would Mr. Franklin have me, therefore, begin to preach force rather than theories? Has he gone back to his old position that this is not a revolution of ideas? If so, why did he ever forsake his first love, "Freiheit," and bestow his affections upon Liberty? Or has he arrived at the conclusion of the "Workmen's Advocate" that Liberty is engaged in a flank movement in the interest, if not in the pay, of capital? No, it cannot be that; for he talks about my "noble work." What does my "noble work" consist in if not in trying to spread theories and abolish force? As far as I know, that is the only work I have had on hand. Again I ask: What is the moral?—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Line It With Briars.

[New York Truth Seeker.]

MR. EDITOR: Brother Wetzel is right about the Walker infringement case upon patent-right marriage. We do not want the law to decree and construe cohabitation as legal marriage,—no such obtrusive, invasive tyranny. Legal marriage be hanged! Let every tub stand on its own bottom. Let those who want legal marriage get it legally,—go where they have it to sell, buy it, and pay for it like man; and those that prefer the simon-pure, unadulterated article of natural marriage, brew it at home and "say nothing to nobody."

No, all roads do not, and should not, lead to legal marriage; and as to the old and much-traveled route, do not let us shorten it an inch, or make it cheap and easy, as Walker is trying to do. It's good enough as it is, considering where it leads to. The toll ought to be five hundred dollars instead of five, and the red tape without beginning or end. The road in should be lined with briars and ballasted with brimstone and blasted hopes. The road out is the one that needs working. Make it wide and smooth and straight and free of toll, with free lunch and a band of music at every mile-post.

WM. S. ALLEN.

ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI, NOVEMBER 24, 1886.

Socialism in Modern Athens.

Twenty-five or thirty centuries ago there were Socialists in the primitive Athens. Plato was one of them with his ideal Republic. The comic poet Aristophanes ridiculed these primitive framers of imaginary social systems in his comedy entitled "The Birds." He called his ideal commonwealth of birds "Cloud-cuckoo-town." Aristophanes himself was a regular mossa-back, fine poet though he was. The Athens of today has its Socialists also and social reformers. Before us is a radical monthly publication of the social reform sort printed in Romae, or modern Greek, which is very like in appearance and vocabulary to the Greek of Xenophon. The name of our Athenian contemporary is "Ardén," which, being interpreted, signifies "utterly," "unreservedly." It seems that the publication of "Ardén" was interrupted for a time by the late war fever at Athens, but now that the famous tow-

has resumed its normal mood, the editor of "Ardén" resumes his publication in the cause of social reform. In his address to his readers he professes to be able to point out a cure for all social ills. He would have everybody do such portion as he can of the world's work, receiving pay according to his production. In this way he thinks that poverty and selfishness would be abolished and there would be a cessation of that anxiety about the morrow which wears out both soul and body. The editor of "Ardén" seems to be orthodox after the manner of the Greek Church, for he would not disturb the monasteries in the possession of their lands. He quotes several of the *logia* or sayings of Jesus, using as a motto the injunction to take no thought for the morrow in reference to food, drink, or raiment. His paper, he says, will keep its readers posted in the struggle for social change, which is going on all over the world. The table of contents of "Ardén" presents quite a variety of interesting and readable matter. It is evidence that the modern Athenians are truly modern.

The Rational Utilitarian Philosophy.

In Mr. J. F. Kelly's able article on George's "Protection or Free Trade," I perceive, as the editor of Liberty has justly observed, that Stirner's views and my own have been misapprehended. To us liberty is a good in itself and the means of all other good. We study direct and also remoter results. I generalize, like Mr. Kelly; and about murder I generalize like Mr. Kelly.

This word murder denotes killing, but it connotes also that the killing is not approved according to a rule, law, or generalization.

As to the end justifying the means, that sentiment is foreign to my standpoint. The justification intended by theology and "humanism" is not an adjustment of means to ends, but the gaining the approval of some supernatural power.

Like Stirner, I simply do my own will. I act from desire, not from awe. Those who do their own will we classify as distinct from those who act under awe and obedience to supposed moral obligations,—whether conceived as commands or the equivalent impression,—from a source outside the individual, telling him to submit himself and forego his own inclinations. Holding that awe is a pernicious influence, otherwise called religion and superstition, we hold to egoism, defined as acting out one's self.

To thy own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

I should not infer from Mr. George's words, "supporting any measure that will attain that object," that he, a rabid governmentalist, meant more than measures of legislation.

As Mr. Kelly speaks of a tendency to "disrupt society," I will note that Stirner has used the word society in such a way that the dissolution of society by individuals becoming independent has no more terrors, when understood, than Proudhon's dissolution of property,—society standing for the invasive community in all its spontaneous forms beyond the family.

TAK KAK.

Fantasies of Martyrdom.

The Edwin-Lillian affair seems to be changing its aspects, and the ethicism of weakness that was simply deplorable in the vain bravado of an experienced man against the force of prejudice and law combined cannot be reproached to the young girl's enthusiasm for the rights of personal liberty, to the idea of which she immolates her actual personal liberty. The original protest against legal marriage having caved in, this brave child comes to the rescue of her discomfited lover by making a new issue with authority about who shall pay the prison fees. It seems hardly credible, seeing the levity of the offence against her august majesty, that Madam Grundy will take Lillian at her word and let a minor rot in jail. If she is liberated, in consideration for her tender age and her father's expressed willingness to pay for her, Edwin will come in somehow for a share in the benefit, and probably the couple will give Valley Falls a wide berth for the future. In that case, the little unpleasantness incurred by defiance of the known hostility of a prejudiced robust enough to threaten lynching may pay in recitation on the lecture stage. Misfortunes, errors, and even crimes serve good artistic purposes in tragedy; so, in obtaining the public ear, if one has not been a great success in something, the next best chance is to have been a conspicuous failure in "minding his own business," especially in love affairs. Besides, "self respect" and *mutually agreeable marriage terms* are such good things that society asks a high price for them.

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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER

PROUDHON

Vol. IV.—No. 15.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1887.

Whole No. 93.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Henry George has another priestly ally, Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost. In a sermon preached at Newark lately in defence of George, he declared incidentally: "A book is not an Anarchist's argument." Will Parson Pentecost have the kindness to inform me why I am publishing the "Proudhon Library"?

The New York "Sun" is publishing some sensational London letters regarding Ruskin, in which it is claimed that he is about to join the Roman Catholic Church. With all his wonderful intellectual power, Ruskin is freaky and contradictory, and nothing that he might do need surprise any one; but, until the "Sun's" correspondent substantiates his assertion by better evidence than sundry appreciative references to Catholicism in Ruskin's writings and the Catholic faith of some of his intimate friends, I shall satisfy my desire to disbelieve it.

Joe Cook opened his annual exhibition of his growing idiocy in Tremont Temple, Boston, last Monday. Between his prelude and his lecture it is his custom to answer, *ex cathedrâ*, questions that have been submitted to him. On this occasion he had time to answer but one question: "Ought the Chicago Anarchists to be hanged?" His answer was: "May God have mercy on the souls of the Anarchists, and may the courts not have mercy on their bodies!" This justification of murderous revenge upon earth by the hypocritical pretence of pardon in heaven had been prefaced by the lecturer's fierce attack upon the modern Andover heresy of "probation after death," in the light of which the bovine bellower's appeal for celestial mercy in behalf of the doomed victims of his capitalistic supporters was seen to be a hollow mockery upon his lying lips.

Sneering at the idea that liberty would remedy the coal monopoly, the "Workmen's Advocate" desires to know if any one ever heard of a "corner in postage stamps." Why, yes; for years, in the matter of postage stamps, I've heard of nothing else. Uncle Sam long ago collared and cornered the privilege of issuing postage stamps, and no one else is allowed to issue any without paying a tax which is virtually prohibitory. Consequently we have to pay this monopolist, Uncle Sam, two cents for carrying our letters, though others, if allowed, would carry them for us for one cent. I expect to see the money order branch of the postal service made a monopoly soon. For here is the American Express Company, one of those awful corporations, furnishing money orders at decidedly less than Uncle Sam's rates, payable at nearly seven thousand places in the United States, Mexico, and Canada,—payable, too, without any fuss, feathers, or red tape, and yet under conditions equally secure. But this is Anarchistic! Yes, it is Anarchistic.

The Naugatuck "Agitator," in backing up the "Workmen's Advocate's" demand for State railroads on the ground that the State manages the post-office department so well, confidently asks: "Is postage ever higher for short than for long distances?" Certainly it is. It costs me one cent to deliver a copy of *Liberty* through the post-office at a street and number in Boston, but for about one-sixteenth of a cent I can send a copy through the post-office from Boston to San Fran-

cisco and have it delivered there at a street and number. I'll venture the assertion that no such percentage of discrimination in rates can be found on the schedules or in the contracts of any railroad in this country. Moreover, there is no valid reason for it, while oftentimes, in the transportation of freight, there is excellent reason for charging more proportionately for a short haul than for a long haul. The one-cent rate for the delivery of *Liberty* in Boston is not much, if any, too high, but the rate for its delivery in other parts of the country is ridiculously low; and it is because books, newspapers, and merchandise are carried at such low rates that the people have to pay two cents instead of one to get their letters carried. The utter disregard of the principle of proportion shown in the postage rates fixed by the State, and its recognition in the freight and passenger rates fixed by the railroads, instead of furnishing an argument against private enterprise, furnish an argument in its favor.

Pen-Pictures of the Prisoners.

Dyer D. Lum kindly permits me to publish the following letter, although it was originally written as a private communication:

My dear Mr. Tucker:

As my brief description of the prisoners seemed to interest you, I will give you a fuller account. I have secured a pass from the sheriff, and occasionally go in out of regular hours, where I can have the privilege of shaking hands through the bars, the visitors being barred by a wire cage through which only one finger can be put.

Let us take them in order as they come, on the first corridor (*Murderers' Row*).

Cell 36 is occupied by Neebe. He was the "hustler" of the I. W. P. A. He "organized," called meetings, issued circulars, and did the "heavy work" toward making the meeting a success. He was also prominent in organizing trades into unions. To ask him the difference between Trade-Unionism and Anarchy would be a conundrum. I presume you have seen their pictures. Like the rest, he had seen the folly of the ballot, and had no use for it. He was on bail before trial, and not having a knowledge of the future—remained!

Cell 35 is Lingg's. He is a study. It is said that he is from a "good family" in Germany, but "skipped" from his native country on account of becoming involved in—etc. Rumor says further that "Lingg" is but a name assumed on landing here, and that his family are still in blissful ignorance of his whereabouts. He is a genuine revolutionist; he believes his time has come, and accepts the "logic of events." His only regret is that the charges against him are not more weighty!

The next cell—34—is Engel's. He is a phlegmatic German. No "nonsense" in his make-up. He played his hand and lost. When I say one is a revolutionist, I can say they all are. Of course, you recognize that I have more sympathy with them in this respect than yourself. Engel is cool, self-confident, and daring. He has no regrets, and no apologies to make.

Cell 33 is occupied by Spies. He is what the Irish call the "Head Centre" of the movement. Young, ardent, and sincere, he has a host of friends. Several young ladies are in love with him *since* the arrest, and I enjoy *winking* at him through the cage between two girls talking to him at once! Spies is the only one who from the first recognized the gravity of the situation. Calmly awaiting arrest in his office and marched to jail, he told his *confrères*, before the trial began, that they were to "swing." Always affable, yet always satirical, he listens to words of cheer with a mocking smile and turns the conversation with a joke. If Lingg is an enthusiast, Spies is a philosopher. An old Socialist, he has learned that the ballot is a superstition, and *this* he believes to be Anarchy! And yet one cannot help liking him, the more one sees him. Calm and defiant, he asks no favor and lives without hope! State Socialist as he is,—but without knowing it,—I shall ever keep his memory green. His cell is carpeted and adorned

with flowers from his friends, yet I never saw a symptom of false pride or egotism in him.

Schwab is in cell 32. He is a student in every sense of the word. He reminds me of Byron's distich, "as mild manner'd a man," etc. He has a Greek sentence written on his lampshade, but I am too rusty to write it from memory. His biography describes him fully. He wrote,—that is his offence.

Cell 31 contains Fielden, "Red Sam." I am now correcting his autobiography, and it will be interesting. Poor Sam never saw a bomb in his life. With his warm and generous heart, touched with the misery of the poor, he was always ready to "orate" in their behalf against the inequalities of existing conditions. Of the revolutionary plans he knew nothing, and no man was more greatly surprised at the verdict than he. I heard his speech before Gary, and to me, like the rest, it brought tears to the eyes. His wife has recently borne him a child; whether he has yet seen it I know not; it is doubtful. His father died last August. His speech alone has changed public opinion, and it was not one for effect, but thoroughly honest and sincere. Before the supersedes I was urging him to begin on his autobiography, but he couldn't. After it came, he said: "Lum, bring me a bottle of ink!" Poor Sam! I love him and pity him. His wife is one of those home bodies who cling to their husbands, and after his arrest she did not know her way down town on the cars without assistance. Her whole life had been wrapped up in him.

In cell 30 we find Fischer,—my favorite. He is of hewn granite, and his only complaint now is that under the new sheriff the death watch are prohibited from playing cards through the barred door, and consequently he is compelled to abjure penitence! Fischer and Lingg were the extremists. Fischer is married, and has a child born since his arrest, but believes the "cause" will be better served by his death than by a reprieve. Unlike Engel, he is not phlegmatic, but of a highly nervous temperament; yet his zeal is even-balanced and enduring. He has friends of his own kind.

In cell 29 is my old-time friend and comrade, Parsons. When he returned to deliver himself up, it was to the air of "Lo! the conquering hero comes!" He knew nothing of the situation, and was impelled by his own "innate" sense of justice and the advice of his wife. Immediately he landed in jail, Spies told him, in his own inimitable, dry way, that he had run his neck into a noose! Like Fielden, he has no desire to be a martyr. Both love and are idolized by their respective families, and they cannot think of rending these silken cords, nor conceive how Fischer and Engel can be so indifferent. Parsons came back because honor demanded it,—give him full credit for it. If he believed it was coming to an acquittal, it was his mistake. Yet none are cowards; none would flinch if the fatal moment should come.

Perhaps you can gain some idea from this of the different characters of the eight men. My mission has been partly unavailing, but I am glad I came, and shall try to remain till after the spring! Then! Yours truly,

DYER D. LUM.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 25, 1886.

An Expectation Realized.

Dear Mr. Tucker:

The announcement contained in your circular, just at hand, to the effect that you have undertaken the formidable task of translating Proudhon's complete writings, and intend publishing the same in monthly parts suitable for binding, pleases me greatly; and I hasten to send my subscription, together with that of Mr. Weston, to the "Proudhon Library" for one year. Ever since reading your translation of Proudhon's "What is Property?" several years ago,—which profoundly interested me,—I have been expecting to bring you just such an announcement, and now that it has come I sincerely hope that no obstacles will arise to retard your labor.

Recognizing the magnitude of your venture, and the considerable expense necessarily attached to such an undertaking, I can only hope that all who are interested in the enlightenment of humanity upon subjects which, although little understood, deeply concern its progress toward Liberty and universal happiness will rally to your support.

Sincerely yours, GEO. B. PRESCOTT, JR.
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, JANUARY 8, 1887.

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART FIRST.

THE TRUE CONSTITUTION OF GOVERNMENT

IN THE

Sovereignty of the Individual as the Final Development of Protestantism, Democracy, and Socialism.

Continued from No. 92.

There is abundant evidence to the man of reflection that what we have thus performed in imagination is destined to be rapidly accomplished in fact. There is, perhaps, no one consideration which looks more directly to that consummation than the growing unpopularity of politics, in every phase of the subject. In America this fact is probably more obvious than anywhere else. The pursuit of politics is almost entirely abandoned to lawyers, and generally it is the career of those who are least successful in that profession. The general repugnance of the masses of mankind for that class of the community, by which they testify an instinctive appreciation of the outrage upon humanity committed by the attempt to reduce the impertinent interference of legislation to a science, and to practise it as a learned profession, is intensified, in the case of the politician, by the element of contempt. In the sham Democracies, wherein majorities govern, the condition of the office-seeker and of the office-holder is alike and peculiarly unfortunate. Defeated, he is consigned unceremoniously, by popular opinion, to the category of the "poor devil." Successful, he is denounced as a political hack. His position is preeminently precarious. Whatever veneration attaches still to the manufacturers and executors of law among us is mostly traditional. So much of the popular estimation of the men whose business is governing their fellow-men as is the indigenous growth of our institutions is essentially disrespectful. The politician, in a republic, is a man whose business it is to please everybody, and who, consequently, has no personality of his own, and this, here and now, in a country and age in which distinctive personality is becoming the type and model of society. It is regarded today as a misfortune, in the families of respectable tradespeople, if a son of any promise has an unlucky turn for political preferment. Those who execute the laws are in little better plight than those who make them. Recently, throughout most of the States, when changes have been made in the fundamental law, the tenure of office of judges of all ranks has been reduced to a short period of from two to four years, and the office rendered elective. Such is the fearful descent upon which the dignity of powdered wigs is fairly launched in Republican America, Judges, Chancellors, and Chief Justices entering the canvass, at short intervals, for returns to the Bench, and shaking hands with greasy citizens as the price of judicial authority. It is said that familiarity breeds contempt, or that no man is great to his *valet de chambre*. When the inhabitants of a heathen country begin to treat their priests and their wooden divinities with contemptuous familiarity, wise men see that the power of Paganism is broken, and the Medicine-man, the Fetish, or the Juggernaut must soon give place to some more rational conception of the religious idea. At the ratio of depreciation actually progressing, office-holding of all sorts, in these United States, from the president down to the constable, will, in a few years more, be ranked in the public mind as positively disreputable. In the higher condition of society, toward which mankind is unconsciously advancing, men will shun all responsibility for and arbitrary control over the conduct of others as sedulously as during past ages they have sought them as the chief good. Washington declined to be made king, and the whole world has not ceased to make the welkin ring with laudations of the disinterested act. The time will come yet when the declinature, on all hands, of every species of governmental authority over others will not even be deemed a virtue, but simply the plain dictate of enlightened self-interest. The sentiment of the poet will then be recognized as an axiom of philosophy.

Whoever mounts the throne,—King, Priest, or Prophet,—
Man alike shall groan.

Carlyle complains, in the bitterness of his heart, that the true kings and governors of mankind have retired in disgust from the task of governing the world, and betaken themselves to the altogether private business of governing themselves. Whenever the world at large shall become as wise as they, when all men shall be content to govern themselves merely, then, and not till then, will "The True Constitution of Government" begin to be installed. Carlyle has but discovered the fact that good men are withdrawing from politics, without penetrating the *rationale* of the phenomenon. He may call upon them in vain till he is hoarse to return to the arena of a contest which has been waged for some six thousand years or so, with continuous defeat, at a time when they are beginning to discover that the whole series of bloody conflicts has been fought with windmills instead of giants, and that what the world wants, in the way of government, is letting alone.

But what then? Have we arrived at the upshot of the whole matter when we have, in imagination, swept all the actual forms of Government out of existence? Is human society, in its mature and normal condition, to be a mere aggregation of men and women, standing upon the unrelieved dead level of universal equality? Is there to be no homage, no rank, no honors, no transcendent influence, no power, in fine, exerted by any one man over his fellow-men? Will there be nothing substantially corresponding to, and specifically substituted for, what is now known among men as Human Government?

This is the question to which we are finally conducted by the current of our investigations, and to this question I conceive the answer to be properly affirmative. Had I not believed so, there would have been no propriety in the title, "The True Constitution of Government," under which I announced this discourse. It might be thought by some a sufficient answer to the question that principles, and not men, will then constitute the Government of mankind. So vague a statement, however, does not give complete satisfaction to the inquisitive mind, nor does it meet the interrogatory in all its varying forms. We wish to know what will be the positions, relatively to each other, into which men will be naturally thrown by the operation of that perfect liberty which will result from the prevalence and toleration of universal Individuality. We desire to know this especially, now, with reference to that class of the mutual relations of men which will correspond most exactly to the relations of the governors and the governed.

Negatively, it is certain that in such a state of society as that which we are now contemplating no influence will be tolerated, in the place of Government, which is maintained or exerted by force in any, even the subtlest, forms of involuntary compulsion. But there is still a sense in which men are said to exert power,—a sense in which the wills of the governor and the governed concur, and blend, and harmonize with each other. It is in such a sense as this that the great orator is said to control the minds of his auditory, or that some matchless queen of song sways an irresistible influence over the hearts of men. When mankind graduate

out of the period of brute force, that man will be the greatest hero and conqueror who levies the heaviest tribute of homage by excellence of achievement in any department of human performance. The avenues to distinction will not be then, as now, open only to the few. Each individual will truly govern the minds, and hearts, and conduct of others. Those who have the most power to impress themselves upon the community in which they live will govern in larger, and those who have less will govern in smaller spheres. All will be priests and kings, serving at the innumerable altars and sitting upon the thrones of that manifold hierarchy, the foundations of which God himself has laid in the constitution of man. Genius, talent, industry, discovery, the power to please, every development of Individuality, in fine, which meets the approbation of another, will be freely recognized as the divine anointing which constitutes him a sovereign over others,—a sovereign having sovereigns for his subjects,—subjects whose loyalty is proved and known, because they are ever free to transfer their fealty to other lords. With the growing development of Individuality even in this age, new spheres of honorable distinction are continually evolved. The accredited heroes of our times are neither politicians nor warriors. It is the discoverers of great principles, the projectors of beneficent designs, and the executors of magnificent undertakings of all sorts who, even now, command the homage of mankind. While politics are falling into desuetude and contempt, while war, from being the admiration of the world, is rapidly becoming its abhorrence, the artist and the artisan are rising into relative importance and estimation. Even the undistinguished workers, as they have hitherto been, shall hereafter hold seats as Cabinet Ministers in the new hierarchical government, which shall shadow, in those days, with its overspreading magnificence, the dwellings of regenerated humanity. In that stupendous administration, extending from the greatest down to the least things of human concernment, there shall be no lack of functionaries and no limit upon patronage. Of that social state, which opens the avenues of all honorable pursuits to all, upon terms of equity and mutual cooperation, it may be truly said, as was said by the Great Teacher, when speaking of another kingdom,—if indeed it be another,—"In my Father's house there are many mansions." The laudable ambition of all will then be fully gratified. There will be no defeated candidates in the political campaigns of that day. Where the interests of all are identical, even the superiority of another is success, and the glory of another is a personal triumph.

A superficial observer might judge that there was more prosperity and power in a petty principality of Germany than there is in the United States of America, because he sees more pomp and magnificence surrounding the court of a puppet prince, whom men call the ruler of that people. No one but an equally superficial observer will mistake the phantom, called Government, which resides in the Halls and Departments at Washington—the mere ghost of what such a Government once was, in its palmy days of despotism—for a nearer approximation to the true organization of Government than that natural arrangement of society which divides and distributes the functions of governing into ten thousand Departments and Bureaus at the homes, in the workshops, and at the universities of the people.

If that trumpery Government be called such, because it performs important public functions, then have we distinguished private individuals among us who are already preeminently more truly Governors than they. If the concern at Washington is legitimately denominated a Government of the people, because it controls and regulates a Post Office Department, for example, then are the Harndens and Adamses Governors too, for they control and regulate a Package Express Department, which is a greater and more difficult thing. They carry bigger bundles, and carry them farther, and deliver them with more regularity and dispatch. It is stated, upon authority which I presume to be reliable, that Adams & Co.'s Express is the most extensive organization of any sort in the world,—that it is, in fact, absolutely world-wide; and yet it is strictly an individual concern. As an instance of the superiority of administration in the private enterprise over the national combination, I was myself at Washington during the last winter, when the mails were interrupted by the breaking up of a railroad bridge between Baltimore and Philadelphia, and when, for nearly two weeks, the newspapers of the Commercial Metropolis were regularly delayed, one whole day, on their way to the Political Metropolis of the country, while the same papers came regularly and promptly through every day by the private express. The President, Members of Congress, and Cabinet Ministers, even the Postmaster General himself, was regularly served with the news by the enterprise of a private individual, who performed one of the functions of the Government, in opposition to the Government, and better than the Government, levying tribute upon the very functionary of the Government who was elected, consecrated, and anointed for the performance of that identical function. Who, then, was the true Governor and Cabinet Minister, the Postmaster General, who was daily dispatching messengers to rectify the irregularity, and issuing bulletins to explain and apologize for it, or the Adams Express man, who conquered the difficulty, and served the public, when the so-called Government failed to do it? The fault is that the Government goes by rule, preordained in the form of law, and consequently has no capacity for adapting itself to the Individuality of an unforeseen contingency. It has not the Individual deciding power and promptitude of action which are absolutely necessary for such occasions.

It is the actual performance of the function which is all that there is good in the idea of Government. All that there is besides that is mere restriction, and consequent annoyment and oppression of the public, as when our Government undertook to suppress those private express, which serve the public better than it. The point, then, is this: I affirm that every useful function, or nearly every one which is now performed by Government, and the use of which will remain in the more advanced conditions of mankind, toward which the present tendencies of society converge, can be better performed by the Individual, self-elected and self-authorized, than by any constituted Government whatsoever; and further, since it is the performance of the function, and the influence which the performance of the function exerts over the conduct, and to the advantage of men, which makes the true Governor, it follows, I affirm, that the Adams Express man was, in the case I have mentioned, the true Governor, and that the Postmaster General, and the whole innumerable gang of Legislators and Executives of the law at his back, were the sham Governors, such as the world is getting ready to discharge on perpetual furlough.

It is possible that there may be a few comparatively unimportant interests of mankind which are so essentially combined in their nature that some species of artificial organization will always be necessary for their management. I do not, for example, see how the public highways can be properly laid out and administered by the private individual. Let us resort, then, to science for the solution of this anomaly, for every subject has its science, the true social relations of mankind as well as all others. The inexorable natural law which governs this subject is this: that nature demands everywhere an individual lead. Every combined interest must therefore come ultimately to be governed by an individual mind, to be intrusted, in other words, to a despotism. It is the recognition of this law which is embodied in the political axiom that "power is constantly stealing from the hands of the many into the hands of the few." It is this scientific principle, lying down in the very nature of things, which constitutes both the *rationale* of monarchy and its appropriate apology. The lesson of wisdom to be deduced from this prin-

principle is not, however, as our political leaders have preached to us, that "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance,"—a liberty which is not worth possession if it can not be enjoyed in security, and a vigilance which is only required to be exercised in order to defeat the legitimate operation of the most universal and fundamental law of nature. The true lesson of political wisdom is simply this: that no interests should ever be intrusted to a combination which are too important to be surrendered understandingly and voluntarily to the guidance of a despotism. Government, therefore, in the present sense of the term, can never, from the very essential nature of the case, be compatible with the safety of the liberties of the people, until the sphere of its authority is reduced to the very narrowest dimensions,—never until the arbitrary institution of Government shall have shrunk into a mere commission,—a board of overseers of roads and canals, and such other important interests as experience shall prove can not be so readily managed by irresponsible individual action.

It is this latter alone which will then truly merit the imposing title of Government. There is a sense, as I have said, in which that term is fairly applicable to the natural organization of the interrelations of men. If Genin or Leary, or Knox devises a new fashion for hats, and manufactures hats in the style so devised, and the style pleases you and me, and we buy the hats and wear them, therein is an example, an humble example, perhaps you will think, but still a genuine example, of true Government. The individual hatter is self-elected to his function. I, in giving him the preference over another, express my conviction of his fitness for that function, of his superiority over others. I vote for him. I give him my suffrage. I confirm his election. The abstract statement of the true order of Government, then, is this: it is that Government in which the *rulers elect themselves, and are voted for afterward*.

The uncouth and unscrupulous despot proclaims that he governs mankind in his own right,—the right of the strongest. The modernized and somewhat civilized despot announces that he governs by divine right; that he is the God-appointed ruler of the people, by virtue of the fact that he finds himself a ruler at all. The more modern Democratic Governor claims to rule by virtue of the will of a majority. The true Governor rules by virtue of all these authorizations combined. He rules in his own right, because he is self-elected, and exercises his function in accordance with his own choice. He rules by authorization of the majority, because it is he who receives the suffrages of the largest number who governs most extensively, and, finally, he, of all men, can appropriately said to rule by divine right. His own judgment of his own fitness for his function, confirmed by the approval of those whom he desires to govern, are the highest possible evidence of the divinity of his claim, of the fact, in other words, that he was created and designed by God himself for the most perfect performance of that particular function.

What, then, society has to do is to remove the obstructions to this universal self-election, by every individual, of himself, to that function which his own consciousness of his own adaptation prompts him to believe to be his peculiar God-intended office in life. Throw open the polls, make the pulpit, the school-room, the workshop, the manufactory, the shipyard, and the store-house the universal ballot-boxes of the people. Make every day an election day, and every human being both a candidate and a voter, exercising each day and hour his full and unlimited franchise.

To be continued.

THE POLITICAL THEOLOGY OF MAZZINI AND THE INTERNATIONAL.

By MICHAEL BAKOUNINE,

MEMBER OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WORKING-PEOPLE.

Translated from the French by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 92.

Mazzini, moreover, has done all that he could to give to his God at least the appearance of humanity. To make him accepted by the reasoning mind and by the nervous sentimentality of this century, he has put on his lips the words, at first unknown, philosophy, science, liberty, and humanity; and he has, at the same time, filed his claws and teeth, trying to give him a spiritual, amiable, and tender air; so that the priests of the good old Catholic religion refuse to recognize their old Jehovah in the portrait which the modern prophet has made of him. And in truth, in attempting to soften the traits of the celestial despots, Mazzini has excessively lessened that gloomy and terrible figure which plunged all the priests into transports and which sowed terror in the superstitious masses.

The God of Mazzini is not the God of implacable vengeance and eternal punishment. Breathing only pardon and love,—the same has always been said of the God of the Christians,—he repudiates hell, admitting at the most only purgatory, which consists, moreover, in the Mazzinian theology, only in a delay, more or less prolonged, of the progressive development of the guilty, individuals or nations, as the natural consequence of their faults. In general, what distinguishes the God of Mazzini from the Jewish and Christian God is his visible, but always vain, tendency to reconcile himself with human reason and to appear to conform as much to the nature of things as to the principal aspirations of modern society; and, to better reach this end, he even pushes his quite modern condescension to the point of renouncing his liberty!

"*You appeal to the inalienable divine liberty,*" writes Mazzini in his protest against the last council of Rome;* "we deny it. We are free because we are imperfect [Such is Mazzini's idea of liberty; it is the sign, the consequence of our imperfection!] We understand why he submits it and must always submit it to authority; this last being the manifestation of God, that is to say, of perfection, it is clear that it must rule over our liberty, over our imperfection. This is not more difficult than that, and we can see by this example the very ingenious method which Mazzini makes use of to re-establish, by the aid of modern words, the old divine despotism], because we are called to rise, to merit, consequently to choose between the good and the bad, between sacrifice and egoism." What Mazzini calls liberty is at bottom only the absurd fiction invented by theologians and metaphysicians,—that is, by the licensed concoctors of all despotism,—and which they call *free will*. What we call liberty is quite another thing: it is the satanic principle and the natural fact which is called rebellion, the holy, the noble rebellion which, originating in animal life and united to science, this creation of a human world, urged on, moreover, both together, by the struggle for existence, by the necessity, as much individual as social, of developing and living, is the true, the only mother of all emancipations and all human progress. We conceive that our liberty can triumph only on the ruins of all authority. I give back the floor to Mazzini: "Our liberty [free will] is unknown to God, a perfect Being, whose every act is necessarily identical with the true and the just, and who cannot, without ruining all the notions we have of him, violate his own law."

*"Dai concilio a Dio," by Joseph Mazzini, 1870.

This last argument is magnificent, and gives the measure of Mazzini's logic. In the same way any pagan priest who would sacrifice human victims on the altar of divinity could as logically cry out: "God loves to feed upon human blood; he could not fail to love it without ruining all the notions which we have of him!"

It is evident, in any case, that the God of Mazzini is a tolerably constitutional God, since, better than all kings thus far known, he observes the charter which he has been pleased to grant to the world and to humanity, at least according to what is told us about it by Mazzini, who, as the last prophet, ought to know better than anybody.

But does this condescension, excessive on the part of a God, reach its object? Absolutely no. And how could he reconcile his existence with that of the world, when his very title of God, and, besides, that of *Creator, Legislator, and Educator of the natural and human world*, renders him absolutely incompatible with the real development of both! Later, I will demonstrate his incompatibility with reason, of which positive science is the only, the sole theoretically perfect expression. Now, may it not displease M. Aurelio Saffi,* I will continue my practical demonstration, tending to prove that the new God of Mazzini exercises an influence on men quite as pernicious as the old Platonic-Judaico-Christian God, from whom he differs, moreover, only in his dress borrowed from our century, in which Mazzini believed he should be clothed, but not in the reality, which remains the same.

To be just and to show how Mazzini, individually, puts love and noble human sentiments into his religion, I believe I ought to present to the reader, in a translation,—doubtless very imperfect, but faithful,—a fragment, some eloquent, burning pages, of his energetic protest against the council of Rome, containing at the same time the splendid affirmation of his faith:†

"The world is of God, it cannot be cursed. *Life, like God himself from whom it descends, is one and continuous: it cannot be broken into fragments, divided into opposite or radically diverse periods.*" The world is not cursed, for the simple reason that there is no one who can curse it, except man, her son, her product, who launches this malediction at it from time to time, in moments of discouragement and despair, and who, so far as he has believed in God, has imagined that this curse, which was born in his own heart, has been pronounced by God himself. As for what Mazzini calls the *unity of life*, it is founded, in our opinion, on the universality, at least terrestrial, of the laws of organic life in general, and especially of man's, on the identity of the special traits which properly constitute human nature or physiology: *sociability, thought developed up to the power of abstraction, and the intelligent organization of language*, three conditions which are found united, in a degree more or less pronounced, in all human tribes, even among cannibals. The first condition, sociability, is found likewise in many other species of animals, but not this capacity of development of thought and of language; united to these last two elements equally natural, but belonging exclusively to man, the natural, primitive, and fatal sociability of men has created successively in history and still continues to create the social unity of the human race,—humanity. For all this, as we see, there is no need of God; and it will be easy to prove later that a real intervention of any God whatever in the developments of human society would have rendered these developments absolutely impossible. The very fiction of divinity, a fiction historically explicable and inevitable, has sufficed to excite men against men and to inundate the earth with human blood. What would it be if, in place of a fiction, we had had a real God!

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 92.

She, Marian, to possess this sway, when her toilet hardly differed from that of the humblest Irishwomen; when her home, sad and gloomy, with walls bare and cold, was decorated only by armfuls of flowers in their season! She did not even suspect her beauty, no man having ever praised it in her presence.

And a kind of vanity troubled her for an instant. It must be, then, that she was endowed with physical charms really queenly if, in this frame, without any artifice on her part, such a ruling power could be attributed to her.

No: they were mistaken, they exaggerated in order to tempt her to a decision; but the priest, who followed the evolution of thought in the mind of the young girl, at once combated the doubt which she felt.

"You are incomparably better than the Duchess," said he; "Lady Ellen, more captivating, more intoxicating, more solvent, has not the delicacy of your features, the purity of your lines, the divine contours of your form from which youth radiates and over which chastity reigns. In the church pictures, the virgins are represented with your face, the angels are not invested with more ingenuous grace than you."

But although the abbe put no warmth into his enumeration, which was more—

Continued on page 6.

*Hail to M. Aurelio Saffi, heretofore my friend, now my very furious adversary! Hail to Saint John, apostle of the Italian Messiah. At the very moment in which I send him my compliments, he is doubtless composing his apocryphe in "La Roma del Popolo" ("Cenni sulle dottrine religiose e morale, politiche e sociali di G. Mazzini," No. 30, 32, etc.). I used to know him at London, when he was a modest orator, and when it appeared to me that he had been much more highly converted, and no other happens to the converted, he is estimated today in the highest esteem. Very much his first theological article (No. 30) it has pleased him, in speaking of my first tract, which is adjourned to the preface, to apply to it the rather unparliamentary adjective, *famigerato* (ill-famed). This insult, falling from the pen of a man as delicate, kind, and polished as my former friend, M. Aurelio Saffi, undeniably is, what astonished me, I admit. But on reflection, I understand that this was not only the natural explosion of the theological passion brought to bay and excited to fury by the impossibility of defending itself; but also and I estimate this much the more highly—that of his ardent friendship for Mazzini, a master and teacher whom he has always esteemed, not by attack, not upon the person of his friend and master, but upon his detectable doctrinal errors, for these are the criteria of a man can be separated from his person. Taking into consideration these two extenuating circumstances, and especially the last, I forgive M. Saffi his entirely gratuitous insult, and I promise him to read, with all the attention which is due him, the continuation of his apostolic-Mazzinian articles. Only, if it is permitted me to address to him a bit of advice, a prayer, let me not be content with putting into them that breadth and that doctrinal gravity which, doubtless, fit very well a philosopher like him, but which cannot, however, take the place of precision and clearness of thought. Let him not content himself, as he has done hitherto, with passing over always arguing sentiments. Sentiments, metaphysical especially, are very individual, and may vary with the character and the mental and intellectual habits of each, with time and place. Thought alone can serve as a universal and solid basis, in so far as it is itself the faithful expression of the real relations of facts and things, and on this ground useful discussion, if not agreement, is possible between us. Let us bury the dead, and since we are still in life, let us try to be alive; old as we both are already, let us live with the living. Let us speak of living things, —of the real world, of real society, of its needs, of its sufferings, of its aspirations, of its thoughts, and not always of ours; not of those vague shadows, Monsieur Saffi, which phantoms born in your sensitive imagination. Up to now, I admit, nothing that you have written has seemed to me worthy of response, being in reality but a rather colorless and tasteless mass of words. Your originality has manifested itself so far only in insult. This is too little. Enchained to a past by your friendships, by your tastes, a stranger to the present and all the more to the future, you are none the less rich in intelligence and knowledge; and since you have constituted yourself the chivalric defender of a civilization which is irrevocably condemned to die, try at least to bury yourself under its ruins with a little more wit and grace.

†"Dal concilio a Dio,"

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolished at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the crasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

The Bourgeoisie's Loyal Servants.

From the time that Mr. Herbert Spencer first sounded the note of warning against the "Coming Slavery" and truthfully informed all whom it concerns that the *laissez faire* doctrine is rapidly losing credit with the majority of the people, who, tired of waiting for the good results which were to be achieved through the boasted freedom of industry, out of sheer despair seek aid and remedies in State regulation and manifest an unmistakable readiness to place reliance upon the most unreliable and irresponsible upstarts who promise to fix and reform everything to the full satisfaction of those who have "nothing to lose and a world to gain" if they are but given the power and the opportunities to reconstruct society without fear or hindrance, the efforts of the pretended champions of individual liberty in behalf of their principles have been incessant and assiduous. Such a solid front against tyranny and despotism has never been witnessed before. The economists, the college professors, the editors of the monthlies, weeklies, and dailies, the ministers, and the prominent men of business and captains of industry have all shown no lack of ardor and ingenuity in their defence of "civilization" and personal liberty as against the approaching dangers of State-extension and State-control.

The simple-minded and superficial observer is likely to be deceived by this spectacle and deluded into a belief that Liberty is out of all danger, and that there is not the slightest apprehension of any reactionary movement in an age which has produced so much enlightened and irrepressible opposition to authority and needless regulation. But to the intelligent and reflecting people it has long been apparent that this hue and cry against the Coming Slavery is a theatrical performance. There is far more danger to Liberty in these half-hearted friends than in the most authority-ridden and State-crazy Socialists who, in their fanaticism and utter ignorance of social science, trample every principle of mutual existence and cooperation under foot. If there exists any danger and menace to Liberty,—and we are the last to deny it,—they are to be found in this very demonstration in its favor. Had the issue been confined to the State-men on one hand, and the true and bold followers of the logic of Liberty on the other, there could have been no reason to doubt the result. But the traitors and hypocrites in the camp, who, though moving heaven and earth for the principles of Liberty, have really no sincere attachment to it and want just so much of it as is requisite at any given time for the furtherance of their purposes, are making the result more and more doubtful. For the people at large mistake their counterfeit article for the genuine one, and their leaders, if not equally misled, do not take any particular pains to draw any distinctions and make very nice discriminations. We

are not in the least surprised to see this reactionary tide on the part of the people, which the deafening chorus of economists, editors, and professors vainly attempts to stem; but there is not the faintest uncertainty in our minds that, if, instead of playing fast and loose with Liberty, these middle-class philosophers had really resolved to follow it wherever it leads, the people would appreciate them, be influenced by them, and regulate their lives and occupations in accordance with the fundamental teachings of their principles. If, instead of being content with funeral orations on the grave of the *laissez faire* doctrine, indulging in futile, tearful regrets and sighs for the virtues of by-gone days and equally fruitless lamentations over the gloomy forebodings of the future, Herbert Spencer should manfully face the evils which he deplores and combat the spirit of despotism with the potent weapons of Liberty at his command, in its application to the land and money problems, the "Slavery" would never be "coming." Every trace of the nightmare of State Socialism and Communism will vanish before the dawn of the dazzling light of Liberty, but that particular kind of freedom which the *bourgeoisie* favors, and which is championed by the *bourgeoisie's* loyal servants, will never prove fascinating to the disinherited and oppressed.

Conspicuous among those who pass as the ablest pleaders for freedom is Professor Sumner. State Socialism finds in him a very vigorous and somewhat bitter opponent. He may be characterized as a middle-class philosopher, a champion of our "industrial civilization," as he plainly states himself in the article he has recently written in reply to the question he put to himself, "What makes the rich richer and the poor poorer?" The rich, no more than the poor, can look for encouragement from Professor Sumner. While not positively antagonizing them, he is very indifferent to their fate. But his eye anxiously follows every movement and change in the fortunes of the middle classes, who are to him the be-all and end-all of our new civilization. Absolute equality is as absurd and impossible as it is undesirable. "Competition develops all powers that exist according to their measure and degree," and, these powers being far from equal, of course "liberty of development and equality of result are diametrically opposed to each other." A vital and healthy condition is one which produces a large and prosperous middle class, with few rich people at one, and few poor people at the other, end of the pole. This normal state of affairs, this equilibrium, will be preserved just so long as the State "does its work properly," which means, if we understand Professor Sumner rightly, that the State's proper function in this matter is absolute passiveness. When, therefore, the State "gives license to robbery and spoliation, . . . it is working to destroy the middle classes." All Socialistic measures providing for the unfit likewise "may be always described as tending to make the rich richer and the poor poorer and to extinguish the intervening class." Professor Sumner's opposition to the Socialistic measures is thus satisfactorily explained. But it puzzles us to explain why he is so discreet and non-resistant to those measures which the Galveston "News" aptly characterizes as "communistic in power, but anti-communistic in indulgence," and why he has not given a clear, definite, and direct answer to the question, *What, today, makes the rich richer and the poor poorer?* The "Socialistic measures" in favor of the poor have been too few and too insignificant to produce such a strong and increasing force. Professor Sumner is fully alive to the imminent dangers of this anti-social force. As a champion of industrialism and freedom, it behoves him to make a vigorous fight against the "license to robbery and spoliation" which is rapidly destroying our civilization and extinguishing the middle class. Instead of doing this; instead of dealing with the actual causes of the evil and with the forces that do produce disastrous results here and now,—he quixotically combats imaginary foes and measures that *may*, if ever adopted, work mischief. Instead of fighting existing usurpations, monopolies, and encroachments perpetrated by the minority, under the protection of the State, upon the majority, he holds forth against the tyranny and injustice of majority

rule contemplated by State Socialism. Verily, it is a poor defence of Liberty.

These loyal servants of the *bourgeoisie* are, of course, not to be expected to rise higher than their source, and, in defending liberty, they are defending only *the* liberty which happens to be desired by their sovereign, but the issue will eventually be reduced to its simple and definitive form. The ranks will be closed up, the lines sharply drawn, and all those who have a double game will either choose between the two camps or else be destroyed between two fires. V. YARROS.

A Ridiculous Claim.

Some three years ago John Most's "Freiheit," which then had nothing but sneers for Proudhon, declared that he was not an Anarchist, that he belonged to the past, and that his followers had dwindled to the number of about two hundred in the entire world. Since the announcement of the publication of Proudhon's works in English, "Freiheit" has discovered that he was not only an Anarchist, but an Anarchistic Communist; that his works are an arsenal of overwhelming arguments for use in the cause of the Revolution; that the Communism which he combatted was simply Icarian utopias, and not at all the modern theory of the common ownership of goods; that he was a Communist, because a foe of private property; and that his disciples should seek to comprehend him and supplement him. I give this in substance rather than attempt a translation of the "Freiheit's" idiomatic German, but have tried to avoid misrepresentation.

The claim put forward today that Proudhon was a Communist, of the Anarchistic or any other variety, is as ridiculous as the claim of three years ago that he was not an Anarchist was false. He was always a vigorous and almost vindictive opponent of Communism of all varieties. If "Freiheit" does not believe it, I hope that, in fulfilling its promise to print extracts from the monthly parts as they appear, it will give its readers the whole of the chapter on Communism contained in the second volume of the "Economical Contradictions." There it will be seen that he singled out Cabet and his Icaria for attack as logically representative of all the other Communistic schools, whose formulas, he claimed, were all reducible to Cabet's: "My science is fraternity."

It is perfectly true that the need of comprehending Proudhon is great, but nowhere is it more obvious than in the office of the "Freiheit," as is shown by its echo of the capitalistic commonplace that Proudhon was an enemy of property and therefore a Communist. No person of average honesty and intelligence could make such a remark after reading his works. He looked upon Communism as an antithetical caricature of property, and upon both as equally unrighteous and absurd. The property which he criticised and condemned was not the principle of individual possession, of which he was among the staunchest of advocates, but the aggregate of capitalistic privileges granted and sustained by the State. He defined this aggregate as the institution of property, and rejected it with horror; but in it he found one element which he declared "necessary, immutable, and absolute,"—namely, "individual and intransmissible possession; susceptible of exchange, but not of alienation; founded on labor, and not on fictitious occupancy, or idle caprice." Than this there can be no more admirable and concise summary of the anti-Communistic position.

I might proceed to fill columns with extracts of a similar tenor, but for the present I will content myself with the following, from the declaration which prefaces the constitution of the banking association of P. J. Proudhon & Co.:

I make oath before God and before men, upon the Gospel and upon the Constitution, that I have never held or professed any other principles of social reform than those set forth in the accompanying articles of association, and that I ask nothing more, nothing less than the free and peaceful application of these principles and their logical, legal, and legitimate consequences.

I declare that, in my innermost thought, these principles, with the consequences which flow from them, are the whole of Socialism, and that outside of them there is nought but utopia and chimera.

I protest that, in making a criticism of property, or rather of the sum total of institutions of which property is the pivot, it was never my intention to attack either individual rights recognized by laws previously enacted, or to contest the legitimacy of acquired possessions, or to provoke an arbitrary distribution of goods, or to place any obstacle in the way of the free and regular acquisition of property by sale and exchange; or even to prohibit or suppress, by sovereign decree, rent of land and interest on capital.

I think that all these manifestations of human activity should be left free and optional to all; I admit no modifications, restrictions, and suppressions of them, save those which result naturally and necessarily from the universalization of the principle of reciprocity and the law of synthesis which I propose.

When the Anarchistic Communists shall adopt this creed, they may then claim Proudhon as one of them, and I will join them too. At present it is the very creed that they most hate. But I am bound to say, in conclusion, that "Freiheit's" notice of the "Proudhon Library" was unexpectedly hospitable, in view of the attack which I was compelled to make a year ago, and which I do not retract, upon certain mad acts of folly perpetrated by persons of the "Freiheit" school.

T.

Still in the Procrustean Bed.

Continuing his controversy with me regarding the logic of the principle of liberty, Mr. Pinney of the Winsted "Press" says:

There is no analogy between prohibition and the tariff; the tariff prohibits no man from indulging his desire to trade where he pleases. It is simply a tax. It is slightly analogous to a license tax for the privilege of selling liquor in a given territory, but prohibition, in theory if not in practice, is an entirely different matter.

This is a distinction without a difference. The so-called prohibitory liquor law prohibits no man, even theoretically, from indulging his desire to sell liquor; it simply subjects the man so indulging to fine and imprisonment. The tax imposed by the tariff law and the fine imposed by the prohibitory law share alike the nature of a penalty, and are equally invasive of liberty. Mr. Pinney's argument, though of no real validity in any case, would present at least a *show of reason* in the mouth of a "revenue reformer"; but, coming from one who scorns the idea of raising revenue by the tariff and who has declared explicitly that he desires the tariff to be so effectively prohibitory that it shall yield no revenue at all, it lacks even the appearance of logic.

Equally lame is Mr. Pinney's apology for a compulsory money system.

As for the exclusive government currency which we advocate, and which Mr. Tucker tortures into prohibition of individual property scrip, there is just as much analogy as there is between prohibition and the exclusive law making, treaty making, war declaring, or any other powers delegated to government because government better than the individual can be entrusted with and make use of these powers.

Just as much, I agree; and in this I can see a good reason why Mr. Pinney, who started out with the proposition that "there is nothing any better than liberty and nothing any worse than despotism," should oppose law making, treaty making, war declaring, etc., but none whatever why he should favor an exclusive government currency. How much "torture" it requires to extract the idea of "prohibition of individual property scrip" from the idea of an "*exclusive* government currency" our readers will need no help in deciding, unless the word "exclusive" has acquired some new meaning as unknown to them as it is to me.

But Mr. Pinney's brilliant ideas are not exhausted yet. He continues:

Government prohibits the taking of private property for public uses without just compensation. Therefore, if we fit Mr. Tucker's Procrustean bed, we cannot sustain this form of prohibition and consistently oppose prohibition of liquor drinking! This is consistency run mad, 'analogy' reduced to an absurdity. We are astonished that Mr. Tucker can be guilty of it.

So am I. Or rather, I should be astonished if I had been guilty of it. But I haven't. To say nothing of the fact that the governmental prohibition here spoken of is a prohibition laid by government upon itself, and that such prohibitions can never be displeasing to an Anarchist, it is clear that the taking of private property

from persons who have violated the rights of nobody is invasion, and to the prohibition of invasion no friend of liberty has any objection. Mr. Pinney has already resorted to the plea of invasion as an excuse for his advocacy of a tariff, and it would be a good defence if he could establish it. But I have pointed out to him that the pretence that the foreign merchant who sells goods to American citizens or the individual who offers his I O U are invaders is as flimsy as the prohibitionist's pretence that the rumseller and the drunkard are invaders. Neither invasion nor evasion will relieve Mr. Pinney of his dilemma. If he has no more effective weapons, what he dubs "Boston analogy" is in no danger from his assaults.

T.

An Apology and an Explanation.

[John Swinton's Paper.]

Friend Tucker speaks thus through his organ, *Liberty*:

John Swinton lately gave expression to a profound "Thought" in his paper to this effect: With the present means and methods of production, and the marvelous progress in mechanical science, how happy and contented our life would be under the sun, if a plan for perfect and rational organization of Industry were devised! It appears, then, that happiness is within our reach,—only a plan is lacking; and the "Thought" that we are so near and yet so far from it naturally makes my sympathetic friend despondent and melancholy. How much sadder he would become if he comprehended the truth that not even a "plan" is needed for our salvation! All that we need is industrial freedom, and the only thing that stands between men and the Ideal is artificial restraint and the curse of lawmaking. Paraphrasing, then, Mr. Swinton's words, I say: With the present means and methods of production and exchange, how easily and beautifully everything would settle itself to our full satisfaction if but the shackles would be taken off and free play granted to the existing industrial forces!

Our despondent friend, Tucker, is a humorist somewhat sardonic, and a wit rather grumpy at times. No matter. But as he is the champion of exactitude, we wish he had copied the exact language of our "Thought," which was printed as far gone as the 14th of last November. Here it is:

A THOUGHT.—With the present power of the machinery of the world to furnish things of use and beauty for the service of mankind, what superabundant supplies for every conceivable earthly want might be enjoyed by the whole human race, under a logical system of production and distribution!

Now it seems to us that Mr. Tucker is like the serpent that swallowed its own tail when gorged with the carcass of an ox. It seems to us that if our sympathetic yet melancholy Boston friend's "industrial freedom" and "free play" are really "all that we need" for the "Ideal," they would give us just that very "logical system" of the "Thought" which harnesses his capacity of deughtion.

[Mr. Swinton's words should have been quoted exactly. In commenting adversely upon them while failing to so quote them or to accurately summarize them, *Liberty* was guilty of injustice to Mr. Swinton, for which I now tender him frank and contrite apology. All possible amends are now made by reprinting Liberty's paragraph, Mr. Swinton's actual words, and his later well-founded complaint. By way of explanation, however, and in justice to myself, it should be added that my paragraph was written after the original clipping from "John Swinton's Paper" had been lost, and that the attempt to reproduce it *substantially* was an honest one. Unfortunately I went outside of Mr. Swinton's statement of the moment, and unwittingly allowed my interpretation of it to be colored by knowledge derived from acquaintance with the man and familiarity with his writings. This is why I said in the last issue of *Liberty* that the injustice thus done was more formal than real. For I am convinced that, if Mr. Swinton had elaborated his "Thought," he would have gone on to show that, in his mind, "a logical system of production and distribution" involves an artificial reconstruction of productive and distributive agencies and instruments, and would have denied or ignored the real truth that the existing social machinery is most admirably fitted to satisfy the needs of mankind if not obstructed in its natural action by artificial and arbitrary restraints.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Reports come to me independently and simultaneously from Newark and Chicago of the intended formation of classes for the study of Proudhon's thought. It is an excellent idea. If there were some one in every city, familiar with the French language and understanding Proudhon, to take the initiative in such a design, Anarchism's adherents would rapidly multiply,

and the new recruits, thus furnished with the best of equipments, could be depended upon for valuable service until the day of triumph.

The men who stoned today St. Stephen's pastor are legitimate successors of those who in bygone days stoned the Saint himself.

Idle Landlords to Support an Idle World.

To the Editor of *Liberty*:

Mr. Henry George, Jr., has a little plan of his own, by which he hopes to achieve fame and popularity for himself, and at the same time hasten the putting into practice of his father's schemes for taxing humanity into happiness. It is nothing less than establishing "free" transportation in cities. This is how the thing is to work. He estimates that the actual cost of carrying a passenger on the street railroads of New York is about one cent. Although he does not give the calculation by which he arrived at this figure, I am willing to assume that he is right. He then gives us the usual arguments for State (in this case, municipal) ownership, and comes to his little plan. He argues, as the running expenses are so low, the administrative would be relatively so high that it would cost the city one cent to collect two. Therefore he proposes that the city should run the roads without toll, and raise the money necessary for doing so by a tax on the increased value of land resulting from the free roads.

A very enticing scheme, truly! We can ride all day, and the landlords must pay. No wonder the tired people of New York bless the name of this new St. George, who does not kill the dragon of landlordism, but tames it and makes it the burden-bearer of the proletariat. What a glorious prospect opens before me as I dream of this wonderful plan! I seem to see Mr. George as mayor of New York distributing free food and clothing to the multitude, the expenses being met by a tax levied upon the increased value of property due to the influx of the hungry crowds from the surrounding country. But, alas! I awake, and the vision fades.

The mere herding of men together is not in itself productive of wealth, but it enables those who monopolize natural forces to extort a greater share of the products of the laborers using them. Mr. George likes to describe landlords as robbers who take all that is left. With this light let us reexamine the free railroad plan. The passenger now pays five cents fare. When he is relieved from doing so by the city, the landlord will collect from him the five cents in addition to his old rent. The tax, however, the roads being so economically run, will be but one cent, making a net gain of four cents for the landlord. This is assuming the population of the city to remain as at present, but young Mr. George assures us that free travel would cause a vast influx to the city (a desirable result, doubtless), and so cause a still greater increase in land values. If we could only accept the Georges' arguments, we should be compelled to believe them the chiefs of a landlord conspiracy. It is of no use asking what is to become of the displaced conductors and clerks, for the Georges are free traders when wage-workers are concerned, and trust in the law of supply and demand.

The methods of calculation indicated in young Mr. George's article are not such, however, as to give me faith that New York city will ever run its street railroads at a cost of one cent per passenger. Here is a sample of his reasoning. He cites some contractor who professes to be able to duplicate the present railroads of New York for one-third of their capitalized value, and then, with the faith of a dweller in a city in which "boodle" aldermen are unknown, he assumes that, were the municipality to build the roads, they would cost it but the smaller amount. And this was written not far from the new court-house! Again, he seems to assume that getting rid of the conductors and of the clerks who keep account of the receipts would practically wipe out the administrative expenses. If the young gentleman had taken the trouble to examine the accounts of any of the city's charitable institutions, he would have found that the administrative expenses are always a very serious item in *public* undertakings. Something even more to the point comes to me as I write. The expenses for superintendence in the engineering department of the Indian government, as given by Spencer, are forty-eight per cent. of the whole; the corresponding expenses of the Indian railroads are but eight per cent.

One of the chief faults young Mr. George has to find with the present street-railroad system in New York is that there is not enough of it. This is due, he tells us, chiefly to legislative hindrances in the way of new companies' being formed. But, instead of seeking, like the free trader he professes to be, to remove these hindrances, and leaving to the law of supply and demand, which is good enough for settling wages, the regulation of when and where new roads should be built, he proposes to turn the whole control over to the virtuous city government. And why should not every street from the Battery to Yonkers have its line? Jake Sharp need not despair. When the People's United Labor party comes into power, his opportunities as a builder of street railroads will far exceed the chances he had as an owner in the past. And once in, the party need never fear being ousted, for the "big pipes" are as nothing compared with the railroads.

JOHN F. KELLY.

continued from page 3.

over very moderate in regard to her charms, this man's voice, detailing them, shocked her, bruising the just susceptibilities of her modesty.

A blush spread over her face, and, filled with confusion, feeling the priest's eyes enwrapping her as a *connaisseur*, considering the delicacy of her white tapering hands, the supple beauty of her neck, the fineness of her figure, she begged Sir Richmond to stop talking of herself.

At the same time, she reflected that the scrutiny to which the priest was devoting himself, without lust, Richard—it might be unconsciously—had also given himself up to, though without the same platonism, with desires which she did not clearly define, but which, at the same time, in her vague comprehension of them, revolutionized her with an indescribable fright, overwhelmed her with the weight of crushing shame.

From the little which the priest had insinuated, Richard, enticed by the Duchess, seemed to her, in his instinct, in his mechanical intuition, incapable of sentiments absolutely pure, completely detached from all carnal thought, and she reflected that, in the combat to which they were forcibly pushing her against Lady Ellen, in the arms even of this woman, he would dream perhaps of her and desire her instead of his mistress.

Seized with revolt and indignant, sick at heart, and trembling as if eyes had held her without a veil, as if the skin of her body had been touched by the caress and the offence of a kiss, throwing a shawl over her shoulders, she reiterated to Sir Richmond her wish that this painful interview, on the subject of which she was already too much weighed down, should now end.

She reproached herself, moreover, now, for having, if only for a few minutes, forgotten the common misery of her Irish brothers to attend to that of Sir Richard Bradwell; and the feeling of pride which had moved her some moments before, caused her cutting remorse as a piece of cowardice and a desertion.

If their hue lacked almost the necessities of life, it was because the little money which Treor and his granddaughter had went in alms to the poor, in relief to the first-comer, in services to their neighbors; if she wore clothes which were old, faded, mended, it was because she clothed poor women and children with the money which would have bought new garments for herself.

In vieing with the Duchess, who doubtless did not receive Richard without passion, without some temporary successes, Marian would sooner or later learn coquetry and desire dresses a little more modern, and a dwelling less devoid of the simplest comforts; and the realization of these wishes, modest as they seemed, could not be effected without detriment to the wretched people whom she assisted.

And she explained herself clearly in this respect, notwithstanding the protestations of the priest who was enraged at the thought of failing in the commission with which he had charged himself, after having, in Sir Richard's presence, plumped himself, so to speak, on his ability to lead the young girl to repentance.

"So, it matters little to you!" he said to her, comically opening his eyes very wide, "whether you leave in the jaws of the demon a soul whose salvation is in your hands? And you even take no account of my exhortations, which point you to this work as agreeable to God and very probably of his own designing?"

"Exhort Sir Bradwell to struggle against the temptation himself, to no longer stain himself with the execrable sin which you have denounced."

"He has not the strength."

"Give it to him by your encouragement."

"What can my voice do by the side of the siren's songs?"

"Is it not the voice of God which comes from your mouth?" replied Marian.

"He does not know the accent of the voice of the Lord!" said Richmond.

"Pray Heaven to work a miracle which will convince him!"

"The miracle would have been you, if you had consented to play the rôle which I marked out for you and for which, surely, God has chosen you."

"It is too perilous, and if I did not lose myself, I should at least be despoiled of the most precious privilege of woman,—the purity of my life."

"No, for by a general absolution in advance, I would absolve you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!"

In pronouncing these words unctuously, he executed in the air the gesture with which he dismissed the penitents at the confessional.

But Marian was indignant at this facility of indulgence of which she would not accept the benefit; she was of the opinion that it was better not to take upon herself the sin than to be purified of it by the vain words of the priest.

So that the priest became very angry, and asked her who would cleanse her of the blood of her brothers which Sir Richard would shed, as he had promised.

In vehement spite, Sir Richmond lifted in the air his great, spider-like arms, and his spread fingers starred the ceiling, while on the rough wall moved the fantastic shadow of his long, ill-formed body!

He comprehended nothing of the young girl's scruples, so exaggerated, so extreme; they denoted evidently a mind as badly balanced as that of Bradwell, and the general derangement, since the commencement of the popular disturbance, had occasioned in him a disorder that had made him sick.

So that, while anathematizing Marian, he inveighed against himself at the same time for having thoughtlessly engaged in this new complication, where he only registered once more the definite proof of his own powerlessness, compromising the little prestige and authority which remained to him.

"Who will cleanse you of the blood?" he began again.

But Treor's granddaughter was no longer there: she was setting the table in the next room, and a rattling of plates cut off the close of the reproach.

"Marian!" called the priest, excessively vexed and in a very loud voice, determined to reprimand her sharply for this breach of propriety.

Instead of answering, she went out into the yard, and he saw her go towards the cellular with lantern, and fill some jugs from a cask of water.

Decidedly, his preaching had been pure loss; unfortunately, it was, perhaps, not in the desert. Outside, steps were heard on the ground hardened by the frost; and, in the same way that he had surprised Richard's quarrel, some one, connected with the castle, strolling about in the darkness as a spy, might have chanced to overhear his charges against the Duchess.

In such a case, he positively saw himself no longer in fine clothes, but wrapped in an icy shroud, by the orders of the vindictive lady; for she surely would never forgive him this furious interference with her criminal love, or his grave insults to her character, and above all her beauty!

He trembled, thinking of his awkwardness in thus placing himself under the hammer at a time when already his attitude toward the Irish exposed him to the danger of being sprawled by them upon the anvil; and since to do what he imagined to be his duty, to obey his conscience, became so perilous in the present emergency, he decided to mix no more in anything, leaving events to take their course, all hideous passions to unchain themselves, massacres to be perpetrated, cataclysms to burst upon the country, and, if need be, the impious to profane the churches and disregard the law of God,—God himself who, on the whole, permitted doubtless all these scandals, all these base acts, all these miseries, all these abominations, for the punishment of the sinners.

Confining himself hereafter to praying, at the foot of the altar, that the celestial wrath might disarm, and begging the Lord to pardon the guilty,—in this way, the priest flattered himself that he would make them forget him and would thus escape the blows of either party; and, taking a last warming at the fire, readjusting his hat which had been pushed on one side in the heat of the discussion, he left the house deliberately, and then, going along by the houses, he glided into the shadow in a direction away from the church, that he might not reach home till after the service and sure of not encountering on his way Treor, or any of the United Irishmen.

Marian, returning upon his heels, overwhelmed with this discussion, with all the impressions received, with all the sensations experienced, with the various, violent, conflicting emotions which had pierced her soul, sank down in exhaustion, now that no witness constrained her to dissimulate, and, in the fatigue, in the suffering of her weakened frame, sobs broke forth from her throat.

Believing that the priest was returning, she rose suddenly from the seat on which she had been supporting herself. But it was not he; some one was drumming at the door with an unaccustomed, hesitating hand, like that of a child or an old man, and timidly pushing it open.

"Edith!" exclaimed Marian, drying her eyes, and extending her hands and face to her breathless visitor, before whose suffering her own suddenly vanished.

Arklow's widow was shivering, although in profuse perspiration and burning with a violent fever, while flames devoured her hollow eyes so deeply sunken in their sockets, and reddened the cheek-bones so frightfully prominent in the thin-wan, almost cadaverous face.

The young girl drew her to the fire, wanted her to sit down, and questioned her with a filial solicitude; but all this interest seemed to trouble her, on the contrary, and she accepted its marks and testimonies with a rudeness which Marian interpreted wrongly, imagining that Edith was aware of Richard's visit and scandalized by it.

"Oh! do not take away your hands, Edith," she said, "and look at me; if he has entered here, it was not of my choice."

The mother of the little soldier trembled, and her fixed eyes opened immoderately in a face of marble paleness and with a mute agitation of the lips which outlined in vacancy words certainly terrible for the poor woman, whose haggard face was full of stupor.

After several attempts, hoarse sounds came from her mouth, in which confused utterance could be distinguished this agonizing interrogatory:

"Entered here! Who?"

"Ah! I imagined that you knew," said the young girl.

Then, since she had begun the confidence, she finished it, not having the least reproach to address to herself, and she related the interview with Sir Bradwell, the urgent counsels of the priest, and how the incident had closed, not without much heart-swelling, but nevertheless without her having lost for an instant the recollection of the oath which bound them all.

A contraction of the old woman's face, so sad, so distressing, again misled Marian, who protested that she should not judge her with severity.

"I have not the right," said Edith, very gloomily.

"Not the right! Why? Because you are not a relative? I mean the right which we each possess to weigh the acts of those who have sworn conjointly with us. Upon you more than any other it devolves, by right of your martyrdom. You have paid for it with the blood of your husband, with the hard captivity in which your adored son groans."

"You, more than any one, have the soul of a patriot," replied the old woman, to turn the conversation from herself; for her worst martyrdom was what she was now enduring.

The odious hour was approaching when Newington, fatal, implacable, would arrive to claim the execution of the infamous bargain which he had imposed and to which she had consented, and all Marian's words pierced her like so many daggers, like so many insulting blows on the cheeks.

For several weeks she had not lived, if sober she were now living; a slow, an intolerable agony had developed, wherein her crime crushed her, wherein the thought of her treason snatched her suddenly from the torpor in which want of food and sleep had kept her for whole days, and it threw her into the street, pursuing her in the midst of hootings, chasing her across the open country, into the depths of woods, where the unfortunate woman, tortured and torn by premature remorse, cowered with shame; and she lay thus, in the cold and snow, by night, revived only by the awakening of her maternal heart.

Suddenly, with a start, as if she heard again the shots of the squad which filed before her eyes on the evening of her admission to Cumslen-Park, she would get up and run to the castle to inform herself about her Michael, pacing, like a tireless sentinel, up and down the approaches to the buildings, listening in the breeze to hear some sound from her son, breathing her child in the atmosphere, perceiving his pale phantom, tottering under the weight of his chains and the harshness of the jailers.

Then, when she reflected at what price she could liberate him, she would run away at full speed, in a breath, resolved to walk, to run so far, so far, so far, that return for Christmas would be impossible, or that, on the way, people might kill without pity this emaciated and demented creature, looking like death, surely wandering about with some sinister design, bent in advance under the weight of an immense repentance.

Four days ago she had fled, according to her habit, and no one knew in what direction; she had returned in haste, on the road day and night, panting and full of fear lest she might be too late for the appointment with the savage Newington.

And on the threshold hesitation had suddenly resumed possession of her, sealing her on the spot, vacillating under the enormous weight of opprobrium already accepted; and fearful, timid, a whole world of opposing ideas and arguments for and against her step rushing about in her poor empty head, she really wished to sink a hundred feet under ground, as through a trap-door, as in the turf pits into which passers-by sometimes fell.

Then, in a giddiness which, in her brain, mixed up the ideas of good and evil, confounded justice and injustice, thrusting the Irish back into the dim distance in order to leave her only the consciousness of the peril from which she could redeem her son only by introducing some one through this door, mechanically, automatically, gropingly, she pushed in, believing that she heard, behind her, in the darkness, the impatient steps of the man and the murmur of his angry voice.

Meanwhile Marian continued to torture her with her eulogies, which fell on her like so many brands and devoured her flesh like the bite of ulcerated wounds.

"To sacrifice," said she, "a love which had hardly blossomed, to renounce the hope of a happiness of which one has but a glimpse, what is that by the side of your abnegation? Arklow died for Ireland! Have you ever regretted his sacrifice to the country? It became necessary, for the salvation of our people, that Michael should share the fate of his father; do you think that for you, his fond mother, it would be better for him to live?"

"Hush!" said Edith, gloomily.

To be continued.

Original from
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

The Unconscious Evolution of Mutual Banking.

"The most arrant denier," says George Eliot, "must admit that a man often falters larger ends than he is conscious of, and that, while he is transacting his own affairs with the narrow pertinacity of a respectable ant, he subserves an economy larger than any purpose of his own. Society is happily not dependent for the growth of fellowship on the small minority already endowed with comprehensive sympathy." In those moments of despair which come to almost every one engaged in a serious movement, of our objects ever really being accomplished, when those on whom "conscious sympathy" we had calculated prove incapable or dishonest, when the Seymour lapse into Communism, the Walkers and Lloyds into each individual's saving himself, the Beckmeyers into politics, the Tak Kaks into the denial of all truth and justice, it is that one turns with most relief to the fact that the great march of human progress has been in the main unconscious; that it has been hindered or promoted to a very slight degree only by the conscious action of individuals; that as has been the past, so will very probably be the future course; that great economic causes are producing changes in the conditions of society which are neither seen nor recognized by those whose power is being undermined nor by the people whose ultimate emancipation they assure. As Buckle has pointed out, when free trade became a necessity to the English people, it was accepted readily, although those most interested in the acceptance had little or no knowledge of its principles. In the same way is it today: the necessities of trade are destroying the royalty of gold, and the death-knell of gold's power is being sounded, not by the workingmen, not by any of the so-called reform parties, but by the business men, the bankers, the stock-brokers, the much-reviled and much-contemned *bourgeoisie*. Jay Gould and his associates, in the mere pursuit of their self-interests, are doing more to break up the vicious system which they represent than Henry George, the whole army of the Knights of Labor, the Communistic Anarchists, the "scientific Socialists," and all the vendors of patent pills of brotherly love, organization, etc., warranted to cure all the evils with which humanity is afflicted.

When I say that Jay Gould and his associates are doing more to promote the social revolution than all the so-called reformers in the world, I do not wish to convey the idea ordinarily conveyed by this statement,—that their practices are so corrupt as to invite resistance,—but that they have laid the foundation and are perfecting that system of exchange without the intervention of metallic money whose final development will serve more than any other single measure to secure freedom and equality, after which reformers of all shades have for ages striven in vain. From the reformers as a whole I think we have little to expect, as their ignorance of what constitutes a just society is only equalled by their ignorance of what are the causes of the evils with which the society of today is afflicted. We hear of all sorts of schemes for the organization of labor, for co-operation for productive purposes; we hear of co-operative farms and co-operative factories and co-operative homes, as if co-operation in production had not existed since the very beginning of civilization, since the division of labor first arose; what we are now in need of is not co-operation in production,—for that we have already, and could not dispense with if we would,—but equity in distribution, and this can only be secured by the destruction of the monopoly which gold now enjoys, or rather apparently enjoys, for its royalty is being every day more and more undermined by the defenders of gold themselves.

That gold should have played the part it did in primitive societies, where all possession was fraught with risk, where the exchanges effected were "few and far between," is not at all strange, as it was then the only commodity whose value was generally recognized; but in these days of rapid and universal exchange, when the ratio of products is so easy to determine, that it should be considered by any sane being as necessary to the mechanism of exchange is only to be explained by the force of habit, by the tendency manifested by ideas, as by organs, to outlast their period of usefulness. That the inequality in exchange lies at the root of all social distress, that by it alone is explained the commercial crises, the marching of "progress and poverty" side by side, a short examination will, I think, enable us to see. As Proudhon long ago showed, the laborer, not receiving the equivalent of his product in wages, is unable to buy back his own product in the market; he, however, goes on producing, the products accumulate, as all the other laborers are in the same condition as he, the market becomes glutted, the demand for labor less, part of the laborers are thrown out of employment, part have their wages reduced, and consequently all are less able than before to purchase, the glut becomes greater and greater, the misery more and more profound, failure of smaller capitalists takes place, the prices of all commodities fall, the commodities get slowly consumed, and the great wheel of production again starts, only to end in a longer or shorter time, as before, in crushing out the lives of those who tend it. It may be contended that this theory of the cause of commercial crises is at fault, because, in a state of slavery, the slaves did not receive the full product of their labor, and yet no cry of overproduction ever arose. This objection will be found to have no real weight when we come to consider

the difference between capitalist and servile production. In slavery times, when each group, consisting of the owner and his slaves, produced nearly all the luxuries and necessities consumed by itself, the exchange between different groups was comparatively very slight. If the slaves were defrauded of a certain part of the fruits of their labor, the masters expected to make no further profit than that derived in this manner, and consequently the slaves were employed at producing only a sufficient amount of the necessities to provide for the sustenance of the group, the rest of their time being devoted to the production of luxuries to be consumed by the master, and hence work was always steady; and, though periods of famine might arise, there were none of those periods of depression with which we are now so familiar. Under the capitalist system things are entirely different; the capitalist is not content to live in comparative luxury on the fruits of his workmen's labor, but always aims to still further increase his profit by selling these products at a premium; hence a great part of the time of the laborers is not devoted as it was in slavery times to the production of luxuries to be consumed only by the masters, and the products intended for the laborers' consumption cannot be consumed by them, as they have been defrauded of the means of purchasing them. This system of robbery defeats itself. All the opinions of the "scientific socialists" to the contrary, the rich man who consumes in luxury the fruits of his robbery is, under present conditions, a greater benefactor of the working classes than he who invests his capital in the production of the necessities of life, as he turns away part of the labor which would otherwise be employed in the production of useful articles to the production of luxuries, and thereby lessens the liability to a glut in the market, the consequent lessened demand for labor, and hard times. As Spencer says, there is always a germ of truth in any widely accepted belief, and the populace have not been deceived in their idea that spendthrifts are "good for trade." The people perish for lack of the necessities of life by the very excess of those necessities which they produce.

Where, as has been shown, the fault is so evidently in exchange, it is but waste of time to attempt to remedy any thing else than exchange, and thus wasting their time is the great bulk of those who are endeavoring to reconstruct society without knowing where the evils of the present construction lie. The real reconstruction of the system of exchange, and consequently the real reconstruction of society, is being made by the capitalists themselves, all unconsciously however, as a study of "Money and the Mechanism of Exchange," by Stanley Jevons, will enable us to see. In the first place he shows us that the supply of gold is totally inadequate to carry on the exchanges in the English market alone, and that various devices are made to represent that which does not exist:

Mr. R. H. Palgrave, in his important "Notes on Banking," published both in the "Statistical Journal" for March, 1873, and as a separate book, has given the results of an inquiry into this subject, and states the amount of coin and Bank of England notes held by the bankers of the United Kingdom as not exceeding four or five per cent. of the liabilities, or from one twenty-fifth to one twentieth part. Mr. T. B. Moxon of Stockport and Manchester has subsequently made an elaborate inquiry into the same point, and finds that the cash reserve does not exceed about seven per cent. of the deposits and notes payable on demand. He remarks that even of this reserve a large proportion is absolutely indispensable for the daily transactions of the bankers' business, and could not be parted with. Thus the whole fabric of our vast commerce is found to depend upon the improbability that the merchants and other customers of the bank will ever want simultaneously and suddenly so much as one-twentieth part of the gold money which they have a right to receive on demand at any moment during banking hours.

I quote thus largely from the authorities merely to show what a secure basis for the currency the gold basis is,—that its security lies mainly in the minds of the people.

The study of the methods by which this small supply of gold which is supposed to enter into all exchanges is eked out to cover them is exceedingly interesting. With the vast system of exchange, developed especially in London and New York, known as the *Check and Clearing System*, through which, by means of checks representing products sold, transactions (amounting daily to the value of millions of pounds) between merchant and merchant, between bank and bank, between country and country, are carried on without the intervention of a cent of metallic money, most of the readers of Liberty are probably already familiar.

Almost all large exchanges are now effected by a complicated and perfected system of barter. In the London Clearing House transactions to the amount of at least six billion pounds in the year are thus effected, without the use of any cash at all, and, as I have before explained, this amount gives no adequate idea of the exchanges arranged by checks, because so many transactions are really cleared in provincial banks, between branches, agents, and correspondents of the same bank, or between banks having the same London agent.

In addition to the Check and Clearing System, which in its needs but slight modifications to become the mutual bank, as it already secures the exchange of products against products, there has arisen in England another institution, known as the *Check Bank*, by means of which possessors of small sums may, by depositing these with a bank, be provided with a check-book which can only be made out to the value of the sum deposited. These checks have been found to be

very convenient in the payment of small bills, and in all those transactions which are too small to enter into the Check and Clearing system. Many of them circulate for over a year before being presented for payment. Nobody declines to accept, as they are secured by all the banks of the kingdom.

A peculiar feature of the Check Bank is that it entirely refrains from using or even holding the money deposited. All money received for check-books is left in the hands of the bankers through whom they are issued, or transferred to other bankers as may be needed for meeting the checks presented. The interest paid by these bankers will be the source of profit, and as the money thus lies in the care of the most wealthy and reputable firms in the kingdom, it could not be lost in any appreciable quantity except by the break-down of the whole banking system of the country. It would hardly be true to say that these checks correspond to notes issued on deposit of government funds, because each bank can use at its own discretion the portion of the funds of the Check Bank in its possession. Nevertheless, the portion in the hands of any one bank will usually be a very small fraction of the whole, and there is, moreover, a guarantee of consols in the background. The system of issue is more closely analogous to that of a documentary reserve than any other.

This Check Bank is at fault in that it takes as security as yet only metallic money or Bank of England notes, and we have already seen what a small proportion of these exists as security in the vaults of the banks. From the taking of gold, which does not exist, as security, to the taking of other property, which does exist, as security, is but a step; from the taking of government bonds to the taking of reliable bills of exchange, as security, is also but a step; and that both, in the necessities of trade, will be taken in the not very distant future, I think there is but little room to doubt.

The free monetary system, with its destruction of interest and profit, looms up before us! The exchange of product against product is inaugurated! The social revolution accomplishes itself!

Let not any one so misunderstand me as to think that I underestimate the value of conscious evolution. The more who see clearly the way in which things ought to go, the more quickly will the change be effected, and the more thorough will it be when effected. I cannot do better than end as I began, with George Eliot:

Shall we say, "Let the ages try the spirits, and see what they are worth"? Why, we are the beginning of the ages, which can only be just by virtue of just judgments in separating human breasts,—separate, yet combined. Even steam-engines could not have got made without that condition, but must have stayed in the mind of James Watt.

GERTRUDE B. KELLY.

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Henry George's Land Tax.*Henry George:*

MY DEAR SIR,—I rejoice exceedingly in the appearance of the "Standard," and in the sentiments expressed in your salutatory. I therefore feel that what I am about to write will receive due consideration from your mind and pen.

On page 4 of the "Standard," A. Barlow, Sioux City, Iowa, asks you two questions. You will, perhaps, pardon me if I venture to state a few objections to your answers.

You hold, as a political economist, that there are two values, one caused by the application of work to land, and the other by the aggregation of numbers. You also maintain that wealth is the product of land and labor, and that the material universe with all its forces is not wealth. Hence by your definitions value and wealth are interchangeable terms when both are the product of land and labor. Can you conceive of any other wealth or value *not* produced by work applied to the material universe? I deny its existence. Do you say: "Behold the land values!" My eyes do not see them. They are absolutely blind to any value or wealth not produced by land and labor. You may pack a million men together, standing on their feet as close as sardines in a box, and all may be bidding in competition for the land on which they stand, and not one particle of wealth or value do I see resulting from their competitive endeavor. The value or wealth still remains zero. Hence you have nothing but zero to tax for the benefit of the State. If, however, you tax Mr. Barlow and his tenants the assumed *land value* of his 3,754 acres, I clearly see you take from them an amount of wealth for which you give them no equivalent whatever. This, I declare, is robbery to the amount of the tax. I deny, as a self-evident proposition, that any wealth or value does or can exist except that which is produced by work applied to the material universe. Hence your value caused by the simple aggregation of numbers is purely fictitious. From your standpoint, however, it is the price of land monopoly. But if you take from Mr. Barlow and his tenants \$33,000 or more, in the form of a land value tax, I do not hesitate to say it is a flagitious robbery, because you give them no equivalent for it, not even so much as a red cent. Moreover, what moral right have you to tax Mr. Barlow the rental value, or the market value, of his land and appropriate it by the State, when Mr. Barlow may not want the service of the State for which the tax is levied, assuming that the service equals the tax? If you do this against his will, you violate liberty, and are guilty of usurpation.

Mr. Barlow's second question is more perplexing than the first. For he wants you to "demonstrate by example how a landlord is to lose his grip on the land by all land being taxed to its full value." You say: "The land value tax will open up for use, for rent or tax, great bodies of land everywhere, on which men can make a comfortable living." How can this be in densely populated countries like Ireland, England, Scotland, France, and the Netherlands? For, by your own theory, the "land value tax" is a constant and varying quantity which some one will have to pay, be he a landlord or not. He who owns a house, and occupies the land on which it stands, cannot escape this everlasting tax. How, then, can the farmer escape it in these countries, where the land value tax is a constantly increasing quantity? And how can Mr. Barlow's landless tenants escape it by moving away to adjacent lands? They would be terribly handicapped by this land tax the first year, and every succeeding year. And the tax of every succeeding year would become more burdensome than any tax of the preceding years. And since the industrial power of the same farmer, agricultural machinery being the same, could not increase, how could he pay the constantly increasing rental value of his farm, other things being equal?

An enterprising carpenter saves five hundred dollars, which he invests in a lot on the border of a city. He gives a mortgage on his lot to a money-lender for a loan of five hundred dollars, which he uses to buy lumber to erect a modest home for himself and family. At the end of the year the tax-gatherer calls for the land value of his lot, and the money-lender for the amount and the interest due according to contract. The carpenter can pay the money-lender, but he cannot pay the tax-gatherer. Between these two robbers by increase, which is the more morally culpable, the State or the money-lender? *Robbers*, I say, for neither gives anything in return for what he receives. At any rate, if the State returns anything to the carpenter, it may be such service as he can readily dispense with, and would rather do without than have. But the land value tax, somehow or other, must be paid. Hence the violation of liberty and the audacious robbery. 'Tis needless to multiply examples. For it is clear to me that throughout the entire realm of economic activities, the fictitious land values which you would tax must ultimately be paid out of the productive toil of the millions, and that the "grip" of the landlords is not one jot loosened by levying a tax equal to all the land values.

It seems to me that your remedy is illogically deduced from your premises. If the monopoly of land be the real cause of rent, and the so-called increase of land values, then the logical remedy would be a repeal of the laws which sustain "vested rights" (vested wrongs) in the monopoly of the soil. Take away the protective power of the State and the defenders of vested rights would no longer have the power to enforce their unrighteous claims.

I submit these timely thoughts for your careful consideration.

WM. HANSON.

[The foregoing was sent to the "Standard" immediately after the appearance of the first number, but has not yet been printed in that paper.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

TAXATION OR FREE TRADE?

A CRITICISM

UPON

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Liberty

* NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER *
PROUDHON

Vol. IV.—No. 16.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1887.

Whole No. 94.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

The Boston "Herald" recently published a letter from H. M. Pearce, over a column in length, on the labor problem, of which the writer finds the solution in the works of Proudhon. I shall present some extracts from the letter in the next number of *Liberty*.

The first number of Mr. Underwood's new paper, "The Open Court," is at hand. Except that it is made up in thirty-two small pages appearing fortnightly instead of twelve larger ones appearing weekly, it is the "Index" over again. The writers are the same, the subjects are the same, the style is the same, the dreariness is the same; in short, the "Open Court" will evidently be a paper in which a large amount of ability and learning will run to waste. The subscription price is three dollars a year, which may be sent to B. F. Underwood, P. O. Drawer F, Chicago, Illinois."

"The costs of the Colin Campbell trial," says a New York "World" cable despatch, "amount to about \$175,000. It is supposed that the Duke of Argyll will have to bear almost the whole of this expense, and, as he is a poor man, it will almost ruin him." Will some one please pass round the hat? It is often remarked that the standard of riches is vastly higher than it was fifty years ago, but probably few imagine that it has reached so dizzy a height that a man who can pay out \$175,000 and remain solvent may be considered poor. At this rate the English language will not hold out.

The Detroit "Labor Leaf" has passed from the hands of John R. Burton into those of Captain John M. McGregor, and will henceforth be known as "The Advance and Labor Leaf." It has also been enlarged from four pages to eight. As Captain McGregor is an ardent disciple of Henry George, the tone and attitude of the paper are likely to be more positive than before, —I wish I could say more positive for political and economic truth instead of for error. That it will continue to be edited with ability and earnestness there can be no doubt. It is gratifying to find that Labadie's "Cranky Notions" are not to be abandoned. They have always been the best things in the paper, and probably will lose nothing in wit and wisdom.

The letter in another column from Adolph Fischer, one of the brave and unfortunate seven who are threatened with the gallows in Chicago, was sent to me by Comrade Lum to show me that he at least is an Anarchist, though most of his comrades are really State Socialists. I am very glad to admit that, if none of them had said anything more in conflict with individual liberty than this letter, I never should have criticised them as I have done. Mr. Fischer's declarations in favor of absolute individualism are so positive that I can hardly imagine him denying the freedom of production and exchange as his comrades do. And yet he should have explained more clearly his meaning in referring to the "infamous institution of private property." If he simply distinguishes, like Proudhon, between property and possession, why does he use the word *private*? If not, his remark is tainted with authority.

"Freiheit," in making quotations from No. 1 of the "Proudhon Library," attempts to show that the Communism and Socialism which Proudhon attacked were

simply the utopias of Cabet, Fourier, and others, and not at all Anarchistic Communism. As the school of Anarchistic Communism did not exist in Proudhon's day, of course he could not have attacked it specifically; what *Liberty* maintains is that most of the arguments with which he assailed the utopias apply equally well against Anarchistic Communism. The extract from Proudhon given in the last issue of *Liberty* showed conclusively what kind of Socialism he considered not utopian. In it he declared that the *whole* of Socialism is contained in the principles laid down in the articles of association of his "People's Bank," and that everything outside of these is utopian and chimerical. But "Freiheit" sees no virtue whatever in the "People's Bank." It is plain, then, that Proudhon, if alive, would consider "Freiheit's" Communism utopian.

I must refer once more to the Winsted "Press" and its editor. It is lamentable to see so bright a man as Mr. Pinney wasting his nervous force in assaults on windmills. But it is his habit, whenever he finds it necessary or thinks it timely to say something in answer to free money advocates, to set up a windmill, label it free money, and attack that. An instance of this occurs in a scolding article on the subject in his issue of February 17, as the following sentence shows: "We had a little taste of this *free* currency in the day of *State* wildeat banking, when every little community had its *State* bank issues." The italics are mine,—used to emphasize the substitution of the windmill State for the giant Freedom. How could State bank issues be free money? Monopoly is monopoly, whether granted by the United States or by a single State, and the old State banking system was a thoroughly monopolistic system. The unfairness and absurdity of Mr. Pinney's remark become apparent with the reflection that the principal English work relied upon by the friends of free money, Colonel Greene's "Mutual Banking," was written expressly in opposition to the then existing State banking system, years before the adoption of the national banking system. Mr. Pinney would not fall back upon this idiotic argument, if he had a better one. That he has none is indicated by his saying of free money, as he says of free trade: "In theory the scheme is plausible. In practice it would probably be an abomination." Mr. Pinney's old conservative, cowardly, Calvinistic refuge. When driven into a corner on a question which turns on the principle of Liberty, he has but one resort, which amounts practically to this: "Liberty is right in theory everywhere and always, but in certain cases it is not practical. In all cases where I want men to have it, it is practical; but in those cases where I do not want men to have it, it is not practical." What Mr. Pinney wants and does not want depends upon mental habits and opinions acquired prior to that theoretical assent to the principle of liberty which the arguments of the Anarchists have wrung from him.

My paragraph on John Swinton's "Thought" strikes Henry Seymour as inharmonious with what I wrote some time ago in defence of Anarchy, finding in it evidence that I no longer stick to the cost principle. "The cost idea is a positive institution," he avers, and of course I could not sneer at the notions of others regarding the necessity of plans and systems for our social salvation if I were not entirely free from them myself. At any rate, I am asked "in all earnestness" to explain myself. To careful readers of *Liberty* such explanations are superfluous. It has been stated on

more than one occasion, and it must be self-evident to every intelligent Anarchist who has given the subject the slightest consideration, that free competition and the substitution of the cost principle for that of value, in exchange, bear to each other the relations of cause and effect. The cost "institution" in the economic relations is what the variety institution is in the sexual. No sexual reformer would seek to enforce variety; but, recognizing that, under proper conditions, when woman shall be socially and industrially independent of man, variety would be just as natural as monogamy is now, the reformer makes war upon sexual slavery and tries to bring about the necessary change in the conditions. To enforce the cost principle would be equally absurd. On the contrary, it is precisely because this principle is absolutely essential in the final and harmonious solution of the problem of exchange that individual sovereignty and unrestricted exercise of individuality must be fully secured, for these are the sole conditions of developing and maintaining beneficial institutions and of the disappearance of all impediments to progress. Here, as everywhere, Liberty is the mother of harmony. Seymour and Edgeworth, blind to their own logic, denounce the cost idea as one of the State Socialistic lunacies. What, then, does the cry for a free field, equal opportunities, and equitable exchange mean? Profits to all are tantamount to profits to none,—cost. Profits to a few mean robbery of others,—monopoly. Andrews and Warren, realizing this, make individual sovereignty and the cost principle the essential conditions of a true civilization, but Liberty settles the matter to the satisfaction of all parties by explaining that the cost institution is but one of the logical results and practical expressions of the broad and general principle of individual sovereignty, and, consequently, that the only way to "enforce" it is to establish the reign of its parent cause.

Proudhon's Works a Source of Health.

Dear Mr. Tucker:

I am glad that you have hit upon the plan of issuing Proudhon's works in monthly parts, which will not lessen their beauty and value in volumes. Proudhon had such wonderful intelligence, coupled with such unwavering determination to reveal truth, that his writings are not only in the highest degree instructive, but refreshing and encouraging,—a source of health and gladness to all those who can read them, and are not afraid of the truth. His command of language and his scholarship fully fitted him to lead in the revolution. The defenders of organized plunder have tried to keep silence about the ideas which Proudhon has made plain, and to discuss silly Communistic schemes instead. Anybody who will advocate a government can get a hearing, and the orthodox plungerers will proceed to prove that the new scheme of government is either worse than theirs, and ought therefore to be rejected, or better than theirs, and therefore "impracticable." But when they read in Proudhon or in other works, what is simply true, and candidly stated, both the *litterateur* and the politician turn away, saying: "That will not do. It would overturn all institutions, and, first of all, the mention of it would ruin our position." Their position depends upon the favor of capitalists. Well, I believe that it is within the power of us laboring people—of those of us who know these things—to end this pitiful state of affairs by spreading the light. We all need Proudhon's thought, even for mental health. As one to whom both languages are familiar, I can say that your translation is admirable. You have my subscription for ten copies. I should not consider myself an Anarchist if the effective desire to buy and circulate these books did not arise in me. Those who read only English can't do without your translation. Yours cordially,

Original from

TAK KAK.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART FIRST.

THE TRUE CONSTITUTION OF GOVERNMENT

IN THE

Sovereignty of the Individual as the Final Development of Protestantism, Democracy, and Socialism.

Continued from No. 83.

In order to this consummation two conditions are indispensably necessary: the first is the cordial and universal acceptance of this very principle of the absolute Sovereignty of the Individual,—each claiming his own Sovereignty, and each religiously respecting that of all others. The second is the equitable interchange of the products of labor, measured by the scientific law relating to that subject to which I have referred, and the consequent security to each of the full enjoyment and unlimited control of just that portion of wealth which he or she produces, the effect of which will be the introduction of general comfort and security, the moderation of avarice, and the supply of a definite knowledge of the limits of rights and encroachments.

The instrumentalities necessary for hastening the adoption of these principles are likewise, chiefly, two: these are, first, a more intense longing for true and harmonic relations; and, secondly, a clear intellectual conception of the principles themselves, and of the consequences which would flow from their adoption. The first is a highly religious aspiration, the second is a process of scientific induction. One is the soul and the other the sensible body, the spiritual substance and the corporeal form, of social harmony. The teachings of Christianity have inspired the one, the illumination of science must provide the other. Intellectual resources brought to the aid of Desire constitute the marriage of Wisdom with Love, whose progeny is Happiness.

When from the lips of truth one mighty breath
Shall, like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze
The whole dark pile of human mockeries,
Then shall the race of mind commence on earth,
And, starting fresh, as from a second birth,
Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,
Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing.

It would, perhaps, be injudicious to conclude this exhibit of the doctrine of the Individual Sovereignty, without a more formal statement of the scientific limit upon the exercise of that Sovereignty which the principle itself supplies. If the principle were predicated of one Individual alone, the assertion of his Sovereignty, or, in other words, of his absolute right to do as he pleases, or to pursue his own happiness in his own way, would be confessedly to invest him with the attributes of despotism over others. But the doctrine which I have endeavored to set forth is not that. It is the assertion of the concurrent Sovereignty of all men, and of all women, and, within the limits I am about to state, of all children. This concurrence of Sovereignty necessarily and appropriately limits the Sovereignty of each. Each is Sovereign only within his own dominions, because he can not extend the exercise of his Sovereignty beyond those limits without trenching upon, and interfering with, the prerogatives of others, whose Sovereignty the doctrine equally affirms. What, then, constitutes the boundaries of one's own dominions? This is a pregnant question for the happiness of mankind, and one which has never, until now, been specifically and scientifically asked or answered. The answer, if correctly given, will fix the precise point at which Sovereignty ceases and encroachment begins; and that knowledge, as I have said, accepted into the public mind, will do more than laws, and the sanctions of laws, to regulate individual conduct and intercourse. The limitation is this: every Individual is the rightful Sovereign over his own conduct in all things, whenever, and just so far as, the consequences of his conduct can be assumed by himself; or, rather, inasmuch as no one objects to assuming agreeable consequences, whenever, and as far as, this is true of the disagreeable consequences. For disagreeable consequences, endurance, or burden of all sorts, the term "Cost" is elected as a scientific technicality. Hence the exact formula of the doctrine, with its inherent limitation, may be stated thus: "*The Sovereignty of the Individual, to be exercised at his own cost.*"

This limitation of the doctrine, being inherent, and necessarily involved in the idea of the Sovereignty of all, may possibly be left with safety, after the limitation is understood, to implication, and the simple Sovereignty of the Individual be asserted as the inclusive formula. The limitation has never been distinctly and clearly set forth in the announcements which have been made either of the Protestant or the Democratic creed. Protestantism promulgates the one single, bald, unmodified proposition that in all matters of conscience the Individual judgment is the sole tribunal, from which there is no appeal. As against this there is merely the implied right in others to resist when the conscience of the Individual leads him to attack or encroach upon them. It is the same with the Democratic progressive of the "pursuit of happiness." The limitation has been felt rather than distinctly and scientifically propounded.

It results from this analysis that, wherever such circumstances exist that a person can not exercise his own Individuality and Sovereignty without throwing the "cost," or burden, of his actions upon others, the principle has so far to be compromised. Such circumstances arise out of connected or amalgamated interests, and the sole remedy is disconnection. The exercise of Sovereignty is the exercise of the deciding power. Whoever has to bear the cost should have the deciding power in every case. If one has to bear the cost of another's conduct, and just so far as he has to do so, he should have the deciding power over the conduct of the other. Hence dependence and close connections of interest demand continual concessions and compromises. Hence, too, close connection and mutual dependence is the legitimate and scientific root of Despotism, as disconnection or Individualization of interests is the root of freedom and emancipation.

If the close combination, which demands the surrender of our will to another, is one instituted by nature, as in the case of the mother and the infant, then the relation is a true one, notwithstanding. The surrender is based upon the fact that the child is not yet strictly an Individual. The unfolding of its Individuality is gradual, and its growing development is precisely marked, by the increase of its ability to assume the consequences of its own acts. If the close combination of interests is artificial or forced, then the parties exist toward each other in false relations, and to false relations no true principle can apply. Consequently, in such relations, the Sovereignty of the Individual must be abandoned. The law of such relations is collision and conflict, to escape which, while remaining in the relations, there is no other means but mutual concessions and surrenders of the selfhood. Hence, inasmuch as the interests of mankind have never yet been scientifically individualized by the operations of an equitable commerce, and the limits of en-

croachment never scientifically defined, the axioms of morality, and even the provisions of positive legislation, have been doubtless appropriate adaptations to the ages of false social relations to which they have been applied, as the cataplasma or the sinapis may be for disordered conditions of the human system. We must not, however, reason, in either case, from that temporary adaptation in a state of disease to the healthy condition of society or the Individual. Much that is relatively good is only good as a necessity growing out of evil. The greater good is the removal of the evil altogether. The almshouse and the foundling hospital may be necessary and laudable charities, but they can only be regarded by the enlightened philanthropist as the stinking apothecary's salve, or the dead flies, applied to the bruises and sores of the body politic. Admitted temporary necessities, they are offensive to the nostrils of good taste. The same reflection is applicable to every species of charity. The oppressed classes do not want charity, but justice, and with simple justice the necessity for charity will disappear or be reduced to a minimum. So in the matter before us. The disposition to forego one's own pleasures to secure the happiness of others is a positive virtue in all those close connections of interest which render such a sacrifice necessary, and inasmuch as such have hitherto always been the circumstances of the Individual in society, this abnegation of selfhood is the highest virtue which the world has hitherto conceived. But these close connections of interest are themselves wrong, for the very reason that they demand this sacrifice and surrender of what ought to be enjoyed and developed to the highest extent. The truest and the highest virtue, in the true relations of men, will be the fullest unfolding of all the Individualities of each, and the truest relations of men are those which permit that unfolding of the Individualities of each, not only without collision or injury to any, but with mutual advantage to all,—the reconciliation of the Individual and the interests of the Individual with society and the interests of society,—that composite harmony, or, if you will, unity, of the whole, which results from the discrete unity and distinctive Individuality of each particular monad in the complex natural organization of society.

The doctrine of Individuality, and the Sovereignty of the Individual, involves, then, at this point, two of the most important scientific consequences, the one serving as a guiding principle to the true solution of existing evils in society, and to the exodus out of the prevailing confusion, and the other as a guiding principle of deportment in existing society, while those evils remain. The first is that the Sovereignty of the Individual, or, in other words, absolute personal liberty, can only be enjoyed along with the entire disintegration of combined or amalgamated interests; and here the "cost principle" comes in to point out how that disintegration can and must take place, not as isolation, but along with, and absolutely productive of the utmost conceivable harmony and coöperation. The second is that, while people are forced, by the existing conditions of society, to remain in the close connections resulting from amalgamated interests, there is no alternative but compromise and mutual concession, or an absolute surrender upon one side or the other. The innate Individualities of persons are such that every calculation based upon the identity of tastes, or opinions, or beliefs, or judgments, of even so many as two persons, is absolutely certain to be defeated, and as Nature demands an Individuality of lead, one must necessarily surrender to the other whenever the relation demands an identity of action. To quarrel with that necessity is a folly. To deny its existence is a delusion. To enter such combinations with the expectation that liberty and Individuality can be enjoyed in them is a sore aggravation of the evil. Mutual recrimination is added to the inevitable annoyance of mutual restriction. Hence a right understanding of the scientific conditions under which alone Individuality can be indulged, a clear and intelligent perception of the fact that the collisions and mutual contraventions of the combined relation result from nothing wrong in the associated Individuals, but from the wrong of the relation itself, goes far to introduce the spirit of mutual forbearance and toleration, and thus to soften the acrimony and alleviate the burden of the present imperfect and unscientific institutions of society.

Hence, again, as self-sacrifice and denial to one's self of one's own abstract rights is an absolute necessity of the existing order of things, there is a mutual necessity that we claim that of each other, and, if need be, that we enforce the claim. Herein lies the apology for our existing Governments, and for force as a temporary necessity, and hence the doctrine of Individuality, and the Sovereignty of the Individual, while the most ultra-radical doctrine in theory and final purpose ever promulgated in the world, is at the same time eminently conservative in immediate practice. While it teaches, in principle, the prospective disruption of nearly every existing institution, it teaches concurrently, as matter of expediency, a patient and philosophical endurance of the evils around us, while we labor assiduously for their removal. So far from quarreling with existing Government, when it is put upon the footing of temporary expediency, as distinguished from abstract principle and final purpose, it sanctions and confirms it. It has no sympathies with aimless and fruitless struggles, the recrimination of different classes in society, nor with merely anarchical and destructive onslaughts upon existing institutions. It proposes no abrupt and sudden shock to existing society. It points to a scientific, gradual, and perfectly peaceable substitution of new and harmonious relations for those which are confessedly beset, to use the mildest expression, by the most distressing embarrassments.

I will conclude by warning you against one other misconception, which is very liable to be entertained by those to whom Individuality is for the first time presented as the great remedy for the prevalent evils of the social state. I mean the conception that Individuality has something in common with isolation, or the severance of all personal relations with one's fellow-men. Those who entertain this idea will object to it, because they desire, as they will say, cooperation and brotherhood. That objection is conclusive proof that they have not rightly comprehended the nature of Individuality, or else they would have seen that it is through the Individualization of interests alone that harmonic coöperation and universal brotherhood can be attained. It is not the disruption of relationships, but the creation of distinct and independent personalities between whom relations can exist. The more distinct the personalities, and the more cautiously they are guarded and preserved, the more intimate the relations may be, without collision or disturbance. Persons may be completely individualized in their interests who are in the most immediate personal contact, as in the case of the lodgers at an hotel, or they may have combined or amalgamated interests, and be remote from each other, as in the case of partners residing in different countries. The players at shuttlecock co-operate in friendly competition with each other, while facing and opposing each other, each fully directing his own movements, which they could not do if their arms and legs were tied together, nor even if they stood side by side. The game of life is one which demands the same freedom of movement on the part of every player, and every attempt to procure harmonious coöperation by fastening different individuals in the same position will defeat its own object.

In opposing combinations or amalgamated interests, Individuality does not oppose, but favors and conducts toward coöperation. But, on the other hand, Individuality alone is not sufficient to insure coöperation. It is an essential element of cooperative harmony, but not the only one. It is one principle in the science

of society, but it is not the whole of that science. Other elements are indispensable to the right working of the system, one of which has been adverted to. The error has been in supposing that, because the Individuality which is already realized in society has not culminated in harmony, that Individuality itself is in fault. Instead of destroying this one true element of order, and returning to a worse condition from which we have emerged, the scientific method is to investigate further, and find what other or complementary principles are necessary to complete the well-working of the social machinery.

Regretting that the whole circle of the new principles of society, of which the Sovereignty of the Individual is one, can not be presented at once, I invite you, Ladies and Gentlemen, as occasion may offer, to inform yourselves of what they are, that you may see the subject in its entire connection of parts. In the mean time I submit to your criticism, and the criticism of the world, what I have now offered, with the undoubting conviction that it will endure the ordeal of the most searching investigation, and with the hope that, however it may shock the prejudices of earlier education, you will in the end sanction and approve it, and aid, by your devoted exertions, the inauguration of The True Constitution of Government, with its foundations laid in the Sovereignty of the Individual.

END OF PART FIRST.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 93.

And Marian, who was arranging the Christmas-tree on a table and finishing hanging to the fir branches the toys and candles, by knots of green ribbon, suddenly interrupted her work to support the miserable woman, who was tottering on her legs and who stretched out her arms to recover her balance.

"Pardon, Edith, pardon!" said she. "I lay my hand too heavily on your bleeding wounds. Compose yourself. . . . You have no news of Michael?" No news is good news. You would have heard if any misfortune had come to him."

The young girl gently helped the trembling widow to sit down, and then reached for a vial of liquor in the cupboard to revive her; but Edith pushed away the flask, not wishing any.

In truth, she existed by an inconceivable miracle, nourishing herself on air, so to speak, consenting to take nutriment—and in what quantities—only in her hours of prostration, when her friends forced her like a child, reprimanding her, scolding her, invoking the name of the prisoner to compel her, if she desired to see him again, to sustain herself.

She had obeyed, that she might not die before the time fixed by Newington for Michael's deliverance; but today all her wishes were summed up in the longing not to survive her execrable bargain. She had confidence in the word of Lord Newington; he would keep his promise, but she did not feel the courage to face her son afterwards.

No, in future a thick purple would hide her, and Michael would read her infamy, her rascality, on her shamed face, through her lowered eyelashes, in the stammering of her utterance.

For she would not dare to rejoice openly that he was safe and free, and he, a deserter, not being able to explain his unexpected pardon, recalling the scene in the park when the bullets had been spared only after a cry which she had uttered, would guess the enigma of the clemency of his executioners.

Yes, to die presently, before the close of the appointed hour, such was the Christian to which she aspired: an instantaneous death,—to be extinguished with the lights on the Christmas tree! But, now, a revival of energy was necessary in order to send Marian away and permit the Duke to slip into the house.

A shadow rested on the window, filling the whole width of the casement, and, by its great height and imposing breadth, was recognizable as that of Newington, who was growing imprudent, audacious, because of their too long delay in giving him entrance and because perhaps he was getting chilled through just to be able to see the conspirators assemble without securing for himself a hiding-place within hearing of their resolutions and thus possessing himself of the plans of the executive committee at Dublin.

Marian, who had recommended her work of organizing the festival promised the children, had turned her back to the window; but Edith was facing the panes of glass upon which a low drumming of fingers had attracted her attention; frozen, she motioned to the shadow to go away; then, with lungs terribly oppressed, with her heart so compressed as to draw from her cries, she expressed her astonishment that the young girl had not gone with the children to the church.

"And who would have prepared these surprises for them, my good friend? Would you yourself have had the patience, if you had come sooner?"

"What is there left to do, now?" asked the widow. "To light the candles when the tumult of the band shall announce its arrival. . . . I will do it, if you wish; you go and say some prayers."

Marian looked at her. Why this exhortation all at once? Why, above all, did not Edith think rather of praying herself? And Arklow's widow, seeing what question the young girl was asking herself, said:

"Because, I, you see, do not feel the strength to move; I could not walk twenty steps at this moment, outside, in the cold, in the night which agitates me and which is peopled with phantoms!"

"And yet," said Treor's granddaughter, touched, "you wish that God might be interested in your lot, that he might be moved to pity over your heart-breaking miseries? Take my place here, I will run to pray for you at the church, where perhaps I should not have gone for myself, in view of the horrors which heaven authorizes."

Quickly, with a turn of her hand covering her head with a hood, reminding Edith a last time not to fail to light the tree for the return of the children, embracing her closely and offering her forehead like a loved and affectionate daughter, she left.

Immediately, coming out of an intensely dark corner, Newington introduced himself into the house, frightening the widow, who was anxiously awaiting him, and who, at the last, hoped that he would renounce his project, through fear or prudence, perhaps simply tired of waiting.

"You!" exclaimed she, hiding her eyes and tottering again.

He checked her and roughly asked:

"You have not spoken?"

"I have been a coward!"

"You will say nothing?"

"I shall continue to be an infamous wretch."

"Good! but no emotion," said he, taking off his cloak and throwing it over his arm, fixing in the holsters of his belt of gold silk the pistols whose emblazoned

hilts glittered in the light of the fire, and assuring himself that his sword moved freely in its scabbard.

"No emotion," he repeated, "it would betray us both, and consequently a third, him whose safety you have so much at heart."

The bells rang out gaily in a light peal, and in the clear atmosphere of the liquid night rose the songs of the children.

"It is the end of the mass, is it not?" said Newington.

"Yes," said Edith, in desperation and hurrying at the same time to light the wax-candles, as Marian had charged her.

"Well! Where shall I conceal myself?" appealed the Duke.

"Oh! Find a place for yourself!"

Now the folding doors of the church opened noisily, and the troop of the faithful vacated the temple and dispersed, grouping themselves in families, to regain their homes after good-nights and wishes for a New Year, better than its predecessors, the dawn of an era of liberty!

Most of them started towards Treor's dwelling, and Paddy Neil, with the children at full gallop, very soon burst into the house, just as Newington had concealed himself in a retreat in the wall, covered by a curtain.

The curtain still moved, visibly conforming to the body and legs of Newington, and every one would surely have remarked this peculiarity except for the marvellous attraction of the superb tree, gilded in its nimbus of dancing lights in which tiny tin household toys shone like silver, dolls' hair glistened, the tinsel of artificial jewelry blazed like diamonds, and the trimming on the rich dresses of marionettes sparkled dazzlingly.

And Paddy, taking down one by one all the splendors of this dream of paradise, read the names inscribed on the articles, selected in concert with Marian, who had now arrived, and distributed the gifts to the recipients amid a tumult of joyous hurrahs, clapping of hands, and frantic capers.

As he went on, commenting on the prize which fell to each, he won the approbation of the grown persons who came in, filling the too small house.

"Sheep," said he; "just what we are, only we are tired of being sheared. . . . A watch. . . . although it does not go, it will strike, all the same, the hour of our deliverance."

"A doll!" cried a radiant child, admiring the toilet of a puppet; and she added:

"As magnificently dressed as Lady Newington!"

"With more heart underneath and less coquetry," continued Paddy.

"Soldiers! soldiers!" exclaimed a boy, who was already ranging them in line on the edge of a table and taking aim at them.

To be continued.

THE POLITICAL THEOLOGY OF MAZZINI AND THE INTERNATIONAL.

BY MICHAEL BAKOUNINE,

MEMBER OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WORKING-PEOPLE.

Translated from the French by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 93.

"There is no antagonism between matter and mind: matter gives forms to thought, symbols to ideas, modes of communication between beings." Whence it would result that, if God were only pure mind, his thoughts would be eternally formless, indeterminate, void; if, on the contrary, God were mind and matter at the same time, absolute thought eternally lost and dispersed in the immensity of the material universe and eternally seeking to find itself again there, coming perceptibly, little by little, but never in a complete manner, to the consciousness of itself in the historic development of the collective consciousness of men, we should end in the purest Hegelian pantheism. But Hegel, at least, never speaks of God; he speaks of the Absolute; and no one, it must be said, has dealt this poor Absolute such rough blows as Hegel himself, for as fast as he built him up, he demolished him by his pitiless logic, so that, much more than Auguste Comte, he may be considered the real father of modern scientific atheism. Ludwig Feuerbach, the most sympathetic and the most humane of German thinkers, has been the real executor of his will, much more truly and much more effectively than poor Chaudey was for Proudhon, whom he served, not as executor of his will, but as the real digger of his grave. Would Mazzini be such a Pantheist as Hegel, or even as Spinoza? Doubtless not, since he always speaks of God as a personal being, having consciousness of himself outside of the world, outside of this poor matter which he is supposed to have created. This is the dilemma from which Mazzini, in spite of all the artifices of his language, cannot escape: either God is identical with matter, lost in matter, reaching consciousness of himself—and always in an excessively incomplete and relative manner—only in the consciousness of living and thinking beings in the universe, and then he is an impersonal God, never succeeding in lifting himself quite up to himself, and thinking and willing nothing of himself, for to think and to will one must first be a person; or he is a complete person, having outside of matter or of the world full consciousness of himself, and then he is absolutely separated from matter and the world, and the antagonism between matter and mind, fundamental principle of every consistent and serious theology, exists in all its force, forever irreconcilable, whatever Mazzini may say and do. It does not suffice to affirm or deny arbitrarily; it is necessary to prove. But Mazzini never descends to proofs; he affirms what is agreeable to him, and denies what is disagreeable to him. That is his whole philosophy. It is very convenient for him who writes, but not at all satisfactory or edifying to him who reads. It is the most absolute individualism applied to dialectics, transforming the latter into rhetoric. Moreover, in saying that "matter gives modes of communication between beings," Mazzini tacitly affirms that beings, not only the supreme Being, God, but imperfect beings, human souls, exist outside of matter, and that matter forms only a means of communication, a kind of bridge, between them, at the same time that it constitutes their prison.

"The body, decreed by God as a limit of the individual [that is, his prison] and as a means of transmission between his own life and the external world, is not the seat of evil and temptation. When the evil and temptation exist, they exist in the Me; the body is only an instrument serving for translation of good or evil into deeds, conforming to our free choice."

Here we have one of the most original peculiarities in Mazzini's theological system. He places the origin of evil, not in the body, not in the material world, as many, though not all, theological Christians have done; and Mazzini is wrong in reproaching Christianity with not having affirmed before him that the origin of evil is in the Me, the exclusively spiritual and immortal being, of man. Christianity had symbolized this same idea in the myth of Satan, an incorporeal being, who, nevertheless, was the first to rebel against God, tired of seeing and hearing from

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the crusing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

L'Etat, c'est l'Ennemi.

Dear Tucker:

Since the occasion when you so arbitrarily side-tracked me in the editorial columns of Liberty, certain notions of self-respect in connection with your attitude towards me have bid me pause whenever I attempted to state my present position, and wherein I feel that I have outgrown the partial methods by which you seek to deal with existing social mal-adjustments. I did send a communication to the "Truth Seeker," but Macdonald, though he had just published your communication, chose to even out-do your side-tracking method of discipline by dumping me out of his columns altogether. But, lest I should be suspected of sneaking out of the ranks through cowardice, policy, or some other unworthy consideration, I will waive my own personality in behalf of right thinking, and state my case as fully as space and the magnitude of the subject will permit.

Every subject dealing with radical reform has two main terms, — *viz.*, its basic philosophic statement, and its resultant protest. The basic statement, or affirmation, of our propaganda is the *Sovereignty of the Individual*, around which the whole science of Individualism is built, — conditioned by liberty and the cost principle.(1) Its protest is aimed at arbitrary force which ignores individual consent, and the label which you borrowed from Proudhon by which to designate it is "Anarchism."

Fully at one with Josiah Warren's grand affirmation, I was as fully at one with the righteousness of your protest, and, paying little regard as to whether you grabbed the beast of authority by the head or the tail, pulled off my coat and went in with you to haul him out of his hole. Whether this business was called Anarchy or not was to me, for the time being, of little account, being sure that it was righteous and telling business.

But few numbers of Liberty had appeared, when the esteemed personal friends whom I had induced to subscribe for it all had me by the collar with this one question: "Well, allowing that your protest is all right, what have you to substitute for the existing order?"

"Why," I replied, "the order contemplated grows out of the science of Individualism, the corner-stone of which is our basic philosophic affirmation."

"Oh yes, I see," replied a Judge of the United States Circuit Court; "then you and Tucker belong to an order of social scientists who put their protest ahead of their affirmation, and thus propose to move society tail-end-to. Where is your constructive side? Give us that, and the protest, which is simply its logical deduction, will take care of itself."

I replied to him and others that the paper was small and new, but that the constructive end would certainly be held up on a level with the protesting. So I set to work, and for a long time was bent upon making every article of mine bear upon our philosophy. I think a review of the first volume of Liberty will show that nearly every article explaining its philosophy and method was from my pen.(2)

But the temptation to fight and kick and scratch and bite, instead of educate and construct, was constantly after me. Many a resolve did I make to leave the fighting department to you, and attend strictly to the educational, but, alas! proved too weak, till finally a well-developed habit of personal sparring, countering, dropping to avoid punishment, etc., resulted in something akin to outright "slugging," when the proprietor of the ring put me outside the ropes, while Sister Kelly flung after me the taunt of compromise, and Brother Lloyd cried out: Is this a free fight?(3)

Now, friend Tucker, these not very enviable experiences were the result of one fatal mistake in the beginning of your

work, — and one which a truly scientific propagandist should never fall victim to. It is that you projected your propaganda from the *protest* rather than from the *basic affirmation* of Liberty. The affirmation is primary, the protest is secondary. Though the protest logically leads back to the affirmation, the process is always the unnatural one of walking backwards. If you develop your propaganda logically from step to step, as projected from your affirmation, the protests go along with it and are always fortified in the accompanying philosophical base of supplies. Meanwhile education and construction are the natural work in hand. But if you start out by deploying recklessly ahead with your protest, the process of walking backwards to your base of supplies is so unnatural, and the temptation to fight instead of construct so great, that you soon fight yourself so far away from your supplies that the objector naturally cries out on every side: "Well, what have you behind you, whither would you lead us, and what shall protect us when you get there?" You must therefore take every individual recruit back to your philosophical commissary department, where you do not take it with you.(4)

As to the term Anarchism, I have grown to be convinced that it is partial, vague, misleading, and not a comprehensive scientific complement of Individualism. If it means a protest against the existing political State, then I am of course an Anarchist. You say that it means more, and includes a protest against every invasion of individual right. But this is merely a convenient assumption, not warranted by its etymology, which is purely of political origin. Proudhon, from whom you borrowed it, used it only when speaking of political application of government. Most, Parsons, and Seymour base their protest against the existing political State on Communism, their model of social order. You base yours on voluntary co-operation of individual sovereigns, — *your* model. Now, if Anarchism is merely a protest against the existing State, then, as friend Morse truly says, you have no more right to say that they are not Anarchists than they have to say that you are not one. If you are all Anarchists, and become such from principles in direct antagonism to each other, then who is an Anarchist and who is not, and what reliability attaches to it as a scientific protest?(5)

Moreover, every man has the right to be understood. If you stretch the scope of Anarchy beyond the political sphere, then it plainly comes to mean *without guiding principle*, — the very opposite of what Individualism logically leads to. Anarchy means opposed to the *archos*, or political leader, because the motive principle of politics is force. If you take the *archos* out of politics, he becomes the very thing you want as an Individualist, since he is a leader by voluntary selection. It will not do, then, to stretch the scope of Anarchism beyond political government, else you defeat your own purpose. It must, therefore, stay within the boundaries of politics, and, staying there, is only a partial and quite unsatisfactory term to cover the whole protest which complements Individualism.(6)

When I am asked if I am an Anarchist, the person who asks it wants to know if I am the kind of person he thinks I am, — one believing in no guiding principle of social administration. In duty to myself I am obliged to say *no*. This is the eternal mischief which follows from defining one's self through his protest, rather than his affirmation. It is a position which everyone owes to himself to keep out of, where the protest is deduced from a philosophical system. All the Protestant sects define themselves by their affirmations and not by their protests, and so should all scientific systems of sociology. The protest is none the less strong — yea, far stronger — when carried along as a complement to the principles which create it, rather than as a main term, — the creature usurping the domain of its creator.(7)

As an Individualist, I find the political State a consequent rather than an antecedent. By making your protest your main term, the State must be made antecedent, which it is not. If you think the State the efficient cause of tyranny over individuals, I take it you are deluded in a most radical delusion, into which I could easily turn a flood of light, had I not already encroached too much on your space. The State is a variable quantity, — expanding just in proportion as previous surrenders of individual sovereignty give it material. The initial cause is, however, the surrendering individual, the State being only possible after the surrender. Hence the individual is the proper objective point of reform. As he is reformed, the State disappears of itself.(8)

This subject is so rich in thought that I could fill the whole edition of Liberty, and then not have said half that is still pertinent to what I have begun. Having already spent too much of my life in fighting and trying to pull things around by the tail rather than by the head and heart, I propose to spend the remainder of it in constructive educational work. Fighting with tongue and pen is simply a process of spiritual killing, differing from other killing only in method. While there is so much pressing constructive work to be done, I prefer to leave the fighting line of propaganda to those whose temperament and constitution make them better fighters than builders. So go on kicking up the Anarchistic dust at the tail end of the beast of despotism, but pardon me if, having been a reform tail-twister all my life, I am trying to get a little nearer the head and horns of the beast and finish up my work on that end.

Unnatural government inevitably follows unnatural condi-

tions, and mere scolding and kicking and protesting to all eternity will never change this stern law of nature by which she secures self-preservation. That diseased form of social administration known as the State belongs in nature to that diseased condition known as centralization, in place of localization. New York and other cities, the places where the State chiefly draws its material for rent, usury, and individual slavery in general, are ulcers on the face of this planet. Localize their populations over the soil, with individuals not only claiming, but *utilizing*, their right to the soil and other means of sovereignty, and nineteen-twentieths of the State in this country would cease to be. Yet thousands of miserable servile wretches in New York will go to labor meetings and shout, "The land belongs to the people!" while they can not be coaxed or whipped out of this stinking nest of usury and political corruption, though you should offer them plenty of good land for nothing. In fact, large tracts across the river in New Jersey can be had for next to nothing, the young men of those sections preferring to let their fathers' homes and lands rot and run to waste in order to crowd into New York with the rest of the vulgar herd, with future visions of duplicated Jay Goulds in mind. I say that, until we can get more manly and sober incentive into individuals, the New Yorks and Chicagos will press and stink themselves into such intolerable political corruption and general demoralization that the merciful torch alone can rid humanity of them. To cry Anarchy in such communities is futile, unless you cry it in its worse sense, and that is already well nigh realized.

Yet, friend Tucker, you have always treated with contempt my proposal to warn individuals to get out of these cities and colonize on the soil, under conditions that alone make voluntary government possible. You say great cities are blessings, and that the proper thing for these low-motived, noisy wretches who cry in labor meetings, "The land for the people!" is to stay right here and fight it out. You seem possessed with the unfortunate delusion that natural government is possible in this crowded hole, where even the rich sleep in brown-stone stalls, and the surroundings of great masses of the people are more than beastly. So long as industry, commerce, and domicile are centralized, the necessary conditions of individual sovereignty are physically impossible, while usury is invited, and the patched-up fraud which goes by the name of government becomes the necessary arrangement for holding the diseased conditions together, pending the inevitable day when fire and dynamite will come to remove these social ulcers, in order that the general body social may survive. I sincerely hope you will look into these matters more seriously, and insist on localization, the social expression of Individualism.(9)

The name Liberty, so artistically inscribed on your editorial shingle, expresses neither the affirmation nor the protest of our system, but is simply an auxiliary term between them. I think it unfortunate that your paper was not named "The Individualist," and I have in mind a name even nearer the centre than that. Had our propaganda been started on the centre from the first, we should probably have been far along in the constructive educational work, rather than come to whipping about in the tangle-brush of misunderstanding. But it is probably all for the best, and, whatever may be the mistakes of its pioneers, the new structure is bound by and by to take definite shape and avert the social suicide which the existing order is so rapidly precipitating.(10)

HENRY APPLETON.

The foregoing article has been in my hands some time, the pressure on these columns having compelled its postponement. To this delay of several weeks in publication, however, I am the more easily reconciled by the fact that its writer had himself affected its timeliness nearly as much as was possible, by a delay of several months in its preparation. The "arbitrary side-tracking" of which he complains, and out of which it grows, occurred last August, and, if his defensive protest seems at all stale in February, it should be remembered that it would not have charmed by its freshness in January. But principles never grow old, and, looked at in their light, Mr. Appleton's words are as wise or as foolish today as they ever were or ever will be.

Speaking exactly, all voluntary acts are arbitrary, inasmuch as they are performed in the exercise of will, and in that sense of course the "side-tracking" of Mr. Appleton was an arbitrary act. But in no objectionable sense was it arbitrary, in no sense was it despotic. Mr. Appleton having announced that the principal object for which he and I had so long editorially cooperated had become to him a secondary and comparatively trivial object, it should have been evident to him, as it was to me and to nearly everybody else, that our co-operation in future could not be what it had been. After such a declaration, my act became a matter of course. Instead of being despotic, it was almost perfunctory. He took the side track himself; I but officially registered his course.

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

I appreciate the spirit of condescension and self-abasement which has finally permitted Mr. Appleton to continue controversy with so unworthy an antagonist as myself and to place himself on a level with that inferior race of beings who write for Liberty non-editorially, and in this obliteration of self I feebly emulate him by consenting to let him fill these columns with his defence or explanation after he had ignored the invitation which I had extended him to do so long enough to ascertain that he could not procure its publication elsewhere.

After these preliminaries, I may proceed to consider Mr. Appleton's arguments, numbering the points as I deal with them, to avoid the necessity of repeating the statements criticised.

(1) I do not admit anything, except the existence of the individual, as a condition of his sovereignty. To say that the sovereignty of the individual is conditioned by Liberty is simply another way of saying that it is conditioned by itself. To condition it by the cost principle is equivalent to instituting the cost principle by authority,—an attempted fusion of Anarchism with State Socialism which I have always understood Mr. Appleton to rebel against.

(2) To bear out this statement Mr. Appleton would have to prove himself the author of nearly every article that appeared in the first volume of Liberty, whereas, as a general thing, he wrote but one article for each number. Nine-tenths of the editorial matter printed in Liberty has been written to explain its philosophy and method. It is true that Mr. Appleton has used the words philosophy and method oftener than any other writer, but mere repetition of the words is neither philosophical nor rationally methodical. I am far from saying here that Mr. Appleton's articles were not philosophical; I am only insisting that their philosophical character was not due to the use of the word philosophy, and that others which used the word less frequently or not at all were quite as philosophical as his.

(3) Whatever fighting Mr. Appleton has done in Liberty, he has done of his own motion. It has always been his privilege to use these columns as freely as he chose (within certain limits of space) for "constructive educational work" on the basis of individual sovereignty. He has written as he pleased on what subjects he pleased, with seldom even a suggestion from me. In any conflict with me he has always been the attacking party.

(4) It is true that the affirmation of individual sovereignty is logically precedent to protest against authority as such. But in practice they are inseparable. To protest against the invasion of individual sovereignty is necessarily to affirm individual sovereignty. The Anarchist always carries his base of supplies with him. He cannot fight away from it. The moment he does so he becomes an Archist. This protest contains all the affirmation that there is. As I have pointed out to Comrade Lloyd, Anarchy has no side that is affirmative in the sense of constructive. Neither as Anarchists nor—what is practically the same thing—as individual sovereigns have we any constructive work to do, though as progressive beings we have plenty of it. But, if we had perfect liberty, we might, if we chose, remain utterly inactive, and still be individual sovereigns. Mr. Appleton's unenviable experiences are due to no mistake of mine, but to his own folly in acknowledging the pertinence of the hackneyed cry for construction, which loses none of its nonsense on the lips of a Circuit Court Judge.

(5) I have asked friend Morse whether he ever made the statement here attributed to him, and he says that he never did. But I scarcely needed to ask him. He and I have not kept intellectual company these fifteen years to the end that he should so misunderstand me. He knows perfectly well that I base my assertion that the Chicago Communists are not Anarchists entirely on the ground that Anarchism means a protest against every form of invasion. (Whether this definition is etymologically correct I will show in the next paragraph.) Those who protest against the existing political State, with emphasis on the *existing*, are not Anarchists, but Archists. In objecting to a special form or method of invasion, they tacitly acknowledge the rightfulness of some other form or method of invasion.

Proudhon never fought any particular State; he fought the institution itself, as necessarily negative of individual sovereignty, whatever form it may take. His use of the word Anarchism shows that he considered it coextensive with individual sovereignty. If his applications of it were directed against political government, it was because he considered political government the only invader of individual sovereignty worth talking about, having no knowledge of Mr. Appleton's "comprehensive philosophy," which thinks it takes cognizance of a "vast mountain of government outside of the organized State." The reason why Most and Parsons are not Anarchists, while I am one, is because their Communism is another State, while my voluntary cooperation is not a State at all. It is a very easy matter to tell who is an Anarchist and who is not. One question will always readily decide it. Do you believe in any form of imposition upon the human will by force? If you do, you are not an Anarchist. If you do not, you are an Anarchist. What can any one ask more reliable, more scientific, than this?

(6) Anarchy does not mean simply opposed to the *archos*, or political leader. It means opposed to *archē*. Now, *archē*, in the first instance, means *beginning, origin*. From this it comes to mean a *first principle, an element*; then *first place, supreme power, sovereignty, dominion, command, authority*; and finally a *sovereignty, an empire, a realm, a magistracy, a governmental office*. Etymologically, then, the word anarchy may have several meanings, among them, as Mr. Appleton says, *without guiding principle*, and to this use of the word I have never objected, always striving, on the contrary, to interpret in accordance with their definition the thought of those who so use it. But the word Anarchy as a philosophical term and the word Anarchist as the name of a philosophical sect were first appropriated in the sense of opposition to dominion, to authority, and are so held by right of occupancy, which fact makes any other philosophical use of them improper and confusing. Therefore, as Mr. Appleton does not make the political sphere coextensive with dominion or authority, he cannot claim that Anarchy, when extended beyond the political sphere, necessarily comes to mean *without guiding principle*, for it may mean, and by appropriation does mean, *without dominion, without authority*. Consequently it is a term which completely and scientifically covers the individualistic protest.

(7) The misunderstandings of which Mr. Appleton has been a victim are not the result of his defining himself through his protest, for he would not have avoided them had he defined himself through his affirmation and called himself an Individualist. I could scarcely name a word that has been more abused, misunderstood, and misinterpreted than Individualism. Mr. Appleton makes so palpable a point against himself in instancing the Protestant sects that it is really laughable to see him try to use it against me. However it may be with the Protestant sects, the one great Protestant body itself was born of protest, suckled by protest, *named after protest*, and lived on protest until the days of its usefulness were over. If such instances proved anything, plenty of them might be cited against Mr. Appleton. For example, taking one of more recent date, I might pertinently inquire which contributed most to the freedom of the negro,—those who defined themselves through their affirmations as the Liberty Party or as Colonizationists, or those who defined themselves through their protests as the Anti-Slavery Society or as Abolitionists. Unquestionably the latter. And when human slavery in all its forms shall have disappeared, I fancy that the credit of the victory will be given quite as exclusively to the Anarchists, and that these latter-day Colonizationists, of whom Mr. Appleton has suddenly become so enamored, will be held as innocent of its overthrow as are their predecessors and namesakes of the overthrow of chattel slavery.

(8) It is to be regretted that Mr. Appleton took up so much space with other matters that he could not turn his "flood of light" into my "delusion" that the State is the efficient cause of tyranny over individuals; for the question whether this is a delusion or not is the very heart of the issue between us. He has asserted that there is a vast mountain of government outside of the organized State, and that our chief battle is with that;

I, on the contrary, have maintained that practically almost all the authority against which we have to contend is exercised by the State, and that, when we have abolished the State, the struggle for individual sovereignty will be well-nigh over. I have shown that Mr. Appleton, to maintain his position, must point out this vast mountain of government and tell us definitely what it is and how it acts, and this is what the readers of Liberty have been waiting to see him do. But he no more does it in his last article than in his first. And his only attempt to dispute my statement that the State is the *efficient* cause of tyranny over individuals is confined to two or three sentences which culminate in the conclusion that the *initial* cause is the surrendering individual. I have never denied it, and am charmed by the air of innocence with which this substitution of *initial* for *efficient* is effected. Of initial causes finite intelligence knows nothing; it can only know causes as more or less remote. But using the word *initial* in the sense of remotest, I am willing to admit, for the sake of the argument (though it is not a settled matter), that the *initial* cause was the surrendering individual. Mr. Appleton doubtless means voluntarily surrendering individual, for compulsory surrender would imply the prior existence of a power to exact it, or a primitive form of State. But the State, having come into existence through such voluntary surrender, becomes a positive, strong, growing, encroaching institution, which expands, not by further voluntary surrenders, but by exacting surrenders from its individual subjects, and which contracts only as they successfully rebel. That, at any rate, is what it is today, and hence it is the *efficient* cause of tyranny. The only sense, then, in which it is true that "the individual is the proper objective point of reform" is this,—that he must be penetrated with the Anarchistic idea and taught to rebel. But this is not what Mr. Appleton means. If it were, his criticism would not be pertinent, for I have never advocated any other method of abolishing the State. The logic of his position compels another interpretation of his words,—namely, that the State cannot disappear until the individual is perfected. In saying which, Mr. Appleton joins hands with those wise persons who admit that Anarchy will be practicable when the millennium arrives. It is an utter abandonment of Anarchistic Socialism. No doubt it is true that, if the individual could perfect himself while the barriers to his perfection are standing, the State would afterwards disappear. Perhaps, too, he could go to heaven, if he could lift himself by his boot-straps.

(9) If one must favor colonization, or localization, as Mr. Appleton calls it, as a result of looking "seriously" into these matters, then he must have been trifling with them for a long time. He has combated colonization in these columns more vigorously than ever I did or can, and not until comparatively lately did he write anything seeming to favor it. Even then he declared that he was not given over to the idea, and seemed only to be making a tentative venture into a region which he had not before explored. If he has since become a settler, it only indicates to my mind that he has not yet fathomed the real cause of the people's wretchedness. That cause is State interference with natural economic processes. The people are poor and robbed and enslaved, not because "industry, commerce, and domicile are centralized"—in fact, such centralization has, on the whole, greatly benefited them,—but because the control of the conditions under which industry, commerce, and domicile are exercised and enjoyed is centralized. The localization needed is not the localization of persons in space, but of powers in persons,—that is, the restriction of power to self and the abolition of power over others. Government makes itself felt alike in country and in city, capital has its usurious grip on the farm as surely as on the workshop, and the oppressions and exactions of neither government nor capital can be avoided by migration. *L'Etat, c'est l'ennemi*. The State is the enemy, and the best means of fighting it can only be found in communities already existing. If there were no other reason for opposing colonization, this in itself would be sufficient.

(10) I do not know what Mr. Appleton means when
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morning till night the myriads of slave angels, cherubs, seraphs, and archangels chant their eternal hallelujah to eternal haughtiness, to the divine egotist.

According to the Mazzinian as well as the Christian doctrine, Evil is the Satanic revolt of man against divine authority, a revolt in which we, on the contrary, see the fruitful germ of all human emancipations. As the Fratricelli of Bohemia in the fourteenth century, the revolutionary Socialists recognize each other today by these words: *In the name of him to whom wrong has been done, hail!* Only the Satan, the conquered but not pacified rebel, of today, is called the *Commune de Paris*. It is easy to see why all the Christian and Mazzinian theologians, their masters, the Pope and Mazzini, at their head, should have excommunicated the rising of the heroic Commune. This was at last the audacious realization of the Satanic myth, a revolt against God; and today as always the two opposing parties are ranged, the one under the standard of Satan or of liberty, the other under the divine banner of authority. What we call liberty, Mazzini calls egoism; what constitutes in our view the ideal sanction of all slavery, the prostration of man before God and before the authority of that *State-Church* which, if one is to believe Mazzini, is his permanent revelation on earth, he calls supreme virtue.

We also, we curse egoism; but egoism consists, in our opinion, not in the revolt of the human individual against God,—such revolt, we have said, is the supreme condition of all human emancipations, and consequently of every human virtue, because there can be no virtue where slavery prevails,—but in the revolt against that law of solidarity which is the natural and fundamental base of all human society; in that tendency, as well of individuals as of privileged classes, to isolate themselves in an ideal world, whether religious, or metaphysical, or political and social, apart from the mass of the people,—an isolation which has never any other aim, or any other real result, than the domination over the masses and their exploitation, as much for the profit of these individuals as of these classes. The law of solidarity being a natural law, no individual, however strong he may be, can escape it. No one can live *humanly* outside of human society: good or bad, afflicted with idiocy or endowed with the greatest genius, all that he has, all that he can do, all that he is, he owes to the collectivity, to it alone. Then it is impossible to separate himself from it; but he can, when this natural and unavoidable collectivity which we call society is so stupidly sheepish as to permit it,—he can oppress and exploit it to his exclusive profit and to the detriment of all; and the best means of doing it is to give to egoism the form of a religious thought and aspiration.

When the historic world, considered especially from the standpoint of the development of economic and social realities, always accompanied moreover by a parallel development of ideas,—when this world is ripe for the triumph, either of a class or of any people whatever, then God, who has always taken the part of the strongest, or who, according to a very graphic expression of Frederick the Great, is always on the side of the largest battalions,—the good God, rousing from his age-long sleep, and giving a signal contradiction to the morality which has been preached in his name in the past century, intervenes again in the human world and reveals a new law to some man of *genius crowded with virtue*. The new religion is propagated and founded, doubtless not to the profit of this man or of his first followers, who almost always become its victims, but to the profit of that new class which organizes a new exploitation in the shadow of this new thought, divinely inspired.

As for the revealers, the prophets, the Messiahs, they have the high compensation of contemplating and adoring their own *Me* in what they believe to be God; more than that, of imposing it, in the name of God, on the whole world. So Mazzini, who, in the name of this new religion of which he is the prophet, means to impose, on Italy first and then, by means of Italy duly educated,—that is, muzzled and emasculated,—on all other countries, a new political and social order,—Mazzini does not care in the least to question the needs, tendencies, and aspirations of Italy and of other countries, in order to conform thereto this new order; this order has been revealed to him from on high, by the very inspirations of his *Me* which contemplates itself through the false prism of divinity. From this ardent preaching he will naturally derive no profit for himself. His satisfaction, if he can triumph, will be wholly ideal and moral. But, however sublime and pure it may appear, this satisfaction will be no less the triumph of *supreme Egoism*,—that of having imposed on the world *his* thought. It is, I think, the manifestation of the most transcendent *Individualism*, not satanic, but divine. God, then, is the superb isolation of the *Me* adoring itself; it is easy to see that he must become the patron of the material *Me* imposing itself, dominating, oppressing, exploiting.

Satan is quite the contrary; he is not at all egoistical. The Biblical legend shows him to us, rebelling not only for himself, but for entire humanity; and he has really sacrificed himself, since, rather than renounce this principle of revolt which must emancipate the human world, he has allowed himself to be condemned to eternal torments, if we are to believe the Holy Scriptures. So does the Commune today, whose glorious representatives, men, women, and children, suffer themselves to be assassinated, shot, mitrailleured, transported, or tormented in infamous hulks, rather than deny the principle of deliverance and salvation. What does Mazzini wish, then? Is not this a sublime sacrifice? But Mazzini is unwilling to recognize this sacrifice. And why? Because it has not been imposed on them from on high as a duty commanded by God himself; because it was a spontaneous act, commanded or rather inspired, not by a metaphysical or abstract duty, but by a sublime passion, by the passion for liberty. And liberty, whatever Mazzini may say about it, and whatever all the idealists in the world may say with him about it,—they, naturally, comprehending nothing of this word, and, when the thing is presented to them, detesting it,—liberty, by its very nature, excludes egoism; it cannot be simply individual (such liberty is called privilege); the true, human liberty of a single individual implies the emancipation of all; because, thanks to the law of solidarity which is the natural basis of all human society, I cannot be, feel, and know myself really, completely free, if I am not surrounded by men as free as myself, and because the slavery of each is my slavery.

Here I touch one of the fundamental points of Mazzini's theological morality. We know that he has founded his whole theory on the exclusive idea of *Duty*. On the other hand, he bitterly reproaches the French Revolution for having founded its theory on the idea of *Rights*. He attributes to the latter theory, which he considers entirely false, the numerous failures of this revolution hitherto.

Here is his reasoning:

"Certainly, there exist rights; but where the rights of one individual are found in contradiction with the rights of another, how can we hope to reconcile them, to put them in harmony, without recurring to something superior to all rights? And where the rights of one or more individuals are in opposition with the rights of a country, to what tribunal will you have recourse? If the right to well-being, to the greatest possible well-being, belongs to all men, who shall decide the question between the laborer and his employer? If the right to existence is the first and the most inviolable right of every man, who can command the sacrifice of his own existence for the amelioration of the existence of another? Will you command it in the name of Country, of society, in the name of the multitude of your brothers?"

But what is Country from the standpoint of the theory of which I speak, if not the place where our individual rights are best assured? What is society, if not a convention of men mutually pledged to sustain by the force of many individuals the rights of each? And you, after having taught the individual for fifty years that society is constituted to assure him the exercise of his rights, will you now demand of him that he sacrifice all his rights to society, that he submit himself, in case of need, to all privations, to fatigues, to prison, and to exile for the amelioration of this society? After having preached in every way to men that the aim of life is well-being, will you, all at once, enjoin them to lose well-being and, if need be, life itself, to free the country from a foreign yoke, to obtain better conditions of existence for a class which is not theirs? After having spoken to them so long in the name of material interests, will you pretend that, when they see before them riches and power, they are not to extend the hand to seize it, even to the detriment of their brothers?

To be continued.

A Chicago Anarchist on Anarchy.

Dear Comrade Lum:

It occurs to me as if our Social Democratic friend M. has ceased corresponding with me on the subject of Anarchism vs. State Socialism. I hope I have not offended him. If you should cross his path, please tell him so. I wrote in my last letter to him that I understood the real issue to be: "centralism vs. decentralism," and that State Socialism and capitalism represented the one side of the question, and Anarchism the other. No doubt, thus placing our Social Democratic friend in the same line with the capitalists has offended him a little, for he is quite an energetic an enemy of the present order of things as I am or you are; but to speak the truth, isn't this really a fact? M.'s hobby-horse is his suggestion that "without State and law a general confusion would prevail and everybody would do as he pleases." The first part of this sentence is pure imagination, but, as to the last part, that's exactly what we want. We want a state of society where an individual "can do what he pleases." At the first glance this assertion sounds a little bold, but I insist upon its correctness. The advocates of the maintenance of the State, of centralistic society, in arguing the necessity of authority, look upon things through the spectacles of custom and prejudice; they think that men, or at least a number of men, are naturally evil disposed and born criminals, and I claim that this is not so. Examine the history of crime, and you will find that all crimes, all outrages upon society, can be traced back to the infamous *institution of private property*, to the enslavement of men by men,—in short, to the unjust organization of society. I defined M. to name a single exception. Men, as a rule, cannot be different from what the influences under which they live compel them to be; men are but the reflex of the circumstances which surround them. Civilized men, when free (certainly, I allude not to such "freedom" as we American "sovereigns" enjoy), —i. e., when their right to live is not encroached upon by others,—would have no earthly reason or desire to do wrong to their fellow-men, say just for amusement or pastime. Only persons with defective brains, maniacs, would do this under these circumstances, and society would know how to take care of such mentally sick people as well as it does of people with bodily diseases. If this, however, should be the case; if the human race cannot be ennobled; if the human being is below the standard of a wild beast,—then we should give up our struggle for the emancipation of mankind; then it would be better that Mother Nature should bring her forces into play and wipe such a damnable race from the face of the earth, without giving a second Noah a chance to escape; as was the case—so a legend tells us—at the time of the deluge. But, comrade Lum, I am not a pessimist; I know that the time is not very distant when humanity will give credit to its name, when the human family will live happily, when no member thereof will place obstacles in the way of free development of others, thus keeping them in subjection and misery.

What the Anarchists want to abolish is authority, the rule of men over men, —i. e., the State. Authority presupposes submission, and the outcome of this is tyranny. Tyranny is damnable under any circumstances, no matter whether it is exercised by one man or by a majority over a minority. If you, for instance, are robbed, it makes no difference to you whether the robbing party consists of one man or a thousand; the fact would remain that you are robbed, and you would feel it in one instance just as keenly as in the other. And so it is with the oppressed.

Now, friend Lum, just think of a Socialistic State! Such an hermaphrodite would necessitate, if not the same, then at least similar machinery to that used today. There would be, in the first place, the inevitable law-manufactories, legislative assemblies. As laws are most decidedly enacted to be enforced against somebody, and as this again necessitates individuals who act as executive spirits, we have again the pleasure to see the historical policeman as he lives and thrives. Sheriffs, judges, mayors, and other "servants of the people," without whom a State cannot exist, would also be in their glory again.

Any Social Democrat cannot possibly overlook the fact that a Socialistic State would divide society into two classes, as well as the State of today. Instead of the *bourgeoisie* and *proletariat* of the present State, the Socialistic State would consist of a distinct bureaucracy and the toiling masses. "But," say our Social Democratic sophists, "the main mission of the State is to control and regulate the production and consumption. You Anarchists want individualism, decentralization, to rule supreme, and this means that everybody should isolate himself, that a man should produce in isolation,—i. e., make his own shoes, clothing, frying-pan, sausages, night-cap, tooth-brush, furniture, etc., and build his own house." Nonsense! The Anarchists do not advocate such fiddle-faddle, but nevertheless this talk in opposition to Anarchism is stereotypical. Individualism means not that a man should hide himself, should avert the society of his fellow-men,—in short, isolate himself. It is a natural impulse in men to associate with their fellow-men. Indeed, a human being would be most unhappy had he not intercourse with other members of his race. Held the Anarchists such views, why, then they ought to be sent to some asylum as misanthropes.

Far from being isolated in an Anarchistic form of society, the individuals would associate into organizations for various purposes, and, first of all, for the purpose of production and consumption. A man would really be an idiot, would he produce single-handed, perhaps fourteen or sixteen hours a day, when, by cooperating with others, he can accomplish a better result in the fifth part of that time, perhaps two or three hours. Common sense would thus induce a man to coöperate with others, and voluntary cooperation with others for the attainment of a certain purpose does by no means exclude individualism.

It occurs to me that the eventual establishment of a Socialistic State would not end the social troubles, and that hostilities would break out anew, perhaps not immediately after the removal of the capitalistic State, but at least in future generations. The bureaucracy, the machinery of State, would try to maintain the State under any circumstances, just as the ruling class in the modern State does, even should a majority in time become opposed to centralized society, thus necessitating a second bloody struggle, a second revolution. Therefore: Hasten the downfall of the capitalistic State and proclaim individualism, i. e., *absolute personal liberty*.

But, comrade Lum, I remember just now that I am writing this letter to an Anarchist, whose views are quite identical with mine; I had imagined, in my ardor, that I was corresponding with our friend M. Yours fraternally,

ADOLPH FISCHER.

COOK COUNTY JAIL, CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 1, 1887.

Morality and Its Origin.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I am pleased to have to apologize to Tak Kak for misinterpreting him, and my pleasure is limited only by the smallness of the apology required. If his last note were such as to make me unqualifiedly withdraw what I asserted of him, my pleasure would be greater than his could possibly be. But this unqualified withdrawal I cannot make, and for two reasons. In the first place, the misinterpretation of his views was chiefly his own doing; and in the second, accepting his last note as a correct statement of them, I am compelled to continue to regard them as far from sound.

If Tak Kak had from the first expressed himself as in the two articles recently printed editorially, had he always appeared as the champion of "inalienable rights," the passage to which he takes exception would never have been written. But, on the contrary, his early articles, like Stirner's book, undertook to demonstrate that the idea of right is a foolish phantasy, or that there are no rights but *mine*,—that is to say, that there are no rights, only mights. An inalienable right, on the other hand, is one that exists in spite of physical force, in spite of statute law, in spite of contracts and conventions.

Tak Kak made a strong plea for exactitude in the use of words; and complained bitterly of the "Christian" terminology because of its vagueness, and because the terms as in their popular use carry with them certain implications difficult to get rid of, yet necessary to disavow. I was justified, then, I think, in assuming that Tak Kak would either introduce an entirely new terminology, or, when he substituted one old term for another, use the substitute in its popular sense. He did not do the first, and did the second to such an extent as but to make confusion worse confounded. The terms morality, truth, virtue, and right were discarded as superstitious, and in their places were put prudence, egoism, and the like. Now, I think a little consideration will show us that, faulty and misleading as the old terms may be, they are superior to the substitutes, that these latter are not throughout used in their popular sense, and that, were they so, they would be untenable.

Morals are, in the primitive sense, the manners and customs of a people, and hence, in the secondary, derivative sense, good manners and customs,—that is, such as tend to perpetuate the social life. Now, the manners that best serve towards perpetuating society cannot owe their effectiveness in any wise to their being the result either of statute law or of any arbitrary convention. They owe their power to their being in accord with the inherent laws of the social organism, and any departure from them must be regarded as a societary disease. Since the earliest times in the history of the race, human groups have been coming into conflict, or at least competition, with each other, and natural selection acting on them has, on the average, preserved those which best observed the societary laws,—those which at any given time were most moral. This selection, combined with the influence of heredity, has given us in each generation people less and less inclined to infringe on the rights of their neighbors, until, at last, we have, to a great extent, become what Spencer calls organically moral. (The process, in fact, had been going on for ages before the human race could be said to have an existence. As one writer has said, man became man when he first felt sorry for having done wrong.) Observe here that this result has been obtained by selection of groups, and also that reason has had little or nothing directly to do with it. Our forefathers were not solidary because they had calculated that it was to their advantage to be so, but those groups which acted solidarily were on that account selected for survival; and now, we, the result of this process of selection going on for ages, respect the rights of others, not because we calculate that it is to our benefit to do so, so as not to provoke retaliation, but because we suffer in sympathy with the pains of others, because our moral sense is hurt when injury is done them. It is this feeling that one should so act as not to injure others that Tak Kak attacks as superstitious, merely because most of those possessing it are unable to give any rational explanation of how they come to possess it, though from the nature of the case it is not to be expected that they should have the knowledge required. As a defender of instinct, however, he might have been willing to place the moral instinct on at least as high a plane as the others. From all that precedes it follows that Tak Kak's crusade, as long as actions produce results, can never succeed in making people unmoral,—to borrow Bagehot's term,—for that would be to assume that an action or its direct opposite can be performed indifferently; it could, at most, but make people immoral,—that is, anti-social,—which, natural selection being still at work, would ultimate in their making way for a better race.

Of course the popular judgment may be in error as to what is really moral; of course priests and others claiming to be the official guardians of morality have committed great outrages in its name; but our very protests against these outrages and errors are proofs of the existence of something just and true, of some standard to which human action ought to conform. Besides, were we to throw morality overboard for such reasons, liberty would have to go too.

Now as to egoism, which Tak Kak would substitute for morality. The word has two meanings, a broad scientific,

and a narrow popular one. Tak Kak has never said in which sense he used it. My judgment is that he has used it indiscriminately in both, and transferred statements proven true for one sense to the other, as if the two were exactly alike. If we regard, as we may legitimately do, all forces pushing us to action as pleasures,—relief from pain being classed as a pleasure,—and all those tending to make us abstain as pains,—deprivation of pleasure being counted a pain,—then it is evident that, however we may act, we act egoistically, since we only act because the pleasures exceed the pains. But note here that this law of human action, like the general law of action of which it is but a special form, that motion takes place along the line of least resistance, follows immediately from the definition, and that it is absolutely incapable of experimental demonstration. For the only proof that can be given that any action is pleasurable rather than painful is to show that it is performed; that is, we have to fall back upon the general principle that actions are performed because they are pleasurable, the very thing requiring demonstration. Taking egoism in this broad sense, however, there can be no objection to it. It in no way excludes altruistic motives as determining human actions,—altruism simply becomes one of the forms of egoism. But it is absurd, using the term in this broad sense, to talk of the *superiority* of egoism, for, in order that egoistic action should be superior, there must be some kind of action that is not egoistic. It is fair to assume, then, that, when Tak Kak writes of the superiority of egoism, he uses the word in its popular sense, and means that purely self-regarding actions are superior to other-regarding or altruistic ones. Now, if we regard social life as a benefit, —and that we do is self-evident,—this proposition is false; for though a wrong done is always followed by evil consequences, these consequences, in fact, being the proof of the wrong, yet the units constituting the social organism are so discrete in their character that the punishment of the wrongdoing may not fall on the wrong-doer,—nay, indeed, as is familiar to readers of Spencer, the ill effects may not reach the wrong-doer's class for generations. Such being the case, egoistic motives of the narrow kind can never be sufficient to restrain men from evil-doing. Some immediate sanction is required, and this sanction is found in the feeling of sympathy with the sufferings of others and the shock to the moral sense at the sight of wrong-doing. Of course these feelings of sympathy and indignation are, in the broad sense of the word, just as egoistic as is the desire to profit at the expense of another; but the real question is this: When such feelings and desires come into conflict, which ought to triumph? I admit that in any given case the stronger will do so, without any regard to its being the better; but it is in our power, when the conflict is not raging, so to cultivate either set of sentiments as to tend to give that set the preponderance in the next battle. To deny that we can do this is to deny that our conduct can be guided, and the issue between myself and Tak Kak is simply as to *how* it is to be guided. Perhaps it may make the subject a little clearer if for a moment we neglect our own actions and look at those of others. Are we not to condemn a man who, in the pursuit of his own pleasure, recklessly tramples on the rights of others, even though he may not injure ours? I think the general reply will be in the affirmative, and yet this condemnation is all that ethical writers mean when they speak of the social sanction of morality.

Though I believe Tak Kak has advanced in many ways beyond the founder of his school, Hobbes, yet I am compelled to look on the latter as the more logical. He believed that there is no natural morality; that there is no method of action which is in itself either right or wrong; that society, instead of being an organism obeying the laws of its own nature, is merely the result of an artificial convention, a "social contract"; and, consequently, he argued that force must be lodged with some person or persons to determine the nature of, and enforce this contract. That is, from the necessity of preserving social relations and the non-existence of natural morality he deduces despotism. Austin followed in the same track, declaring moral rules to be efficacious only as the commands of the sovereign, and the existence of a sovereign a necessity. Like Hobbes, he looked on anarchy as simply a temporary state in which the question of location of sovereignty is being fought out. On the other hand, the evolutionary school, which I strive to represent, and into which, some day, I hope to have the pleasure of welcoming Tak Kak, holds, and thinks itself able to demonstrate, that society is an organism; that consequently, like all other organisms, it must have special methods of functional activity; that neither statute law nor private contract can alter these methods except injuriously; that they can be changed beneficially only by growth; that, while, the organism being only of low type, its units are discrete enough to allow them to have special interests capable of being subserved at the expense of the general welfare, yet selection has made them of such a kind that self-seeking of that nature entails upon them a pain due to their sympathy with their fellows, and to conscience, or self-judgment in the name of the community, as Clifford defines it; and that, through the continued evolution of society and the development of such feelings, an *equilibrium mobile* must at last be reached, in which each individual will do of his own desire, through organic morality, just that which regard for the interests of his fellows would

make him do. Then we shall have reached that state which we all desire, that state in which the greatest happiness of all coincides with the good of all. This evolutionary theory of morals calls on no one for extreme self-sacrifice; it recognizes the utility, nay, the necessity, of egoism in the narrower sense; it acknowledges that a society based on pure altruism is just as impossible as one based on pure egoism; or, to put it differently, that, just as, in the one case, the individual would be reduced to misery by the destruction of society, so, in the other, society would be destroyed by the annihilation of the individual; and it simply asks, therefore, that a due balance be maintained between the egoistic and altruistic sentiments.

At first sight, the theory outlined above may seem inconsistent with that of Buckle, which teaches that all future advances in society are to be expected from the development and spread of intelligence; but the two are in substantial accord. For the effective morality of any individual is the product of his moral sentiments by his intelligence. If either factor be constant, the product will vary directly as the other. Now, Buckle's studies led him to the conclusion that the moral sentiments are already developed as far as it is possible for them to develop, while intelligence is capable of indefinite expansion. The improvement, nevertheless, remains a moral one, for, were the factor of moral sentiments to become zero, the product also would be zero. I think this a good opportunity to point out to one of my critics that men are not guided by their desires *and* their intelligence, but are guided to the satisfaction of their desires *by* their intelligence. The first statement is about as absurd as it would be to say that a locomotive is guided by steam pressure and an engineer.

Tak Kak quotes the lines beginning, "To thine own self be true," and makes of them a profession of faith. Aside from the fact that Stirner, with whom Tak Kak says he agrees, calls truth the last of the superstitions, I think it will be generally admitted that "Be true to yourself" has not the same significance as "Be selfish." The first is an appeal to one to be guided by certain motives as higher than others, and, in fact, the last line in the quotation distinctly alleges an altruistic motive for being true. Instead of being the cry of a "conscienceless criminal," it is a plea for being guided by the individual conscience.

To avoid misconception, I wish to state here that the passage in my review to which Tak Kak took exception formed no part of the main argument. Being but incidental, I did not think it necessary to develop my own views; I was concerned only to show that George's idea of means being of no consequence, was destructive and anti-social. It will be seen from the present writing that I do not regard the reasons then given by me as sufficient to prevent murder's being done when it could be done safely. The reasons there given amounted to no more than the direct reactive effect and the social sanction. I ought also to say, in reply to Tak Kak, that I did not charge either himself or George with directly justifying murder. I have no doubt that either of them would do what he could to prevent a murder's being committed. What I did say was that murder, whenever it could be safely and advantageously done, was the logical outcome of their arguments.

Motion, as Spencer has shown, is always of a rhythmic character, and, religion having been so closely associated in the popular mind with morality,—the religious sanction being for a long time the chief one,—it is but natural that, in the violent repulsion to religion caused by the discovery of the falsity of all the formal kinds, we should be torn loose from morality also. On the return swing, however, we pick up again the good we thoughtlessly allowed ourselves to lose. We may throw out the baby with the dirty water; but it is certain that, if we do, we will not allow it to stay out. To those who are interested in this subject, and who wish to see how a system of morality can be established without relying on any superstition, I would most earnestly recommend the study of Kingdon Clifford's lecture—"On The Scientific Basis of Morals." They can be had anywhere for, I think, fifteen cents, and, like all that Clifford wrote, are worthy of the most careful attention, even from those who find themselves unable to accept his conclusions.

JOHN F. KELLY.

HOBOKEN, JANUARY 29, 1887.

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Continued from page 5.

he calls Liberty an auxiliary term between the affirmation and the protest of our system, and I doubt if he knows himself. That it expresses practically the same idea as "The Individualist" and is a much better name for a paper I think most persons will agree. If "had our propaganda been started on the centre from the first, we should probably have been far along in constructive educational work," and if, assuming that we are not far along in it, it is still "probably all for the best," then it is probably all for the best that our propaganda was not started on the centre, assuming that it was not so started; and in that case what is all this fuss about? Optimists should never complain. T.

Mr. Franklin on Methods.

To the Editor of Liberty:

In my letter to Liberty, which appeared in your issue of January 22, I intended to make a simple statement of the general position of employers in regard to labor papers.

That my statement is correct I know from a number of events which have happened to myself and to others. But

when I said that the property-beasts fear for force rather than for theories, it did not necessarily follow that I would have Liberty advocating absolute force, for by frightening the beasts we would make it only more furious and violent, but would gain nothing. To say, however, that theories alone could make the beast harmless seems to me equally fallacious. You cannot abolish governments and monopolies by arguing principles with their representatives. Or do you really think that Grover Cleveland would give up his position if he read Lysander Spooner's letter to him? In my view, the only way to abolish the present system is resistance, passively if it is available, by force if it is necessary and advisable, but at any rate by not supporting it materially. I did not forsake my "first love," "Die Freiheit," because it advocates absolute force, and I did not bestow my affections upon Liberty because it absolutely condemns force; but I did so because "Die Freiheit" advocates Communism, which is inconsistent with the basic principles of Anarchism. In

regard to means and methods, Liberty thus far has said very little, so that it is very difficult for me to say definitely what they are and whether I agree or disagree with them. From its criticisms on the Walker-Harman case, however, Liberty seems to prefer to have the people do their business in full accordance with the laws, employing and paying the State,

but at the same time protesting against its interference, rather than to have them do their business in their own way, leaving the State alone, but, when prosecuted, simply claiming that they have violated no law. To such methods I am diametrically opposed, for I know that, as long as people will support the State materially, no matter how bitterly they may denounce it theoretically, they can lessen not a particle of it. But, on the other hand, let the people not support the State materially, and it must go down to zero before long. For, after all, it is the material, not the moral, support which keeps the State in existence.

M. FRANKLIN.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

P.S.—The last number of the "Workmen's Advocate" has just reached me with an article from an "infatuated" liar infatuatedly slandering Miss Kelly. Judging by the progress which the "Advocate" band has made in lying about and misrepresenting persons and affairs since the Avellings were in this city, I am inclined to believe that they, the Avellings, were right in demanding six hundred dollars for cigars, wines, corsage bouquets, etc., for their lessons by themselves were very effective, at least for the "Advocate" band. But we will probably have Miss Kelly here soon. For the really intelligent workingmen of this city are anxious to hear her again. Then "Infatuated" will have another opportunity to infatuate, and Mr. Busche, the editor of the "Advocate," will inquire once more: "What is liberty, and what is it good for anyway?"

[The tone of Mr. Franklin's previous letter led me to believe that it was written for my benefit, and, not seeing the application, I asked for an explanation. It appears now that it was not, but that in the matter of methods we substantially agree. My only object in spreading theories is to induce people to passively resist oppression. I do not think that theories alone can accomplish anything, nor do I expect Grover Cleveland to resign at Lysander Spooner's invitation. Mr. Franklin's statement that he would not have Liberty advocate absolute force disposes of my question about "Freiheit," but it may not be out of place to remind him that his forsaking of "Freiheit" on account of its Communism was equivalent to forsaking it on account of its advocacy of force, for the reason that Communism of the "Freiheit" sort, being, as Mr. Franklin states, "inconsistent with the basic principles of Anarchism," is dependent upon compulsion for its establishment and its maintenance. Mr. Franklin mis-

understands my position on the Walker-Harman matter. I simply said that, if the parties mentioned were not in a position to act Anarchistically, I could excuse them for compromising under protest and acknowledging their compromise, but that, if, in order to secure immunity, they should take steps whereby they would assume the marital obligations and suffer the marital disabilities imposed by the State, and then should deny that they had compromised, but should declare instead that they had acted Anarchistically and should appeal to Anarchists for support, I should criticise and oppose them. They took the latter course, and I kept my word. I am as much opposed to material support of the State as Mr. Franklin is, and I fancy that thus far it has been much less successful in obtaining my material support than in obtaining that of Mr. Walker and Mr. Franklin; but I do not find it necessary to get legally married in order to get an opportunity to decline paying taxes.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

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Liberty

* NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER *
PROUDHON

Vol. IV.—No. 17.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1887.

Whole No. 95.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

The Knights of Labor have bought a mansion in Philadelphia as permanent headquarters for their highly-salaried officials, which is so elegantly fitted out with Wilton carpets, stained-glass windows, mirror-lined walls, old gold satin hangings, plate-glass windows, solid marble wainscoting, etc., that John Swinton calls it "a palace for the rulers of the order." In the same issue of his paper that contained its description my eye fell also upon a letter on high life in Washington headed "The 'Splendid Extravagance' of Our Elected Servants."

Dr. Loretta M. Hammond of Kansas City, in an address delivered before the Socialistic Labor Party of that place, quoted the motto which stands at the head of Liberty's editorial columns, and attributed it to "Proudhon, the celebrated French jurist." If both were still alive, I don't know which would feel the greater horror, Proudhon, the jurist, at being held responsible for such a sentiment, or its real author, a much greater and more celebrated man, Proudhon, the Anarchist, at having his words identified with the State-Socialistic doctrines upheld by Dr. Hammond in her address.

Preacher Pentecost says: "If the despairing laborer kills somebody once in a while whom he thinks is standing in the way of his getting his rights, or turns Anarchist by and by, he is to blame and must be punished, of course, but this infernal system that is crushing him by inches is more to blame." Must be punished for turning Anarchist, eh? That is, he must be killed or imprisoned for believing and saying that the infernal system is infernal and has no right to exist, and the infernal system must inflict the punishment. Brother Pentecost seems to be a fool. Certainly he knows nothing at all about Anarchy.

"The true artist," says J. Wm. Lloyd in another column, "cares more for his art and his pleasure in it than for its ulterior object." This is the old, idealistic, reactionary doctrine of "art for art's sake," which has been combatted successfully by men as distinct in type as Ruskin, Proudhon, and Tchernychevsky. That the artist's first care, as well as every other man's, is his own pleasure I do not deny, but his superiority in his profession is directly proportional to the degree in which he is absorbed by the object of his art instead of by his technical power of execution. Literary expression is an art, and Mr. Lloyd is a literary artist, but I think he will find, if he will examine himself, that, in writing, his first thought and pleasure are not in the perfection of his sentences rhetorically, but in the truth of them,—that is, in their ultimate utility in achieving the objects dearest to him. And this is one of the principal reasons why he is so good an artist and writes so well.

Comrade Lloyd's song, "The Anarchists' March," printed elsewhere, will bear more than one reading; in fact, it cannot be appreciated in less than half a dozen. In consequence of the peculiar metre, the rhythm eludes one at first; but when this is once grasped and the reader gets into the swing, he is more and more struck by the strength and beauty of the

song. Mr. Lloyd wrote the words to fit the music of a Finnish war song. Of this music he says, in a letter to me: "It is full of bugle-notes and the steady roll of the drums, and to me is one of the grandest things I ever heard,—with just enough passion to be strongly stirring, and yet possessing, as its strongest characteristic, an inspiration of deep, steady, unconquerable enthusiasm, making it thoroughly typical of our glorious movement." I have heard the music, and find Mr. Lloyd's words no exaggeration; consequently, in accordance with a suggestion made by him, it is my intention to publish the music and English words together, in sheet form, within a month or two.

Old readers of Liberty who remember Comrade Michael Hickey's report a number of years ago in these columns of the birth of Anarchy in the County Kerry, Ireland, will learn from his letter in this number that the phenomenal agitation then so auspiciously begun has not gone back, but steadily forward. That two young couples in an Irish village should utterly ignore Church and State in the matter of their sexual relations, and live together without even the precaution of an "autonomistic marriage," and that in this course they should receive the countenance and support of a hundred young people of the neighborhood in defiance of the pulpit boycott ordered by the parish priest, reveals the almost magic power of the Anarchistic idea when once it has gained a serious foothold in the mind. One thing, however, I cannot understand,—namely, why a hundred young people sufficiently rid of superstition to be able to exercise so markedly a degree of independence of ecclesiasticism should all have been at church when the priest launched his anathema. Such people are not supposed to be regular in their devotional exercises. Did they have warning of what was coming and so attend church purposely to resent the priest's impertinence? Or is their presence to be accounted for otherwise? Will Comrade Hickey please explain?

A new paper has been started in England entitled "Jus: A Weekly Organ of Individualism." It represents the Liberty and Property Defence League,—an organization consisting principally of British noblemen and formed to resist overlegislation, maintain freedom of contract, and combat Socialism,—an organization, in short, which the State Socialists and the Communists dismiss with a sneer as *bourgeois*. *Bourgeois* or not, I find much in it that commands my warm approval. In fact, if it shall prove true to its principles, and if its propaganda is to be conducted on the strict line of liberty *without mental reservations*, all Anarchists must, I think, consider it a more valuable paper than any of the four principal Socialistic journals of England,—"Justice," "The Commonwealth," "The Anarchist," and "Freedom." My misgivings about it are mainly two. The first arises out of the character and station of its backers, so seldom does any good come out of the capitalistic Nazareth. The second relates to its position on the fundamental question of government. Like Spencer, it has little or nothing to say about the most disastrous invasive and restrictive features of government, such as the money and land monopolies, and, again like Spencer, it deals with government simply as invasive from the extent of its sphere and not as invasive in its constitution. In other words, it seems to claim that there are some things which must be done by the body politic, and that these things all people must be compelled to join in doing. Or, more briefly

still, it admits compulsory taxation, between which and State Socialism there is no logical stopping-place. These comments should be qualified by the statement that I have seen but one issue of the paper, No. 8, and that my criticism is founded more upon what is omitted than upon what is said. Perhaps it will be dissipated by more intimate acquaintance. At any rate, it is a pleasure to commend a journal so plucky in its tone, so free from sentimentalism, so ably written, and so well printed. It has twenty-four small pages, and can be had for a year by sending \$1.50 to "Editor of Jus, 4 Westminster Chambers, London, S. W., England." I advise every reader of Liberty to subscribe for it.

ANARCHISTS' MARCH.

TUNE: *Björneborgarnes Marsch* (Finnish War Song).

I.

THE ADVANCE.

Forward! sons of Liberty,
From polar snows, from tropic sands, from crowded streets, from
Nature's wilderness,—
March, O march to make men free,
And bear the joys of Freedom's sway o'er land and sea.
Back! back! cruel tyrant band—
The day has come, your night is done, and Freedom's joyous sun,
With mildness,
Shines for all in every land,
And Freedom's song, in pulsing waves, shall beat each strand.
Grand is the hope and aim that in us quivers;
Strong in its freshness like a wind from rivers.
Oh! Oh! Onward they with joy.
Let every heart with courage, strength, and pride beat high.
Wisdom by Justice man delivers;
Reason and Kindness plead, and noble hearts respond.
On, then! On! all who hate a slavish bond
Till white-clad Peace shall reign o'er Earth with olive wan!

II.

ADVANCE AND CONTEST.

Charge on! sons of Liberty;
For press and pen and poet's song, the teacher's speech and Nature's voices
Soon shall straighten every knee,
And Freedom's breath shall stir the leaves on every tree;
Come down! kings from every throne;
The end has come, your crimes are done, and knowledge, while the Earth rejoices,
Freeth all in every zone,
And tosin shall bind triumphs ring wher slaves now moan.
Grandly the music all the world is filling;
Stirring the pulses with its joyance thrilling.
Forward fearlessly, ye brave!
And haste the day when none shall bind and none enslave;
Grapz ye this time while hearts are willing;
Strike for the Jubilee and loosing-time of all;
Tired are men of wormwood and of gall,
Of tears, despair, and pain, and labors 'neath the thrall.

III.

VIGILANCE AFTER VICTORY.

Watch now for your Liberty!
Ye giant race, ye noblemen, ye free-born kings and Nature's bravest,
Sleep not, guard from treachery.
These sacred rights and dues ye won so manfully:
Ever, in the days gone by,
Did tyrants shrewd, by force and fraud and tempting bribe, win
What ye harvest?
If ye keep a sleepless eye,
A fearless heart, and ready hand them to defy—
Heroes, behold the Glory-rays adorning,
Flowers and dew-drops fair on Freedom's morning.
Proudly, gladly, pace ye on.
And taste the bliss and triumph grand your arms have won.
Wisdom on guard gives ceaseless warning,
Never again with fear must earnest hearts despond:
Lead on, ye brave, till there is no beyond,
And gentle Peace broods over Earth with yearnings fond.

J. Wm. Lloyd.

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THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART SECOND.
COST THE LIMIT OF PRICE:

A Scientific Measure of Honesty in Trade as One of the Fundamental Principles in the Solution of the Social Problem.

Continued from No. 94.

PREFACE.

The preface of a book is always the last thing written, and generally the last thing read. The author is safe, therefore, in assuming that he is addressing, in what he says in this part of his work, those who are already familiar with the book itself. Availing myself of this presumption, I have a few observations to make of a somewhat practical nature in relation to the effects upon the conduct of the individual which the acceptance of the principle herein indicated should appropriate have.

At the first blush it seems as if the Cost Principle presented the most stringent and inexorable law, binding upon the conscience, which was ever announced,—as if no man desiring to be honest could continue for a day in the ordinary intercourse of trade and pursuit of profit. The degree to which this impression will remain with different persons, upon a thorough understanding of the whole subject, will be different according to their organizations. There are powerful considerations, however, to deter any one from making a martyr of himself in a fruitless effort to act upon the true principle while living in the atmosphere, and surrounded by the conditions, of the old and false system.

In the first place, it is impossible, in the nature of things, to apply a principle, the essence of which is to regulate the terms of reciprocity, where no reciprocity exists. The Equitist who should attempt to act upon the Cost Principle in the midst of the prevailing system, and should sell his own products with scrupulous conscientiousness *at cost*, would be wholly unable to obtain the products of others *at cost* in return; and hence his conduct would not procure Equity. He would at most obtain the wretched gratification of cheating himself knowingly and continuously. There is not space in the few pages of a preface to enter into a fundamental statement of the ethical principles involved in the temporary continuance in relations of injustice forced upon us by those upon whom whatever of injustice we commit is inflicted. The question involved is the same as that of War and Peace. A nation desirous of being at peace with all mankind, and tendering such relations to the world, may, nevertheless, be forced into war by the wanton acts of unscrupulous neighbors. Notwithstanding the overstrained nicely of the sect called Friends, and of non-resistants in such behalf, the common sentiment of enlightened humanity is yet in favor of resistance against unprovoked aggression, while it is at the same time in favor of Universal Peace,—the entire cessation of all War. In like manner, the friends of Equity, the acceptors of the cost principle, do not in any case, so far as I am aware, purpose beggarly themselves, or abandoning any positions which give them the pecuniary advantage in the existing disharmonic relations of society, from any silly or overweening deference even for their own principles. They entertain rational and well-considered views in relation to the appropriate means of inaugurating the reign of Equity. They propose the organization of villages or settlements of persons who understand the principle, and desire to act upon it mutually. They will tender intercourse with "outsiders" upon the same terms; but, if the tender is not accepted, they will then treat with them upon their own terms, so far as it is necessary, or in their judgment best, to treat with them at all. They will hold Equity in one hand and "fight" in the other.—Equity for those who will accept Equity and reciprocate it, and the conflict of wits for those who force that issue. It is not their design to become either martyrs or dunces; martyrdom being, in their opinion, unnecessary, and the other alternative adverse to their tastes.

Still any view of the practical methods of working out the principle which may be hereinafter mentioned is of course binding upon no one. I state the spirit in which the principle is at present entertained, so far as I know, by those who have accepted it. Every individual must be left free, whether as an inhabitant of the world at large, or of an equitable village, to act under the dictates of his own conscience, his own views of expediency, his own sense of what he can afford to sacrifice in order to abide by the principle rather than sacrifice the principle instead; or, in fine, of whatever other regulating influence he is in the habit of submitting his conduct to. He must be left absolutely free, then, to commit every conceivable breach of the principle itself, since absolute freedom is another of the essential principles of harmonic society. He who has no freedom to do wrong can never, by any possibility, demonstrate the disposition to do right; besides, whether the absolute or theoretical right is always the practical or relative right, is at least a doubtful question, more so when each individual must be allowed to judge solely for himself,—*or of every other question of morals and personal conduct whatsoever, —assuming the Cost*. Hence, even in the act of infringing one of our circle of principles, the individual is vindicating another, —THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL,—and in the fact of his differing from another, from the majority, or from all others, in the moral character of his act, he is merely illustrating another of the same circle of principles,—namely, INDIVIDUALITY.

It is found to be the most puzzling of all things to those who commence to examine these principles, beset as they are by the fogs of old ideas, that a social reorganization should be proposed without any *social compact*, the necessity of which has been alike and universally conceded both by Conservatives and Reformers. An illustration may render the matter clear. We do not bring forward a System, a Plan, or a Constitution, to be voted on, adopted, or agreed to, by mankind at large, or by any set of men whatsoever. Nothing of the sort! We point out certain principles in the nature of things which relate to the order of human society; in conforming to which mankind will find their affairs harmonically adjusted, and in departing from which they will run into confusion. The knowledge of these principles is science. *It is the same with them as with the principles of Physiology.* We teach them as science. We do not ask that they shall be voted upon or applied under pledges. Man cannot make or unmake them. So far as he knows them, and cordially accepts them as truths, he will be disposed to realize them in act. The human mind has a natural appetency for truth. If there are obstacles in the way of their realization, those obstacles will differ with the circumstances of each individual, and the individual can alone judge of them. Those circumstances may change tomorrow, and then his capacity to act will change. His own appreciation of the subject may change likewise. There is individuality therefore in his own different states at different periods. The man must be bound by no pledges which imply even so much as that he will be himself the same, in any given respect, at any future moment of time. It is the evil of compacts that the compact becomes sacred and the individual profane,—that man is held to be made for the Sabbath and not the Sabbath for man.

Hereupon there is based the claim that these principles constitute in the appropriate and rigid sense the SCIENCE OF SOCIETY. It is the property of science that it does not say "By your leave." It exists whether you will or no. It requires neither compacts, constitutions, nor ballot-boxes. It is objectively true. It exists in principles and truths. If you understand and concur, well; if not, woe be unto you. The consequences will fall upon you and scourge you. Hence the government of consequences is itself scientific, which no man-made government is. Men have sought for ages to discover the science of government; and lo! here it is, that men cease totally to attempt to govern each other at all! that they learn to know the consequences of their own acts, and that they arrange their relations with each other upon such a basis of science that the disagreeable consequences shall be assumed by the agent himself.

THE COST PRINCIPLE

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY.—THE NATURE AND NECESSITY OF A SOCIAL SCIENCE.

1. The question of the proper, legitimate, and just reward of labor, and other kindred questions, are becoming confessedly of immense importance to the welfare of mankind. They demand radical, thorough, and scientific investigation. Political Economy, which has held its position for the last half century as one of the accredited sciences, is found in our day to have but a partial and imperfect application to matters really involved in the production and distribution of wealth. Its failure is in the fact that it treats wealth as if it were an abstract thing having interests of its own, apart from the well-being of the laborers who produce it. In other

words, human beings, their interests and happiness, are regarded by Political Economy in no other point of view than as mere instruments in the production or service of this abstract Wealth. It does not inquire in what manner and upon what principles the accumulation and dispensation of wealth *should* be conducted in order to eventuate in the greatest amount of human comfort and happiness, and the most complete development of the individual man and woman. It simply concerns itself with the manner in which, and the principles in accordance with which, men and women are now employed, in producing and exchanging wealth. It is as if the whole purposes, arrangements, and order of a vast palace were viewed as mere appendages to the kitchen, or contrivances for the convenience of the servants, instead of viewing both kitchen and servants as subordinate parts of the system of life, gayety, luxury, and happiness which should appropriately inhabit the edifice, according to the design of its projectors.

2. Hence Political Economy is beginning to fall into disrepute as a science (for want of a more extended scope and a *more humanitarian* purpose), and is liable even to lose credit for the good it has done. The questions with which it deals can no longer be regarded as an integral statement of the subject to which they relate. They are coming to be justly estimated as a part only of a broader field of scientific investigation which has but recently been entered upon; and as being incapable of a true solution apart from their legitimate connections with the whole system of the social affairs of mankind. The subject-matter of Political Economy will, therefore, be hereafter embraced in a more comprehensive Social Science, which will treat of all the interests of man growing out of their interrelations with each other.

3. A criticism somewhat similar to that here bestowed upon Political Economy is applicable to Ethics. It has been the function of writers and preachers upon Morals, hitherto, to inculcate the duty of submitting to the exigencies of false social relations. The Science of Society teaches, on the other hand, the rectification of those relations themselves. So long as men find themselves embarrassed by complicated connections of interest, so that the consequences of their acts inevitably devolve upon others, the highest virtue consists in mutual concessions and abnegation of selfhood. Hence the necessity for Ethics, in that stage of progress, to enforce the reluctant sacrifice, by stringent appeals to the conscience. The truest condition of society, however, is that in which each individual is enabled and constrained to assume, to the greatest extent possible, the *Cost* or disagreeable consequences of his own acts. That condition of society can only arise from a general disintegration of interests,—from rendering the interests of all as completely individual as their persons. The Science of Society teaches the means of that individualization of interests, coupled, however, with cooperation. Hence it graduates the individual, so to speak, out of the sphere of Ethics into that of Personality,—out of the sphere of duty or submission to the wants of others, into the sphere of integral development and freedom. Hence the Science of Society may be said to absorb the Science of Ethics as it does that of Political Economy, while it teaches far more exactly the limits of right by defining the true relations of men. (30, 37)

4. The Science of Society labors indeed under a serious embarrassment from the fact of its comprehensiveness. The changes which the realization of the principles it unfolds would bring about in the circumstances of society make it differ from matters of ordinary science, in the fact of its immediate and complicated effects upon what may be termed the vested interests of the community. It is difficult for men to regard that as purely a question of science which they foresee is a radical reform and revolution as well. Still there are few persons who do not recognize the fact that there is some subtle and undiscovered cause of manifold evils, lying hid down in the very foundations of our existing social fabric, and which it is extremely desirable should be eradicated by some means, however much they may differ with reference to the instrumentalities through which the amelioration is to be sought for. The demand for a thorough investigation of the subject, and a settlement upon true principles of the relations of labor and capital especially, has come up during the last few years with more prominence than ever before, both in Europe and America, and has given rise to the various forms of Socialism which are now agitating the whole world. The real significance and tendency of Socialism are stated in No. 1 of this series of publications, entitled, "The True Constitution of Government, in the Sovereignty of the Individual, as the Final Development of Protestantism, Democracy, and Socialism."

5. Indeed, the inquiry into social evils and remedies has not been generally viewed in the light of a science at all, and Reform of all sorts has become distasteful to many among the more intellectual portion of the community, for the reason that it has not hitherto assumed a more strictly scientific aspect. Neither querulous complaints of the present condition of things, nor brilliant picturings of the imagination, nor vague aspirations after change or perfection, satisfy those whose mental constitution demands definite and tangible propositions, and inevitable logical deductions from premises first admitted or established.

6. There is another portion of the community who object to the investigation of all social questions upon nearly opposite grounds. They assume that the moral and social regeneration of mankind is not the sphere of science, but exclusively that of religion,—that the only admissible method of societary advancement is by the infusion of the religious sentiment into the hearts of men, and the rectification thereby of the affections of the individual, and through individuals of mankind at large.

7. If this proposition be reduced to this statement,—that, if the spirit of every individual in a community is right, the *spirit* of that community, as an aggregate, must be right likewise,—the assertion is a simple truism; but society demands a form as well as a substance, a body no less than a soul; and if that form or body be not a true outgrowth and exponent of the spirit dwelling within, it is affirming too much to say that such a society is rightly constituted. It is the province of science or the intellect to provide the form in which any desire is to be actualized. What Substance is to Form, the Love or Desire is to the intellectual conception of the modes of its realization. Religion deals with the heart or affections; in other words, with the love or desire, which makes up the substance or inherent constituent quality of actions. Science which is born of Wisdom deals with the Forms of action, and teaches that such and such only accord with a given Desire and will eventuate in its realization. The development of the Love or Desire is first in order and first in rank; that of the corresponding Wisdom is nevertheless equally indispensable to the completeness of all that is good and true, in every department of rational being.

8. To illustrate, let us suppose a nation overrun by foreign armies, and its very existence as an independent people threatened, while merely a feeble, heartless, and unorganized resistance is offered. A few patriotic and wise men assemble to consult upon the prospects and the necessities of their country. Immediately a dissension divides them in regard to the cause of their repeated failures to arrest the progress of the enemy. One party asserts that it is a want of military skill, that their country is entirely destitute of the knowledge of tactics and castration, which, if understood, would be amply sufficient to enable them to display their whole strength, and to make the most desperate and successful defence. The other party assumes opposite ground. They affirm that the fault is want of patriotism

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among the people. They cite abundant instances to prove that the inhabitants care very little by whom they are governed; that they are, in fine, destitute of that spirit of devotion which is the essence or substance of warlike prowess. Thus divided in views, and jealous upon either side, they waste their time and grow mutually embittered toward each other. At length, after tedious discussions and a long series of acrimonious recriminations, they arrive at the solution in the fact that both parties are right. The people are both destitute of patriotic devotion and of military science. Which, then, is the first want, in order, to be supplied? Clearly the former. Still both are equally essential to the organization of a complete defence. Having acceded in this view, they first disperse themselves as missionaries over the whole country, preaching patriotism. By exciting appeals they arouse the dormant affections of the people for their fatherland, and alarm them for the safety of their wives and little ones. Their efforts are crowned with success. They witness the rising spirit of indignation against the invaders, and of martial heroism on all hands. It spreads from heart to heart, and throbs in the bosoms of the men, and even of the women and children. At this point a new evil displays itself. Fathers, husbands, and sons desert their ripening crops and their unprotected families, and rush together, a tumultuous, unarmed mob, clamorous for war. Confusion and distress succeed to apathy. The danger is increased rather than lessened. Famine and pestilence threaten now to be added to the fury of conquerors incensed by irritating demonstrations of a resistance powerless for defence. Then arises the demand for military science. At this point it is the part of the wise men who control the destinies of the people to abandon their missionary labor and assume the character of commanders and military engineers. Preaching is no longer in order. The man who from over-zeal persists in inflaming the minds of the populace, however well-intentioned, may prove the most deadly enemy of his country. Organization, the forming of companies, the drilling of squads, and the construction of forts are now in demand. Desire, the substance, subsists, demanding of Science the true Form of its manifestation.

9. What Patriotism is to the Science of War for the purpose of defence, the religious sentiment of Love is to the true Science of Society. The hearty recognition of human brotherhood, and the aspiration after true relations with God and man, are, at this day, widely diffused in the ranks of society. Christianity has produced its fruit in the development of right affection far beyond what the religious teachers among us are themselves disposed to credit it for. The demand is not now for more eloquence, and touching appeals, and fervent prayers to swell the heart to bursting with painful sympathies for suffering humanity. The time has come when preaching must give way to action, aspiration to realization, and amiable but fruitless sympathetic affections to fundamental investigation and scientific methods. The true preachers of the next age will be the scientific discoverers and the practical organizers of true social relations among men. The religious objection to Social Science is unphilosophical and suicidal.

10. There is another form in which this objection is sometimes urged by those who claim to understand somewhat the philosophy of progress. They affirm that, if the disposition to do right exist in the Individual or in the community, that disposition will inevitably conduct to the knowledge of the right way; in other words, that Wisdom is a necessary outgrowth of Love; and hence they deduce the conclusion that we need not concern ourselves in the least about discovering the laws of a true social order. The premise of this statement is true, while the conclusion is false. Taken together, it is as if one should assert that the sense of hunger naturally impels men to find the means of subsistence, and hence that no man need trouble himself about food. Let him sit down, quietly relying upon the potency of mere hunger to provide the means of the gratification of his appetite.

11. The very fact of the Socialist agitation of our day, and the continued repetitions in every quarter of the attempt to work out the problem of universal justice and harmony, are the very outgrowth in question of the indwelling desire for truer social relations, and never could have arisen but for the previous existence of that desire. The religionist who denies or ignores this inevitable *sequitur* from the spirit of his own teachings, is like the insane head that first *wills* and then disowns the hand that *performs*.

To be continued.

THE POLITICAL THEOLOGY OF MAZZINI AND THE INTERNATIONAL.

By MICHAEL BAKOUNINE.

MEMBER OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WORKING-PEOPLE.

Translated from the French by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 94.

"And who can, even in a society founded on more just bases than the present society,—who can convince a man educated only in the theory of rights that he ought to keep in the common path and occupy himself with the development of the social design? Suppose he revolts; suppose that, feeling himself the stronger, he says to you: 'My tendencies, my faculties, call me elsewhere; I have the sacred, inviolable right of developing them, and I place myself at war with all.' What answer can you give him from the point of view of his own doctrine (that of rights)? What right have you, even being the majority, to impose on him obedience to laws which do not accord with his desires, with his individual aspirations? What right have you to punish him when he violates them? Rights are equal for all individuals: the social community cannot create a single one. Society has more power, but no more rights, than the individual. How, then, will you prove to the individual that he ought to blend his will with the will of his brothers in Country and in Humanity? By the executioner? By the prison? So have done all societies which have ever existed. But this is war, and we wish peace; this is tyrannical repression, and we wish education.

"Education, we have said; and this is the grand word which includes our whole doctrine. The vital question of our century is a question of education. It is not a question of establishing a new order of things by violence; an order of things established by violence is always tyrannical, even when it is better than what it replaces; it is a question of overturning by force the brutal force which today opposes every attempt at amelioration, and then of proposing to the consent of the nation thus made free to express its will [a fiction!] the order which appears the best [to whom does it appear so? to Mazzini and to his disciples.], and finally of educating men of all kinds [the unfortunate! and to that they may become developed and act in conformity with this order.

"With the theory of rights we can revolt and overturn obstacles [this is something and even much], but not establish, in a strong and durable manner, the harmony of all the elements which compose a Nation. With the theory of happiness, comfort being assigned as the principal aim of life, we shall make egoistical men, worshippers of matter, who will bring the old passions into the new order, and cor-

rupt it in a few months. We must, then, find a doctrine superior to the theory of rights, which guides men towards good, which teaches them constancy in sacrifice, which attaches them to their brothers without rendering them independent either of the idea of a single man or of the force of all. This principle is that of Duty. It is necessary to convince men that, children of one God, they ought to execute here below, on this earth, one and the same Law; that each of them ought to live, not for himself, but for others; that the aim of his life is not to be more or less happy, but to make himself better by making all the others better; that to combat injustice and error for the good of his brothers is not only a right, but a duty. [It is precisely this duty which I am fulfilling now with reference to Mazzini.]

"Italian laborers, my brothers! Understand me rightly. When I say that knowledge of their rights is not sufficient for men in order to accomplish an important and durable amelioration, I do not ask you to renounce these rights; I only say that they are but consequences of duties fulfilled, and that we must commence with the duties to arrive at the rights; and when I say that, in assigning happiness, well-being, material interests, as the aim of life, we run the risk of making egoists, I do not mean that you ought not to think of them; I say that material interests, sought alone, and considered not as means only, but as end, always lead to this deplorable result. . . . Material ameliorations are essential, and we will fight to obtain them; but not because it is of sole consequence to man that he will be fed and lodged, but because the consciousness of your dignity and your moral development will be impossible so long as your permanent duel against misery shall continue. You work ten and twelve hours a day [either Mazzini is very badly informed, or it does not enter into the economy of his propaganda to appear to know that the greater part of the Italian proletariat work from fourteen to fifteen hours a day]: how can you find time to educate yourselves? [To let yourselves be educated. Mazzini always speaks of moral education, never of mental instruction and development, which he despises, and which, like all theologians, he must dread.] The most fortunate among you earn hardly enough to support their families. How could they find the means to educate themselves?" etc., etc. All that follows proves that Mazzini knows perfectly well the miserable situation of the Italian laborers; he even finishes by saying to them:

"Society treats you without a shadow of sympathy: where could you learn to sympathize with society? You need, then, a change in your material conditions to make it possible for you to develop morally; you need to work less to be able to devote a few hours of your day to the progress of your soul [Mazzini will never say to the development of your mind through science]; you need such reward for your work as will enable you to accumulate savings [in order to become individually rich,—that is, to become in your turn *bourgeois* exploiters of the labor of others. The economic thought of this poor great theologian, Mazzini, goes no farther; he would like all laborers to become *bourgeois*, rich and isolated individuals; and he does not comprehend that individual fortunes, even the greatest, are consumed and melt away very quickly when they do not find the means of reproducing themselves, and even of increasing, by the exploitation of the labor of others. Individual riches, hereditary property, constitute precisely the *bourgeoisie*, and preserve and develop themselves only by the exploitation of the misery of the proletariat. To wish that all proletarians should become *bourgeois* is to wish that the *bourgeoisie* should find no longer at their disposal workingmen forced by hunger to sell them at the lowest possible price that collective work which fertilizes their capital and their property; it is to wish that all the *bourgeois* should be alike ruined in very short time; and then what would ensue? All being equally poor, each remaining isolated in misery and reduced to working for himself, entire society would be ruined, because isolated work is hardly sufficient to nourish a savage tribe. Only collective work creates civilization and riches. This truth once comprehended and admitted,—and he must be a great barbarian in social economy who does not admit it,—there remain only two possible forms of property or of exploitation of social wealth: the present *bourgeois* form,—that is, the exploitation of this wealth, the product of collective labor, or rather the exploitation of collective labor, by privileged individuals, which is the only true sense of that *individual and hereditary property* which the generous and popular General Garibaldi takes the attitude of defending today; or the new form, which we sustain against the *bourgeoisie* and against General Garibaldi himself, because it is the sole and supreme condition of the real emancipation of the proletariat, of all the world,—the *collective ownership* of the wealth produced by *collective labor*.* But I restore the floor to Mazzini:]

"You need a reward which will tranquillize your soul in regard to the future and which will give you the possibility of purifying it, above all, of every sentiment of reaction, of every impulse of vengeance, of every thought of injustice towards those who have been unjust towards you. You should, then, seek this change, and you will obtain it [if they obtain it, it will be only by their own efforts, by the use of their own organized force, and not by the aid of a few dozen Mazzinians, who will be able to do nothing but paralyze or mislead their efforts]; but you should seek it as means, not as end; you should seek it from a sentiment of Duty, not alone as a Right; you should seek it to make yourselves better, not alone to make yourselves materially happy. . . .

"To make yourselves better,—that is what should constitute the aim of your life. You cannot even make yourselves, in any constant and secure way, less unhappy except by making yourselves better. Tyrants would rise by thousands among you, if you fought only in the name of material interests, or of some social organization or other. It matters little that you change organizations, if you yourselves remain infected with the passions and egoism which reign today: organizations are like certain plants which sometimes are poisonous, sometimes remedial, according to the operations of the one who administers them. Good men make all bad organizations good, and bad men make good ones bad."

I stop here to establish the profound and completely theological ignorance of Mazzini in everything relating to the social nature of man. Moreover, this ignorance is entirely natural and even necessary. As a theologian, Mazzini must think, and he really does think, that all morality descends on human society from on high, by the revelation of a divine law; whence it follows that society has no inherent or imminent morality,—that is, that, considered apart from this divine revelation, it presents absolute immobility, a mechanical aggregation of human beings without any bond of solidarity between them, for Mazzini ignores and repels as blasphemy natural solidarity,—an unorganized mass of egoists. The moralization of this unhappy human society depends then, according to Mazzini, on the religious and moral amelioration of the individuals of which it is composed, independently of all

Continued on page 6.

* Bakounine here, as in some other places in his writings, slips into the hands of the Communists, and becomes to that extent an authoritarian. Collective labor is nothing but labor in which two or more individuals cooperate, dividing their tasks, and there is no reason in equity or in anything else why their joint product (or a monetary value equivalent to it) should not be apportioned among them in the ratio of their respective contributions to the common task. Such will be the case when the various elements that now enter into the price which the laborer has to pay for products shall be eliminated by perfect liberty in banking and exchange, thus avoiding the necessity of attempting to eliminate them by collective ownership at the expense of liberty.—*Publisher's note.*

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel!" — PROUDHOM.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Pinney Struggling with Procrustes.

It is the habit of the wild Westerner, whenever he cannot answer a Bostonian's arguments, to string long words into long sentences in mockery of certain fancied peculiarities of the Boston mind. Editor Pinney of the Winsted "Press" is not exactly a wild Westerner, but he lives just far enough beyond the confines of Massachusetts to enable him to resort to this device in order to obscure the otherwise obvious necessity of meeting me on reason's ground. His last reply to me fruitlessly fills two-thirds of one of his long columns with the sort of buncombe referred to, whereas that amount of space, duly applied to solid argument, might have sufficed to show one of us in error. Whatever the characteristics of Boston intellect, generically speaking, in the particular Bostonian with whom he is now confronted Mr. Pinney would see, were he a student of human nature, an extremely hard-headed individual, about whose mind there is nothing celestial or supermundane or aesthetic or aberrant, and whose only dialectics consists in searching faithfully for the fundamental weakness of his adversary's position and striking at it with swift precision, or else, finding none such, in acknowledging defeat. But human nature—at least, Boston human nature—being a puzzle to Mr. Pinney, he mistakes me for a quibbler, a disputatious advocate, and a lover of logomachy. Let us see, then, by whom logomachy was first employed in this discussion.

In an unguarded moment of righteous impatience with the folly of the prohibitionists Mr. Pinney had given utterance to some very extreme and Anarchistic doctrine. I applauded him, and ventured to call his attention to one or two forms of prohibition other than that of the liquor traffic, equally repugnant to his theory of liberty and yet championed by him. One of these was the tariff. He answered me that "there is no analogy between prohibition and the tariff; the tariff prohibits no man from indulging his desire to trade where he pleases." Right here logomachy made its first appearance, over the word "prohibit." I had cited two forms of State interference with trade, each of which in practice either annoys it or hampers it or effectively prevents it, according to circumstances. This analogy in substantial results presented a difficulty, which Mr. Pinney tried to overcome by beginning a dispute over the meaning of the word "prohibit"—a matter of only formal moment so far as the present discussion is concerned. He declared that the tariff is not like the prohibitory liquor law, inasmuch as it prohibits nobody from trading where he pleases. A purely nominal distinction, if even that; consequently Mr. Pinney, in passing it off as a real one, was guilty of quibbling.

But I met Mr. Pinney on his own ground, allowing that, speaking exactly, the tariff does not prohibit, but adding, on the other hand, that neither does the so-

called prohibitory liquor law; that both simply impose penalties on traders, in the one case as a condition, in the other as a consequence, of carrying on their trades. Hence my analogy still stood, and I expected it to be grappled with. But no. Mr. Pinney, in the very breath that he protests against quibbling, insists on his quibble by asking if prison discipline is, then, so lax that convicted liquor sellers can carry on their business within the walls, and by supposing that I would still think prohibition did not prohibit, if the extreme penalty for liquor selling were decapitation. I do not dispute the fact that a man cannot carry on the liquor business as long as he is in prison, nor can Mr. Pinney dispute the fact that a man cannot sell certain foreign goods in this country as long as he cannot raise the money to pay the tariff; and while I am confident that decapitation, if rigorously enforced, would stop the liquor traffic, I am no less sure that the effect on foreign traffic would be equally disastrous were decapitation to be enforced as a tax upon importers. On Mr. Pinney's theory the prohibitory liquor laws could be made non-prohibitory simply by changing the penalties from imprisonments to fines. The absurdity of this is evident.

But, if I were to grant that Mr. Pinney's quibble shows that there is no analogy between a prohibitory liquor law and a revenue tariff (which I do not grant, but deny), it would still remain for him to show that there is no analogy between a prohibitory liquor law and such a tariff as he favors,—one so high as to be absolutely prohibitory and yield no revenue at all,—or else admit his inconsistency in opposing the former and not the latter. He has not attempted to meet this point, even with a quibble.

One other point, however, he does try to meet. To my statement that his position on the abstract question of liberty involves logically opposition to government in all its functions he makes this answer:

Between puritan meddling with a man's domestic affairs, and necessary government regulation of matters which the individual is incompetent to direct, yet which must be directed in order to secure to the individual his rightful liberty, there is a distance sufficiently large to give full play to our limited faculties.

But who is to judge what government regulation is "necessary" and decide what matters "the individual is incompetent to direct"? The majority? But the majority are just as likely to decide that prohibition is necessary and that the individual is incompetent to direct his appetite as that a tariff is necessary and that the individual is incompetent to make his own contracts. Mr. Pinney, then, must submit to the will of the majority. His original declaration, however, was that despotism was despotism, whether exercised by a monarch or a majority. This drives him back upon liberty in all things. For just as he would object to the reign of a monarch disposed to administer affairs rationally and equitably simply because he was a monarch, so he must object to the reign of a majority, even though its administration were his ideal, simply because it is a majority. Mr. Pinney is trying to serve both liberty and authority, and is making himself ridiculous in the attempt. T.

Samples of Georgism.

Henry George says in his paper that the bill making it unlawful for a congressman to be a railroad attorney "ought to be passed, and public opinion should demand the passage of a similar bill in every State legislature." In the same issue of the "Standard" Mr. George shows that the saviors of society, to which class the lawyers belong, have no respect at all for the law. He tells us that a lot of club men attended a cock fight in a Fifth Avenue mansion, in defiance of law; that the congressmen rushed through a cable railway bill for the benefit of a pool in which they are interested, although the law says a congressman shall not vote on matters in which he is financially interested; that the national banks are suspected of loaning money illegally; that New Jersey legislators are resorting to revolutionary tactics; and that, "when a big office is in view, the respect of the political saviors of society for law and order loses all restraining power." Mr. George also says of a bill in the New York legislature prohibiting combinations

to increase the price of food products: "Similar laws already exist, and no addition to their number can do any good so long as any political party remains in power that looks to the money of the wealthy men and corporations for its hope of success."

It is evident that Mr. George knows that men cannot be made honest by law, and that the law-making class is the first to ignore statutory prohibitions and commands when it can find pleasure or profit in so doing. Then why does he say the railroad attorney bill ought to be passed? The railroad attorneys would find a way to evade such a law, and he knows it. He knows, too, that it doesn't make any difference what political party is in power. Mr. George is not consistent, and I doubt if he has any desire to see the defects in his political theories, or to acknowledge any truth that his followers would not relish. He would rather be Henry George than be right. K.

Going to Pieces on the Rocks.

Some of Henry George's correspondents have been pestering him a good deal lately with embarrassing questions as to what will become, under his system, of the home of a man who has built a house upon a bit of land which afterwards so rises in value that he can not afford to pay the taxes on it. Unable to deny that such a man would be as summarily evicted by the government-landlord as is the Irish farmer in arrears by the individual landlord, and yet afraid to squarely admit it, Mr. George has twisted and turned and dodged, attempting to shield himself by all sorts of irrelevant considerations, until at last he is reduced to asking in rejoinder if this argument has not "a great deal of the flavor of the Georgia deacon's denunciation of abolitionists because they wanted to deprive the widow Smith of her solitary 'nigger,' her only means of support." That is, Mr. George virtually asserts that the claim to own a human being is no more indefensible than the claim of the laborer to own the house he has built and to the unencumbered and indefinite use of whatever site he may have selected for it without dispossessing another. The editor of the "Standard" must have been reduced to sore straits when he resorted to this argument. With all his shuffling, he has not yet escaped, and never can escape, the fact that, if government were to confiscate land values, any man would be liable to be turned out of doors, perhaps with compensation, perhaps without it, and thus deprived, maybe, of his dearest joy and subjected to irreparable loss, just because other men had settled in his vicinity or decided to run a railroad within two minutes' walk of his door. This in itself is enough to damn Mr. George's project. That boasted craft, Land Nationalization, is floundering among the rocks, and the rock of individual liberty and the inalienable homestead has just made an enormous hole in its unseaworthy bottom which will admit all the water necessary to sink it. T.

Keep in the Swim.

One of the most important rules of life which Anarchists can put before themselves is, Keep away from one another. Although the injunction is to be construed, not rigorously, but in a comparative way. One frequently meets with the proposition from some enthusiastic Anarchist that it would be pleasant, profitable, and a great example to the surrounding community for a number of Anarchists to get together, live near one another, form a sort of revolutionary, co-operative circle. However pleasant and beneficial such a scheme might be to those directly concerned, to the cause in general it would certainly be most harmful. The best thing for the spread of Anarchy and for making people look upon it with consideration is for Anarchists to keep somewhat aloof from one another. That is, they should not attempt, in the least, to segregate themselves, but should mingle as much as they possibly can with the rest of the community. And they should endeavor not to provoke criticism or remark, or cause themselves to be pointed out as a distinct and peculiar race. Neither is it necessary, or even well, for them to make ostentatious parade of their beliefs. It is useful for them to be perfectly sure in their own minds just

what they believe, just what principles they accept and what reject, and thereby regulate their actions to the satisfaction of their own consciences. It does not seem to me the proper or the right thing to preach Anarchy—or anything else—in and out of season. When there is the slightest chance of doing any good by speaking, or when to keep silence is denying your faith, speak. At other times it seems to me better not to say too much. Why? Because this is the only way in which one can make one's words of any weight in favor of beliefs that are now regarded by the majority of people with horror. They can be made to regard those beliefs with the consideration they would accord to any other new theory only by seeing the sane and upright lives and quiet, unostentatious demeanor of people who live by those principles and with whom they constantly associate.

As far as I have personally known the believers in Anarchy, they have lived after this style. But as our numbers increase, even slowly, the temptation will come more and more to draw away from the world a little, to get together and cooperate in some way. And it is a temptation, in whatever way, shape, or form it comes, to be put sternly aside. For with the very slightest drawing away from the rest of the community, we lose just that much chance of converting somebody, or of inclining the community to look graciously upon our theories.

Mingle with the rest of the world just as much and as widely as possible, do not make yourself conspicuous on account of Anarchistic beliefs, but talk Anarchy directly when it will do good and indirectly—that is, against more law, politics, injustice, interference with personal rights, and so on—whenever appropriate, and live as nearly as possible, but not ostentatiously, an Anarchistic life; these, I think, are the ways in which the average Anarchist can be of the most benefit.

F. F. K.

The methods pursued by District Assembly 49 of the Knights of Labor in the conduct of the recent strike have driven Mayor Hewitt and divers other capitalistic publicists into a state of frenzy, so that they now lose no opportunity to frantically declare that one set of men must not be permitted to deprive other sets of men of the right to labor. This is a white-bearded truth, but, when spoken in condemnation of the Knights of Labor for ordering members in one branch of industry to quit work for the purpose of strengthening strikers in another branch by more completely paralyzing business, it is given a tone of impertinence more often characteristic of callow juvenility than of venerable old age. I can't see for my life whose liberty is encroached upon by such a procedure. Certainly not that of the men ordered to quit, because they joined the Knights, a voluntary organization, for certain express purposes, of which this was one, and, when they no longer approve it, can secede from it and then work when and where they please. Certainly not, on the other hand, that of the employers who thus lose their workmen, because, if it is no invasion of liberty for the individual workman to leave his employer in obedience to any whim whatsoever, it is equally no invasion of liberty for a body of workmen to act likewise, even though they have no grievance against their employer. Who, then, are deprived of their liberty? None. All this outcry simply voices the worry of the capitalists over the thought that laborers have learned one of their own tricks,—the art of creating a corner. The policy of District Assembly 49 (whether wise or foolish is another question) was simply one of cornering labor, which is much easier to justify than cornering capital, because the cornered labor is withheld from the market by its rightful owners, while the cornered capital is withheld by men who never could have obtained it except through State-granted privilege to extort and rob.

M. Harman and George S. Harman, publishers of "Lucifer," were recently arrested, and are now under bonds for trial, on a charge of circulating obscene literature, the specific literature in question being an article which appeared in "Lucifer" many months ago. Inasmuch as no indications have yet come to the

surface of any intention on the part of the Harmans to set up a defense involving abandonment or compromise of the Anarchistic principle now wantonly violated in their persons, Liberty cordially counsels co-operation with them in all well-considered methods of offering passive resistance to the State in its consummation of this particular act of invasion and outrage.

Preacher Pentecost of Newark, speaking of the troubles of labor, says: "It looks as if there will be a dark day if no relief comes. What is the remedy? Nobody knows. There is not a man on this green earth who knows the remedy." Mr. Pentecost is very much mistaken. I know the remedy, and so does every Anarchist. It is Liberty.

Mr. Lloyd's Right-About-Face.

I do not imagine that any long reply is needed to Comrade Lloyd's last article directed against my position. The readers have doubtless observed how painfully he struggled and tried to appear to be keeping up the fight with the same vigor and confidence with which he plunged into it, although in reality he completely surrendered his original stronghold and not only allowed me to subjugate it and bring it under the dominion of logical reasoning, but actually placed himself at my side. For my part, I assure my good friend that the thought of his being under any obligation to me for any slight service my humble effort at giving his very bright intellect an impulse in the direction of sound philosophical reasoning may have rendered him never was considered serious or consequential, and that, fully expecting him to perceive his error and correct it after the same was pointed out, I was not in the least surprised at the evidence of the marked progressive change in his ideas furnished by his second reply to me. Indeed, I should have been much more likely to be surprised if he had taken the other course and had persisted in maintaining the original view and defending it against me. I think it extremely unfortunate that Mr. Lloyd felt the necessity of obscuring the issue and confusing it by the introduction of some irrelevant matters, for his apparently innocent and charming talk about "missing links" culminated in a grossly unjust charge that I favor dynamite as a means of reforming society,—a monstrosity which, if really held by me, would unquestionably reveal an alarming lack of sense and brains in my spiritual ego. This injustice could not have been intentional on Mr. Lloyd's part, but, on the other hand, it is equally improbable that he could so misconceive my position as to honestly believe that I propose to force Anarchy down the throats of the people while ninety-nine of every hundred cling to authority and neither know nor desire the new life.

What, originally, was the issue between us? A brief review of the discussion may fittingly and appropriately constitute the main part of my closing argument. It will be remembered that in the course of a criticism of E. C. Walker's superficial and thoughtless talk about the beauties of Neo-Malthusianism, I expressed the opinion that the State must be overthrown and equality of opportunities, coupled with the liberty of exercising and improving them, secured to the people before any real progress can be made possible in either their material or intellectual existence; that no general and permanent cure is within our reach; and that nothing can be done in the *here* and the *now* except work of a destructive nature. This revolutionary language was more than my gentle, vice-reforming, and purity-and-morality-loving comrade could stand. He determined to fight me. In direct opposition to my views, he took the ground that Liberty, like charity, should begin at home, that vice must first be thoroughly reformed, that the invasion of others is not half as outrageous a crime as *the* unpardonable sin of self-invasion, and that our first step to freedom is the reforming away of our personal habits. All these assertions resting upon no more solid basis than one old, much-abused truism, I ventured to question the wisdom of my adversary's policy in engaging in a battle without examining the weapons to be used, and I showed him how entirely unfit his were for use in modern warfare. My endeavor to make him a better fighter and more than penny-wise seems to have proved even more successful than his grandmother's exertions, for there is no trace of those happy sayings and profound moral teachings in his last reply. He admits that not "all men must be reliably wise before freedom can be realized," but that a sufficient number of self-emancipated ones must cooperate for self-protection before anything of a practical nature can be done, which I never denied, though I do not agree that this number must constitute a majority or even an equality. Still claiming that a cure can be *commenced* under the present conditions, he, however, explains that the cure consists in "learning to state social problems correctly." In short, he now finds only a difference of methods between us, and alleges that I favor violence, while he preaches education and peaceful means. To comment on this I hardly need to say much. It is sufficient to remind Mr. Lloyd that such an inference is not warranted by the facts. I merely insisted upon the absolute necessity of abolishing the State and

changing the conditions of social and industrial relations in order to create the opportunities of individual improvement and societal progress. When a strong and intelligent minority, standing on Anarchistic ground, opens fire on the Aristocratic minority,—for the large mass of the people are purely passive and follow the victorious side,—there will be a short struggle and a decisive conquest for Liberty. What we now need is the conversion of this intelligent minority, and, though probably not yet one-hundredth of what it must be on the *day* of the battle, we are now on its *eve*, and, if Comrade Lloyd and others only stick to the plumb-line and do some helpful work rather than talk silly and sentimental stuff about vice-reform, this minority will be very rapidly with us.

V. YARROS.

Anarchy in the County Kerry.

My Dear Mr. Kelly:

It being almost an age since I had the pleasure of writing to you, I look upon myself as a very bad correspondent. I shall not be so neglectful in future.

Yours of the 8th and the first number of *Liberty*'s "Proudlibon Library" duly received. I have also to return most sincere thanks for mailing so many copies of *Liberty* regularly every fortnight, Ruskin's "Letters to Workingmen," Fowler's admirable "Sun," etc.

The true state of affairs in Ireland cannot, as you say, be learned from the distorted pictures drawn in newspapers by priests and parliamentary humbugs. These "guiding" (?) luminaries would fain make the world believe that they can lead the people *ad arbitrium* along the time-worn ruts of constitutionalism forever; but, believe me, a reaction has set in, and, if I am not very much mistaken, a period will be put to this organized band of self-interested dictators,—shameless, brazen, self-constituted, axe-grinding parasites, who feed fat upon whatever can be snatched from the omnivorous maw of landlordism.

Natural laws and the force of circumstances have reduced rents in Ireland by nearly fifty per cent., and very likely these agencies will continue at work until no margin will be left for the payment of one penny of this odious tribute.

The "No-Rent Manifesto" (through inability to pay) has been raised at Glenbeigh in the County of Kerry, Mitchelstown in the County of Cork, and some other places. I know cases where rents have been reduced by seventy-five per cent., and farmers, for the reasons already given, could not pay and allowed themselves to be evicted. It is to be hoped that these valiant and copperless "No-Rent Manifesto" patriots, like *Aesop's* hares and asses, may be turned to some good account.

The affair of Dr. McGlynn being captured by George and getting himself "suspended" will be utilized by the author of "Progress and Poverty" in helping to advertise his latest tissue of chattering nonsense. I am very glad that you have throttled the politico-romancer's "plan" so completely in the columns of *Liberty*.

I felt very sorry to see how Henry Appleton thought fit to break away—meteor-like—from his Anarchistic brothers. Perhaps he may see in the distance something more beautiful than Anarchy,—something that the great Proudhon could not conceive! It is to be hoped that "Honorus" (X) will once again fall into line with renovated energy. Seymour of London has turned his penny-whistle, nicknamed "The Anarchist," against us. I have not seen your article published against him at the time.

Bu in vain doth Liberty invoke
The spirit to vile bondage broke,
Or lift the neck that courts the yoke.

Walker's case is the worst of all. He has ignominiously capitulated before the majesty of that greatest of criminals,—"law." I thought no truly great and good man ever went to prison who was not improved by it, but it is to be regretted that Walker outside and Walker inside prison walls are not synonymous terms. I am happy to tell you that the couple who joined hearts and hands here some time ago with the high permission of Church or State are in flourishing health and as happy as possible, and another pair have made a similar venture and with equal success. The parish priest, of course, came out in an altar speech vomiting fire and brimstone, and warning "his flock" to hold no intercommunication with such God-forsaken wretches. About one hundred young men and several young women left the church in a body, which completely spiked his ecclesiastical artillery.

At an eviction which took place in this district recently an inspector of police picked up a few copies of *Liberty*, folded them carefully, and put them into his pocket. I have been placed under arrest myself several times for being suspected of taking part in "Moonlighting." Sergeant McDonagh, then stationed at Mount Collins, County Limerick, charged me with shooting at a landlord man named Fitzgerald, but failed to convict. This McDonagh it was who arrested P. N. Fitzgerald of London.

All the books, pamphlets, etc., entrusted to me have been carefully distributed among *Liberty*'s friends. Hoping you'll convey to the editors of *Liberty* an expression of our unbounded confidence in them, I beg to remain,

Fraternally yours,

MICHAEL HICKEY.

BROSNA, COUNTY KERRY, IRELAND, JANUARY 27, 1887.

Continued from page 3.

the real conditions of their existence, and of the organization, political as well as economic, of society. What is of most importance is that the superior men and classes who are called to govern society, a nation, should be profoundly religious and moral. Then all is saved, thinks Mazzini,—for these men and these classes administer to the multitude the religious and moral education which will moralize them in their turn. This is not more difficult than that, and one can understand perfectly that, with this theory, Mazzini, notwithstanding his undeniable preference for the republican form, can say without moving a muscle, and without even suspecting the frightful and fatal sophism contained in his words, *that good men can make a bad social organization excellent, and that, on the other hand, bad men can make the best organization in the world frightful*, it being accepted that the goodness or the wickedness of men is entirely independent of the organization of society and dependent solely on their individual religion.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 94.

"Wooden soldiers!" quizzed the jovial Irishman, showing his white and laughing teeth, which could bite as well. "He will not break them, however, before we have destroyed ours,—the infernal Mob, the Ancient Britons, the whole set, all the rest of the goods which King George will send us."

The tardy were still coming in, arriving from a great distance, and Treor presented them to the Buncloydans who did not know them; they made room for them by the fire, gathered about them, and almost piled themselves up on each other.

They especially crowded around the people from the barony of Shemaker. As accustomed from their childhood to hunt game in the marshes and sea-birds in the rough season, the skin of their tanned faces and hands, their caps, which fell over their eyes, and their thick beards gave them a savage appearance which rather frightened the women. They were extraordinary shots, from whom the English would hear before long, and Treor cited instances of their marksmanship which surpassed in skill anything imaginable.

Paddy finished his distribution.

"A violin, Mr. Treor!" cried a rosy-cheeked boy, offering the instrument to the old man and begging him to play, since he knew so well, with his magic bow, how to make them sing.

"Another time!" he responded, counting his guests with a glance.

And, finding every one present, he invited his granddaughter to lead away the children, who were at first refractory, having begun their games, covered tables and chairs with their toys, and organized matches.

Vainly the young girl held out to them the favorite sin of children of their age, gluttony, the enticing promise of a good repast: a roast goose—lean and tough—and cakes of all kinds, dry, frosted, with cream, fruit tarts, which awaited them in the other room, where they could amuse themselves more comfortably, running, shouting, raising Cain, and disturbing no one else.

They declared they were not hungry, and one of them stated the reason why he had no appetite.

Had not Mr. Treor just said in the church what is repeated every day,—that is Ireland more than half the people do not eat?

"Well!" concluded the child, "we have just eaten supper; let the goose and the cakes be given to those whose stomachs are pinched."

They yielded, however, and, when they had disappeared, the host said:

"Now we only lack Sir Harvey."

"Here he is!" said the agitator, appearing and greeting the assembly.

And they bolted the door, while the groups stepped back respectfully that he might advance.

But, though very dignified, he was at the same time very simple.

Familiarly, he offered his hands that they might take them. Many hesitated, recalling his crucifixion, which he seemed no longer to remember; and, when they explained to him the reason of this abstention, he said:

"Yes, the sores are still a little sensitive, but one does not stop at suffering so slight when it is a question of grasping friends' hands; and I ought to retain the memory of this torture only to punish the author, remembering that any of my brothers might have endured it in my place, and also to thank the devoted woman who cared for me and whose dreadful grief afflicts me as profoundly as if ties of close relationship united us."

He looked for Edith, who, having followed the troop of little ones, was with them in the other room; but he interposed when they started to disturb her; in the midst of these little ones, won by their contagious gayety, she doubtless forgot for an instant her overwhelming misery; so he immediately asked for news of the country.

"Excellent. The enthusiasm in the cause of the rebellion only grows. Their sole fear was that it might not be restrained till the signal for the explosion."

And Harvey, applauding, informed them that they would not have to wait long for this signal. The English had just suffered a formidable repulse in the neighborhood of Dublin, and in the very outskirts of the rebellious city. In consequence of the defeat, under the shock of the surprise and the anguish, they comprehended that the insurrection of the capital was the fire to the powder whose train would shortly flame from one end of the country to the other; and they feared lest they might be unable to recross the sound, especially as at that very time a French fleet had been sighted, borne over the ocean by a favorable wind to the aid of United Ireland.

"Long live France!" cried Paddy.

What imprudence! They hushed him, notwithstanding each one's wish to imitate him in the joy which they all felt over the news, rousing in their souls an impatient eagerness for the contest.

But they checked all manifestation,—partly through deference, not to interrupt Harvey, and partly through curiosity to learn the rest.

"A complete fleet," continued the agitator: "fifteen three-deckers, twenty frigates, six transport-ships, and fifteen thousand men to land."

"Which means assured, indisputable, glorious victory, with what we shall ourselves do."

"Hoche commands the expedition."

"In that case, Ireland is free," said several at once, tossing their caps in the air.

"And the landing-place?" asked some one.

"The bay of Cork."

"And Newington here!" murmured Edith.

She stood like a statue of dark despair framed in the doorway between the two rooms, and spoke so loud that she would have been heard if a warm murmur of satisfaction had not been raised at the very moment, at the news that the landing of the brave Frenchmen would take place in the vicinity and at the thought of being favorably situated to assist them, the first to welcome the soldiers and sailors of the friendly Republic, and also the first to use gun and pike in their company.

Their tongues began to unloose, the enthusiasm could no longer be pent up; they exchanged nervous grasps of the hand, there were gleams in the eyes which saw at the horizon, coming under full sail, the expected vessels, and their joy overflowed when Bagneau Harvey's information was completed with the date when the French forces would set foot on Irish soil.

"Day after tomorrow, according to the calculations!" said he, amid cheers which they could no longer restrain and which no one thought of checking.

Even Harvey was pleased with this frenzy; it seemed to him necessary on the eve of decisive hostilities, and, far from recalling them to circumspection, he did not fear to excite them still more.

"Bravo!" he exclaimed. "So far I have enjoined upon you a barren resignation, in order to deceive the enemy, lull its vigilance to sleep, and impose a check upon its cruel practices, upon its ferocity. High hearts now, and your hands on your swords, on your guns; a pike in the hands of a patriot is worth a hundred times the most unerring weapon handled by a hireling, even though an intrepid defender of an unjust cause."

"We are ready!" they cried on all sides.

"The English soldier fights against you in obedience to the impious order of chiefs who are the rascally lackeys of an imbecile king," continued the agitator; "he fights for the satisfaction of beastly instincts excited in him by the leaders of those troops of brigands which pillage your dwellings and lust after your wives and your daughters."

"Yours it shall be to recover the soil of which the thieves have dispossessed you. Formerly you reigned as masters over this corner of the earth; where you were born; it nourished you; now you are slowly dying in it of want, when famine does not mow you down on the stones of the highways, there to lie unburied, the prey of unclean birds and loathsome beasts. Water this soil with the blood of the spoilers; there will spring up an abundant harvest to surfeit the appetite which has been accumulating during the centuries in which your stomachs have clamored with implacable hunger!"

The applause redoubled, though more soberly expressed in order not to interrupt the orator, who continued:

"No, do not delude yourselves with the thought that the oppressor ever will be moved to pity. Pity would disturb his digestion. He hastens it by hunting through your meagre harvests, trampling without restraint in fruitful seasons upon the growing ears. One does not find fortune in a horse's footsteps; under the hoofs of theirs lies ruin!"

All had suffered continually more or less from these excesses of the hunters, who, in a gallop of their whole band over a field anxiously cultivated, ravaged the hope of harvests and left them a prey to absolute privation, constraining them, that they might not die, to expatriate themselves to beg in the cities, to exile themselves in England where their daughters, their sisters, were hired as servants, unless, little by little, receiving no wages, they finally sank into the mire.

Harvey knew how to touch a sensitive chord, as bitter tones of assent proved to him together with the contractions of faces growing wild, and he resumed his speech, passing in review the whole of the facts and monstrous deeds of these daily tyrants, retracing the picture of their crimes, recapitulating the series of cruelties with which they had soiled themselves more recently, and portraying in advance all the horrors, all the ignominies, of which they would be guilty in the near future, if they were not finished with at once, if they were not reduced to powerlessness to injure, if death, which walked by their side as a docile servant, were not forced to turn its blows against them without pity, without remission, until the sigh of the last one should be exhaled in the wind of the trumpets sounding deliverance.

Hurrahs broke forth, filling the house, and Paddy went out to look about in the neighborhood, returning to advise them to hush their clamors which were reverberating to the devil and which must have already excited the suspicions of the soldiers if, sitting at the tables before their own feasts, the noise of their jaws chewing the food, and of their glasses falling on the table, had not prevented them from hearing.

Edith shrugged her shoulders. Fine precautions when the Duke, in his secret nook, was not losing a word of what was said aloud. Or even in an undertone. What a pity! And she treated Paddy with a kind of disdain at the thought that he should search outside, and that his scent did not reveal to him Newington's hiding-place. An enemy, in the very midst of them! Is he not to be smelt, then like a wild beast?

At the same time she shivered with fear whenever Neill or any one else approached too near the hiding-place, or looked in that direction; and she conceived the idea of going to station herself in such a way as to conceal it; but then, might not this, on the contrary, draw their attention in that direction? She abandoned her project; moreover, she would have lacked the strength to execute it. Her stiff legs would not move, and her arms, when she tried to stir them, would not separate from her body, which seemed to be fastened to the floor.

Was paralysis seizing her, then? No locomotion, no movement; would dumbness follow? She tried to pronounce a word and did not succeed, her jaw-bones rusted, her cheeks rigid, and in her seemingly metallized palate her tongue petrified and heavier than an ingot of lead.

And at that very instant a remorse more tormenting than ever seized her, urged her to keep silence no longer, to reveal the presence of the dreadful spy.

Sir Harvey was now giving instructions; King George's regiments, in a hurried march, doubling, tripling their rations, travelled day and night, by foot and horse, and, in seized vehicles,—carriages or wagons,—were being transported from a hundred different points, north, east, west, and south, towards the bay of Cork to drive back the landing troops. Artillery rolled along all the roads to be ranged in batteries on the heights commanding the harbor and to bombard the relief ships, dismst them, and sink them with their garrisons.

Well, then, it was important to take possession of these heights, as quickly as possible, without delay, to guard them, to fortify them, and, behind the improvised ramparts, to annihilate, as fast as they approached, regiments of the line, foot-soldiers, cavalry, artillery, all the reinforcements.

"Yes, yes, at once, let us go!" said all, with one voice.

"Good!" said Harvey, "let us separate; in half an hour, re-enter quietly your several houses; then a general rendezvous, by groups, at the oak of the Virgin." . . .

"Silence!" imposed the hollow voice of Edith.

Stammering, the widow brought out the word in two fragments, her mouth distorted, and, with a superhuman effort, loosening her arms, which opened by jerks, and then only half way.

To be continued.

The Economists and the Labor Problem.

Below are given the concluding paragraphs of an excellent article by H. M. Bearce of Boston, which recently appeared in the Boston "Herald":

If the conservative classes in this country are not yet prepared for any radical reform, they ought, at least for their own peace and safety, to stop aggravating the sufferings of the laboring poor, and cease to create monopolies or to stain the statute books with special class legislation. It is not enough to urge that the wages of labor have been advanced during the last thirty years, even if such be the fact. During the same period the concentration of wealth has been going on, larger fortunes have been piled up, and stocks, goods, and lands are held in relatively fewer hands than ever. There is a wider gulf between the rich and the poor than there was thirty years ago. As yet nothing has been demonstrated, unless it is the necessity of patience and forbearance among all classes, until the economic principles which would reconcile conflicting elements are discovered and applied. This is the dictate of good sense and wise statesmanship. You cannot combine men in masses for any purpose which they believe to be wrong. It would be a mistake to imagine that the conservatives or the reformers desire what is not right. The one class desires order, the other delights in peace. The masses are patient under their burdens if they feel any hope, or see any prospect of relief or amendment. The peril on either side arises from ignorance. Intelligence would save either side from fatal mistakes. The uprising in all parts of the country among the toiling masses is something more than the signs of a temporary discontent. It means that there is danger ahead; it means that a radical change in our industrial system is impending; it means social revolution. What gives birth to revolution? What but the concentration of wealth and power in the hands of the few, and the tendency to poverty and crime on the one hand, and to luxury and corruption on the other? Are not these conditions becoming with us more general and more exasperating every year? The old method of treating the symptoms of revolution was to repress it by force; but revolutions thrive all the better under this treatment. When multitudes demand redress for their wrongs, Gatling guns are no answer to their complaints, and for every man hanged for political offences a hundred thousand rise to take the stand for which he died. There is far more disposition on the part of the ruling classes than on that of the people to resort to violent methods in times of serious agitation. The injudicious use of force has often aggravated the disorder it was desired to avert. The application of force to any revolutionary agitation only tends to intensify it and inspire it with more fiery purpose. A revolution never stops. Every slight cause fans the flame, and at the merest trifle the conflagration breaks out, as the publication of two pamphlets proved to be the torch that kindled the devastating fires of the French revolution. If the impending revolution is to be peaceful, all sections of society must look the situation fairly in the face and intelligently seek, without intolerance or violence, for the solution of the problem. Our national history furnishes an instructive and pregnant example. The slave power plunged the country into a fearful and destructive war to save an unnatural and inhuman institution. The agitation which ended in the emancipation of the slaves was nursed and fed by acts of violence more than by the appeals of the Abolitionists. Such outrages as the fugitive slave act, the murder of Lovejoy, the brutal and cowardly assault on Charles Sumner, the hanging of John Brown, only hastened the overthrow of slavery. If the slaveholders had seen that a monopoly to sustain which they were compelled to subjugate the political power of the country was a monstrosity which the natural operation of economic laws was sure sooner or later to sweep away, and had refrained from violence, outrage, and rebellion, a time would have come for peaceable emancipation, with compensation for their liberated slaves. In the mere wantonness of power they lost everything by the destructive methods they adopted for their salvation. The power of monopoly, by which a private fortune of two hundred million dollars can be rolled up in two generations, may choose the same path which led the slave power to destruction, but it is doomed to extinction, as that was, by the action of the same economic forces. It remains to be seen if it will profit by the example.

The philosophy of the current school of economists suggests no solution of the problems now vexing our economic relations. The earnest questioner looks to them in vain for any sensible remedy for admitted evils, and turns from them with a feeling akin to despair as he sees that all the boasted labor of great minds in this field of inquiry is utterly barren of good results. The reason is that political economy (so-called) has been constructed on the basis of a false social system. It is a futile attempt to formulate rules by which machinery hopelessly deranged may be smoothly run. The machine must be reconstructed, or it runs to its own destruction. A theory of social economy which takes no account of the principles of justice and equity can only lead to confusion, and false conditions of social life can never work out results of social harmony.

To these dismal failures in the study of economics there is one remarkable exception,—I refer to the works of the great Frenchman, Proudhon. He exposes the fallacy and destruc-

tiveness of the current school, and claims to show that social equilibrium can be established by peaceful methods. His motto is: "Reforms always, Utopias never." He repudiates Communism and all that is akin to it; he undertakes to show how the obstacles that separate producer and consumer may be removed; in a word, he elucidates in an exhaustive manner every phase of sociology.

His works in French are in the Public Library, to the number of about thirty volumes; but, though not one of them is without its special interest, the substance of his philosophy may be found in three or four. The French reader will find it profitable to read them in the following order (I give the titles in English): "System of Economical Contradictions," two volumes; "Solution of the Social Problem"; "General Idea of the Revolution of the 19th Century." But in the French language these works are not accessible to the great body of readers; I learn, therefore, with much pleasure that Mr. Benjamin R. Tucker of this city, who a few years since translated "What is Property?" Proudhon's first great work, is now doing a great public service by translating into English all the works of this great thinker. Mr. Tucker is issuing his translation in "The Proudhon Library," a publication issued monthly, beginning with the most important volumes. The value of this service is to be measured by the fact that Proudhon has thrown more light on the social problems now vexing this country than any other writer. He said his philosophy would find acceptance in America sooner than in any other country.

Moralizing Passion.

My good "father in Israel" and Anarchism, Edgeworth, makes me the subject of gentle criticism in No. 89.

Yes, Father Lazarus, I would indeed moralize all things if I could, for, with me, to moralize simply means to cause to produce more happiness. To that you cannot object, for I think I am safe in claiming you and all reasoning Anarchists as disciples of endemism. Therefore I would certainly like to "show how virtuous, how evolutionary, how Anarchistic, it is to moralize passion and"—there I stop; it may or it may not be, according to circumstances, all these, to "not multiply."

Considered merely as an economical question, I take very little interest in fewer children. Be they more or less, the "system" will grind them equally fine. I am not sure but "more and better children" would be as good a war cry as any, were such a consummation possible; but more brats, merely, may, and probably will, mean only more beggars, more slaves, more fools, more "hands" for the masters. One sound, clear-headed, daring, self-free man is worth more as an evolutionary and revolutionary factor than myriads of these. Yarros does well to call me "penny-wise," if not "pound-foolish," for, could I but moralize the pence of passion, I should feel safe that the pounds of population would moralize themselves, —would be already moralized.

You claim, comrade, that constraint aiming at development of greater faculty is not self-restraint. Why not? As I understand it, that is just what self-restraint means,—the constraint (acting through self) of superior attraction upon self, in such a manner that inferior faculties are repressed, or ignored, in order that more fitting faculties may develop. If I repress fear in order to develop courage, I use self-restraint, do I not? Even so do I, when I repress passion in order to be a greater "artist in love." You will not deny that the artist, the sculptor, when he moulds the bronze and chisels the stone, puts restraint upon the metal and the marble. And, when the artist and the marble are both parts of one self, that restraint becomes self-restraint, even though aiming at development. In the popular acceptance, self-restraint always means restraint of some self-function not conducive to happiness, in order that some other self-function more conducive to happiness—that is, more *moral*—might have greater development. If more conducive to happiness, more developing, then necessarily more for liberty for the individual, more evolutionary, more Anarchistic. I contradict not your silly goat and bull witnesses; vegetarianism is conducive to both passion and profligacy, I think.

I would not make youth ashamed of its passions; I would merely make it ashamed of ignorant, unhappiness-producing passion, just as I join Miss Kelly in trying to make Anarchists ashamed of bombs as agents of moral revolution.

"Artists in love,"—that is a "happy saying," worthy of my classic grandmother. That is just the keynote of my ideal harmony, exactly what I wish to produce; but if a man would be an artist, he must be able to stop his brush when he reaches the penciled margin, not dash paint across the whole canvas; and that *ability to stop* means cultured self-restraint, means moralized passion.

A man makes a poor artist whose sole desire is to make his art produce food; and, likewise, a man makes a poor lover whose sole desire in love is to make that love beget offspring.

The true artist cares more for his art and his pleasure in it than for its exterior object.

Why do you speak of "venal love"? You are too indiscriminate. *Love* cannot be bought or sold. It positively refuses to flow in the channels of trade. You play into the hands of the marriageists, for, if love can be transferred, like merchandise, marriage vows are valid. Passion is love in the crude; Love is moralized passion.

Passion is begotten of natural selection, looking to the maintenance of the race; love is of artificial culture, looking to the perfection of the individual. Passion is the wild orange, bitter-sweet; love is the orange perfected,—thornless, luscious, abounding in fragrance and fruit. Love, you will observe, according to this definition, is not passion prevented, but passion purified.

In the hierarchy of evolution, Reason ranks above Instinct and Love ranks above Passion, yet each higher rests upon the lower as a basis. Grant Allen does well to show that "fall in love" is better than stirpiculture that of Sir George Campbell, but that is not because Cupid knows so much, but because the stirpiculturists, as yet, know so little. When Knowledge comes, Impulse submits to guidance.

After *laissez faire* comes *vour pour prévoir*. Sex-passion is so much raw material from which it is the business of the happiness-desiring artist to evolve the ever more beautiful and joyous Love.

Is it not possible that the disciples of Noyes, of Alpha and Diana, are not all sexual dyspeptics and ascetics? Is it not possible that *some* of them are epicures, disdaining, refined appetite, the raw food and coarse table-habits of savages?

I believe in love-making as a fine art.

J. WM. LLOYD.

GRAHAMVILLE, FLORIDA, DECEMBER 1, 1886.

Truth and Belief.

In No. 93 of Liberty there occur the following words written by Miss Kelly: "When . . . lapse . . . the Tak Kaks into the denial of all truth and Justice."

In reply to this suggestion, let me offer the following from Stirner, page 117: "If an era lies enmeshed in an error, there are always some who derive advantage from it, while the others bear the injury resulting. In the middle ages the error was universal among Christians that the Church must have supreme power on earth. The hierarch believed not less in this 'truth' than the laity, and both were stuck fast in the same error. But the hierarchs had the advantage of the power which gave, and the laity suffered the injury of subjection. As the saying is, we learn wisdom by suffering; and so the laity at length became wise, and no longer believed in the medieval 'truth.' A similar relation occurs between the middle class and the working class. Burgher and workman believe in the 'truth' of money. Those who do not possess it believe in it not less than those who do possess it, and so the laity like the priests."

On page 40 of Stirner, read: "Why is an irrefragable mathematical truth—which, according to the usual understanding of words, might be called even an eternal one—not a sacred truth? Because it is not a revealed truth, or not the revelation of a higher being."

Following this is a clear explanation how "revelation" is not confined to theology, but the ideal and general "man" becomes the object of worship, as a higher being than the individual man, and the source of so-called truths, rights, and ideas to be held sacred.

Nobody fears that mathematical truths will not maintain themselves without help of my veneration. If even science has its intolerance, it must be that it has its hypotheses which demand devout behavior, respect, not doubt. I value all the truth I know, but I value it simply as my possession. Instead of denying it, I use it as my own. I will give at another time a few words on justice, which will be as plain.

TAK KAK.

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Proudhon and the Woman Question.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Your publication of the "Proudhon Library" gives me the most intense pleasure. Its value to our cause will be immeasurable if it only reaches one-tenth of the sale which I ardently hope for it. To the question often asked—"What must we read, what must we do, in order to understand Anarchy, your Anarchy?"—we have up to the present been able to reply only in the general terms of "Read Spencer, read Buckle, read Clifford, read the world's history, look around you in the society of today, and you cannot fail to see everywhere that universal liberty, equality of rights, individual responsibility, are the moving principles of societary progress; that only in so far as they are guaranteed or practiced is the society healthy."

But I discovered long ago that most minds are unfortunately so constituted that, in order to have them see that a thing is just that and nothing else, it must be *labelled*, and labelled in large letters too. Spencer and Buckle failed to label their works Anarchistic, and so the professors and teachers of universities and colleges give them freely into the hands of their students, without any fear of their corrupting influence. And judging from my experience with college students and graduates, the confidence of the professors is not misplaced, for there is hardly one student in a hundred who does any independent thinking on social matters, or finds it in the least incumbent upon him to carry out an idea to its logical conclusion. By the working-classes, again, the ideas of these writers fail to make themselves appreciated, owing to the general distrust which the people entertain of abstract ideas, and especially of the idea of liberty, which they never heard invoked except when some governmental measure looking to their amelioration is proposed, and because no definite solution of the problem of poverty by means of liberty is given by either of them. Therefore I hail with delight the advent of Proudhon. Lacking neither the honesty and vigor of intellect of Buckle, nor the scope and breadth of mind and sarcasm of Spencer, he has a knowledge of economics which neither of them possesses, and is consequently enabled to show the *proletariat* liberty, not as a vague and beautiful abstraction, but a real, actual thing, upon the knowledge and possession of which their comfort and happiness depend.

Wonderful and great as is the "Economical Contradictions," I am quite impatient to have it finished, in order that you may bring out the "General Idea of the Revolution." Familiar as I was from Spencer with the idea of voluntary cooperation superseding and dispensing with compulsory cooperation, this book was still a marvel to me in the wonderful clearness and force with which it demonstrates how the organization of credit negatives the State. It alone, in my estimation, is worth to any thinking person the whole price you ask for the "Library."

Some time ago a State Socialist asked me how I could say anything in favor of Proudhon, a man who had no regard for the rights of woman, who was scarcely willing to admit that she was a human being. While admitting all this, still I think that unconsciously Proudhon has done more for the rights of women than most of those who howl loudly for them. That Proudhon succeeded in emancipating himself from so many of the prejudices of his country is to me the strongest proof of his genius. As France in his time was, and still is, a strongly military country, that he should have attained to the consistency he did in his ideas of liberty is truly marvellous. With society organized as Proudhon wishes it, on an industrial basis, with the subjection of man to man done away with, the subjection of woman to man cannot continue. "Look where we will, we find that just as far as the law of the strongest regulates the relationships between man and man does it regulate the relationships between man and woman." To the same extent that the triumph of might over right is seen in a nation's political institutions is it seen in its domestic ones. Despotism in the State is necessarily associated with despotism in the family." (Spencer—"Social Statics.") Proudhon's invaluable work in behalf of the social revolution places him, whether he desires it or not, in the foremost ranks of the emancipators of woman. The greater emancipation includes the lesser, for, as Sir Henry Maine says, the enfranchisement of woman is but one of the phases of the individualistic movement.

It will probably be conceded by all who have paid any attention to our subject that the civilized societies of the West, in steadily enlarging the personal and proprietary independence of women, and even in granting to them political privileges, are only following out still farther a law of development which they have been obeying for many centuries. The society which once consisted of compact families has got extremely near to the condition in which it will consist exclusively of individuals when it has completely assimilated the legal position of women to the legal position of men. In addition to many other objections which may be urged against the common allegation that the legal disabilities of women are merely part of the tyranny of sex over sex, it is historically and philosophically valuable, as indeed are most propositions concerning values so large as sexes. What really did exist is the co-operation of groups over the members composing them. What really is being relaxed is this despotism. Whether this relaxation is destined to end in utter dissolution—whether, on the other hand, under the influence of either voluntary agreement or of imperative law, society is destined to crystallize in new forms—are questions upon

which it is not now material to enter, even if there were any hope of solving them. All we need at present note is that the so-called enfranchisement of women is merely a phase of a process which has affected very many other classes, the substitution of individual human beings for compact groups of human beings as the units of society.—*Early History of Institutions.*

Thus we see, as I have frequently tried to urge upon the advocates of woman's rights, that there is, properly speaking, no *woman-question*, as apart from the question of human right and human liberty.

The woman's cause is man's—they rise or sink
Together,—dwarfed or god-like—bond or free."

Yours very truly, GERTRUDE B. KELLY.

A Question for the Woman to Answer.

To the Editor of Liberty:

You Liberty is now one of my most cherished periodicals. Anarchism has been the ideal to which I have long unconsciously been looking forward, and I find your exposition of its doctrines so clear, so forcible and convincing, that, although but recently "born again," I am now full grown.

I do not wish to intrude upon your valuable time to the extent of expecting a personal reply, but, if you deem it worthy of notice, I wish you would answer the following query (in Liberty):

Your views on marriage I cannot wholly accept because, under the present social conditions, the heavy burden of an *unlawful* relation would fall upon the woman almost exclusively. Now, if you loved a woman, could you subject her to the social ostracism which she must inevitably endure, for the maintenance of a theory? Would it not be better, all things considered, "to do as they do in Rome"?

Very truly yours, CHARLOTTE C. HOLT.
330 MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 4, 1887.

[The form in which Mrs. Holt puts her question denies Anarchy at the start, because it presupposes woman as an instrument in man's hands to be disposed of at his will, thus depriving woman of her individual sovereignty. As I indicate in the heading, the question is properly one for the woman to answer. But, granting Mrs. Holt's hypothesis that the woman were subject to my will, I should feel that I was pursuing a much less inconsiderate course in causing her to suffer the social ostracism which is so often the penalty of independence than in exposing her to the ten-fold worse evils and indignities of matrimonial bondage. Under none but the most extraordinary circumstances would I consent to the latter course, even if the woman desired it. And such desire on her part would be inversely proportional to her independence, bravery, intelligence, and foresight.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

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Liberty

* NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER *
PROUDHON

Vol. IV.—No. 18.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1887.

Whole No. 96.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Besides the article by Tak Kak which appears elsewhere, I have another article from him in reply to John F. Kelly's "Morality and Its Origin." It is very long, and I could not find room for the whole of it in this issue; so, rather than divide it, I hold it over for the next.

I am at a loss to understand the opposition of Anarchists (?) to the Pinkerton men on the ground that they constitute a *private* police force. As a private police—that is, protective—force, the Pinkerton men exemplify Anarchism; it is only as a private army of invasion that they become objectionable and Archistic. Nothing could show better than such criticism how ignorant certain so-called Anarchists are of the fundamental principle of Anarchism.

The New York "Truth Seeker" says that Aveling and Liebknecht "have no more sympathy with the opinions of such gentlemen as Benjamin R. Tucker and Henry Appleton than they have for the teachings of the Communist of Judea." Bless you, Macdonald, not half as much! The teachings of Aveling and Liebknecht bear a very close resemblance to those of the Communist of Judea, and are diametrically opposed to those of Appleton and Tucker.

In the fifth of his sermons on the land question the reverend Pentecost of Newark dealt a very severe blow at the reform he was advocating. Supporting Henry George's proposition to tax land values, he said that, if it were carried out, probably not ten men in his church would be affected to the extent of a penny. If Mr. Pentecost told the truth, either his church is a very extraordinary one, or Henry George's plan utterly fails to secure justice to labor. Protestant congregations are not apt to be recruited exclusively or even principally from the proletariat; as a general thing, three fourths of the members subsist, not on the wages of labor, but on the income derived from capital. If, then, out of Pentecost's doubtless *bourgeois* church, not more than ten members will be affected in their incomes by the taxation of land values, where is the enormous increase in the wages of labor to come from? No reform that does not strip capital of its income and make the price of labor the only means of support is adequate to the solution of the social problem.

The New Haven "Workmen's Advocate," official organ of the Socialistic Labor Party, prints the following: "A Boston paper publishes the Anarchists' March. As might be expected, the alignment is very uneven, each member of the 'guard' keeping his own time and whistling his own tune and marching in any direction regardless of his neighbor. Fun, though." The "Advocate," when it said this, had had no opportunity of seeing its contemporary of the same date, the Denver "Labor Enquirer," another organ (not official, but very prominent) of the Socialistic Labor Party, in which appears the poem referred to, but under the head, "The March of the Workers." What does the editor of the "Workmen's Advocate" think about the alignment of the workers? Are they having "fun," too, "each keeping his own time and whistling his own tune"? Or has the unevenness suddenly become

to him divinest harmony? On the other hand, by what rule of right or decency does Burnette G. Haskell, editor of the "Labor Enquirer," print this poem over the signature of J. Wm. Lloyd, its author, but with a title quite other than that which Mr. Lloyd chose, without giving his readers a word of information to that effect or doing anything to take the responsibility of this change upon himself? In the past I have convicted this man of lying. Since then the world's not grown honest, nor has he.

Resistance to Taxation.

To the Editor of *Liberty*:

I have lately been involved in several discussions leading out of your refusal to pay your poll-tax, and I would like to get from you your reasons, so far as they are public property, for that action. It seems to me that any good object could have been better and more easily obtained by compromising with the law, except the object of propagandism, and that in attaining that object you were going beyond the *right* into paths where you could not bid any one follow who was trying to live square with the truth, so far as we may know it.

It seems to me that we owe our taxes to the State, whether we believe in it or not, so long as we remain within its borders, for the benefits which we willingly or unwillingly derive from it; that the only right course to be pursued is to leave any State whose laws we can no longer obey without violence to our own reason, and, if necessary, people a desert island for ourselves; for in staying in it and refusing to obey its authority, we are denying the right of others to combine on any system which they may deem right, and in trying to compel them to give up their contract, we are as far from right as they are in trying to compel us to pay the taxes in which we do not believe.

I think that you neglect the grand race experience which has given us our present governments when you wage war upon them all, and that a compromise with existing circumstances is as much a part of the right as following our own reason, for the existent is the induction of the race, and so long as our individual reasons are not all concordant it is entitled to its share of consideration, and those who leave it out do, in so far, *wrong*.

Even granting strict individualism to be the ultimate goal of the race development, still you seem to me positively on a false path when you attempt—as your emphatic denial of all authority of existing governments implies—to violently substitute the end of development for its beginning.

I think that these are my main points of objection, and hope that you will pardon my impertinence in addressing you, which did not come from any idle argumentative curiosity, but a genuine search for the truth, if it exists; and so I ventured to address you, as you by your action seem to me to accept the burden of proof in your contest with the existent.

Yours truly, FREDERICK A. C. PERRINE.
7 ATLANTIC ST., NEWARK, N. J., NOVEMBER 11, 1886.

[Mr. Perrine's criticism is an entirely pertinent one, and of the sort that I like to answer, though in this instance circumstances have delayed the appearance of his letter. The gist of his position—in fact, the whole of his argument—is contained in his second paragraph, and it is based on the assumption that the State is precisely the thing which the Anarchists say it is not,—namely, a voluntary association of contracting individuals. Were it really such, I should have no quarrel with it, and I should admit the truth of Mr. Perrine's remarks. For certainly such voluntary association would be entitled to enforce whatever regulations the contracting parties might agree upon within the limits of whatever territory, or divisions of territory, had been brought into the association by these parties as individual occupiers thereof, and no non-contracting party would have a right to enter or remain in this domain except upon such terms as the association might im-

pose. But if, somewhere between these divisions of territory, had lived, prior to the formation of the association, some individual on his homestead, who for any reason, wise or foolish, had declined to join in forming the association, the contracting parties would have had no right to evict him, compel him to join, make him pay for any incidental benefits that he might derive from proximity to their association, or restrict him in the exercise of any previously-enjoyed right to prevent him from reaping these benefits. Now, voluntary association necessarily involving the right of secession, any seceding member would naturally fall back into the position and upon the rights of the individual above described, who refused to join at all. So much, then, for the attitude of the individual toward any voluntary association surrounding him, his support thereof evidently depending upon his approval or disapproval of its objects, his view of its efficiency in attaining them, and his estimate of the advantages and disadvantages involved in joining, seceding, or abstaining. But no individual today finds himself under any such circumstances.

The States in the midst of which he lives cover all the ground there is, affording him no escape, and are not voluntary associations, but gigantic usurpations. There is not one of them which did not result from the agreement of a larger or smaller number of individuals, inspired sometimes no doubt by kindly, but oftener by malevolent, designs, to declare all the territory and persons within certain boundaries a nation which every one of these persons must support, and to whose will, expressed through its sovereign legislators and administrators no matter how chosen, every one of them must submit. Such an institution is sheer tyranny, and has no rights which any individual is bound to respect; on the contrary, every individual who understands his rights and values his liberties will do his best to overthrow it. I think it must now be plain to Mr. Perrine why I do not feel bound either to pay taxes or to emigrate. Whether I will pay them or not is another question,—one of expediency. My object in refusing has been, as Mr. Perrine suggests, propagandism, and in the receipt of Mr. Perrine's letter I find evidence of the adaptation of this policy to that end. Propagandism is the only motive that I can urge for isolated individual resistance to taxation. But out of propagandism by this and many other methods I expect there ultimately will develop the organization of a determined body of men and women who will effectively, though passively, resist taxation, not simply for propagandism, but to directly cripple their oppressors. This is the extent of the only "violent substitution of end for beginning" of which I can plead guilty of advocating, and, if the end can be "better and more easily obtained" in any other way, I should like to have it pointed out. The "grand race experience" which Mr. Perrine thinks I neglect is a very imposing phrase, on hearing which one is moved to lie down in prostrate submission; but whoever first chances to take a closer look will see that it is but one of those spooks of which Tak Kak tells us. Nearly all the evils with which mankind was ever afflicted were products of this "grand race experience," and I am not aware that any were ever abolished by showing it any unnecessary reverence. We will bow to it when we must; we will "compromise with existing circumstances" when we have to; but at all other times we will follow our reason and the plumb-line.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART SECOND.

COST THE LIMIT OF PRICE:

A Scientific Measure of Honesty in Trade as One of the Fundamental Principles in the Solution of the Social Problem.

Continued from No. 95.

Science—the rigid, exact, thorough, and inclusive Science of Society—is the only reliable guide to harmonic social relations among men. Neither the ardor of piety, nor the sentiment of brotherhood, nor the desperate devotion of generous enthusiasm, nor the repressive force of a rigid morality, offers any adequate remedy for the existing evils of humanity. All these may be necessary, indispensable, nay, infinitely higher in rank or sanctity, if you will, than the other. But Love must have its complement in Wisdom. To divorce them is to be guilty of "partialism," just where it is of the utmost importance that the movement shall be *integral* and complete.

12. Possibly this statement may enlighten some minds in relation to the existing misunderstanding between the religionists and the Socialists. The former insist upon the spiritual element, the latter upon the scientific, as if the one or the other supplied the whole of what is requisite to a true development of society. Abstractly, the religionist may be said to be the nearest right, inasmuch as substance is prior to form; but practically, and with reference to the present wants of society, the Socialist is nearer the truth. The spiritual element exists already, at least in embryo. The aspiration after better and truer relations is swelling daily, bursting the bands of existing institutions, and demanding knowledge of the true way,—an organized body of the Christian idea of human brotherhood which the living soul may enter, and wherein it may dwell. But neither without the other is complete.

13. So powerful is becoming the sentiment of right that, unless the demand so created be followed by a complete discovery of the methods of its gratification, there is abundant danger that justice as a blind instinct may prove more destructive than organized oppression. As in the case of the misdirected or ill-directed patriotism in the illustration above, so every right sentiment and affection, without its complement of wisdom, is liable to become pernicious instead of beneficial in its action. If the love the mother bears her child leads her to feed it to excess on candies and comfits, to confine it in close, warm rooms, and guard it from contact with whatever may test and develop its powers of endurance, far better that she loved it less. She needs, in addition to love, a knowledge of Physiology. The Science of Society is to the Community what Physiology is to the Individual; or, rather, it is to the relations of the Individual with others what Physiology is to the relations of the Individual, so to speak, with himself.

14. In the same manner the knowledge on the part of the laboring classes or their friends that they are under an oppressive and exhausting system of the relations of capital and labor does not amount to a knowledge of the true system, into which, when known, it should be their object to bring themselves as rapidly as possible. To discover that true system, by any other means than by long years, perhaps long generations, of fallacious and exhausting experiments, must be the work of *genius*, of *true science*, *profound fundamental investigation*, or any other name you choose to bestow upon that faculty and that process by which elementary truths are evolved by contemplating the nature of a subject.

15. The Socialist agitations of the present day are, therefore, eminently dangerous, as much so as the most violent reactionist ever imagined them, unless Science intervenes to point the way to the solution. Religion, nor the dictates of a stringent morality, will ever reconcile men who have once appreciated their inherent, God-given rights, to the permanency of an unjust system by which they are deprived of them. Mere make-shifts and patched-up contrivances will not answer. False methods, such as Strikes, Trades' Unions, Combinations of interests, and arbitrary regulations of all sorts, are but temporary palliations ending uniformly in disappointment, and often in aggravation of the evils sought to be alleviated. A distinguished writer upon these subjects says truly: "Establish tomorrow an ample and fair Scale of Prices in every employment under the sun, and two years of quiet and the ordinary mutations of Business would suffice to undermine and efface nearly the whole. No reform under the present system, but a decided step *out of* and above that system, is the fit and enduring remedy for the wrongs and oppressions of Labor by Capital. And this must inevitably be a work of time, of patience, of *genius*, of self-sacrifice, and true heroism." In other words, it is the province of Science to discover the true principles of trade as much as it is to discover the laws of every other department of human concerns, and that discovery is an important part of the still more comprehensive Science of Society.

16. If, then, some profound philosopher, whose high authority could command universal belief, were to step forward and announce the discovery of a simple principle, which—adopted in trade or business—would determine with arithmetical certainty the equitable price to be charged for every article sold, and for every species of property, and for every hour of time bestowed upon its production and distribution, so that labor in every department should get precisely its due reward, and the existing inequalities in the distribution of wealth, and the consequent poverty and wretchedness of the masses, be speedily alleviated and finally removed; and if, in addition, the principle were such that its adoption and practical consequences did not depend upon convincing the intellects or appealing to the benevolence of the wealthy classes, but lay within the compass of the powers of the laboring men themselves; if, still further than this, the principle did not demand, as a preliminary, the extensive cooperation, the mutual and implicit confidence, the complicated arrangements, the extensive knowledge of administration, and the violent change in domestic habits, some one or other of which is involved in nearly every proposition of Socialism, and for which the laboring classes are specially disqualifed; if, in one word, this simple principle furnished demonstrably, unequivocally, immediately, and practically, the *means* whereby the laboring classes might *step out from under* the present system, and place themselves in a condition of independence *above* that system,—would not this announcement come in good time; would it not be a supply eminently adapted to the present demand of the laboring masses in this country and elsewhere?

With some misgivings as to the prudence of asserting such a faith, *in limine*, I state my conviction that such a principle has been discovered and is now in the possession of a small number of persons who have been engaged in practically testing it, until its regulating and wealth-producing effects have been sufficiently, though not abundantly, demonstrated.

17. JOSIAH WARREN, formerly of Cincinnati, more recently a resident of Indiana, is, I believe, justly entitled to be considered the discoverer of the principle to

which I refer, along with several others which he deems essential to the rectification of the social evils of the existing state of society.

The principle itself is one which will not probably strike the reader, when first stated, as either very profound, very practicable in its application, very important in its consequences, and perhaps not even as equitable in itself. It requires thought to be bestowed on each of these points. You will find, however, as you subject it to analysis, as you trace it into its ten thousand different applications, to ownership, to rent, to wages, etc., that it places all human transactions relating to property upon a new basis of exact justice,—that is, it has the perfect, simple, but all-prevailing character of a **UNIVERSAL PRINCIPLE**.

The question as to the method of commencing to put the principle in operation is a distinct one, and only needs to be considered after the principle itself is understood. I have already observed that it has been and is now being practically tested with entire success.

18. This principle, put into a formula, is thus stated: "**COST IS THE LIMIT OF PRICE.**"

The counter principle upon which all ownership is now maintained and all commerce transacted in the world is that "Value is the limit of price," or, as the principle is generally stated in the cant language of trade, "A thing is worth what it will bring." Between these two principles, so similar that the difference in the statement would hardly attract a moment's attention unless it were specially insisted upon, lies the essential difference between the whole system of civilized cannibalism by which the masses of human beings are mercilessly ground to powder for the accumulation of the wealth of the few, on the one hand, and on the other, the reign of equity, the just remuneration of labor, and the independence and elevation of all mankind.

19. There is nothing apparently more innocent, harmless, and equitable in the world than the statement that a "thing should bring what it is worth," and yet even that statement covers the most subtle fallacy which it has ever been given to human genius to detect and expose,—a fallacy more fruitful of evil than any other which the human intellect has ever been clouded by. (130.)

20. Value has nothing whatever to do, upon scientific principles, as demonstrated by Mr. WARREN, with settling the price at which any article should be sold. *Cost* is the only equitable limit, and by cost is meant the amount of *labor* bestowed on its production, that measure being again measured by the *painfulness* or *repugnance* of the labor itself. (61, 65.)

Value is a consideration for the purchaser alone, and determines him whether he will give the amount of the cost or not. (132.)

21. This statement is calculated to raise a host of objections and inquiries. If one purchaser values an article more highly than another, by what principle will he be prevented from offering a higher price? How is it possible to measure the relative painfulness or repugnance of labor? What allowance is to be made for superior skill or natural capacity? How is that to be settled? How does this principle settle the questions of interest, rent, machinery, etc.? What is the nature of the practical experiments which have already been made? etc., etc.

22. These several questions will be specifically answered in this treatise upon "The Cost Principle," except the last, which will be more satisfactorily replied to by a work embodying the "Practical Details" of twenty-four years of continuous experiment upon the workings of this and the other principles related to it, and announced by Mr. Warren, which work Mr. Warren is now engaged himself in preparing for the press. These "Practical Details" will relate to the operations of two mercantile establishments conducted at different points, upon the *Cost Principle*, to the education of children, to social intercourse, and, finally, to the complex affairs of a village or town which has grown up during the last four years, under the system of "Equitable Commerce," of which the *Cost Principle* is the basis. This work upon "Practical Details" will contain, I may venture to affirm, from a personal knowledge of its character, a body of facts profoundly interesting to the philanthropic and philosophic student of human affairs. It must suffice for the present allusion to assert that there is no one of the circle of principles embraced by Mr. Warren under the general name of "Equitable Commerce," or by myself under the name of "The Science of Society," which has not been patiently, repeatedly, and successfully applied in practice, in a variety of modes, long before it was announced in theory,—a point in which it is thought that these principles differ materially from all the numerous speculations upon social subjects to which the attention of the public has been heretofore solicited.

23. The village to which I have referred is situated in the State of Ohio. It contains as yet only about twenty families, or one hundred inhabitants, having a present prospect of a pretty rapid increase of numbers. I will call it, for the sake of a name by which to refer to it, TRIALVILLE, stating at the same time that this is not the real name of the village, which I do not venture to give, as it might be disagreeable to some of the inhabitants to have the glare of public notoriety at so early a day upon their modest experiment. It might also subject them to visits of mere curiosity, or to letters of inquiry, which, without their consent, I have not the right to impose upon them. Another village upon the same principles is about being organized in the vicinity of New York.

Under the sobriquet of TRIALVILLE I shall have occasion, however, to refer to the operations at the former of these villages, which have so far proved successful in a practical point of view that it is deemed, on the part of those most interested in this movement, to be a fitting time, now, to call the public attention more generally to the results. The publication of these treatises is in fact the beginning of that effort, which, if the intentions of those of us who are engaged in the enterprise do not fail of realization, will be more and more continuously and urgently put forth from this time forward. We believe that we have a great mission to fulfill,—a gospel of glad tidings to proclaim,—a practical and immediate solution of the whole problem of human rights and their full fruition to expound. While, therefore, we cannot and would not entirely conceal the enthusiastic feelings by which we are prompted in this effort, still, lest it may be thought that such sentiments may have usurped the province of reason, we invite the most cautious investigation and the most rigid scrutiny, not only of the principles we propound, but also of the facts of their practical working. While, therefore, I do not give the real name or exact location of our trial villages to the public at large, for the reasons I have stated, still we are anxious that all the facts relating to them shall be known, and the fullest opportunity for thorough investigation be given to all who may become in any especial degree interested in the subject. The author of this work will be gratified to communicate with all such, and to reply to such inquiries as they may desire to have answered, upon a simple statement of their interest in the subject and their wish to know more of it. The real name and location of our trial towns will be communicated to such, and every facility given for investigation. Arrangements are contemplated for organizing other villages upon the same principles, and establishing an equitable exchange of products between them. It is not the object of the present work, however, to enter into the history or general plan of the movement, but simply to elucidate a single principle of a new science embracing the field of Ethics and of Political Economy.

24. It will be appropriate, in this preliminary statement of the subject, to guard

against one or two misapprehensions which may naturally enough arise from the nature of the terms employed, or from the apparently disproportionate importance attached to a simple principle of trade.

The term "Equitable Commerce" does not signify merely a new adjustment of the method of buying and selling. The term is employed, by Mr. Warren, to signify the whole of what I have preferred to denominate the Science of Society, including Ethics, Political Economy, and all else that concerns the outer relations of mankind. At the same time the mutual interchange of products is, as it were, the continent or basis upon which all other intercourse rests. Society declines upon Industry. Without it man cannot exist. Other things may be of higher import, but it is of primary necessity. Solitary industry does not supply the wants of the individual. Hence trade or the exchange of products. With trade intercourse begins. It is the first in order of the long train of benefits which mankind mutually minister to each other. The term "commerce" is sometimes synonymous with trade or traffic, and at other times it is used in a more comprehensive sense. For that reason it has a double appropriateness to the subjects under consideration. It is employed therefore in the phrase "Equitable Commerce," to signify, *first*, Commerce in the minor sense, as synonymous with "trade," and *secondly*, Commerce in the major sense, as synonymous with the *old English* signification of the word, "conversation;" —*i. e.*, human intercourse of all sorts,—the concrete, or *tout ensemble*, of human relations.

25. I will here show that these investigations take in the whole scope of Commerce in the major sense, after which I will return to the particular consideration and elucidation of the single principle, "*Cost is THE LIMIT OF PRICE*," which does, indeed, chiefly or primarily relate to Commerce in the minor sense, although the modes in which it affects Commerce in the major sense are almost infinite.

26. According to Mr. Warren, the following is THE PROBLEM TO BE SOLVED in all its several branches:

1. "The proper, legitimate, and just reward of labor."
2. "Security of person and property."
3. "The greatest practicable amount of freedom to each individual."
4. "Economy in the production and uses of wealth."
5. "To open the way to each individual for the possession of land and all other natural wealth."

6. "To make the interests of all to cooperate with and assist each other, instead of clashing with and counteracting each other."

7. "To withdraw the elements of discord, of war, of distrust and repulsion, and to establish a prevailing spirit of peace, order, and social sympathy."

27. And according to him, also, the following PRINCIPLES are the means of the solution:

- I. "INDIVIDUALITY."
- II. "THE SOVEREIGNTY OF EACH INDIVIDUAL."
- III. "COST THE LIMIT OF PRICE."
- IV. "A CIRCULATING MEDIUM, FOUNDED ON THE COST OF LABOR."
- V. "ADAPTATION OF THE SUPPLY TO THE DEMAND."

To be continued.

THE POLITICAL THEOLOGY OF MAZZINI

AND

THE INTERNATIONAL.

By MICHAEL BAKOUNINE,

MEMBER OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WORKING-PEOPLE.

Translated from the French by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 95.

Our opinions, our convictions are equally opposed to Mazzini's. First, we do not believe in the existence of any Divinity whatever, other than that which has been created by the historic fantasy of men. Consequently for us there can be no divine revelation from on high, all religions having been only revelations of the collective mind of men, in proportion as it has developed in history, to itself, through this false divine prism. Not believing in God, we can no more believe in the intellectual and moral existence of human individuals outside of society. Man becomes man only in the bosom of society and only because of the collective co-operation of all men, whether present or past. This is a truth which forms the basis of all our socialistic beliefs and which I shall, therefore, try to develop and prove fully in its time and place. Today I can only state the principle. And the first consequence of this truth is this,—that neither religion, nor morality, nor even thought can be peculiarly and exclusively individual. The greatest men of history, the most sublime geniuses, the greatest philosophers or prophets, have always received all the contents, all the foundation of their religion, of their morality, and of their thought, from this same society of which they form a part and to which they seemed to bring it spontaneously or from on high. It is this accumulated treasure, the product of the collective labor, material, intellectual, and moral, of all past generations, elaborated anew and transformed slowly, in a manner more or less invisible and latent, by the new instincts, the aspirations, and the real and manifold new wants of the present generations, which always forms the contents of the revelations or discoveries of these men of genius, who add only the formal work of their own brains, more capable than others of seizing and classifying the details in a larger whole or in a new synthesis. So that we may say with as much reason as justice that the men of genius are precisely those to whom society always gives more than to others, and, above all, more than it receives in return. Even the misfortunes and persecutions which it has lavished upon them with great generosity hitherto have been transformed for them into benefits, because it is more probable that, if it had accorded them gratitude, respect, riches, power, and authority during their lives, it would have made tyrants of them and transformed them into wicked and stupid privileged persons.

From the truth which I have just laid down as a principle flows another consequence as important as the first,—that all religions and all systems of morality which prevail in a society are always the ideal expression of its real, material situation, that is to say, of its economic organization first of all, but also of its political organization, the latter being, moreover, nothing but the legal and violent consecration of the former. Christ, who was quite a different sort of socialist from Mazzini, since he has declared that it was easier for a camel—to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into his Paradise,—Christ himself has said: *For where your treasure is, there is your heart also!* and he has tried to transfer human treasures into heaven, but he has not succeeded. He has succeeded so little that the Church itself, this divine institution which has no other aim, if we may believe the Christian theologians and Mazzini himself, than to assure the road to heaven to all believers, was hardly officially established before it found nothing more pressing to do than to monopolize all the treasures of the earth, which it has justly considered as instruments of power and

enjoyment. During the fifteen centuries which have passed since the miraculous conversion of the very depraved and very great Emperor Constantine down to our time, have not all the Christian churches—Roman Catholic, Byzantine-Greek, Byzantine-Russian, Protestant—displayed by turns the most fanatical fury in the preservation and increase of the holy property and riches of the Church?

Fifteen centuries of experience! Should not such a solemn and memorable failure made by the most ideal religion in the world suffice, therefore, to prove to us the inconsistency of all abstract idealism on this earth, its absolute incompatibility with the fundamental conditions of human society? What will Mazzini do, then, with his new idealism, with his eclectic medley of traditions fallen into disuse and of Platonic absurdities revived, a sort of abortion which has neither the merit of the logical rationality of the metaphysicians, nor that of the material brutality of the positive religions, and which, at the same time that it revolts thought, does not even give to the superstition of the masses and to this need of believing in miracles which yet lives in feminine souls the nourishment afforded them by spiritualism or even Mormonism,—religions as new as Mazzini's and much more positive?

Man, like everything which exists, is matter. His soul, his mind, his thoughts, his morals are products of it, and he cannot make abstractions of them with impunity. Every time that he attempts it, he falls back again, and with grievous consequences to himself. His pretended immateriality is always transformed, when it comes to action, into brutality, bestiality, negation of humanity. All that he can, all that he should do, is to *humanize* matter as much in himself as outside of himself, and he humanizes it by rendering it always more and more favorable to the complete development of his humanity by means of work, science, and the education which he gives himself under the direction of this last combined with the historical experience of life. It is well understood that, when I speak of historic man, I speak always of collective man, of society, since the individual man, considered outside of society, has never had a history, for the simple reason that as man but little developed, as thinking animal, or even as capable of pronouncing a few words, he has never existed; for—I repeat it again—the animal called man becomes really man only in society and by the cooperation of all society. Individual liberty itself is a product of this collective work, material, intellectual, and moral, of all the world.

What is Humanity? It is animality endowed with the faculty of abstraction or of generalization, or of the highest known degree of intelligence; a faculty equally material, since it is the action of an entirely material organ called the brain, which, far from being exclusively peculiar to man, is manifested, more and more developed, in the ascending series of the animal species, from the most formless animate being up to man. But in man alone it reaches this power of abstraction which permits him to lift himself by his thought not only above all the things that surround him, but also above himself, as real, living, and sentient being. It is by virtue of this faculty that by slow historic labor which develops his mind, man is enabled to successively grasp things as a whole and seize the general and constant laws which manifest themselves in their relations and development. And it is in applying to his life and to his social relations the natural laws which he so discovers that he succeeds in perfecting, little by little, his primitive animality and in transforming it into humanity.

Humanity is, then, animality transformed by a progressive thought and by the progressive application of this thought to life. For animal life itself is not at all as brutally material as the theologians, the consistent idealists, and Mazzini himself are induced to believe: animals whose whole existence is concentrated exclusively in the two-fold passion of digestion and reproduction belong to the most inferior species. But in the species more developed in intelligence, in those which approach man, you will find the germs of all the passions of man, without an exception; you will find in them the love of children, the religious sentiment, sacrifice, the social passion, patriotic devotion, and even a beginning of scientific curiosity. Doubtless the care for the stomach and sexual love play a dominant rôle, but do they not play a rôle, if not as dominant, at least excessively important, in the human world itself?

To sustain themselves animals, as individuals, must eat, and, as species, must propagate. That is the first, the real foundation of life, common to all species of animals from the most inferior, inclusively, up to man. All the other faculties and passions can be developed only on condition that these two primordial needs are satisfied. This is the supreme law of life from which no living being can escape.

This law, which Mazzini must attribute to his God and which we attribute to no one, because we do not believe in laws ideally predetermined and because what we call natural laws constitute, in our eyes, only general and constant resultants of an infinity of actions and reactions which real things exercise incessantly, all on each and each on all,—this law transforms the animal kingdom into a perpetual tragedy, of which nature, or at least our earth, still continues to be the bloody theatre. This is the mournful struggle for life. All the animal species exist only by destruction. There are some, it is true, who are content with destroying the vegetable species. But there are at least as many others which can live only by devouring animate and living beings. These are the wild beasts, the *carnivora*, which are neither the least developed nor the least intelligent, since it is just these which, by their organization, approach nearest to man, and since man himself, an omnivorous animal, is the most ferocious and the most destructive of all.

Such is then in its reality the law of nature. It is an indefatigable and incessant devouring of each other: it is life which, in order to continue to be life, kills and devours life. It is an assassination without mercy and without truce. Before this bloody fact which no one can deny, we really cannot understand how Mazzini, so jealous of the glory, wisdom, justice, and loving kindness of his God, can attribute to him the preestablishment of this law and the creation of this world! Only a Divine Tiberius, a ferocious monster endowed with supreme power, could have created it. And how inconsistent, farther, is the attempt of Christian theology to explain this fact, which becomes monstrous as soon as it is attributed to any author whatever, by a fall of all nature, which was, they pretend, the necessary consequence of original sin. The explanation is doubtless absurd, but at least proves that they have felt the contradiction that exists between the inherent cruelty of the natural world and the infinite goodness of their God. For Mazzini even this contradiction does not exist. It must be added, also, that he never deigns to observe the earth, but seeks the proofs of his God in the starry heaven which is so far, far away that it appears to him absolute and perfect.

The history of man is nothing else than the continuation and development of this animal struggle for life. There is, in the animal kingdom, which includes man, this law,—that the numerical increase of a species is always determined by the question of the means of subsistence. Every species increases indefinitely till it has attained the limit when this quantity ceases to be proportional to the number of individuals who compose it; then the more feeble individuals, forced to yield their pittance to

Continued on page 6.

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BOSTON, MASS., MARCH 26, 1887.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the crusing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel!" — PROUTHOUX.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Monopoly, Communism, and Liberty.

Pinney of the Winsted "Press" grows worse and worse. It will be remembered that, in attacking the free money theory, he said we had a taste of it in the day of State wildcat banking, when every little community had its State bank issues; to which I made this answer: "How could State bank issues be free money? Monopoly is monopoly, whether granted by the United States or by a single State, and the old State banking system was a thoroughly monopolistic system." This language clearly showed that the free money objection to the old State banks as well as to the present national banks is not founded on any mistaken idea that in either case the government actually issues the money, but that in both cases alike the money is issued by a monopoly granted by the government. But Pinney, not daring to meet this, affects to ignore the real meaning of my words by assuming to interpret them as follows (thus giving new proof of my assertion that he wastes his strength in attacking windmills):

It is apparently Mr. Tucker's notion that State banks were an institution of the State. They were no more a government institution than is a railroad company that receives its charter from the State and conducts its business as a private corporation under State laws. . . . For purposes of illustration they answer well, and Mr. Tucker's effort to lessen the force of the illustration by answering that they were institutions of the State, because they are called for convenience *State* banks, is very near a resort to wilful falsehood.

What refreshing audacity! Pinney knows perfectly well that the advocates of free money are opposed to the national banks as a monopoly enjoying a privilege granted by the government; yet these, like the old State banks, are no more a government institution than such a railroad company as he describes. Both national and State banks are law-created and law-protected monopolies, and therefore not free. Anybody, it is true, could establish a State bank, and can establish a national bank, who can observe the prescribed conditions. *But the monopoly inheres in these compulsory conditions.* The fact that national bank notes can be issued only by those who have government bonds and that State bank notes could be issued only by those who had specie makes both vitally and equally objectionable from the standpoint of free and mutual banking, the chief aim of which is to secure the right of all wealth to monetization without prior conversion into some particular form of wealth limited in amount and without being subjected to ruinous discounts. If Mr. Pinney does not know this, he is not competent to discuss finance; if he does know it, it was a quibble and "very near a resort to wilful falsehood" for him to identify the old State banking system with free banking.

But he has another objection to free money,—that it would enable the man who has capital to monetize it, and so double his advantages over the laborer who has none. Therefore he would have the general government, which he calls the whole people, "monetize

their combined wealth and use it in the form of currency, while at the same time the wealth remains in its owners' hands for business purposes." This is Mr. Pinney's polite and covert way of saying that he would have those without property confiscate the goods of those who have property. For no governmental mask, no fiction of the "whole people," can disguise the plain fact that to compel one man to put his property under pawn to secure money issued by or to another man who has no property is robbery and nothing else. Though you leave the property in the owner's hands, there is a "grab" mortgage upon it in the hands of the government, which can foreclose when it sees fit. Mr. Pinney is on the rankest Communistic ground, and ought to declare himself a State Socialist at once.

Certainly no one wishes more heartily than I that every industrious man was the owner of capital, and it is precisely to secure this result that I desire free money. I thought Mr. Pinney was a good enough Greenbacker to know (for the Greenbackers know some valuable truths despite their flat money delusion) that the economic benefits of an abundance of good money in circulation are shared by all, and not reaped exclusively by the issuers. He has often clearly shown that the effect of such abundance is to raise the laborer's wages to an equivalence to his product, after which every laborer who wishes to possess capital will be able to accumulate it by his work. All that is wanted is a means of issuing such an abundance of money free of usury. Now, if they only had the liberty to do so, there are already enough large and small property-holders willing and anxious to issue money, to provide a far greater amount than is needed, and there would be sufficient competition among them to bring the price of issue down to cost,—that is, to abolish interest. Liberty avoids both forms of robbery,—monopoly on the one side and Communism on the other,—and secures all the beneficent results that are (falsely) claimed for either.

Inconsistency of Governmentalists.

The fact that persons of more than ordinary intelligence and honesty are deluded into the acceptance of governmental remedies for social evils is often at first sight very disheartening to the Anarchist, but on further reflection he may find in it some solace, for, if the principles of liberty are true, they must ultimately triumph, and no permanent injury can be done them by the most earnest and honest advocacy of their opposites. As Mill says, there is no keener intellectual enjoyment than the holding of certain opinions as true, after we are sure that we have seen and examined all the arguments that may be brought to bear against them. This enjoyment is one that is wholly lost by all those who would wish to set any limit whatsoever to free discussion. Another fact, and one of great practical importance, is that errors being upheld by persons both honest and intelligent are more likely to be carried to their logical consequences, and hence made more easily demonstrable that they are errors, thus leading in the end to the gain of the cause of truth.

I was led into these reflections recently by reading Annie Besant's report of the Fabian Conference. She says:

It is a most extraordinary thing that people who are in favor of the nationalisation of the raw material should be against the nationalisation of the means of production. Men who are Socialist in their aspect to the one remain Individualistic in their aspect to the other. They illogically refuse to apply to capital the arguments which they hold valid as against private property in land; and I notice a curious tendency among Radicals who are strongly in favor of the nationalisation of land to lose their tempers when they are pressed with their own arguments applied to capital, and to take refuge in denunciation and the free use of uncomplimentary epithets, instead of relying on reason and sound logic.

Mrs. Besant is perfectly right as to the state of inconsistency in which the minds of most people are. They see no reason why we should not have liberty to settle this question, and authority to settle that, according as it may suit the whim of the moment. They have no idea of a deep underlying principle to which they are bound to conform all their acts. There are unfortunately very few of those "slaves to an idea" whom Tak Kak so much despises (though I notice that he

himself is a slave to the idea that he must not be slave to an idea). But Mrs. Besant herself is not quite consistent. Why should we draw the line at the nationalisation of the means of production any more than at that of the land? Why exempt the manufactured articles? This line Kropotkin, being still more logical than Mrs. Besant, refuses to draw. In the series of articles on "Expropriation" now running through "Le Révolté," he argues logically and fairly that it is nonsense to confine the idea of capital to raw material and the means of production, but that expropriation must begin with the manufactured articles; that houses, and clothing, and food, are as much a necessary part of the laborer's capital as the raw material upon which to work; and that his need of them implies his right to use them. Are you prepared to go that length, Mrs. Besant? If you are not, you are only a very little more logical than your Radical friends.

Kropotkin must get the prize for consistency so far, but even he will not stand a very severe test. He has a wholesome fear of the State, as he well ought, from his experience in France and Russia, but he has no conception of justice without some State arrangement to carry it out. He will have the citizens go down into the streets and divide up the expropriated goods after the revolution. What these indefinite citizens are (I suppose some ghostly affair, like Communistic Anarchy), how they will differ from a State, and who is to decide what are the "needs" of the different people, I have not yet been able to make out.

It is very curious that a man of Kropotkin's ability fails to see that there is no necessity for this expropriation which he contemplates; that all that is necessary is to cease to support the present system, which will then die for lack of nourishment; that what is called capital, even the most solid portions of it, could not exist a year, unless it were constantly renewed and re-vivified by labor; that expropriation, however just it may be, would "not pay."

One of the most frequent charges brought against Anarchists is that they have no conception of the unity and solidarity of the human race; that each one wishes to act as if he alone existed in the world; that they entirely deny that we are our brothers' keepers. Rather a strange charge to be brought by those who are constantly making and dreaming of artificial devices for keeping men and women from devouring each other, while we are so convinced that the interests of all human beings are so bound together that no artificial bond is needed, that all artificial restraints tend to push them apart (by dividing their interests) instead of keeping them together. We, and we alone, are true believers in the unity of the human race, and it is for this reason, as Proudhon says, that we look not to an organization of society, but to an organization of the economic forces for the establishment of peace upon earth.

GERTRUDE B. KELLY.

Enslavement to Ideas.

I fear I cannot share Miss Kelly's regret that there are "few of those slaves to an idea whom Tak Kak so much despises." And that for two reasons. First, because it is not true. Ah! This world would not be the vale of tears and grief that it now is if there were "few slaves to an idea" in it. Unhappily, Carlyle was right; the fools constitute an overwhelming majority, and the few stray voices of thinking and independent beings are drowned in the tumult and howl of the superstitious masses. Second, because these slaves to an idea cannot be too much despised. Miss Kelly entirely misunderstands Tak Kak, and her use of the word slave is entirely unjustifiable. Those who "hold certain opinions as true, after having seen and examined all the arguments that may be brought to bear against them," and who experience that keen intellectual enjoyment of which she speaks, are hardly to be classified with the slaves to an idea. But those who accept laws, ideas, and beliefs without examination and understanding, and who obey external regulations only because "thus saith the Lord," or thus our fathers taught us, are wretched slaves of the most pitiable kind. Not only are they strangers to that "keen intellectual enjoyment," but they fail to enjoy the use of their reason and faculties altogether. Physically we are all

slaves, and our bodily chains can never be broken till we gain spiritual freedom. When a sufficient number of people have, like us, liberated their souls, slavery in all its forms will be abolished.

V. YARROS.

A Defence of Spencer.

To the Editor of Liberty:

A few weeks since Victor Yarros spoke of Herbert Spencer as a loyal servant of the *bourgeoisie*. This is, I think, a great mistake. Though Spencer has not done all we could wish, yet what he has done he has done well. In fact I know of no English-writing person who has done so much to advance our cause as he.

The expression "loyal servants of the *bourgeoisie*" has, besides, the savor of cant, and cant is our deadliest enemy. The *bourgeoisie* not being a well-defined class like the feudal aristocracy with class traditions and class instincts, but a mob ever varying in composition, and the fractions of which exploit each other as they do the proletariat, it has as a class no paid agents, and it can develop no loyalty in anyone. Consequently the phrase "loyal servant" can mean only, if it mean anything, that the person to whom it is applied profits by the maintenance of the conditions under which the *bourgeoisie* thrives,—that he is himself *bourgeois*,—and therefore seeks to maintain those conditions. Now it is not true of Spencer that he either profits to any great extent by existing conditions, or that he seeks to maintain them. No one has pointed out in sharper language than he the existing commercial corruption, no one has traced it more clearly than he to its causes, and few have more definitely pointed out the remedies. On one point, the management of corporations, he has distanced all others, for he has clearly demonstrated that the evils complained of, and which are usually made the pretext for the demand for the absorption of the corporations by the State, are, when not produced directly by State interference, the result of the adoption of State methods—majority rule and unlimited contracts—inside the corporations.

The difference between the professed Anarchist and Spencer is simply that Spencer has not taken the last step of demanding the abolition of the State; and that he has not done so in doubt largely caused by the circumstances in which he is placed. The demand, however, follows so logically from his reasoning that we may count him with us. Let us examine his position a little. He wishes to retain the State: 1, for protection from foreign enemies; 2, to administer justice in civil disputes; 3, to prevent or redress criminal aggression.

Now, his first reason for the retention of the State begs the question, for it is at most but a reason for retaining a State, or, as he himself puts it, as long as nations retain the habit of burglary, it will be necessary for each nation to maintain a defensive force to resist such burglary. But as the plea of the Anarchist is for the abolition of the State, and hence of international burglary, the argument is no good against him: in fact, it simply amounts to telling him that he will not have Anarchy before it comes, or that the State and Anarchy are incompatible. It is exactly the same reason that is used in favor of the maintenance of the vast standing armies of continental Europe.

As to the second reason, Spencer will scarcely say that the State has any right to interfere, except it be called in by at least one of the parties to the dispute. In fact, he limits the State's interference to the enforcing of contracts, and the right to make contracts necessarily implies the right to abrogate them, both parties consenting. Where both parties to the dispute are not desirous of State intervention, it must be obvious that the State has no greater right to interfere than has any individual, except in so far as, being stronger, its interference may be more effectual. Where both parties are willing it becomes a case of ordinary arbitration, and any third party in whom the disputants have trust can do equally as well as the State. In fact, Spencer himself has shown that the latter method is the better, and that it tends to replace the action of the State. He has demonstrated that the State's action in such cases is costly and imperfect, while that of private individuals or voluntary organizations is rapid and cheap. And in the case that one of the parties to a dispute refuses to submit the case to arbitration, there is sufficient power in voluntary protective organizations to bring him to terms. Take the case of a merchant accused of not living up to his contracts. If a jury of his fellows of good reputation report that he has refused to defend himself, and that, so far as the evidence they can procure shows, he is guilty, the punishment following through loss of trade is more severe than any the State is likely to inflict.

There remains the case of direct aggression on life and property, and the prevention of this is certainly by far the best reason alleged for maintaining the State. But, after all, payment for protection from crime is a species of insurance, and I fail to see any good reason why one should be compelled to join one insurance company rather than another. If it be not the business of city government to tax the citizens in order to procure a water supply so as to be able to protect them from fire,—and Spencer says it is not,—how can it be the business of the same government to tax the citizens for the maintenance of a police force to enable it to repress fire-

raisers? And here we come to the root of the matter. Spencer's general position is that the State has not the right of positive regulation, while it has that of negative regulation, meaning by the latter term the prevention of aggression. Now, is or is not taxation positive regulation? When we bear in mind that the individual citizen has practically no voice in determining how much he shall pay, nor how his money shall be expended, the reply cannot be doubtful. The State takes from the individual—I speak of the State performing its "legitimate" functions only—what it thinks necessary and expends it as it thinks advisable for his protection. Evidently here is no contract, here is no exchange of services, a giving of so much for so much; here is only positive regulation. The State insists on rendering its services and sets its own pay. And if it do not do this; if the individual citizen has the liberty of choice; if he is to pay for protection only as he pays for other things,—then Anarchy is here and the State is dead. And that Spencer really wishes to kill the State by making taxation impossible there is some reason to believe. Take his proposal to make all taxation direct, direct taxation having, as he says, the advantage that it is difficult to collect when small in amount and practically impossible when large. Or take his recent utterance in regard to majority rule, that the majority has the right to decide what the joint action shall be in those cases in which the minority admits the necessity of joint action,—that is to say, the majority may rule the minority when majority and minority are at one.

The foregoing paragraphs were written before No. 95 of *Liberty* came to hand. In that I was surprised to find it stated that Spencer has not denounced the land and money monopolies. Surely this must have been written in temporary forgetfulness of the facts. It is true that Spencer has said nothing in favor of mutual banking, that he does not even know anything about it; but nevertheless he has denounced the monopoly of the issuance of money most vigorously, and it is not his fault if mutual banking does not exist. Spencer may not be an Anarchist, but when our posterity undertakes to make up the roll of those to whose labors it will owe Anarchy, Spencer's name will stand with those of Condorcet, Humboldt, Buckle, and Proudhon, and it will be neither the last nor the least.

JOHN F. KELLY.

[Mr. Kelly states me a little too emphatically. I did not quite say that Spencer has not denounced the land and money monopolies; I said that he has little or nothing to say about them. As Mr. Kelly puts it, my criticism of Spencer covers his past; but it was my intention to refer only to his present attitude, and my words, though perhaps lacking precision, do not necessarily reflect upon any but Spencer's more recent utterances. I could not have meant otherwise, for, when writing the passage in question, I had distinctly in mind Spencer's admirable essay against the money monopoly to which Mr. Kelly refers. But this, good as it is, only partially excuses Spencer; in one view, indeed, its very excellence aggravates his subsequent offence. Knowing the importance of the matter, he should have dwelt upon it longer and returned to it oftener. But he has simply contented himself with stating on one or two occasions—with much force and lucidity, it is true—a portion of the truth about money and the liberty of its issue. This is contained in one of the least known of his books, and most of those who may be said to be tolerably and intelligently familiar with his philosophy are entirely unaware that he has written anything on the question of banking. If he had cared to give it a prominence proportional to its importance, he could and would have done so by that method of varied iteration of which he is so superb a master, and which he values so highly as a means of inducing the acceptance of newly-discovered truths by reluctant minds. When any truth is particularly dear to Mr. Spencer's heart, you will find him turning it over in a thousand ways, exhibiting it in every possible light, and marshalling all the resources of his vast research in its support. But not so with free banking. That subject he has long neglected, and doubtless many think that he looks upon his once-expressed opinion as part of a crop of intellectual wild oats. To a degree, then, it is Mr. Spencer's fault that free banking does not exist, and that degree is proportional to the influence upon which Mr. Kelly very properly insists in his behalf. So, in spite of my admiration, and my desire to think absolutely well of him, suspicion of his motive, of his honesty, of his bravery, forces its way into my mind, and I am tempted to echo the opinion expressed by Gertrude B. Kelly, in a masterful criticism of Spencer which once appeared in these columns, that, "when Mr. Spencer was younger," he was "probably more honest," and that

in the near future men will wonder how Mr. Spencer, "the philosopher" of the nineteenth century, could have allowed his devotion to the *bourgeoisie* to cloud his morality," though I cannot go as far as she does in asserting that "Mr. Spencer comes to the assistance of the landowners and capitalists in general with all the arguments in his power, even if the views now expressed are totally opposed to those expressed before he was captured by the *bourgeoisie*." With these comments on that portion of Mr. Kelly's letter which particularly calls for answer from me, I leave the rest to Mr. Yarros to answer when and as he pleases, congratulating him on having called forth such an accurate analytical presentation of Mr. Spencer's attitude towards the State as Mr. Kelly has given, and one which, in view of what Mr. Spencer may be supposed to know, better warrants criticism than defence of him.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

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Proudhon's Preeminence.

My dear Mr. Tucker:

Manifestly a sort of reversed Midas, all the gold I have hitherto touched has speedily dissolved, and what I have most earnestly striven after in almost every instance vanished beyond my reach. Indeed, I have so long camped with defeat that I doubt whether I could ever feel comfortable in the company of victory. I fear I am so made that I shall forever train with the defeated. And so may it be. I will not bawl it. But while I am beginning to resign myself to my fate,—that of a lone wanderer with nothing but his ideal and some friends and fellow-thinkers scattered over the earth to cheer and sustain him in an unfriendly world well-nigh bereft of all ideals and fatally immersed in a "mere property career,"—I hope there is something better in store for you and your great enterprises, Liberty and now also "The Proudhon Library," and that in your case the high spiritual rewards that always accompany the service of a noble cause will not want their material counterpart. In the prosecution of your journalistic and literary enterprises I sincerely wish you the most abundant success. Your essential work has my unqualified approval. In exalting, like Jesus, the Quakers, Emerson, and some other characters in whom the race flowered, the spontaneous element in man above fixed institutions, religious, political, or of whatever nature, and proclaiming the supreme excellence of liberty as a solvent of social ills and as the condition precedent to the perennial regeneration of human society, you, together with other Anarchists, are working, "not for an age, but for all time." Among the eminent thinkers and writers who proceeded on similar lines, who clearly recognized the utter futility and crime of politics and all arbitrary interference in the work of social reform, and who with great eloquence and power placed before the world the new hope there is for it in the spontaneous and natural agencies of liberty, the Frenchman Proudhon, so far as I am able to judge, is unexcelled. I cannot but congratulate you upon your undertaking the translation and publication of his complete works. It is true we have Herbert Spencer and Emerson, but Proudhon did his work in his own characteristic way, different from and often surpassing theirs, and for one I hold there is room for him in English. Let me assure you of my hearty cooperation in this your new enterprise. I have already urged the "Proudhon Library" upon a number of friends, and shall continue to bespeak for it the favor of others. Of course you are to place me on your list as a subscriber. It grieves me not to be able to support your enterprise more largely.

Yours truly,
GEORGE SCHUMM.
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

Explanatory.

Dear Mr. Tucker:

In my "Pen Pictures of the Prisoners" I find that my free, off-hand style, intended for private information and afterwards printed with my consent, contains some references which have been misinterpreted. In saying Neebe "was on bail before trial, and not having a knowledge of the future—remained!" I did not intend to insinuate that he would not have stood his ground had he known. In the bare statement of fact I meant no reproach upon a character of undaunted courage and proved honor. To no one has Neebe ever expressed a word of regret.

From my remarks about friend Parsons some, to my surprise, have drawn the inference that, if he had "known the situation," he also would not have returned. As I stated, his own sense of duty impelled him to return. That, in his innocence, he may have believed it was to an acquittal is a reflection on the Court and jury rather than on him. As I said, he "came back because honor demanded it," and, if I had added, as I believe, "would do the same thing again," probably none would have misunderstood my meaning. Truly yours,

DIER D. LUM.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Original from
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

Continued from page 3.

the stronger, die of hunger. What happens among individuals of the same species occurs in the same way among different species. The stronger supplant, eliminate the weaker. . . .

Is not this same fact repeated and reproduced even today in the history of human societies? There is, however, in this respect, an enormous difference between man and the other animal species. Among some of the latter intelligence reaches such a degree of development that, in anticipation of the future,—of winter, for instance,—they store up provisions. But no other animal species that I know has yet had the idea of making the earth yield, by artificial means, by cultivation,—that is, by the application of natural laws either to labor or to the struggle for life,—more than it yields naturally. Man alone has had this thought, and he could get it only through this power of abstraction, of generalization, which has enabled him to perceive, to verify, and to know again successively the constant processes of development of real things, otherwise called the laws of nature, by means of positive science, commencing with the so simple and imperfect observations of primitive societies and continuing to the most complicated combinations of the present scientific systems.

It is in and by this that the human world began to separate itself definitively from the animal world. Alone among all the living species on this earth, the human species has a history in the sense of the progressive development of an actual society. In the rest of the animal world there is also a history, but it is manifested exclusively by the physiological and, as it were, simply material development of the species and races, by the production of new species and races, while each species considered separately, as long as it exists, hardly progresses, living today as it lived a thousand years ago.

Man alone, thanks to his two precious faculties, thought and speech, which are so far inseparable that one cannot say really which is first, each implying the other,—one of which recognizes nature and its laws, while the other transmits to generations to come, as an accumulated treasure, all the discoveries and all the experiences of past centuries,—thanks to these two magnificent faculties, man alone has a history.

At first he lived, scattered in little societies over the earth, like a brutal and ferocious beast, living on the natural fruits of the earth, and mingling in his meals uncooked vegetables and fruits with the flesh of animals, including that of men. He recognized so little the human character of his neighbors belonging to other tribes that he ate them whenever he could. Cannibalism, we know, was the point of departure of human civilization. The first men lived chiefly by hunting and war, war itself being only a hunt for men.

Much later we find the man-shepherd. This is already an immense step forward. He does not yet cultivate the ground; but he already cultivates different species of animals, which he has learned not only to subdue but to tame, by transforming somewhat their nature, by means of his dominant intelligence and will, and on whose flesh and milk he feeds, while their skins serve him for clothing.

Later we find him a farmer. Man becomes sedentary and begins to have a country. With this phase of his economical development are connected, among most of the peoples known to history, some facts as well religious as political, and which are not its first cause, as Mazzini claims, but, on the contrary, its result, expression, and, as it were, ideal consecration. These facts are the worship of the tombs of the fathers, the constitution of the patriarchal right and of *property* in the person of the head of the family, the patriarchal government of the ancients, *slavery*.

The hunting people had no need of slaves, knowing only the *noble* works of hunting and fighting, which a part of our civilized society still considers as a prerogative of men *well-born*. It would even have been impossible for them to support slaves, for hunting is never excessively productive, and hunting peoples, as we see them today in the deserts of Africa and America, often find themselves reduced to death by starvation. In this first phase of human barbarism, women are the natural slaves on whom brutal and ferocious man throws all the burden of work which his miserable household requires. Consequently he does not make slaves, he kills his enemy and eats him.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 35.

They looked at her, perplexed and agitated; without vexation at her strange and untimely interruption, when such a grave crisis was at hand, but not without a keen anxiety, so strongly was the expression of an intense will affirmed on her lifeless face, as well as in her eyes as dark as caverns.

"Silence! Why?" asked Treor, with solicitude, believing, for his part, in a mental derangement easily conceivable.

"Because. . . ." said the poor woman, with unheard-of difficulties, tearing out the syllables, "because". . . .

They positively hung upon her lips, suffering to see her exert herself in such a way, the veins swollen on her yellow forehead, her lips compressed like those of a mask in antique tragedy.

"Because?" gently asked Marian, who had come in.

But no other sound passed between her clenched teeth; she doubtless could not speak, and so abandoned this struggle against the obstacle which closed her jaws, and her expressive eyes veiled themselves under their heavy, swollen lids, burned by tears shed daily, without respite.

"Come!" said Treor's granddaughter; and she tried by coaxing to lead her away among the children. But Edith, extending her arm with a sudden push, drove her away.

"No!" said she, in a harsh tone, lifting her eyelids and showing a transformed face, painful in its expression to the point of paroxysm.

Harvey stepped towards her and questioned her. What was it then, that she felt? What preoccupation was crossing her mind? If she had a reason why they should be quiet, well, let her give it!

"Leave me!" she said, lowering her head and hiding her face, on which was now painted extreme confusion, followed suddenly by fright at the visions passing before her.

In truth, in a cloud of blood which blinded her, was heaped up a great pile of corpses. Stretching as far as the eye could reach, covering the entire country, the plains, the mountains, and the faces of the dead, turned toward her, looked at her reproachfully.

Through this funeral litter of all the males, young, middle-aged, old, armed for deliverance and massacred by Newington's forewarned soldiers, wives, sisters, daughters, mothers wandered inconsolable, embracing with frenzy, in the madness of their grief, those whom they recognized, and hurling maledictions till they themselves expired, exhausted by the horrors of a dreadful agony.

Alone, the widow of Arklow remained standing in the sea of blood which mounted to her knees, and then to her breast, and she contemplated her work while the ravens feasted, croaking her name and thanking her for this banquet of flesh which she offered them; and Arklow, risen from his grave, disowned her; and her Michael, renouncing the benefit of the treason which assured him existence, killed himself by the side of his comrades, refusing to look at her, from fear that he might be suspected of connivance.

"No! no! no!" she articulated energetically, exciting their curiosity like an enigma.

Horrified at the carnage of which she had had a glimpse, at these hearts of mothers or wives broken by her odious selfishness, she repented, decided that these abominations should not be committed, resolved to suffer alone the death of a son and to rejoin him immediately in the tomb.

Concentrating all her powers, tottering, she succeeded in detaching herself from the door, in taking a few steps, supported by Harvey and Treor, and designating the hiding-place where the Duke was trembling with rage, she said, answering at last the question of a few moments before:

"Because, — because my Lord Newington is there."

"In my house!" cried Treor. "Nonsense!"

"I brought him in!" said the widow.

"She is wandering!" exclaimed several at once, filled with commiseration.

"It is the truth!" said the Duke, putting aside the curtain which concealed him, and springing out of his hiding-place, with no pallor in his cheeks, but proud, speaking in a loud voice, disdainful, with defiance on his crafty lips, his arms crossed, not dreaming of having recourse to his weapons, notwithstanding the cries of death which rose, notwithstanding the circle which narrowed around him.

"He promised to pardon my child!" explained Edith, in a hollow voice, to those a hundred leagues from supposing her guilty of such an act.

The mothers present comprehended her, nevertheless, and pitied her, while trembling at the thought of the consequences if her treason had been continued to the end.

Under the broadside of furious looks, of insults, for having imposed such a bargain on an unfortunate woman, so tried, on a brain weakened by the assassination of her husband, the burning of her hut, and the captivity of her son; before menaces flung in his face, and clenched fists two inches from his nose, the Duke maintained a bold front, eyeing by turns the nearest and most furious assailants, enveloping them in an insulting scorn which exasperated them.

In their hands, their prisoner, he dared them; certain of them, intimidated, lowered their eyes; he still appeared formidable. Free, commanding his soldiers, warning them of the announced attack, surely not one of them would escape.

Consequently it was the part of prudence to suppress him.

"To death! to death!" they cried with each other in repeating.

"Or let him sign the order to release Michael!" said a woman.

Newington sneered; a hand was stretched out to seize him; he grasped it, and, twisting it between his powerful fingers, he brought the aggressor, whose suffering made him lose heart, to his knees; then they would have thrown themselves on the Duke, if Treor and Harvey had not checked their fury.

"No execution without trial!" said the agitator.

"Justice and its pomp and paraphernalia!" sneered the Duke. "A court, witnesses, a summing-up, a sentence. My God! all these formalities waste precious time, and during the delays the prisoner, the accused, the condemned stands a chance of being rescued and revenged. I answer you that, for my part, I would not stand upon so much ceremony."

"Do not tempt us," said Treor; but he went on in the midst of continual mutterings which grew ever louder:

"Of all those who are here, whose faces I have seen, whose voices I know, the furious ones, not one, I swear to you, will lead a long life. Very short, on the contrary, at the end of a rope. Clear the way, then, that I may escape, you blackguards! Or else strangle me as soon as possible, set your fangs in my throat, you dogs of rebels. . . . if you can!"

"Duke, no provocation! . . . We hold you in our power, and your bravado will not awe us!" said Treor.

"To death! We wait too long!" murmured the greater part of the assembly, feverish, thirsting for vengeance, and Newington, in the crowd, driven to the wall, hastily pulled his pistols from his belt, pointed them in front of him, with finger on the trigger, and admonished them not to defy his dogs: they would bark and bite at the same time!

They were not afraid, but prepared for a new rush; several Bunclodyans forced a passage, claiming the perilous honor of arresting the rascal; Paddy Neill, in the front rank, prepared to leap upon him; but once more the agitator restrained this outburst, and, placing himself between his own and the Duke, lowered the weapons which they drew from their pockets or from under their cloaks.

"I beg you, my friends, appease your just wrath and renounce your right of retaliation, which is so just, but the use of which would dishonor you before posterity and before history! The man most guilty—and the Duke of Newington answers to this description; all the iniquities he carries on his conscience—even the man most guilty spare until you have tried him."

"He was tried long ago!" interrupted voices.

"Regularly, not only in his presence, not when he could defend himself, explain himself. To order such cruelties as those for which he will remain accountable to you, perhaps his lawyer would argue that this man is insane."

They recognized the justice of the sentiment expressed by Harvey; but also its unseasonableness, and at such a juncture reason was on Newington's side when he spoke, a few minutes before, of the precious time wasted in formality.

While establishing a court, or even while promptly questioning the prisoner and consulting as to his fate, unless they should juggle the ceremony and make a show, a mockery, of it, the Britons, the Infernal Mob, the castle, would have plenty of time to invade the house, overturn the chief justice, his assistants, and the witnesses, and take away the accused, whom it was important, moreover, first to disarm, and who probably would not submit to this operation with a good grace, without using his effective means of defence, and, before giving them up, would break the heads of more than one of those who should attempt to lay hands on him.

"To death! to death! then," they cried now, without consenting to let Harvey expiate longer, who saw it was useless to resist.

And in spite of his sense of justice, of his horror of summary executions, in which, often, mobs in their blindness attack the innocent, he decided that the case of Newington was exceptional, and that he merited the torments inflicted by him on so many of the Irish, and the death which he lavished on others.

He felt that, in a state of war, necessity set aside law, and that the Duke living, even at the bottom of a dungeon, would constitute a danger. Still, he hesitated to abandon him to the vindictiveness of the company: one against all,—such disproportion shocked his delicate sense of honor.

Suddenly the sound of a distant report changed his intentions.

To be continued.

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

Australian Notes.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Labor "troubles" are the inevitable concomitants of our present social system, and their frequency is not to be wondered at. A settlement of a strike is no sooner arrived at in one district than we hear of another strike occurring elsewhere. An exciting scene took place a few days ago, at a place called Bulli, in New South Wales, where the colliers are now on strike. It appears that a number of "blacklegs," as they are called, had been sent for, to take the place of the strikers. About thirty-five of them landed one morning and were being conveyed to the mines in a wagon drawn by an engine, when they were met by a crowd of more than a hundred women, who were standing on the railway, directly in front of the engine, and who positively refused to remove. The result was that the train had to come to a standstill, when the wretched women, seizing their opportunity, instantly flocked around the "blacklegs," and besought them to return rather than take the bread of other men. One poor woman, carrying an infant in her arms, caught one of the men by the arm, and, pointing at the child, asked him if he was going to take the bread out of its mouth. This caused the man to feel much affected, and, the sympathy spreading, nearly the whole of the men returned to Sydney. The women next visited some of the mines, and persuaded many of the "blacklegs" to desist from their labors. A large number of police has been gathered together in the district, and the miners have held meetings to consider what steps to take. New arrivals are continuing to appear, and are persuaded and threatened not to remain, while summonses for intimidation are being taken out against the miners in great numbers. How the affair will be settled remains to be seen. Another trouble has occurred at Geelong, there being a lock-out of the tanners and curriers, whose hours of labor have been increased from eight to nine hours per day, the eight-hour system being the prevailing one in this colony. Unfortunately, in all these disputes, the idea of self-employment seems to be the last thing to enter the workers' heads.

Fortunately, the laboring classes of New South Wales are vigorously protesting against the system of State-assisted immigration which prevails in that colony, although unfortunately they ask for State-aid to nearly everything else. A public demonstration was held a few days ago, when resolutions were passed condemning the system, and thanking Mr. John Norton for the zeal and truthfulness which he has shown in relating the real state of the Australian labor market to the English people.

Some little sensation was caused in this loyal colony of Victoria last month, by an M. P. named Bailes stating in Parliament that the people did not want any more royalty in this country (the Prince of Wales was contemplating a visit to us). He was willing, he said, to remain loyal to the Queen, but he hoped that, when Her Majesty died, they would witness the extinction of monarchy in Great Britain. At any rate, the character of the Prince of Wales was such as to not make his presence here very welcome. The result of this confession was that the press went into loyal ecstasies, severely rebuked the wayward M. P., and he, like a true coward, withdrew his remarks, and humbly apologized. Such is the material of which our "statesmen" are made. Principles should always be sacrificed rather than office, — so they appear to think.

As a proof that our public men are not all characterized by this contemptible servility, I may mention the fact that Mr. W. W. Collins, the popular Freethought lecturer, does not hesitate to publicly proclaim himself an "intellectual Anarchist" (presumably employing the adjective "intellectual" to distinguish himself from the "propaganda by deed"); and a few weeks ago he delivered a lecture in Melbourne, entitled "God and the State," which, although partly a *résumé* of Bakounine's celebrated work, was chiefly devoted to the question of the separation of, rather than the destruction of, Church and State. Mr. Collins, however, stated that he held the views of Bakounine, and that eventually republicans would have to attain to that position.

The new Licensing Act, which I referred to some time ago, is already proving the bungle which many anticipated, and is helping to sow Anarchistic seeds. For instance, the "Argus," the Melbourne Conservative organ, in an article on this question, deplores "the patient endurance and resignation of the public" in submitting to such a law, speaks of Parliament as "the arch mischief-maker, Parliament," and wonders that the people who have to pay fines arising out of the regulations of the Shops Act do not "indulge in the immortal luxury of breaking somebody's head." The article was called forth by an immense number of publicans being summoned for Sunday trading and jovially throwing down the five pounds fine as soon as called upon. The writer goes on to make the startlingly truthful admission that "in every Anglo-Saxon community it has become an axiom that mere 'offence-making' laws, which run distinctly counter to the moral sense and the common sense of the community, ought to be repealed. Laws against murder, theft, and violence are effective throughout the greater portion of the empire, because every one approves of the conviction of murderers, thieves, etc., and the convicted criminal is detested by ninety-nine citizens out of a hundred." To this unusually rational article the "Daily Telegraph," the unflinching advocate of

loyalty and piety, retorted the following day that, "if the publican has a 'moral and indefeasible right' to vend his beer on Sunday, everyone else has a 'moral and indefeasible right' to do whatever he pleases on that day"; and it adds: "No journal with any pretense to public respect has any right to preach the doctrine that, because a citizen does not like a particular law, he has a right to break it. . . . If the law is bad, a good citizen will try and mend it; but, until it is mended, he will keep it," — which is tantamount to saying that to be an unmilitated fool constitutes one a good citizen. The "Daily Telegraph" then proceeds to ask a few questions which I think no Anarchist will have any difficulty in answering in the affirmative: "A freetrader may think protective duties bad; has he therefore a right to turn smuggler, defraud the customs, and yet pretend to be an honorable man? If a person objects to the stamp duties, has he therefore a 'moral and indefeasible right' to cheat the post-office? All the estates of the realm, the two houses of parliament, and the Queen's representative have joined to enact a certain law; but the publicans, since that law touches their pockets, openly declare they will not obey it! And our contemporary puts them affectionately on the back, declares they are right, and announces that they do not forfeit any respect on that account!" That is teaching which, if carried into effect everywhere, would dissolve all law, and reduce society into a mere distracted chaos." Of course, the writer of the foregoing cannot conceive that the dissolution of "law" involves the dissolution of chaos also (if the expression may be allowed). But the climax was reached by the "Age" of the following day in criticizing the two preceding articles in splendid style. After remarking of the "Argus" that "it becomes difficult to distinguish its Conservatism from Anarchism," and blaming the "Daily Telegraph" for seeming "to err on the other side in setting up law as something superior to individual conscience," it analyzed the latter's statement that a good citizen will observe a bad law. "This dictum," said the "Age," "is opposed to the best teachings upon social ethics. No enlightened man can suffer the State, any more than the Church, to become a conscience for him, and coerce him to obedience to a law which he condemns. If, after deep consideration, and upon what appears to him to be sufficient grounds, a brave, a conscientious man conceives an edict of the State to be an evil, he will openly defy it, and take the consequences. His conduct, in thus acting, may prove, as history shows such conduct to have frequently proved, a better act of citizenship than submission. . . . It may be laid down as a rule that all who desire to earn a reputation for good citizenship will obey the laws; but there is no rule without exception, and the burden of discerning the exception rests on the individual. . . . Defiance of law is not a thing to encourage on slight grounds, but there are times when it may become a duty for the noblest and best." It is only lately that such radical ideas have been so freely and plainly promulgated in our local papers; and it shows a tendency cheering to reformers. In addition to the foregoing, I may mention that the "Age" inserted, a few days ago, a letter from myself, entitled: "Co-operation and Anarchism"; this is quite a new departure in Victorian journalism.

I intended to inform you of the further progress of the Melbourne Anarchists' Club; but that must be held over till another time, together with a few other notes of interest.

Fraternally, DAVID A. ANDRADE.
SOUTH YARRA, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA, JANUARY 24, 1887.

Stirner on Justice.

On page 79 of his book, entitled "Der Einzige und Sein Einzeltum," Stirner speaks of the insidious revival of sacred ideas and their domination, as that men are taught to regard themselves as called to devote themselves, to renounce their own wishes in favor, for example, of family, country, science, etc., and to be faithful servants of the same. "Here," he says, "we strike the immemorial craze of the world, which has not yet learned to dismiss priesthood. To live and to labor for an idea is proposed as the high calling of man, and according to the fidelity of its fulfillment his human worth is measured. This is the domination of the idea, or priesthood. Robespierre, for example, and St. Just, etc., were thorough priests. Thus St. Just exclaims in a speech: 'There is something terrible in the sacred love of country. It is so exclusive that it sacrifices everything to the public interest without pity, without fear, without human regard. It hurls Manlius over the precipice; it sacrifices private inclinations; it conducts Regulus to Carthage, casts a Roman into the chasm, and places Marat in the Pantheon as a sacrifice to his devotion.'

"A world of countless 'personal' profane interests stands opposed to these advocates of ideal or sacred interests. No idea, no system, no sacred cause is so great that it should never be outweighed and modified by these personal interests. Even if in times of rage and fanaticism they are momentarily silent, yet they soon come uppermost again by the 'sound sense of the people.' Those ideas do not completely gain the victory till, and unless, they are no longer hostile to personal interests, i. e., till, and unless, they satisfy egoism."

"The man who is crying chestnuts before my window has a personal interest in a brisk sale, and if his wife or anybody else wishes as much for him, this as well is a personal inter-

est. If, on the other hand, a thief were to take away his basket, there would at once arise an interest of many, of the whole city, of the entire country, or, in one word, of all who abominate theft: an interest wherein the person of the chestnut-vendor would be indifferent, and in its place the category of 'one who is robbed' would appear in the forefront. But here, too, it might still all be resolved into a personal interest, each participant reflecting that he must aid in the punishment of the thief because, otherwise, unpunished stealing would become general and he also would lose his possessions. There are many, however, from whom such a calculation is not to be presumed. Rather, the cry will be heard that the thief is a 'criminal.' Here we have a judgment before us, the act of the thief receiving its expression in the conception 'crime.' Now the matter presents itself in this way: If a crime should work not the slightest damage either to me or to any of those for whom I take concern, yet nevertheless I should be zealous against it. Why? Because I am enthused for morality, filled with the *idea* of morality. I run down what is hostile to it. . . . Here personal interest comes to an end. This particular person who has stolen the basket is quite indifferent to my person. I take an interest only in the thief, this idea, of which person presents an example. Thief and man are in my mind irreconcilable terms, for one who is a thief is not truly man. He dishonors man, or humanity, in himself when he steals. Departing from personal concern, we glide into philanthropy, which is usually misunderstood as if it were a love toward men, to each individual, whereas it is nothing but a love of man, of the unreal conception, of the spook. The philanthropist bears in his heart, not *tous anthropes*, men, but *ton anthropon*, man. Of course he cares for each individual, but merely for the reason that he would like to see his darling ideal realized everywhere.

"Thus there is no idea here of care for me, for you, or for us. That would be personal interest and belong in the chapter of 'earthly love.' Philanthropy is a heavenly, a spiritual, a priestly love. Man must be established in us, though we poor devils be brought to destruction in the process. It is the same priestly principle as that famous *fiat justitia, pereat mundus*. Man and justice are ideas, phantoms, for love of which everything is sacrificed: therefore the priestly minds are the ones that do sacrifice. . . .

"The most multiform things can belong and be accounted to man. Is his chief requisite deemed to be piety, religious priesthood arises. Is it conceived to lie in morality, the priesthood of morals raises its head. Hence the priestly minds of our time want to make a religion of everything; a religion of freedom, religion of equality, etc., and they make of every idea a 'sacred cause,' for instance, even citizenship, politics, publicity, freedom of the press, the jury, etc.

"In this sense what is the meaning of unselfishness? To have only an ideal interest, in face of which no consideration for the person counts anything!

"The hard-headed worldly man resists this, but still, for thousands of years, he has always so far succumbed that he must bend his stiff neck and 'revere the higher power.' Priestcraft repressed him. When the worldly egoist had shaken off one higher power, — for example, the Old Testament law, the Pope of Rome, etc., — a seven-fold higher one was presently over him, for example, belief in place of the law; the transformation of all laymen into clergy, instead of a special clerical order, etc. It has been with him as with the man possessed of a devil from whom he no sooner thought himself free than seven devils entered into him."

In the foregoing extract it will be seen that the author puts himself in the place of the average man at the point where the generalization "crime" becomes a snare for the multitude. I offer this fragment as an egoistic contribution to that justice which remains to be constituted.

TAK KAK.

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Mr. Morse Explains.

Dear Tucker:

You asked me if I had said to Appleton that you were waging war merely against the existing State, and I replied, "no."

I am surprised to find in the text of his letter no statement of that color. He seems not alone to fail in so reporting me, but to bring no such charge against you himself. It is his own opinion of the meaning of Anarchism that limits it to political barriers, not yours. He admits that you say it "means more and includes a protest against every invasion of individual right." But, for himself, he is convinced that "it will not do to stretch the scope of Anarchism beyond political government." When he writes, "Now, if Anarchism is merely a protest against the existing State," he is reaffirming his own opinion as to what the word, etymologically regarded, and by what he thinks was Proudhon's restricted use of it, ought to mean. He is not saying what you mean, but what you should mean, to be, in his opinion, a true Anarchist. He then attempts a quotation from me to support the same view of the case.

I volunteer this explanation. But I might have contented myself by saying that I have never had anything to say about Anarchism being merely a protest against the existing State, or otherwise.

Appleton has got his own ideas and mine mixed. I simply remarked to him on one occasion that I did not see why Most, Parsons & Co. had not as much right to define the word Anarchism as you have. Instead of insisting upon any particular definition myself, it was immaterial to me what definition was etymologically or Proudhonically correct. The meanings of words change and often come to convey quite other than their original thought. They come to mean what people make them mean. For myself, I do not care to make this disputed term stand for one thing or another. I do not for my own purpose have occasion in any way to appropriate it, and should not be unwilling to see it pass out of your vocabulary.

In all of which I am a heretic, yet,

Very truly yours,

MORSE.

[If Mr. Appleton's last article were to be considered alone, the paragraph in it containing a reference to Mr. Morse could be interpreted as Mr. Morse interprets it. But considered in its relation to Mr. Appleton's preceding article, which Mr. Morse perhaps has forgotten, my own interpretation is much the more rational. In his first article Mr. Appleton's complaint was, not that I used a narrow name to cover a broad idea, but that I was fighting for a narrow idea. I answered him that I was fighting for Anarchism, and that Anarchism, as defined in Liberty, was equal in breadth to what Mr. Appleton prefers to call Individualism. In view of this, Mr. Appleton's paragraph in his last article is properly summed up as follows: "You say Anarchism is broad in its meaning. But this is a 'convenient assumption' [convenient for what, except to avoid the charge that I am fighting for a narrow idea?], not warranted by etymology or by Proudhon. Etymology and Proudhon both make it narrow. Now, if it is narrow and does not necessarily include a protest against authority *per se*, you, as friend Morse says, have no more right to say that Most, Parsons & Co. are not Anarchists than they have to say that you are not one." Now, to me this amounts to a charge that I am *really* fighting for a narrow idea, but that, when called to account for it, I "conveniently assume" that my flag covers a broad idea; and that, inasmuch as Most, Parsons & Co. and I are really fighting for the same narrow idea, I have no right to question their Anarchism.]

If this interpretation is correct, Mr. Appleton does charge me with "waging war merely against the existing State," and cites Mr. Morse as of the same opinion. Hence the form of my question to Mr. Morse, which, however, he has not stated quite correctly or fully. I first asked him if he had ever said that I was waging war merely against the existing State. He replied that he had not, and inquired why I asked. I answered that I asked because Appleton had written an article in which he quoted him as saying that, if Anarchism meant war against the existing State, I had no more right, etc. Thus Mr. Morse was given the statement made by Mr. Appleton, and, if he had remembered the conversation correctly, he would have had no occasion for surprise on reading Mr. Appleton's article. When I had explained why I asked, Mr. Morse still said, as he says now, that he had never said such a thing, and that Mr. Appleton had mixed things up. As to the right of Most, Parsons & Co. to use the word Anarchism in accordance with any definition they may choose

to give it, I willingly concede it. But it is equally my right to dispute the accuracy of their definition, and say that they are not Anarchists. To illustrate: I have often heard Mr. Morse use the term "transcendentalism" and defend the doctrine for which that word stands. Now, any positivist has a right to put forth positivistic ideas under the label of transcendentalism, but, if any one were to do so, I fancy that Mr. Morse would complain, and assert that such person was not a transcendentalist. Mr. Morse does not like the term Anarchism, I know, but his opposition to it is of a general nature, arising out of his opposition to labelling doctrines at all,—an idea which logically involves the entire disuse of language. As I do not agree with him in this, I cannot accommodate him by dropping the word Anarchism from my vocabulary for such a reason. But, on the other hand, he is not at all a heretic, for, while it is a part of the Anarchistic creed that persons not of Anarchistic ideas should not call themselves Anarchists, it is no part of it that persons holding Anarchistic ideas must call themselves Anarchists under penalty of being disfellowshipped.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER

PROUDHON

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Whole No. 97.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

ANARCHISTS' AIMS STATED IN RHYME.

Written for and published in the Melbourne (Australia) "Punch," as a rejoinder to a caricature in that paper representing the Anarchists' Club of that city as in favor of an immediate and equal division of property, especially rum and tobacco.

I say, Mr. Punch, are you rogue or else fool?

Or is't that you live upon libel?

So slander the Anarchists' Club as a rule?

For if you've been there,

False witness you bear,

And show small respect for your Bible.

You say that we Anarchists are a rough lot,

Who'd dispossess every possessor,

You're aware 'tis the last thing we'd do, are you not?

For to murder and rob

Is an old Archist job,

Did you know that before? — Pray confess, sir.

You say we desire to be fed by the State;

"It's a lie, you old scribe, — 'tis a lie;

For we seek to abolish that engine of hate,

To leave each one free

To pursue honesty,

And earn his own victuals or die.

What we seek to remove are the thieves from our lands, —

The curse of man's life on this earth, —

The usurers, all those who empty our hands, —

The cutie politician,

Who gets a position,

And robs us all round from our birth.

You may stick to your money, and roll in your traps, —

I assure you that we've no objection;

But we all do object to being robbed by you chaps

Who grab up the soil,

And live on our toll,

And fleece us at every election.

We don't want your drinks nor your 'bacca for nought;

We don't want to live without work;

Nor yet for you drones do we wish to be sport.

But we'd give to each neighbor

The fruits of his labor,

And starve out the paupers who shirk.

Just work for your own, and don't live on another,

And stick to your carriage and pub.

Don't live on the sweat of the brow of your brother, —

But set to and labor,

Twill please every neighbor,

Including the Anarchists' Club.

David A. Andrade.

A LAY OF THE LAND.

Can wrong with time a right become — a lie with rev'rent age grow true?

Pillage grow rightful property, no longer to the plunder'd due?

Can what I wrest from one, or ten, to my first, tenth descendant be

Transmitted with a better claim than any that exists in me?

Do I hold that with better right than he who, centuries ago,

Or flich'd it with a cozen'er's craft, or wrench'd it with a felon's blow?

Out on the shibboleth of law — of RIGHT of conquest: lapse, or use,

That sanctifies a century's to shield another day's abuse! —

That arrogates to aftening a title to immunity

Because it heretofore can show a record of impunity.

Out on the cobwebs, custom-span, to trammel slaves and tangle fools!

With the thin sophistry, chicane, and subterfuge of quirks and rules; —

The fog of feudal villeinage — the darkness of a barb'rous day,

Which, had men's brains avail'd their arms, had ages since been swept away.

But as the scales are falling fast, no more avails the master-piea

That compacts with iniquity perfors of its antiquity.

And they who the half-gospel preach, "that strong is strong and might is might."

The other half shall shortly learn, "that wrong is wrong and RIGHT is RIGHT!"

J. H. Dell.

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The Dog and the Wizard: A Fable.

NOTE.—This fable I found in the "Book of Ego," a quaint and curious volume treating of divers topics in a peculiar and many-sided fashion. Feeling that it might interest and edify some, I have transcribed it.

On a certain time, in a certain land, a very cunning and deceitful wizard turned a man into a dog, in order that he might the more completely become his slave. And the dog, after the fashion of dogs, served his master very faithfully, but received little but kicks, cuffs, contemptuous looks, and the assignment of still harder tasks in return.

But it happened that one day, while they were in the forest, the dog killed game and was about to devour it, being in great need of food. But his master took it from him, and, after flaying it and cutting off the meat very carefully, he threw the dog the bones, saying: "Here, you dull dog, this is *your* portion. You have done nothing but stupidly chase and kill this creature,—and even that you could not have done, if I had not first given you permission,—while I have had all the labor of dividing it, of keeping you from wastefully devouring it, and of cutting out these bones for you, to say nothing of the expense of maintaining these great game preserves upon which your life depends; for, if I did not maintain them, *you* would get no game and would perish of hunger. Therefore the meat is my just portion. No doubt you would enjoy the meat yourself, but you would find that it would make you sick. Besides, you are such a stupid dog, you would never know how to dress and cook it; you would only tear it, and waste it, and befoul it with dirt. Now, therefore, be contented with these bones, like a good dog, and you will become very sleek and happy."

And the dog, being very hungry and tired and much befuddled by the sophistry of his master, fell to, and gnawed very cheerfully at the bones for a while. But, finding that they in no wise satisfied the pangs of his hunger, he arose, and chased the wizard, and snatched the meat from him. Then the wizard was very wroth, and pursued the dog, upbraiding him harshly, calling him an "ungrateful dog" and a "thievish dog." But the dog growled savagely, and replied: "You neither made this forest, nor its game; they are no more yours than mine. But I having caught and killed this meat, it is mine, for I have earned it. You have done nothing but frighten and wheelie me out of it. Therefore you are a thief and a liar, and, if you do not depart from me, I will set my teeth in you." And the wizard, perceiving that the dog's eyes were now opened, and that he was really stronger than he, was soon afraid, and departed, complaining bitterly. And the dog ate freely of this meat which he had earned and recovered, and lo! — he became a man again, beautiful, and happier than ever before.

MORAL.

There seems to be no moral given with this fable, and indeed it appears somewhat obscure. I do not see but every reader must search for it himself. Some wiseacres have indeed surmised that the wizard's name was Capitalism and the dog's Proletariat, that the bones were Wages and the meat Produce. But this is a mere matter of conjecture. Howbeit, I cannot divest myself of a suspicion that the allegory is in some wise prophetic, and refers to things future as well as past and present.

J. WM. LLOYD.

Another Plea for the Plumb-Line.

[London Commonwealth.]

Though we admit that it is good that partial changes should take place, since they cannot be final, or the condition of things they bring about be long enduring, what have we to do with helping them on, save by steadily enunciating our principles?

Can we pretend to push forward some measure which we know is impracticable or useless, loudly crying out on practicality meanwhile? Can we who preach the downfall of hypocrisy make friends with the compromise which we despise? Can we who preach freedom fetter our souls from the outset by cowardly acquiescence with a majority which we know is wrong? A thousand times no!

Again, we are but a few, as all those who stand by principles must be until inevitable necessity forces the world to

practise those principles. We are few, and have our own work to do, which no one but ourselves can do, and every atom of intelligence and energy that there is amongst us will be needed for that work; if we use that energy and intelligence for doing work which can be done just as well by men who are encumbered with no principles, we waste it; and we had then better confess ourselves beaten, and hand over our work to others who understand better what a party of principle means. Whatever of good may go with the stumbling, compromising kind of Socialism, let it be done at least by those who *must* do it; do not let us do their work as well as our own. We *must* wait and they *must* act; let us at least not confuse our ideas of what we are waiting for by putting a false issue before ourselves.

A Compliment from an Enemy.

Maxime Du Camp is a reactionist of the most hopeless sort, and how he ever happened to write the following words passes my comprehension; but I find them in "*Le Révolté*" credited to him, and deem them well worth reprinting here.

Is it possible that this old *hydra of Anarchy*, after being crushed to the earth in literature, painting, and sculpture, is not dead yet? I do not know, but it seems to me that it has never been understood. It is ugly, I admit with all my heart; but may not its ugliness be a mask? Let us tear it off boldly, and behind it we shall find perhaps the pale, ecstatic, and dreamy visage of that perennial young man called progress! Alas! was not Galileo an Anarchist? Society somewhat resembles a woman: some day she loses her shape, her countenance changes, her health gives way; she feels great pains within her; she cries, she prays, she despairs; she calls everybody to witness her sufferings; she believes that she is going to die; and suddenly she brings into the world a crying child who makes her proud, and who perhaps at some future day will save humanity.

A Frank Confession.

[Kansas City Journal.]

The philosophy of majorities is not always realized. Napoleon said that he always found providence on the side of the heaviest battalions, and this is but another way of saying that a score of men can conquer ten men. So, if people resort to force to secure an end, the mathematics of force declares that, all things being equal, the most numerous army conquers. As in human government, even in this advanced age, civil authority rests on the last analysis of power,—physical force,—we have adopted the ballot instead of the bayonet as the means of ascertaining which side the force lies on. And we submit to this fact, when known, because to resist would only bring us to the same necessity after the destructive process of force.

A Protest from Australia.

At a recent meeting of the Melbourne Anarchists' Club the following resolution was adopted for transmission to the governor of Illinois:

This meeting, convened by the Melbourne Anarchists' Club, while not endorsing all the principles and methods of social reform advocated by the Anarchists now under sentence in Chicago, expresses its warmest sympathy with them in their present unfortunate position, and strongly condemns the tyranny of those in authority, who have so persistently endeavored to effect what we hold to be nothing short of a legal murder, in order to ultimately achieve the end of stifling freedom.

Objectionable Tenants.

[L'Intransigeant.]

A young couple appears to rent a suite. The janitor shows them the rooms; the visitors seem delighted.

Suddenly the janitor approaches them, and says discreetly: "Monsieur and Madame are not married for good?"

"Oh, yes, we are."

"Ah! then I regret to tell Monsieur that it is of no use to talk: the landlord dislikes to have scenes made in his house."

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART SECOND.

COST THE LIMIT OF PRICE:

A Scientific Measure of Honesty in Trade as One of the Fundamental Principles in the Solution of the Social Problem.

Continued from No. 96.

28. The mere reading of this programme will suggest the immensity of the scope to which the subject extends. In the present volume I have selected a single principle,—the third among those above named,—and shall adhere to a pretty thorough exposition of it, rather than overload the mind of the reader by bringing into view the whole of a system, covering all possible human relations. A few minds may, from the mere statement of these principles, begin to perceive the rounded outlines of what is, as I do not hesitate to affirm, the most complete scientific statement of the problem of human society, and of the fundamental principles of social science, which has ever been presented to the world. Most, however, will hardly begin to understand the universal and all-pervading potency of these few simple principles, until they find them elaborately displayed and elucidated. At present I must take the broad license of asserting that they are UNIVERSAL PRINCIPLES, and referring the reader, for what I mean by a universal principle, to what I have to say of the one which I have selected for a particular explanation,—“COST THE LIMIT OF PRICE.”

29. As a mere hint, however, in relation to the others, let us take the last, “ADAPTATION OF THE SUPPLY TO THE DEMAND.” This seems to be a formula relating merely, as, in fact, it does relate mainly, to ordinary commerce,—trade,—commerce in the minor sense. In that sense, it expresses an immense want of civilized society,—nothing less, as Carlyle has it, than a knowledge of the way of getting the supernumerary shirts into contact with the backs of the men who have none. But this same principle introduced into the parlor becomes likewise the regulator of politeness and good manners, and pertains therefore to commerce in the major sense as well. I am, for example, overflowing with immoderate zeal for the principles which I am now discussing. I broach them on every occasion. I seize every man by the button-hole, and inflict on him a lecture on the beauties of Equitable Commerce; in fine, I make myself a universal bore, as every reformer is likely to be more or less. But at the moment some urbane and conservative old gentleman politely observes to me, “Sir, I perceive one of your principles is, ‘The Adaptation of the Supply to the Demand.’” I take the hint immediately. My mouth is closed. I perceive that my lecture is not wanted,—that he does not care to interest himself in the subject. There is no demand, and I stop the supply.

But you are ready to say, Would not the same hint given in some other form stop the impertinence of overzealous advocacy in any case? Let those answer who have been bored. But suppose it did, could it be done so gracefully, in any way, as by referring the offender to one of the very principles he is advocating, or which he professes? Again: grant that it have the effect to stop that annoyance, the hint itself is taken as an offence, and the offended man, instead of continuing the conversation upon some other subject that might be agreeable, goes off in a huff, and most probably you have made him an enemy for life. But, in my case, it will not even be necessary for the conservative old gentleman to remind me,—I shall at once recollect that another of my principles is, “THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL.” One of the highest exercises of that sovereignty is the choice of the subjects about which one will converse and upon which he will bestow his time; hence I recognize cordially his right to exclude my subject, and immediately, gracefully, and good-humoredly I glide off upon some other topic. Then, by a law of the human mind, which it is extremely important to understand, and practically to observe, if it be possible that there should ever arise a demand with him to hear any thing about that subject, my uniform deference for even his prejudices will hasten the time. Indeed, all conservative old gentlemen, who hate reform of all sorts as they do ratsbane, would do well to make themselves at once familiar with these principles, and to disseminate them as the means of defending themselves. Do you begin to perceive that such a mere tradesman-like formula, at first blush, as “THE ADAPTATION OF THE SUPPLY TO THE DEMAND,” becomes one of the highest regulators of good manners,—a part of the ethics of conversation,—of the “Equitable Commerce” of gentlemanly intercourse,—as well as what it seems to be, an important element of trade: and do you catch a glimpse of what I mean, when I say that it is a universal principle of commerce in the major sense?

30. The doctrine of INDIVIDUALITY is equally universal. I have only to say here that it means the next thing to every thing, when you come to its applications. It means, as applied to persons, that every human being has a distinct character or individuality of his own, so that any attempt to classify him with others, or to measure him by others, is a breach of his natural liberty; and, as applied to facts, that no two cases ever occurred precisely similar, and hence that no arbitrary general rule can possibly be applied to cases not yet arisen. It follows, therefore, that all laws, systems, and constitutions whatsoever must yield to the individual, or else that liberty must be infringed; or, in other words, that the Individual is above Institutions, and that no social system can claim to be the true one, which requires for its harmonious operation that the Individual shall be subjected to the system, or to any institutions whatsoever.

We are taught by it that all combinations of interest whatsoever are limitations upon the exercise of the individuality of the parties, or restrictions upon natural liberty. Hence also, by Individuality, the true practical movement begins with a complete disintegration of all amalgamated interests, such as partnerships, in a manner peculiar to itself. Hence, again, to the casual observer, this movement seems to be in exact antagonism to Association, and the views of Socialism of all the various schools. A more thorough acquaintance with the subject will show, however, that this individualizing of all interests is the analysis of society, preliminary to association as the synthesis,—as much association as is demanded by the economics, being a growth of that co-operation of interests—not combination or amalgamation—which results from the operation of the Cost Principle. (3, 37.)

31. THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL grows out of the more fundamental principle of INDIVIDUALITY, as stated in No. I. of this series. A special occasion called for that treatise, and limited it to a particular application. The extensive nature of the subject in its numerous ramifications will demand a separate work upon Individuality and the Sovereignty of the Individual, which, while they are distinguishable as principles, stand, nevertheless, closely related to each other.

32. A CIRCULATING MEDIUM FOUNDED ON THE COST OF LABOR is, perhaps, not so properly a principle as an indispensable instrument for carrying the Cost principle into practical operation. It is a monetary system, holding to the true or equitable system of Commerce a relation quite similar to that which specie and

bank notes now hold to the present false and dishonest system. The subject of equitable money will be treated of more at large in the subsequent chapters, and does not require any further explanation at this point. As such a circulating medium is one of the necessary conditions of working out the true societary results, it is classed with principles, along with the means of the solution. (69, 245.)

33. It is claimed that within the circle of these five principles of efficient powers is found every condition of the complete development of a true social order, or, in other words, a full and perfect solution of the social problem stated above. Is that statement of the problem sufficiently comprehensive? Does it include, either directly or consequentially, all which has ever been aimed at by social reformers of any school, and all which is requisite to the full harmony and beauty of human relations? If that be so, and if the assumption just stated be made good, both by exposition and practical results, then have we at length a theory of society strictly entitled to the appellation of a Science,—a movement, precise, definite, and consequential, adequate, on the one hand, to meet the demands of the most exacting intellect, and sufficiently beneficent, on the other, to gratify the desires of the most expansive philanthropy, while in its remoter results it promises to satiate the refined cravings of the most fastidious taste.

34. This volume treats professedly upon the Cost Principle. Still each of the principles above stated will necessarily be referred to from time to time. It will perhaps be well, therefore, that the particular discussion of the principle which I have selected for present consideration should be prefaced by a brief statement of the interrelations and mutual dependence of these several principles upon each other.

It is especially appropriate that something should be shown which will bridge over the seeming gap between so metaphysical a statement as that of the Sovereignty of the Individual, as set forth in the preceding Number, and the merely commercial consideration of an appropriate limit of price. An integral view of the connections of the different parts of this system of principles can only be a final result of a thorough familiarity with their detailed applications and practical effects. At the same time the fact that they are connected and mutually dependent will appear upon slight examination. For the rest, I must take the license to assert, with great emphasis, the existence of so intimate a relation between them that, if any one of them is omitted, it is totally impossible to work out the proposed results. The others will remain true, but any one of them, or any four of them, are wholly inadequate to the solution. This connection may be established by beginning almost indifferently at any point in the circle. Let us assume, as a starting point, THE ADAPTATION OF THE SUPPLY TO THE DEMAND.

35. By ADAPTATION OF SUPPLY TO DEMAND is meant a sufficiency of any variety of product, present at every time and place, to meet the want for that particular product which may be felt at the same time and place. It is wholly from the defect of such arrangements, in the existing commercial system, as would secure such an adaptation of supply to demand, that society is afflicted with periodical famine or scarcity, or, on the other hand, with gluts of the market, and consequent sacrifice and general bankruptcy, and, far more important than all, because more continuous, with what is called an excess of labor in the various labor markets of the world, by which thousands of men and women able to work and willing to work are deprived of the opportunity to do so. There is no reason in the nature of the case why there should not be as accurate a knowledge in the community of the statistics of supply and demand as there is of the rise and fall of the tides, nor why that knowledge should not be applied to secure a minute, accurate, and punctual distribution of products over the face of the earth, according to the wants of various countries, neighborhoods, and individuals. The supposed excess of labor is no more an excess than congestion is an excess of blood in the human system. The scarcity of the circulating medium which is now in use, and which is requisite for the interchange of commodities, is regarded by those who have studied this subject profoundly as the principal difficulty in the way of such an adjustment, but that scarcity itself is only a specific form and instance of the general want of adaptation of supply to demand, which extends far beyond all questions of currency,—the supply of circulating medium being unequal to the demand for it, owing to the expensiveness of the substances selected for such medium, and their consequent total unfitness for the purpose.

36. It follows from what has been said that appropriate arrangements for the adaptation of supply to demand are a sine qua non of a true social order. But the existence of such arrangements is an impossibility in the midst of the prevalence of speculation. But speculation has always existed, and is inherent in the present commercial system, and consequently no adequate adjustment of supply to demand has ever been had, or can ever be had, while that system remains in operation. It is the business of speculation, and hence of the whole mercantile profession, to confuse and cloud the knowledge of the community upon this very vital point of their interests, and to derange such natural adjustment as might otherwise grow up, even in the absence of full knowledge on the subject,—to create the belief that there is excess or deficiency when there is none, and to cause such excess or deficiency in fact when there would otherwise be none, in order to buy cheap and sell dear. Speculation is not only the vital element of the existing system of Commerce, but it will always exist upon any basis of exchange short of the Cost Principle. The Cost Principle extinguishes speculation, as will be shown in the sequel. Herein, then, is the connection between these two of the five conditions of social order. (158.)

37. Let us return now to THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL. This has been shown in the previous work to be also a sine qua non of true human relations. The Sovereignty of the Individual, which is merely the complete enjoyment of personal liberty, the unimpeded pursuit by every individual, of his own happiness in his own way, and the development of his own inherent selfhood, is, in fact, the apex, or culminating point, of the true harmony of society. It was also demonstrated that this Sovereignty cannot possibly be indulged, without continual encroachments upon the equal Sovereignty of others, in any other mode than by a complete disintegration of interests,—a total abandonment of every species of combined or amalgamated ownership, or administration of property. Individuality of Character teaches, in this manner, that, in order to the harmonious exercise of the Sovereignty of the Individual, a disconnection of interests must be had, which is in turn nothing else than another application of the same all-pervading principle of Individuality. Such, then, is the intimate connection between Individuality and the Sovereignty of the Individual. (3, 30.)

38. But again: what is to be the consequence of this general individualization of interests? Such is, to a very great extent, the order of the actual condition of ownership and administration in our existing society, which is, nevertheless, replete with social evils. Indeed, hitherto those evils have been attributed, by Social Reformers, to the prevalent individualization of interests among men, more than to any other cause. Hence they have made war upon it, and proposed combined or amalgamated interests, or extensive partnership arrangements, as the only possible means of securing attractive industry, and cooperation, and economy in the production and uses of wealth. We now assert that, in order to secure what is more important than all else, the possibility of the free exercise of Individual Sovereignty, an indispensable condition is a still greater amount than now exists of

Individuality, or disconnection in the property relations of men. We affirm that nearly all that is good in existing society results from that element. What then follows? Do we abandon the high aims of other Socialists in other respects? Is all thought of co-operation and the economies surrendered by us? Clearly they are, unless some new and hitherto undiscovered element is brought in. To go back from the present field of effort of the Social Reformers to so much of Individuality as can exist in the present order of society, and stop at that alone, is evidently to return to the present social disorder, in which it is sufficiently demonstrated by experience that the exercise of the Sovereignty of the Individual—the point we aim to secure—is itself just as impossible as the other conditions desired. But why is it impossible? For the reason that Individuality of interests, upon which that exercise rests, is itself only partially possible in a social state in which there is a general denial of equity in the distribution of wealth,—equity being what the *Cost Principle* alone can supply. If the woman, or the youth under age, is denied the means of acquiring an independent subsistence, by the fact that they receive less than equivalents for their industry, they are necessarily thrown into a state of dependence upon others. The exercise of their own Sovereignty, then, is obviously an impossibility for them. There are thousands of women, for example, in the higher ranks of society, who never felt the luxury in their lives of spending a shilling that they knew to be actually their own, and never applied to their fathers or husbands for money without the degrading sense of beggary. On the other hand, the husbands and fathers are involved, by the same false pecuniary relations, in an unnecessary and harassing responsibility for the conduct and expenditure of every member of their families, which is equally destructive of their own freedom, or the exercise of their own Sovereignty over themselves. It is the same in the existing relations of the poor and the rich, the hireling and the employer, the master and the slave, and in nearly all the ten thousand ramified connections of men in existing society. By refusing equity in the distribution of wealth; by reducing the earnings of women, and youths, and hired men, and slaves below equivalents; by thus grasping power over others, through the medium of an undue absorption of the products of their industry,—the members of community are brought into the relation of oppressors and oppressed, and both are together and alike involved in a common destiny of mutual restrictions, espionage, suspicions, heartburnings, open destructive collisions, and secret hostility, and each is thereby shorn of the possibility of exercising his prerogative of sovereign control over his own actions.

39. Government of all sorts is adverse to freedom. It destroys the freedom of the subject, directly, by virtue of the fact that he is a subject; and destroys equally the freedom of the governor, indirectly, by devolving on him the necessity of overlooking and attempting, hopelessly, to regulate the conduct of others,—a task never yet accomplished, and the attempt at which is sufficiently harassing to wear the life out of the most zealous advocate of order. With the greater development of the individual to be governed the task becomes proportionately the more onerous, until, in our day, the business of governing grows vulgar from its excessive laboriousness.

40. All combinations of interest imply and involve the necessity of government, because nature demands and will have an individual lead. The denial of equity implies and involves the necessity of combinations of interest, by throwing one part of the community into a state of dependence upon the other, authorizing mutual supervision and criticism, and creating mutual restriction and hostility.

41. A man of wealth is said, among us, to be a "man in independent circumstances"; but in truth the man of wealth of our day has not begun to conceive the genuine luxury of perfect freedom,—a freedom which, by immutable laws, can never be realized otherwise than by a prior performance of exact justice.

42. The principles here asserted are universal. The same causes that are upheaving the thrones of Europe are disturbing the domestic tranquillity of thousands of families among us. Red Republicanism in France, African Slavery in America, and the mooted question of the rights of women are one and the same problem. It is the sole question of human liberty, or the Sovereignty of the Individual; and the sole basis upon which the exercise of that Sovereignty can rest is Equity,—the rendering to each of that which is his. *The Cost Principle furnishes the law of that rendering.* That, and that alone, administers Equity. Hence it places all in a condition of independence. It dissolves the relation of protectors and protected by rendering protection unnecessary. It takes away the necessity resulting from dependence for combinations of interest and government, and hence for mutual responsibility for, and interference with, each other's deportment, by devolving the *Cost*, or disagreeable effects, of the conduct of each upon himself,—submitting him to the government of natural consequences,—the only legitimate government. In fine, the *Cost Principle* in operation renders possible, harmless, and purely beneficial the universal exercise of Individual Sovereignty.

43. Hence it follows that the *Cost Principle* underlies *Individuality*, or the disconnection of interests, in the same manner as *Individuality* itself underlies and sustains the *Sovereignty of the Individual*. Hence, again, the *Cost Principle* is the basis principle or foundation upon which the whole fabric of social harmony rests, as the Sovereignty of the Individual is, as has been said, the apex, or culminating point of the same fabric,—the end and purpose of a true social order. Herein, then, is their intimate and necessary relation to each other.

To be continued.

THE POLITICAL THEOLOGY OF MAZZINI AND THE INTERNATIONAL.

BY MICHAEL BAKOUNINE,

MEMBER OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WORKING-People.

Translated from the French by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 96.

Pastoral peoples likewise can make no great use of slaves, and, living almost exclusively on the milk and flesh of their flocks, they could not maintain a great number. They seek, moreover, the plains, broad spaces, the immense prairies, capable of supporting their flocks. Far from seeking other tribes, like the hunting peoples, they avoid them; war, consequently, is not frequent among them, and no war, no slaves. When one pasture is destroyed, they go in search of another; vagabonds on the earth, they observe only the changes of temperature and climate, seeking water first of all, and have no other guides in their periodical transmigrations than the stars in the sky. They were the first founders of astronomical science and of star worship. The patriarchalism, the natural and traditional authority of the fathers of families, of the ancients, is already strongly developed in their bosom, but it is still only a matter of custom. It does not become a right, founded on land and hereditary property and consecrated by religion, as with the agricultural nations. Pastoral peoples remain peaceable so long as they find pastureage

sufficient for their flocks; but at last there comes a time when many nomadic tribes encounter each other, and the plain becomes too small for all. Then, urged on always by this supreme and inevitable law of the struggle for life, they stain the plain with the blood of their battles and are transformed into warlike peoples, after which, mingling in a single mass, too numerous henceforth to find its food on the plains, they fall upon agricultural countries, which they conquer, and forcing into submission to their yoke, like slaves, peaceful populations devoted to agriculture, they found States.

Such was the natural and real process by which the first States in history were founded, without any intervention of legislators or divine prophets.

The brutal fact of brigandage, conquest, and slavery, the material and real base of all States, past and present, has always preceded the idealization of this fact by some sort of religion and legislation. First the conqueror, the fortunate brigand, the hero of history, finds the new State; then, and often directly with him, come priests, prophets, and legislators at the same time, who consecrate in the name of their God, and establish as legal foundations, the very consequences of this accomplished fact.

The following is a universal rule, demonstrated by the history of all religions:

No new religion has ever been able to interrupt the natural and inevitable development of social facts, nor even to turn it aside from the path traced for it by the combination of real forces, whether natural or social. Often religious beliefs have served as a symbol for nascent forces at the very moment when these forces were about to accomplish new facts; but they have always been the symptoms or prognostics, never the real causes, of these facts. As for these causes, we must seek them in the ascending development of economic wants and the organized and active forces of society, not ideal, but real; the ideal always being only the more or less faithful expression, the last resultant, as it were, whether positive or negative, of the struggle of these forces in society.

This idea, so true, announced and developed more than twenty years ago principally by Karl Marx, is necessarily combated by Mazzini, who, a logical idealist, imagines that in the history of humanity, as well as in the development of the material world, ideas, first causes, and successive manifestations of the Divine Being, precede and create facts.

"Religious govern the world," he says. "When the men of India believed that they were born, some of the head, others of the arms, and still others of the feet of Brahma, their God, they regulated society, in conformity with this division, in castes, by assigning to the first, hereditarily, intellectual work, to the second a military status, and to the last servile tasks; and they condemned themselves thereby to an immobility which still continues and which will continue as long as the faith in this principle lasts." *

Mazzini is so much of an idealist that he does not perceive that, in citing the religion of the Brahmins as an example, he proves just the contrary of what he wished to demonstrate, unless he is willing to admit this absurd supposition, that an entire people, at first free, was able to submit itself *voluntarily* to the most grievous and abject slavery, simply because priests had come to tell them and had succeeded in convincing them that they were formed of the feet of Brahma! The establishment of castes in the East India having been, according to Mazzini, only the consequence of the revelation of this religious doctrine, must he not conclude that, before it had been revealed, there did not exist this hereditary inequality in the Indies? What follows, then? That a people comparatively free and composed of citizens living in equality has *freely* consented to descend so low, to become a people of parias, with no other reason for so doing than a new religious propaganda. But would not that be a miracle? I can assure Mazzini that, if he would take the pains to prove to us its historical authenticity, this miracle would alone suffice to convert us once for all to all the religious absurdities. Why does he not at least try to explain the possibility of it? That in itself would be an immense victory for his faith against this poor human reason which he maltreats horribly in all his writings.

To explain so surprising a fact, one must suppose:

Either that the people of the Indies naturally love slavery, that they seek misery, tortures, and shame, as others seek liberty, riches, joys, and honor. But such a people is simply an impossibility, for we see that everything which lives, not only men, but the lowest, the smallest animal on this earth, rebels instinctively and just as far as it can, against every attempt to deprive it of its independence,—that is, of the conditions of its existence and of its natural development;

Or else that Brahma, the incarnation of Mazzini's eternal Divinity at that epoch of history and in that country, himself descended in person, invested with his overwhelming power, from his heaven, to impose this hard slavery upon the peoples of the Indies. But Mazzini, while professing a fanatical faith in and an ardent worship for his God, refuses him the pleasure and the right of revealing himself directly, of showing himself personally on the earth.

If the Brahmins had at least promised the Indian people eternal happiness in return for temporary privations, sufferings, and slavery, as the Christian priests still do today when they come to preach submission and resignation to the proletariat of Europe. But no; the Brahmins have been, in this respect at least, much more honest than our priests; they demand all and promise nothing. In their religion there is neither deliverance nor salvation for the parias, either in this world or the other; for them there is only eternal slavery.

There remains, therefore, only one supposition: this is that the priests of Brahma, his revealers, his prophets, had been endowed by him with such eloquence and such great powers of persuasion that, without recourse to supernatural means, to miracles,—since Mazzini himself denies the possibility of this sort of miracles,—without recourse even to force, that last and powerful argument of all historical religions,—by the sole power of their divinely inspired propaganda, they were able to convert the masses and subject them to this eternal slavery.

They came to say to free men, who only the day before had been more or less their equals: "Wretches! prostrate yourselves! and know that, having come from the foot and perhaps from a still baser part of the body of Brahma, you must serve us eternally as slaves, because we came, some from his head, others from his arm!" And the millions of free Hindoos, suddenly converted by this divine eloquence, flung themselves on the ground, crying with one voice: "Yes, we are wretches, parias, and we will serve you as slaves!"

Of all the suppositions which Mazzini's singular theory imposes on us this is the least absurd, and yet it is so absurd that our good sense, sustained by all we know of the nature and habitual practice of men, revolts. We can conceive that men to whom these same revealers of the religion of Brahma had said, to some: "You must be the supreme arbiters of nature because you come from the head of Brahma," and to others: "You are free and strong, and you must command because you come from his arm," would have responded in unison: "Yes, you are a thousand times right, and may Brahma be greatly blessed! We will direct and we will command, and the vile rabble shall work for us, obey us, and serve us!" We can conceive this, because man is generally disposed to believe in what it is for his

Continued on page 8.

*"Doveri dell' uomo."

Liberty.

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

A Princely Paradox.

Prince Kropotkin's effort at fixing the "Scientific Bases of Anarchy" for the benefit of instruction-seekers in the London "Nineteenth Century" was at once a source of great disappointment and genuine pleasure to me. The disappointment was caused by the fact that the essay leaves me as completely in the dark as I was prior to its perusal in regard to that peculiar and mysterious trick by which men who are in the habit of daily offering worshipful prayers to the heavenly queen of Liberty manage to sandwich in a big slice of Communistic slave-heresy between their Anarchistic professions. To the uninitiated it has always seemed that absolute liberty—individualism—and the climax of despotic regulation,—Communism,—like two parallel lines, can never come in contact, and "Communistic Anarchism" sounded like a square triangle, an honest government, a right wrong, a Scientific State Socialist, or an autonomistic marriage. No amount of diligent research has thrown any light on this puzzling subject, and I was almost prepared to turn away from it in disgust, when the announcement of the appearance of Kropotkin's article again revived my hope, only, as I remarked, to end in disappointment. But it is precisely this fact that no logical justification, no rational explanation, and no "scientific" reasoning has been, is, will be, or can be advanced in defence of that unimaginable impossibility, Communistic Anarchism, that makes me as jubilant as one who discovers his strongest adversary's most fatally weak point should be. Prince Kropotkin is undoubtedly the most prominent Anarchistic writer and agitator in Europe; and, if ever he utterly fails to account for the presence of Communism in his philosophy, it evidently does not belong there.

First of all, we are given a definition of a Kropotkinian Anarchist which is truly original. An Anarchist is a person who, on the one hand, arrives at the "ultimate conclusion of Socialism,—that is, at a complete negation of the wage system and Communism,—and, on the other, at the conclusion that the ultimate aim of society is the reduction of the functions of government to *nil*." Those who may be inclined to foster the suspicion that such an individual has been driven mad by learning during the long and exhausting process of arriving at such an extraordinary combination of conflicting conclusions will be reassured when they are informed that this Anarchist starts out with the conviction, "common to all Socialists, that the private ownership of land, capital, and machinery has had its time." Not only is such "private ownership of requisites for production neither just nor beneficial," but, aside from all considerations of this kind, we are compelled to recognize that we are reduced to a state of pitiful helplessness before the "tendency towards integrating our labor for the production of all riches in common, so as to finally render it impos-

sible to discriminate the part due to the individual." Of course, when it comes to that, rather than commit suicide, we shall probably accept the inevitable in a spirit of due resignation, and be content to dance to the music of "to each according to his needs," etc.; but, while it is yet not impossible to discriminate the part due to the individual, shall we be suffered to make our own terms and take what we can without any examination as to our needs, as to whether we are entitled to such things as cigars, bouquets, and theatre tickets, which the scientific and intellectual rank of the Avelings made needful to them, or whether bread and water fully satisfy our vulgar needs? No, frowns Kropotkin, "canals, railways, machines, and works of art, all these have been created by the combined efforts of generations past and present. Who is then, the individual who has the right to say I have produced this, it belongs to me?" In a word, nobody can claim anything. It is clearly evident that there is no use for us to resist any longer. We belong to society, to which we must consecrate all our powers and capacities, while society has to take care of us, marry us, prescribe the number of children we are to bring into the Communistic world, and dispose of our remains after merciful death relieves us from this bondage (or perhaps society will also fix the time and mode of our deaths).

But, to be serious, is it not discouraging to have to witness the at once sad and comic spectacle of such a man as Prince Kropotkin exhausting his power in the attempt to ride two horses with the result of finding himself stretched on the ground, terribly bruised and disfigured, at the very starting point, when he could safely and speedily "get there" riding that noble animal, Liberty? Why is it that people *will* not see the truth, which is so simple and plain? What the Anarchistic Communists really want is equality of opportunities, and if they should make a determined and special effort to understand themselves, they would probably succeed in clearing up the fog and confusion which prevent them from grasping the idea that free competition not only destroys the vitality of idle capital and secures to the laborer his natural wages,—an exact equivalent of his product,—but also places "at the disposal of all" the "means of production and of satisfaction of all needs of society." Under Liberty the idle capitalist will have nothing but his accumulations to draw upon, and the laborer will receive neither more nor less than the full value of his product,—which will be equal to its *cost*; hence all those things which have been "created by the combined efforts of generations past and present" are in no danger of being monopolized by any one individual or set of individuals. It is not necessary for us to "discriminate the part due to the individual." What our chief concern should be is the establishing of such conditions as will *naturally tend* to accomplish this result,—the giving of his due to each producer. And these conditions are found in the "dissolution of government in the economic organism."

V. YARROS.

A Puppet for a God.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Please accept my thanks for your candid answer to my letter of November 11, 1886. It contains, however, some points which do not seem to me conclusive. The first position to which I object is your statement that voluntary association necessarily involves the right of secession; hereby you deny the right of any people to combine on a constitution which denies that right of secession, and in doing so attempt to force upon them your own idea of right. You assume the case of a new State attempting to impose its laws upon a former settler in the country, and say that they have no right to do so; I agree with you, but have I not as much reason for assuming a State including no previous settler's homestead and voluntarily agreeing to waive all right of secession from the vote of the majority? In any such State I claim, then, that any member becoming an Anarchist, or holding any views differing from those of the general body, is only right in applying them within the laws of the majority.

Such seems to me to represent the condition of these United States; there is very little, if any, record of any man denying the right of the majority in their foundation, and, in the absence of any such denial, we are forced to the conclusion that the association and the passage of the majority rules were voluntary, and, as I said before, resistance to their government beyond the legal means by an inhabitant is practically denying the right of the others to waive the right of

secession on entering into a contract. The denial of any such right seems to me to be irrational.

Of course none of this applies to the Indians, who never did and never will come into the government. I do not, however, think that their case invalidates the argument.

In the second place, I object to your quotation of my phrase, "grand race experience," as grandiloquent. If we have anything grand, it is this "race experience"; denying its grandeur, you either deny the grandeur and dignity of Man, or else, as you seem to do, you look back fondly to some past happy state in some "Happy Valley" of Eden from which man has been falling till now he can say, "all the evils with which mankind was ever afflicted were products of this grand race experience." It does indeed seem to me to be you a "spook" and more: an ogre, The Devil going about devouring all good, rather than, as it seems to me, the manifestation of Divinity,—the divinity of Man, which has produced, not alone the evil in us, but has produced us as we are, with all our good and ill combined.

It is the force which is as surely leading us up to Anarchy and beyond as it has led us from the star-dust into manhood. It is the personification of our evolution, and, while no man may either advance or retard that evolution to any very considerable extent, still it seems to me that much more can be accomplished by acting with it than across its path, even though we may seem to be steering straight towards the harbor for which it is tacking.

The other night I attended a meeting of the Commonwealth Club of New York City, and there listened to the reading and discussion of a paper by Mr. Bishop of the "Post" on the effects of bribery at elections, concerning the amount of which Mr. Wm. M. Ivins had given so many startling figures at an earlier meeting. Mr. Bishop recited the long list of party leaders, and characterized them in their professions and practices.

The whole unsavory story, only too familiar to us all, did not daunt him in his belief that the government is a part of the true curve of development, but only incited the proposal of a remedy, which consisted in substituting the State for the party machine in the distribution of the ballots and in the enactment of more stringent bribery and undue influence acts,—in fact, a series of laws similar to those English laws of Sir Henry James, which are in force there at the present time and which seem to act to a certain extent beneficially.

In closing, after recognizing the difficulty in passing any reform measures, he quoted Gladstone's memorable appeal to the future for his vindication, claiming a common cause with all reformers and with Time which is fighting for them.

The reading of this paper was followed by an address from Mr. Simon Sterne, advocating the minority representation of Mill, and one by Mr. Turner who appealed for an open ballot.

Immediately Mr. Ivins rose, and, after showing that no open ballot could be free, as even asking a man for his vote is a form of coercion, proceeded on the lines of Mr. Bishop's closing quotation to show that the reform then proposed was but a link in the long chain which is leading us irresistibly onward; that not in State supervision, or in minority representation, or in any measure at present proposed, was there an adequate solution of the problem, but that they were each logical steps in progress. Progress which may end in a State Socialism or in Anarchy or in what not, but at any rate in *The End* which is right and inevitable. We cannot any of us turn far aside the course of this progress, however we may act. We can but put our shoulder to the wheel and give a little push onwards according to our little strength. Except at great epochs, the extremists diminish their effect by diminishing their leverage; the steady, every-day workers who strive for the right along the existing lines purify the moral tone of the times and pave the way for those great revolutions when the world seems to advance by great bounds into the future.

Should we not, then, strike hands with these men of the Commonwealth Club, and, burying our differences of ultimate aims, if differences exist, work in and for the present?

I sat at that dinner with Republicans and Democrats, Free Traders and Protectionists, all absorbed with the one idea of advancement and working for that idea with heart and soul. Their influence will be felt, felt not only now, but in the future, even the future of a happy Anarchy; reaching out after and touching that state before some of its more uncompromising adherents.

When the days are ripe for a revolution, then let there be no compromise; the compromise will come in spite of us. But to fly against the wall of an indolent public sentiment is folly, while each man, Anarchist or not, can do something towards the purification of the existent order of things, or at least should withhold the hand of hindrance from earnest workers in that field.

FREDERIC A. C. PERRINE.

[When I said, in my previous reply to Mr. Perrine, that voluntary association necessarily involves the right of secession, I did not deny the right of any individuals to go through the form of constituting themselves an association in which each member waives the right of secession. My assertion was simply meant to carry the idea that such a constitution, if any should be so idle as to adopt it, would be a mere *form*, which

every decent man who was a party to it would hasten to violate and tread under foot as soon as he appreciated the enormity of his folly. Contract is a very serviceable and most important tool, but its usefulness has its limits; no man can employ it for the abdication of his manhood. To indefinitely waive one's right of secession is to make one's self a slave. Now, no man can make himself so much a slave as to forfeit the right to issue his own emancipation proclamation. Individuality and its right of assertion are indestructible except by death. Hence any signer of such a constitution as that supposed who should afterwards become an Anarchist would be fully justified in the use of any means that would protect him from attempts to coerce him in the name of that constitution. But even if this were not so; if men were really under obligation to keep impossible contracts,—there would still be no inference to be drawn therefrom regarding the relations of the United States to its so-called citizens. To assert that the United States constitution is similar to that of the hypothesis is an extremely wild remark. Mr. Perrine can readily find this out by reading Lysander Spooner's "Letter to Grover Cleveland." That masterly document will tell him what the United States constitution is and just how binding it is on anybody. But if the United States constitution were a voluntary contract of the nature described above, it would still remain for Mr. Perrine to tell us why those who failed to repudiate it are bound, by such failure, to comply with it, or why the assent of those who entered into it is binding upon people who were then unborn, or what right the contracting parties, if there were any, had to claim jurisdiction and sovereign power over that vast section of the planet which has since been known as the United States of America and over all the persons contained therein, instead of over themselves simply and such lands as they personally occupied and used. These are points which he utterly ignores. His reasoning consists of independent propositions between which there are no logical links. Now, as to the "grand race experience." It is perfectly true that, if we have anything grand, it is this, but it is no less true that, if we have anything base, it is this. It is *all* we have, and, being all, includes all, both grand and base. I do not deny man's grandeur, neither do I deny his degradation; consequently I neither accept nor reject all that he has been and done. I try to use my reason for the purpose of discrimination, instead of blindly obeying any divinity, even that of man. We should not worship this race experience by imitation and repetition, but should strive to profit by its mistakes and avoid them in future. Far from believing in any Edenic state, I yield to no man in my strict adherence to the theory of evolution, but evolution is "leading us up to Anarchy" simply because it has already led us in nearly every other direction and made a failure of it. Evolution, like nature, of which it is the instrument or process, is extremely wasteful and short-sighted. Let us not imitate its wastefulness or even tolerate it if we can help it; let us rather use our brains for the guidance of evolution in the path of economy. Evolution left to itself will sooner or later eliminate every other social form and leave us Anarchy. But evolution guided will try to discover the common element in its past failures, summarily reject everything having this element, and straightway accept Anarchy, which has it not. Because we are the products of evolution we are not therefore to be its puppets. On the contrary, as our intelligence grows, we are to be more and more its masters. It is just because we let it master us, just because we strive to act with it rather than across its path, just because we dilly-dally and shilly-shally and fritter away our time, for instance, over secret ballots, open ballots, and the like, instead of treating the whole matter of the suffrage from the standpoint of principle, that we do indeed "pave the way," much to our sorrow, "for those great revolutions" and "great epochs" when extremists suddenly get the upper hand. Great epochs, indeed! Great disasters rather, which it behoves us vigilantly to avoid. But how? By being extremists now. If there were more extremists in evolutionary periods, there would be no revolutionary periods. There is no lesson more important for mankind to

learn than that. Until it is learned, Mr. Perrine will talk in vain about the divinity of man, for every day will make it more patent that his god is but a jumping-jack.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Annie Besant and G. W. Foote, two English atheists and the former a recent convert to Socialism, debated the question, "Is Socialism Sound?" at the London Hall of Science on the four Sunday evenings of February. Both debaters failed to follow the logic of their respective positions, Mrs. Besant stopping short of Communism in State Socialism, and Mr. Foote stopping short of Individualism in Land Nationalization. The consequence was that they made mince meat of each other, but failed to give the public any complete and satisfactory idea of either side of the question. I refer to it chiefly for the purpose of commenting upon Mrs. Besant's impeachment of the translation of Proudhon's *La propriété, c'est le vol* by the sentence, "Property is robbery," as rough and inaccurate. The nearest equivalent of *propriété*, she said, would be "estate." Mrs. Besant is grossly in error. Neither word, "property" nor "estate," taken in its ordinary meaning, represents Proudhon's idea, which was *legally privileged wealth*. But the word "property" comes as near to his thought in English as the word *propriété* does in French, and the two words, in their economic significance, are almost exact equivalents. The fact which Mrs. Besant fails to notice is that Proudhon intended his use of the word *propriété* to be startling in its novelty; consequently any translation of his phrase which failed to represent this intention would fail of the effect he desired and designed.

I am requested to state, and to ask other papers to copy the statement, that in Montana there are more laborers, skilled and unskilled, than are needed, that wages there are rapidly going down, and that men in search of work should not visit that territory. Liberty willingly gives circulation to this warning, but accompanies it with the remark that, when the laborers of Montana find out that what they really need is not less labor, but more capital in the shape of a larger monetary representation of existing wealth, and insist on getting it by the only means which will permanently and successfully secure it,—free competition in banking,—they will no longer need to warn off strong arms and skilled hands anxious for occupation, but will welcome them as inevitable contributors to the general prosperity. While the money monopoly lasts, however, those who go there will either die themselves or cut the throats of those already there. But where, then, shall they go?

The United States government made a treaty with the Crow Indians guaranteeing to them the possession of certain land in common "so long as grass grows and water runs." Commissioner Atkins wants the tribe to give up the land, but the Indians point to the treaty. Mr. Atkins says: "If this government can annul State laws by decisions of the supreme court, and otherwise control States through a central power, as the war decided it could, then its power over the Indian is just as great, and no independent nation can exist within our borders, and Congress has power to deal with the Indian as it sees fit. If we cannot carry this matter by persuasion, we must resort to other means." In plain terms, the government can and will perpetrate any infamy that brute force is capable of achieving. In what respect does a republic differ from any other form of despotism?

Afraid of a Better Article.

[Galveston News.]

A sample of grease for table use, which Professor White had pronounced to be oleomargarine, the government chemists decided to be butter. The professor, to vindicate his opinion, declares that oleomargarine is about the same as butter, only differing from butter, if at all, in being better butter than butter itself. This goes to show what real urgency there was for the oleomargarine tax. The dairy farmers, imperiously claiming the fostering care of a paternal government, needed no protection against an inferior article in their line of production; it was only an equal or superior article which they had reason to dread in the field of free competition.

Egoism.

I thank John F. Kelly for his labor and thought on "Morality and its Origin." His first paragraph contains two good Egoistic expressions. He is saying and doing of his own desire what some would persuade us not to expect except from a sense of obligation or duty.

To my understanding there is no inconsistency in my articles. Language is algebraical, and ideas of right can be resolved into ideas of power, capacity, and need, and these into the things in which, for the process of reasoning, power is assumed to inhere. It is noticeable that among the people the idea of right is giving place to that of ability. I am glad Mr. Kelly has seen Stirner's book. If he has read it very carefully and with perfectly open mind, I wonder that he still requires any definition of Egoism. If Stirner said hard things of right and truth, he also said that *natur* is a phantom. This should challenge careful reading. Egoism deals with facts, breaks and dissolves the dominion of ideas, and does not propose to reestablish it in definitions and doctrines. Things can be perceived and named; motives, actions, and consequences appreciated and described. Observe in the following quotation how Stirner uses the word truth in its real sense:

The discoverer of a great truth well knows that it may be useful to other men, and, as a greedy withholding would bring him no enjoyment, he communicates it.—*Der Einzige und sein Eigentum*, p. 136.

Here I may introduce a sentence from page 130 on progress:

The men of future generations will yet win many a liberty of which we do not even feel the want.

Certainly the abstract idea of right is in opposition to that of might. Force is real and, in many forms, independent of sensation and sentiment. Therefore it is said that might transcends right. A declaration of rights is often the pitiful expression of a lack of power. Just now a report says that a speaker at Chicago declared they had a right to overthrow society by force. I call that idea a foolish phantasy, the abstract, fixed, fanatical idea of right severed from circumstances which determine abilities. The devotee of the fixed idea is mad. He either runs amuck, or cowers as mesmerized by the idea. The New York "Standard" says of the rich: "It is no excuse for them that the poor would do the same thing." Say rather it is only an excuse. Moralists labor in long discussions of such excuses. Egoism would render such excuses impotent and such a line of discussion unnecessary. M. Harman of Kansas has suggested going on unoccupied land and fighting it out there, because the abstract right appears, though the fight would be a losing one: idiocy produced by the fixation of the idea, or a foolish phantasy. The same remark for the "Truth Seeker's" suggestion to Henry Appleton that, if one objects to taxation, one "ought" not to walk on pavement laid with means derived from taxation. The same for punctilios about oath-taking, about telling the truth under all circumstances, about keeping promises because they are promises,—a weakness which delays the dissipation of that intrusive despotism which alone desires to fortify itself by exacting promises. By action showing quiet contempt for undesired fancied duties to ideas and "principles," the principal himself, Ego, reduces bigotry and all tyranny to despair, and compels the importunate to desist from what they soon discover to be useless. Egoism has many practical suggestions for people in business, love, and other relations, and especially for the Anarchistic propaganda.

The intellect which has physical forces at command sometimes crushes the idealist; then what becomes of the ideas which were in his brain? The utilitarian definition of right has its meaning in that course of conduct which a utilitarian association finds desirable for itself; but, when an individual attempts to judge what is best for everybody, he is apt to make mistakes, and when he sacrifices his own welfare to an idea of the general welfare, he may see shrewder individuals profiting by his error; and, though the moralist may pronounce his conduct admirable, the result is not happy. Egoism helps the utilitarians and all others to comprehend the logic of the existence of bodies. Each body makes its declarations of what it wants as if it were an Ego. If the persons composing it are not real Egos, they will probably take the reason of the association for their reason and sacrifice themselves in circumstances where conditions are not reciprocal, or as assumed in the theory. But the real Ego has a sure rule in himself for himself. Each person is a fact.

The man who wrings from another the fruit of his labor excites me to hostility by this wringing, or wrong, because I will not suffer it if I can help it; but my suffering is not a contest between a moral principle and my own self, but the result of an offence to myself, an obstacle to the realization of my desire.

A theologian, moralist, and myself condemn rape, and will try to prevent it. The first says that he bases his action upon the law of God, which he obeys. The second says that he bases his action upon a moral law, which he obeys. These are ideas of duty. The theologian cannot conceive that he would be moved to prevention without the law of God; hence he distrusts the moralist as having only a shadowy sanction

to control him. The moralist smiles contemptuously at the obtuseness of the theologian, but suffers from his bigotry. Then the moralist turns upon me and treats me as the theologian treated him. My natural inclinations are "not sufficient restraint," he thinks, and so forth, and not sufficient incitement to do well. But really I am well, when I am whole, and holiness is but a fantastic image, made by ignorance, of wholeness. And when I am well, I shall want to do well. The first two may preach duty to the rapist. Suppose they succeed in restraining him by that influence. It must be so powerful, if it overcomes his will, as to make him subject to indoctrination in general. If to the views of the theologian, then he is ready for religious fanaticism, and—misery of parades—the very same authority will teach him, now subject to its doctrines, that with religious sanction he may bind a woman to himself in marriage and commit rape upon her person as often as he likes. Moralism offers no better "guarantee," none whatever fact. To dominate and control the man it must have an influence over him which, after restraining him from committing the offence in question, will fit him to commit any offence against persons when the moral idea, the greatest good of humanity, dictates it. Filled with the idea that he is a vessel of humanity devoted to the welfare of the "social organism," what guarantee is there that he will not become the instrument of Huxley in extirpating Anarchists as carbuncles upon the said organism? What guarantee can there be that the moralized rapist will not, by force of the very idea to which he surrendered,—the idea, namely, of duty to the social organism,—become persuaded that the social organism needs scientific culture at the root as well as the pruning already mentioned, and that consequently in the cause of humanitarian science it may become his duty to commit a number of scientific rapes upon a number of women, whose Egoism, however, is detectably refractory to the sacrifice demanded by the general welfare. The dog returns to his vomit. My simple Egoism may not furnish abstruse arguments against rape, but it will not furnish the respect which now maintains rape as the recognized method of propagation and would render my life a forfeit if I followed my native impulse and slew a dozen rapists a day. But they believe that they are doing right. It is the general welfare which overrides the welfare of the individual woman.

I think the world is well stocked with sympathy. I see much expense at funerals; a wonderful amount of patriotism, ready to war for fixed ideas; the Red Cross society is liberally supported; even money-lenders are sincerely quick to relieve their victims; and an anesthetic bullet has been invented.

As for men, or men, animals, and plants, being an organism, I do not need to discuss that. I should have to inquire as to the specific and individual characteristics of the organism. The idea is doubtless a relief from the mechanical idea of political institutions. We have the phenomena of life before us, and can judge of them as they present themselves. If I am a molecule or anything else in an organism, that is all right. I am what I am. And if old theology was a reflection of man, then surely Egoism is the fulfillment of the world's travail, for God is pictured as acting spontaneously, without a thought of duty, or pressure against his inclinations, and yet the source of all good. But if it is suggested by the moralist that I shall waive anything upon being convicted of being part of an organism, my stubborn personality may defeat the scheme, as Egoistic anti-prohibitionists defeat prohibitory laws which lack only the consent of victims. I shall not waive anything, and yet I shall be as serene and content to be a molecule, if I am one, as to be anything else, even a grain of iron tonic for the organism, or the grain of strychnine that sends it to kingdom come, or a flea upon a dog (the flea and the dog being parts of the same organism?)

Mr. Kelly's sketch of morals does not effectively antagonize Egoism, because sympathy for persons is Egoistic when it is natural. I do not attack that feeling as superstitions, and I do not attack any feeling upon the ground that the person cannot account for it. I attack as superstitious what is called moral obligation, the oppressive sense of duty, a trace of which is conveyed in Mr. Kelly's words, "this feeling that one should so act." Genuine personal sympathy is spontaneous. It is possible that Mr. Kelly's is wholly so. In places he writes somewhat like an Egoist of fine sentiment, but his entire misapprehension about Egoism, as repeatedly explained, goes further than his particular use of the words "should" and "ought" and his talk about morality to show that he cannot be an Egoist. For, had he been an Egoist, he would have "caught on" to some of the numerous statements by Stirner or myself which would show him that Egoism, or selfhood, has nothing in the world to do with broad or narrow caricatures upon it. If a man is small or large in capacity or range of capacities, yet if he owns himself and is awed by no command, bewitched by no fixed idea or superstition, but does everything with a sense that his acts are his own genuine, personal, sovereign choice,—under whatever pressure of material circumstances and necessary yielding thereto,—then the man is an Egoist, or one conscious that he is a genuine Ego, an individual, a free man according substantially to Proudhon's definition of a free man, printed as a motto in Liberty last year. If the moralists, like the theological religionists, are so sceptical about

personal character as to have no confidence in its producing good behavior, the Egoist will only say this,—that he discovers in himself nothing which he can call moral obligation. You may therefore observe his acts if you care to do so, and perhaps you will discover that what you vainly attributed to the restraint of moral obligation is the spontaneous nature of yourself, but debased with the alloy of scepticism as to your own personal character. In this view, what becomes of the proposed just mean between Egoism and Altruism? It is, of course, the result of a ridiculous perversion of terms. In the first place Egoism was degraded together with human nature, its subject, to the greater glory of God. Then, Egoism having been assigned the popular meaning which implies that a man without an infusion of divine grace or moral efficacy will simply grub to satisfy hunger and vanity, Altruism was invented to mean doing acts to benefit others. There are no Egoists who do not do many acts to help others. Generosity is perfectly Egoistic. There is no quality so distinctively so, in contrast with dutiful moralism. It is a flower of character, without the slightest taint or snuff of moral police forces in the forum of consciousness. Popular instinct and common sense recognize this fact even in the narrowest phase of individuality,—egotism. People flatter a man's vanity,—i. e., rouse his self-appreciation,—when they want to profit by his generosity. Vanity is a mortal fog to reverence.

The Egoist acts to gratify himself and not from a foreign motive. But are all acts Egoistic? All acts of unadulterated Egos are so. We cannot ignore the plain fact that men succumb to the domination of ideas. They are from infancy taught to believe and to practise and obey, and to regard Egoism as the worst of all faults, and reverence, dutifulness toward something or other, as necessary; some standard outside of their own tastes and desires as authoritative and guiding; some things as sacred, not to be touched or brought into question. This is religion, and, as diluted, moral obligation; and it is so proved by the dread that everything will go wrong if men have only their own desires and intelligence as factors determining their conduct, or liberty and intelligence, as Proudhon has defined them. We call the anti-Egoistic influence fixed ideas, or spiritual domination. We say that we will possess ideas, but they shall not possess us. But for the surrender to fixed ideas and the drilling and teaching which maintain their dominion, the State and the Church would be only so many men, their sacredness gone. How long would their power endure against the surprise, ridicule, indifference, or aversion of a mass of Egoists? Superstition is a plant which grows from any bit of root left in the ground. If there is a single thing in which the individual shrinks from pursuing that in which he is most interested, or if he submits to control by ideas which have not come in the way that makes them part of himself, he is undone, precisely as, if any branch of government is established, it may bring back the whole apparatus of despotism. Freethinkers as to how they have changed masters when they have become moralists or remained patriots. Charles Bradlaugh wrote in his paper that the shores of England seemed to him more sacred than any others. To the Egoist there is nothing sacred. But, when Bradlaugh took an oath, and stated that his views were too well known for there to be any misunderstanding about it, he was in line with the Egoistic method of reducing bigotry: teaching the bigots that cobwebs do not bind real persons.

The secularists had their chance when their term was new, and they started officially non-political and with an intention to treat theology simply as a topic for individual expressions. Secularism was put forward as holding nothing sacred. But in a short time its founder, G. J. Holyoake, recanted by declaring that the secular is sacred in its influence on life and character. After that it could not be Egoistic, and for want of Egoistic affirmation it missed advancing to Anarchism, and reverted to an anti-theological protest,—the old formula of wailing "rights of conscience."

To those who believe that Liberty will produce a better order than authority I would suggest a reconsideration if they have condemned Egoism. It is certain that whatever gets to the form of desire must be gratified or repressed. The habit of repressing certain desires for personal motives, wisdom, will be much more valuable to the individual than the habit of repressing them from a sense of cosmic duty. Whoever has outgrown that enslaving idea and found that the sun is not blotted out of his sky has gained an experience which he would not relinquish for all the treasures of other men. Egoism is the solid base of Anarchism and of atheism. Though it does not necessarily render each Egoist agreeable to all other Egoists, it destroys the awe, reverence, and obedience upon which all despots thrive.

It is difficult to imagine all men as knowing what are the needs of all other men in taste and sympathy. It is less difficult to imagine all men as having become Egoists. Then, with the general diffusion of economic science rendering any overreaching conduct impossible in either case, Egoism seems to offer the advantage that it affords no leverage for any disposition which may arise to meddle with or exploit tastes and sympathies; while it utterly extirpates the moral craze or fanatical motive.

Let us suppose all men Egoists. How would the pope persuade people to support him? How would Bismarck per-

sude Germans that they have ^{an} individual interest in holding Alsace? How would Lord Salisbury persuade Englishmen that they have an interest in holding Ireland? How would Grover Cleveland persuade us to support him and coerce the Mormons? Yet natural sympathy would give all the aid required by any Mormon woman who wanted to leave her husband. In fact, if she were an Egoist, she could be restrained only by physical force; but we know that neither compulsion nor any indoctrination in moral duty is necessary to cause natural affection. Egoism therefore points to a general letting alone, and to the consequent growth of people fitted by environment to live and let live. In this light the ridiculous dispute as to whether duality or variety in love is the better plan is simply referred to natural inclinations. The fittest will survive: an axiom which speaks the supremacy of material conditions, unconscious forces in part and other forces of which there is no consciousness in me. It means that that will survive which can survive. It does not mean that that which is judged most moral will survive. A hardy negro sailor would survive where Herbert Spencer would be drowned. The Egoists will survive in the long run, as they carry no useless baggage and keep their eyes open. They seek to disprove all things which they are able to disprove by scrutiny and shaking, and consequently they get rid of those unsound combinations among which unsound men are trying to survive. By getting at the unshakable for conditions the Egoist will attain the greatest simplicity of formula and the most solid basis for himself to be a survivor. Fittest for what? and how fit? For survival, and by ability to survive. The hyena steals the babe. The fittest (subject) survives (predicate); or the survivor (subject) is called the fittest (predicate) without other idea or evidence of fitness. The ideal is that which is desired. Moralists ignore the potency of things in relation to produce desired results by generating personal desire to the point of efficient action.

The manners that best serve men, from any point of view, can be determined only according to the character of the men concerned. For equitable commerce I need men of understanding and purpose, and first of all I need real men. Then I can hope that economic science will be appreciated. As for the Egoists who prey upon the masses, they do so because the masses are exploitable material, easily beguiled, filled with spiritual ideas, and entertained with moral doctrines.

The spiritual man is mad. We can do nothing with men who are not substantially whole men. Mr. Kelly's idea that "society" may be diseased suggests for me the analogy of minds diseased. At least they are perverted, stuffed with bigotry, and notions of fate, charms, luck, national glory, party, duty, self-sacrifice, belief in their own tendency to wickedness, therefore of the need of restraint. They are indoctrinated, not educated; taught to believe and to distrust their own nature even by moralists who do not suspect that moralism is in degree the same scepticism as religious faith. For education we need to begin with this: Be yourself. I affirm, not as a reason, but as a result, behavior satisfactory to others in a greater degree than from any moral system. I affirm that selfhood is the law of nature (to use a convenient expression generalizing facts, not meaning a law to be obeyed) and that minds are poisoned, debauched, deflected, and subjugated, that men are rendered insane, when they give their consent to place their mental centre of gravity outside of themselves; then they are not genuine individuals. The attraction of the outer world is for the Ego as a complete person acting without sense of pressure or dictation. For results, if you say that some Egos are narrow and "selfish," I say I prefer them as narrow Egos rather than take the chances of what may happen should they acquire a "sense of duty" and become patriots, moralists, or exponents of any fixed idea whatever. Egoism is sanity. Non-Egoism is insanity.

Egoistic interest includes "all that may become a man." Egoistic prudence is calculation as to the means of satisfying a desire or avoiding an undesired issue. It regards the good of another when I really desire that good. I watch the rising of good-will in myself and permit no idea to become my master. Ideas are my furniture, my possession. Feelings shall not be imparted to me; but they may be aroused. Egoistic self-denial will now be clear. Egoistic beneficence exists now. Egoistic justice and practical duty will be constituted in and by the presence of Egos and their mutual requirements. In dealing with insane people we cannot do any other justice than to do the best we can. The Ego who does not feel any sentiment for company can "flock by himself," but, when dealing with other Egos, he will find an adjustment established in all transactions upon the basis of the utter impossibility of any one who may be deficient as compared with others in sentiment, getting what he does not earn.

What boots it to preach ideas of Right and Wrong as motives? If you find believers, they are stuffed with your ideas, and have no root in themselves. But if you dispel fixed ideas and cultivate persons, you will have the sentiments and actions natural to real and unadulterated persons. There may be much seeming self-sacrifice, but, if it is made with pleasure, it is not self-sacrifice. If it is not made with personal satisfaction, it is insanity; it is real self-sacrifice. There is no just mean about the matter. If there is an exact relation between myself and the rest of men,

it will, I am sure, find its solution in my acting as a sovereign individual. I shall discover whether they are such or not, and treat them accordingly. But thus I act at all events, and kindly to the weak. Let nature use me, if she will and can; I can at least say that she shall use me only on condition that her organic purposes are effected by organic processes, and that my conscious will and satisfaction is the stamp of genuineness upon her processes so far as I am concerned. Digestion and assimilation, please: no hypodermic injections of spiritual powers. What is that power which would conscript me, or come in, not at the door, but another way, climbing over the wall? It is a thief and a robber.

If without restraint I am dangerous in act, then put physical restraint upon me. That is your affair. If murder is the tendency of a mind unawed, the social sanction will want an ecclesiastical despotism. If conscience means simply sentiment, not the conscience which does make cowards of all victims of spiritual hallucinations, I have nothing here to say of conscience. The tendency to murder is commonly asserted against Anarchy by all advocates of government. We reply as Anarchists that governments murder their millions, and so the dozen murders which might occur under Anarchism in a year would not seem to be much of an argument. I can leave the matter there in the same terms for Egoism, substituting spiritual ideas—i. e., fixed ideas—for government. And as government reposes upon the fixity of idea of the people regarding the need of government, it is essentially dependent upon the continuance of the fixed idea. Egoism dissolves, not one fixed idea merely, but the habit and faith of fixity, therefore all, and furnishes the condition for the final eradication of all political domination; for it will not be thought that a dominion of military power would be possible without a glamour of belief or fixed idea in the people. So long, however, as moralists have influence to persuade men that they cannot and ought not to trust themselves as natural sovereigns obeying only the promptings of their own instincts, judgment, and natural sentiments, they will persuade them to a habit of deferring to doctrines of right and wrong, ideal, fantastic, utterly subversive of spontaneous action, and tending to continue and renew the influence of teachers and expounders; and these will have opportunity to build up hierarchies and governments. The treacherous enemy in the citadel is the fixed idea. Until the fixity is dissolved, the victim will demand only reforms and obtain only changes of masters.

Of course selfhood asserts itself against the physical tyranny of other persons, whether singly or aggregated, in family, tribe, clan, nation; but self-ownership, so far as outward appearances are concerned, is largely admitted, and would follow as a result, if subjection were not secured by means of ideas. The power of the government to collect taxes; that of landlords to collect rent and hold open land,—would be exhausted and would utterly fail if it had not consent in the victims generally either directly to these exactions or to the system of which they are parts. We take liberty when we no longer feel bound. The bondage of idea is now the great bondage. In matters already viewed Egoistically, such as drinking, sexual intercourse, gain, authority is practically defeated. Authority, whether of Egoists or fanatics, can be overthrown only by Egoism. The harlot, the gambler, the usurer, the libertine, persist in their individual course because they are not amenable to authoritative control except by actual, constant watching, and this would be too expensive. Their example teaches passive resistance, but passive resistance can come only when, as in these cases, the idea of duty to obey is removed. Egoism dispels it altogether, and exhibits the reality, Ego. Religion and moralism say that we may have passions, but we must not allow our passions to enslave us. The Egoist extends the suggestion to include ideas. He has ideas, but he remains the master of them, fully aware that any of them might grow upon him and enslave him, if permitted, such is the tendency to give to airy nothings a local habitation and fortify it against its owner. Moralism may say we ought to be free because that is best for the totality. The Egoist says, to himself at least, "I am the master of myself." Then he acts of course according to his natural character under the circumstances in which he may be placed. The Egoist is bound, except in physical bonds, because there are no others. With the moralist, the stone is around the fruit to hold it in. With the Egoist, all the precious thoughts which are supposed by the moralists to create obligations are possessions which create desires; and personality cannot lead to all sorts of contradictory desires. No moral law is needed to prevent a nightingale from adopting the habits of a raven. The Egoist realizes that he is truly an animal, and that ideas have just as much existence as language, no more,—that is, they are processes. All the ideas he has he will use as he sees fit. If of a speculative intellectual turn, the Egoist cannot doubt that there is the greatest good for all in Egoism, and, as he can find satisfaction in proving it, he may undertake to do so.

Anarchism is the direct outgrowth of the natural fact of Egoism directed against the visible enemy sustained upon the weakness of invaded and debauched personality. The new creation, in effect, is a banishment of unreal fascinations. Let there be men, and there are men, whole men.

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Continued from page 3.

interest to accept. But to imagine that the masses, living men, in any stage whatever of civilization, could have accepted *freely*, simply in consequence of an entirely moral propaganda, a belief which, without the least hope and without the least compensation, condemns them to the state of pariahs is simply to show misunderstanding, not to say ignorance, of the most elementary bases of history and of human nature.

It is evident that this acceptance of the religion of the Brahmins by the Hindoo masses could not have been free, but that it was preceded and produced by the fact of their very real and wholly involuntary slavery, under the yoke of the conquering tribes who came down from the plateau of the Himalayas upon the Indies,—a slavery of which this religion and this worship have been only the expression and later theological explanation. The hereditary castes, therefore, were not formed as a consequence of the theological vagaries of the Brahmins. They had a much more real foundation, and especially were the last resultant of a long struggle between different elements, between many social forces, which, after a long conflict, ended in a certain equilibrium that is now known as the social order of the Hindoos.

We know so little of the history of those far-away times and countries. The tribes who descended from the Himalayas to conquer the Indies had, undeniably, already had a previous history of struggles, of social relations more or less determined, of germs of political institutions, in short, a religion, or even several religions, which had been the expression of all these historical realities. All these matters are entirely unknown to us. What we can and must suppose is that the invading power was not a simple power, but, on the contrary, very complex, a combination, not fixed, but moving and living, of popular elements and of diverse social forces which were constantly being modified and transformed within it. It must have been the same with the conquered tribes. The meeting of all those elements, each of which tended naturally to absorb all the others, must have produced a terrible and long struggle,—the *eternal struggle for life*, that supreme law of nature and society,—and the material result of this struggle was precisely the establishment of new relations between all these different social forces, in conformity with the relative and real power or weakness of each,—the at first wholly material institution of *castes* by the brutal triumph of preponderant forces.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 96.

It came from the castle, surely, and it was not the discharge of a single musket at a beast or a burglar, or the weapon of a drunkard emptied at the moon, but a roaring and prolonged rattle of musketry, of firing by platoons.

Instantly, Edith had a presentiment of what was happening.

"Michael, my son, killed!" said she, breathless, terrible, a fury.

And, dishevelled, her whole body shaken by a revengeful wrath, drawn up as if to hurl itself better, she rushed at Newington, who, unmoved before the daggers, before the guns, trembled in the face of this feeble, tottering old woman, whom a child might have knocked down with a push.

"My son," repeated she, "they have murdered him. Ah! Duke! Duke of Death, your promises, your word! . . . infamous before, you are perfured now!"

She brandished her thin fist, the bones of which were prominent under the dried-up, blue skin, and slapped the face of the Duke, whose wrath, however, still further roused by this offence, was tempered by the desire to exonerate himself.

"First," said he, "no one or nothing has proved that the prisoner has been executed."

"I can prove it," said a new arrival, Nelly Burke.

She was on her way home, after the mass, and, on the road which overhung Cumslen-Park, she had seen perfectly, by the light of the lanterns, Arklow's son led into the garden, fastened to a tree, and shot by the soldiers, at the command and before the eyes of the Duchess, leaning, during the preparations, against the balcony of a window.

"So be it!" said Newington; "but I am not a party to this execution. Admit, moreover, that it would be past comprehension if I had ordered it while you held me in your clutches. Yet concealed under this curtain, this old woman immediately betrayed me, she crying: 'Vengeance!'"

Notwithstanding the correctness of this observation, they muttered sarcasms upon his courage; not even hesitating to throw it in his face that he was pleading with fear in his breast. . . .

"Me!"

He pronounced this word in a thundering voice reinforced by the sound of his chest as he struck it roughly to affirm his personality, the bravery which they doubted!

This monosyllable, so accented, signified more than all phrases, all protests, and called up his brilliant past as a soldier, his boldness, his wounds, his exploits, the orders of the day in which his commanding generals praised him.

And since, against all right and fairness, they suspected him of fear, well! he accepted joint responsibility with the Duchess, from whom the order emanated, and he applauded this measure, only regretting that he had not been there to witness the spectacle.

They hooted at him in mad rage.

"Shoot him, then, at once and without further beating about the bush!" said different voices in a tumult, an exasperation which Nelly Burke increased. She related that she had not only seen this horrible picture, but a hasty movement where the Britons were stationed, like an alarm, during which the lieutenant went up to Lady Ellen's apartments to talk with her, while the men took up their guns, put on their cross-belts, and prepared to set out.

"To come here to deliver him!" they said, pointing to Newington.

"They must take away nothing but a corpse!"

"Only," said Paddy, "we will demand a reward of Lady Ellen."

"Why?"

"We shall have made her a widow, and she can marry Sir Richard."

"It is for that purpose, moreover, that she has had Michael killed."

"You lie!" cried Bradwell, entering by breaking the door and followed by an escort of soldiers.

Then, addressing the Duke:

"Help yourself, sir, and you are free!"

Newington had not waited for the invitation. Discharging his two pistols at once, he knocked down the two nearest aggressors, who parried while falling, and, though wounded himself, a ball in his shoulder and a stab in his thigh, he forced a passage with vigorous lunges of his weapons, receiving a shower of balls which

lodged in his thick clothing, were flattened against the walls, and riddled the chest.

"But the children in the other room?" cried some one.

Marian, at the commencement of the hubbub, had taken them all out into the court, pushed them into the cellar, and, barricading them, quieted the fears of the smaller ones, and restrained the larger ones, who wished to plunge into the disturbance.

Reassured as to the fate of the children, the hosts of the elect renewed, in the house invaded by the soldiers, the struggle which had been commenced, frightful in such a small space, where the musketry rattled, causing happily more noise than harm, with epic hand-to-hand struggles, the wounded stamped upon, and dagger-thrusts showered without cessation; blood streamed and spurted from the wounds, flooding the floor, staining the walls, and sprinkling in places the beams of the ceiling.

In vain Sir Bradwell tried to stop this butchery. He was ignorant of Marian's decision in regard to him, not having seen the priest again and with good reason, and he did not yet dream of undertaking the atrocious work with which he had menaced the young girl some minutes before.

Reentering the castle after leaving Treor's house, and hearing of the preparations for the execution of Michael Arklow, he had made inquiries, and, learning from whom the orders came, he had gone to the apartments of the Duchess, and, questioning her, had had his suspicion aroused by her evasive answers, her annoyance at being questioned, her joy, her triumph when the little soldier, with a shattered skull, whirled round on himself and then lay stretched, with folded arms, on the ground.

But it was not so much this death that rejoiced her; and she did not feast herself again with the sight of the young corpse; she listened in the direction of the village, and the clamors which soon reached her ears from the dwelling of Marian's grandfather transported her with joy.

But her spite almost immediately manifested itself.

The tumult increased; it lasted, contrary to her expectations; doubtless this disappointed her so much that finally, forgetting Richard's presence, she said aloud:

"What! they do not reply by the execution of the other! They are amusing themselves by insulting him: what are they waiting for?"

And, her cheek red with wrath against these "imbeciles," she inveighed against them, urged them on through the intervening space as if they could hear her at that distance and succumb to the suggestion of her ungovernable will. . . .

"Ah! the old woman has not unmasked him yet, does not understand the gun-shots; and these cries are not addressed to him!"

To be continued.

The Tyranny of Majorities.

Tyranny is the arbitrary dominion of one man over some other man, or a class of men over another class.

The difference between the rule of a class and that of a majority is vital.

Class rule continues the same so long as the ruling class continues.

No matter how often the individuals change, the monied class is the same in spirit and character.

But as Proudhon says, the minority of today will be in the majority tomorrow, so that the tyranny, so much feared by some, is only for a day.

Thus, while class rule perpetuates itself so long as it is tolerated, the rule of the majority brings its own remedy for any wrong.

As the primitive man always believes the false and does the wrong where there is a possible better, why, majorities are always wrong at first.

Majorities are always wrong as compared with the future, but always right as compared with the past.

When I was a boy, most people thought slavery to be right. Humanity is advancing continually.

So that under the rule of the majority we get the best expression of public sense of right. Look back on the history of the world, and we find that the tyranny of all time has been that of the few over the many.

The crowd, the multitude, may do great wrong,—may rob the few and hew down the aristocrats, as in France in the great Revolution of 1789,—but tyranny comes always from the few.

Perfect freedom is not yet. The great mass of mankind are mentally servile.

That degree of freedom enjoyed by any people is the outward manifestation of what exists in the brains of said people.

Well, some few see a truth before the many. And, as Emerson says, the truth rests with the minority, and for a time with a minority of one.

But can that one rule? No. But the time is coming when the Teacher will be our best man, though not, perhaps, our ruler.

Even if I admit that the majority is tyrannical, you can suggest nothing better. Somebody must govern. And while the dictation of the majority may not be altogether agreeable, yet the rule of one man, or even of an oligarchy, is intolerable.

But, if the majority is in the wrong, why, I'll go to work and teach them better.

APEX.

[The mistake of "Apex" is rooted in the error that whoever holds an opinion on any subject must necessarily try to impose it upon others by force and compel them to act in accordance therewith. This is exactly the point denied by the opponents of majority tyranny, who are likewise opponents of minority tyranny, monarchical tyranny, and oligarchical tyranny. People who hold opinions may properly regulate their own lives by them, but they must not be allowed to regulate the lives of others against their will. If any attempt the latter course, whether they constitute a minority or a majority, it is for the victims to resist them by whatever method they may deem most effective. And the Anarchists are doing just what "Apex" advises,—that is, teaching people better, to the end that those who know better may be, not necessarily a majority, but strong enough to protect themselves against invasion and tyranny. As soon as any large and compact body of people know the Anarchistic doctrine that there is no sanction for the government of man by man, they will throw off all tyranny, and this same knowledge will prevent them from becoming tyrants in turn. But, if they are taught "Apex's" doctrine that the method of progress and enlightenment is by the imposition of one doctrine after another, they will know no method of avoiding tyranny except by becoming tyrants. What matters it that a given form of tyranny, or a given direction of tyranny, is for a day, if tyranny itself persists?—
EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Original from
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER

PROUDHON

Vol. IV.—No. 20.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1887.

Whole No. 98.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

"There's only one paper in Boston that's got any brains," said John Swinton at Faneuil Hall last Monday evening, "and that's a paper called *Liberty*."

The great avidity with which the London "Justice" and "Commonweal" snatch up and reprint stray sentences from a paragraph in which I lately paid the London "Jus" the rather doubtful compliment of asserting its superiority to those sheets, and the equally great care which they evince in suppressing all my expressions of misgiving regarding that new-comer in journalism, do less to fulfil the intended purpose of establishing an affinity between Capitalism and Anarchism than to betray a close kinship between State Socialism and Scoundrelism.

My attention was lately called to a pamphlet of which I had never before heard, entitled "Causes of the Conflict Between Capital and Labor," and written by D. H. Hendershot, who for many years has been the principal of a public school in Hornellsville, New York. Although I have not yet given it the careful perusal it deserves, and have found no evidence that the author's thought has led him to a knowledge of what liberty is in its perfection and what it would do for the world, I am so well pleased with his treatment of the questions of rent, interest, profit, and wages that I have decided to include the book in *Liberty's* propaganda. It is my intention to have it noticed hereafter at greater length. It is written by an earnest man of independent mind, and deserves attention and study. Any one sending me twenty-five cents will receive the pamphlet, post-paid. It consists of ninety-two large pages.

That vigorous and sharp anti-boodle paper, the New York "Leader," reports a boycott against the "Sun" instituted by eleven District Assemblies of the Knights of Labor. The "Sun" frantically calls upon the press to protest against this perfectly natural and wise act of passive resistance to its malicious and contemptible course in the treatment of every progressive move on the part of the victims of Tammany Hall thieves and tricksters, and makes itself ridiculous by its mad ravings of assassination and dynamite. "The press must be free!" exclaims Mr. Dana. Certainly. The press is free, but it has abused its freedom most shamefully, because the workingmen were not free and intelligent enough to teach it that the exercise of freedom is had at its own cost. Free men will support a free press as long as it is fair. When the free press chooses to adopt a false and despicable policy, the patrons are free to express their emphatic disapproval by financially wrecking the prostitute who abuses his freedom.

For pure idiocy here is something that distances all competitors. A writer signing "Cornelius," whom Editor Harman pronounces a clear-headed thinker, says in "Lucifer": "The rigid righteousness of Mr. Benjamin R. Tucker, of Boston, fits in nowhere in practical life. He would have helped on the persecution of Galileo, because Galileo yielded under pressure of authority; he would have turned the cold shoulder on Roger Williams; he would have encouraged the burning of witches. To the runaway slave he would

have said, 'Go back. By making off in this way you recognize the right of government to enslave, therefore you are unworthy of my friendship and assistance.' He would not throw a rope to a drowning man on account of a difference of opinion." This is a specimen of the rot with which "Lucifer's" columns have been packed ever since I riddled the absurd position of E. C. Walker and his wife with arguments that have received the approval of nearly every prominent Anarchist.

Henry George, in the "Standard," calls Dr. Cogswell of San Francisco, who has endowed a polytechnic college in that city and for its maintenance has conveyed certain lands to trustees, a "philanthropist by proxy," on the ground that the people who pay rent for these lands are really taxed by Dr. Cogswell for the support of the college. But what are Henry George himself, by his theory, and his ideal State, by its practice after realization, but "philanthropists by proxy"? What else, in fact, is the State as it now exists? (Often a cannibal than a philanthropist, to be sure, but in either case by proxy.) Does not Mr. George propose that the State shall tax individuals to secure "public improvements" which they may not consider such, or which they may consider less desirable to them than private improvements? Does he not propose that individuals shall "labor gratis" for the State, "whether they like it or not"? Does he not maintain that what the State "does with their labor is simply none of their business"? Mr. George's criticism of Dr. Cogswell is equally a criticism of every form of compulsory taxation, especially the taxation of land values. He has aptly and accurately described himself.

Anarchists Listen to the Siren Song.

To the Editor of *Liberty*:

I believe that it was our late lamented "X" who once remarked that "in Anarchy abideth much fun." Recent events in Chicago have strikingly exemplified the truth of this statement. We have just passed through a political struggle, an alleged uprising of the masses, the long-anticipated conflict of "Labor and Capital." We were assured that "the eyes of the world" were turned toward Chicago with anxious gaze, through the most improved binoculars, to learn the probable fate of the planet upon election day.

Every one—at least in Chicago—knows that here is the "Centre of the Revolutionary Movement," though, parenthetically, I must confess that I have met none of the Labor Party who knows what the aforesaid "Movement" is, or has so far calculated the momentum of its progress (if such) or the direction in which said "Movement" tends. However, in this "Centre," such questions are useless. For five weeks we have had drilled, I might say, into our minds that the future salvation of the world—whose "eyes" were upon us at the risk of straining their visual range—depended upon a local election in Chicago! Scarcely fledged orators "orated" with a fervency and zeal increasing in geometrical ratio as the awful day of impending fate drew nigh.

The Democracy had been knocked out (I trust the reader will remember that I am still surrounded with the dim haze of political expressions); the Republicans were obliged to go it alone; there was but the long-wished-for contest between those rival mythical giants,—Labor and Capital.

Hope, radiant hope, star-eyed hope (the compositor will supply all necessary quotation marks), for the first time shone resplendent on the ranks of the stalwart sons of toil in their endeavor to secure economic rights through political methods. Zealous orators prophesied the advent of the millennium; told the horny-fisted more glorious tales than in former days I ever heard on the Fourth of July, or in Congress; in the exuberance of their joy forecasting the price of police brass buttons by the bushel, extravagantly placed at six cents!

But, alas! the plans of men as those of mice "aft gang aglee." The auspicious day arrived in which Labor was to turn the table upon Capital, in which the Creator was to place its heel upon the Creature, in which the waves of Capital were to be stayed by Labor Canute. Poverty was arrayed against wealth, or so thought the orators; strong in their convictions, they rushed to the polls and found—wealth appealing to hungry stomachs! Only the more philosophic of your readers here were able to withstand the infection. The old siren song of giving one more chance was sung in various cadences, and strong supporters and warm admirers of Liberty marched to the polls, and, in the language of my friend Fischer, "sawed the air with pieces of paper!" *O tempora! o mores!* Is it for this, friend Tucker, that thy subscription list has increased? One of my best friends, a guileless youth who devours every number of *Liberty* and the "Proudhon Library," and who theoretically is sound enough to be even called a "Boston Anarchist," celebrated the occasion by casting his *first* ballot to secure economic emancipation for the future by the political methods of the past. Today he is a sadder but wiser man, and escaped from the avalanche to rush to the suburbs and go out on the prairie and "kick himself."

Seriously though, how can one but be pessimistic under such circumstances? The "Times" announced the crushing defeat with the scare headline, "Anarchy at an End!" when in fact the bursting of the bubble has set many thinking. How many? I do not know; probably more than Abraham found of just men in Sodom. Reorganization is now the cry. Poverty will again contend with wealth; labor still looks upon capital as a foe; the dread bug-a-boo of "Competition" must be destroyed, land nationalized, and the industries of the country—to say nothing of human abilities—be placed under the control of State Socialism.

To tell one of these sawers of the air that *free* competition is equivalent to *equal* opportunities; that *free* competition in the use of land destroys *rent*; that *free* money, released from the shackles of special privilege, based upon credit which has its foundation and finds its solvency in character and business capacity, removes *interest*; thus logically leading to "cost the limit of price," by which is further eliminated *profit*,—is but talking to the wind. To tell them that under the absence of restriction, of privilege,—for one implies the other,—the industrious could accumulate wealth; that this could still be used as capital and none be exploited; that it would be the grandest of incentives to the development of talent and genius, when the man of worth could have a palace and yet none be injured,—for rent, interest, and profit, as economists understand them, would be eliminated,—and only the idle, the lazy, the naturally vicious live in hovels,—would be to declare one's self crank. They are preeminently "practical"; they saw the air for a definite purpose; they see offices and "boodle" before them; and again, and again, and yet again, they will resort to political methods to secure economic results, as our fathers had resource to prayer meetings, at first, to attain political ends.

After every failure a few drop out, alas! but a few. In the meantime the mad passion for privilege goes on with accelerated speed; and, if I may use such a term in the columns of *Liberty*, "the logic of events" is leading up to the inevitable social revolution. Fraternally,

DYER D. LUM.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, APRIL 6, 1887.

A Cure for the Czar's Insomnia.

[Galveston News.]

Assassination only retards the movement toward liberty in a country where there is any liberty. The czar can have the benefit of this truth when he grants the Russians any kind of a constitution or any tolerance for argument.

An Old Maxim Modified.

[The South West.]

"The king can do no wrong," was the sublime assurance of the monarchists in the past. "No wrong can be done to the king,—if we can prevent it," seems to be the servile assertion of the royal republicans who now run our national government.

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART SECOND.

COST THE LIMIT OF PRICE:

A Scientific Measure of Honesty in Trade as One of the Fundamental Principles in the Solution of the Social Problem.

Continued from No. 37.

44. Without Equity as a basis on which to rest, the Sovereignty of the Individual is true still as an abstract principle, but wholly incapable of realization. The Individual Sovereign is *se de jure*, but not *de facto*. He is a Sovereign without dominions, treated as a pretender, and his claims ridiculed by the actual incumbent. The assertion of Sovereignty is a phantom and a delusion until the Sovereign comes to his own. *The Cost Principle, as the essential element of Equity, gives to each his own, while nothing else can.* Hence, again, the intimate and necessary relation between these two principles.

45. The doctrine of the Sovereignty of the Individual is already beginning to develop itself, originally in an abstract form, in various quarters, and to take a well-defined shape in many minds. It has been announced in substance, recently, by several able writers, not accompanied, however, by the indispensable scientific limitation,—“to be exercised at his own cost”—without which it is a principle of anarchy and confusion, instead of order. To preach the doctrine, even with the limitation, apart from its basis in equity, is disturbing. It is the announcement to slaves of their inherent right to be free, at the same time that you leave them hopeless of the realization of freedom. It is to unfit men for their present relations while offering them no means of inaugurating truer relations. It is “to curse men's stars, and give them no sun.” As a preliminary work to the impending reconstruction, the unsettling of men's minds may be a necessity, but “transitions are painful,” and humanity demands that the interval should be shortened between inspiring want and actualizing the conditions of its gratification.

46. The essential condition of freedom is disconnection—individualization—disintegration of interests. The essential condition of disconnection is that that be given to each which belongs to each. All harmonic unity is a result or growth from the prior individuality of the separate monads. The old condition of society, of fealty and protection, and consequent mutual amalgamation or combinations of interests, is a species of amorphous conglomerate, of which the past progress of Reform has been the gradual dissolution. Reform and consequent individualization is the tendency of this age. The process thus commenced must go on to completion, until every man and every woman, and, to an appropriate extent, every child, is a perfect Individual, with an interest, an administration, and a destiny solely and emphatically under his or her own control. Out of that condition of things, and concurrently with it, and just in proportion to its completeness, will grow a more intimate harmony, or, if you will, unity of sentiment, and human affections, and mutual regard, begotten purely of attraction, than can be conceived of in the midst of the mutual embarrassment and constraint of our day, and of our order of life. It is only when each individual atom of the dusky mineral is disintegrated from every other, held in complete solution, and allowed to obey, without let or hindrance, the law of its own interior impulse, that each shoots spontaneously to its own place, and that all concur in voluntary union to constitute the pell-mell crystal or the sparkling diamond of the mines. So in human affairs, what is feared by the timid conservative as the dissolution of order is, in fact, merely the preliminary stage of the true harmonic Constitution of Society,—the necessary analysis prior to its genuine and legitimate synthesis.

47. The connection of the *Cost Principle* with the *Adaptation of the Supply to the Demand* has been already pointed out. The nature and necessity of an *Equitable Money*, as the instrument of working the *Cost Principle*, will be demonstrated, as previously stated, in a subsequent chapter. In this manner the interrelations of this circle of principles are established, not so fully as the nature of the subject demands, but as much so as the incidental character of the present notice will permit.

48. But, although it may be admitted that we gain something of freedom in the action of the Individual by avoiding combinations of interest, do we not lose, by that means, the benefits of cooperation and the economies of the large scale? This question is important, and demands a satisfactory and conclusive answer. That answer is given in the whole treatise which follows. It is admitted that heretofore no other means for securing those ends have been known. It is asserted, however, that principles are now known by which all the higher results of social harmony can be achieved without that fatal feature of combination, which has promised, but failed, to realize them. Hence we draw a new and technical distinction between *Combination* and *Cooperation*, and insist on that distinction with great rigor. We assert that the true principles of Social Science are totally averse to combinations of interest. At the same time we admit freely that any principles which should not secure the greatest conceivable amount of Cooperation would fail entirely of solving the problem in question.

49. By Combinations are meant partnership interests and community of property or administration, such as confuse, in any degree, or obliterate the lines of individuality in the ownership or use of property.

50. By Cooperation, or cooperative relations, is meant such an arrangement of the property and industrial interests of the different individuals of the community that each, in pursuing his own pleasure or benefit, contributes incidentally to the pleasure or benefit of the others.

51. We assume the burden of proof. We admit the obligation resting upon us to establish the position that extreme individuality or disconnection of interests is compatible—contrary to all previous opinion—with as thorough and extended *Cooperation* as can exist in any system of Combinations whatsoever.

52. It must not be understood that disconnection of interests implies, in the slightest degree, an isolation of persons. A hundred or a thousand men may be engaged in the same shop, and still their interests be entirely individualized. Such is the case now under the present wages system. The laborers in a manufacturing establishment, for example, have no common interest, no partnership, no combined responsibilities. Their interests are completely individualized, and yet they work together. This is all right. It is not at this point that the evil lurks which the Socialist seeks, or should seek, to remedy. Besides this, these men and women now cooperate completely in their labor. They all work at distinct functions to a common end, which is *Cooperation*. The evil to be remedied is neither in their individuality of interests nor in any want of *Cooperation*. It is solely in the want of mutuality in the results of that *Cooperation*,—in other words, in the want of *Equity*,—in the want of a regulating principle which would secure to each the full, legitimate results of his own labor. The difficulty is that the whole hu-

dred, or the whole thousand men now labor and cooperate, *not for their own benefit*, but for the benefit of one,—the employer. Under the operation of the Cost Principle their interests will be individual as they are now; they will coöperate as they do now, or, rather, more perfectly, but they will cooperate for their own mutual benefit,—the employer, or chief, receiving, like all others, merely the equivalent and reward of his own labor.

53. I feel painfully that by attempting such a condensation of these matters I am liable to render myself woefully obscure. I will take a special occasion to show that “Equitable Commerce” is not the antagonist of any other of the great Reforms proposed, but that it comes in as the harmonizer of the whole. If it be claimed by his admirers that Fourier has shown the “what” of harmonic social relations, Warren shows the “how” to realize such relations, in which last respect Social Reformers generally have been lamentably deficient.

54. I will conclude by stating how the Cost Principle, in its operation, will address itself to the different classes of community, so that those who feel no demand need not be overburdened by the supply.

The whole community may be divided, under this system,—not according to the old classification of Political Economy into producers and non-producers,—but into those who receive more than equivalents for their labor and those who receive less than equivalents,—those who perform no productive labor and receive a living or more than that being included in the former class.

Of these classes, the latter—all those who receive less than equivalents, including the great mass of simple operatives who have not the aid of capital—have an immediate and pecuniary interest in at once adopting the principle.

The remaining class—those who receive more than equivalents—have no such interest, but contrariwise. Of these only such as are moved by considerations of benevolence or justice, or the love of order and harmony in human relations, or by the sense of insecurity even for the rich in the existing order of society, or by an appreciation of the higher gratifications of taste through the general prevalence of refinement, luxury, and wealth, have any demand for this new principle of commerce; and so soon as those with whom such considerations are not potential have read enough to know how equivalents can be measured, and that they are now on the gaining side, they will need no further supply of this reform, and the reform must go on without them, as it best may. There are only distant advantages to offer them, and as they have the immediate advantages in their own hands, they must be expected to do the best they can to retain them. The peculiarity of the movement is, however, that it does not proceed by their leave.

CHAPTER II.

EQUITY AND THE LABOR NOTE.

55. HUMAN beings are subject to various wants. Some of these wants have to be supplied to sustain life at all; others to render life comfortable and happy. If an individual produced, with no aid from others, all the numerous things requisite to supply his wants, the things which he produced—his products—would belong to himself. He would have no occasion to exchange with others, and they would have no equitable claims upon him for any thing which was his.

56. But such is not the case. We all want continually for our own support or comfort those things which are produced by others. Hence we exchange products. Hence comes trade,—buying and selling,—Commerce, including the hiring of the labor of others. Trade is, therefore, a necessity of human society, and consists of the exchange of the labor, or the products of the labor, of one person, for the labor, or the products of the labor, of another person.

57. It is clear, if this exchange is not equal, if one party *gives* more of his own labor—either in the form of labor or product—than he *gets* of the labor of the other,—either in the form of labor or product,—that he is oppressed, and becomes, so far as this inequality goes, the slave or subject of the other. He has, just so far, to expend his labor, not for his own benefit, but for the benefit of another. To produce good or beneficial results from trade, therefore, the exchanges should be equal. Hence it follows that the essential element of beneficent Commerce is EQUITY, or that which is *just and equal between man and man*.

58. The fundamental inquiry, therefore, upon the answer to which, alone, a *Science of Commerce* can be erected, is the true measure of Equity, or, what is the same thing, the measure of price in the exchange of labor and commodities. This question is one of *immense* importance, and, strange to say, it is one which has never received the slightest consideration, which has never, indeed, been raised either by Political Economists, Legislators, or Moralists. The only question discussed has been, what it is which *now regulates price*,—never what should regulate it. It is admitted, nevertheless, that the present system of Commerce distributes wealth most unjustly. Why, then, should we not ask the question, What principle or system of Commerce would distribute it justly? Why not apply our philosophy to discovering the true system, rather than apply it to the investigation of the laws according to which the false system works out its deleterious results.

59. Simple Equity is this, that *so much of your labor as I take and apply to my benefit, so much of MY labor ought I to give to be applied to YOUR benefit; and, consequently, if I take a product of your labor instead of the labor itself, and pay you in a product of my labor, the commodity which I give you ought to be one in which there is JUST AS MUCH LABOR as there is in the product which I receive.*

The same idea may be differently presented in this manner. It is Equity that *every individual should sustain just as much of the common burden of life as has to be sustained by ANY BODY on his account*. Such would be the result if each produced for himself all that he consumed, as in the first case supposed above; and the fact that it is found convenient to exchange labor and the products of labor does not vary the definition of Equity in the least.

60. To a well-regulated mind the preceding propositions present an obvious and self-evident truth, like the proposition that two and two make four, demanding no other proof than the statement itself. Yet simple and undeniable as they appear, when thus distinctly propounded, the consequences which inevitably follow from the principle which they affirm are ultra-radical and revolutionary of all our existing commercial relations, as will be shown in the subsequent chapters of this work. They contain merely, however, a statement of the *Principle of Equity*. They leave the question of the *Method* of making an application of the principle still open. They do not furnish the means of arriving at the *measure of Equity*. This, then, is the next step in the investigation.

61. If I exchange my labor against yours, the first measure that suggests itself for the relative amount of labor performed by each is the length of time that each is employed. If all pursuits were equally laborious, or, in other words, if all labor were equally repugnant or tiresome,—if it *cost* equal amounts of human suffering or endurance for each hour of time employed in every different pursuit, then it would be exact Equity to exchange one hour of labor for one other hour of labor, or a product which has in it one hour of labor for another product which has in it one hour of labor the world over. Such, however, is not the case. Some kinds of

labor are exceedingly repugnant, while others are less so, and others still more pleasing and attractive. There are differences of this sort which are agreed upon by all the world. For example, sweeping the filth from the streets, or standing in the cold water and dredging the bottom of a stream, would be, by general consent, regarded as more repugnant, or, in the common language on the subject, *harder work*, than laying out a garden, or measuring goods.

But besides this general difference in the *hardness or repugnance* of work, there are individual differences in the feeling toward different kinds of labor which make the *repugnance or attraction* of one person for a particular kind of labor quite different from that of another. Labor is repugnant or otherwise, therefore, more or less, according to the *individualities* of persons.

If you inquire among a dozen men what each would prefer to do, you will find the greatest diversity of choice, and you will be surprised to find some choosing such occupations as are the least attractive to you. It is the same among women as respects the labors which they pursue.

62. It follows from these facts that Equity in the exchange of labor, or the products of labor, cannot be arrived at by measuring the labor of different persons by the hour merely. Equity is the equality of burdens according to the requirements of each person, or, in other words, the assumption of as much burden by each person as has to be assumed by somebody, on his account, so that no one shall be living by imposing burdens on others. Time is one element in the measurement of the burdens of labor, but the different degrees of repugnance in the different kinds of labor prevent it from being the only one. Hence it follows that there must be some means of measuring *this repugnance itself*,—in other words, of determining the relative *hardness* of different kinds of work,—before we can arrive at an equitable system of exchanging labor and the products of labor. If we could measure the general average of repugnance,—that is, if we could determine how people generally regard the different kinds of labor as to their agreeableness or disagreeableness,—still that would not insure Equity in the exchange between individuals, on account of those *individualities of character and taste* which have been adverted to. It is an equality of burden between the two individuals who exchange which must be arrived at, and that must be according to the estimate which each honestly forms of the repugnance to him or her of the particular labor which he or she performs, and which, or the products of which, are to be exchanged.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 97.

Then Richard comprehended that his father, misled among the Bunclodyans to spy them, was in danger of death, of a death which he perhaps merited, but called down on him, imposed on him, by Lady Ellen, and always with the same aim,—to free herself so that, as a widow, she could marry her incestuous lover.

To do nothing in these circumstances, when he clearly perceived the Machiavellian designs of the Duchess, and while it was not too late to interpose, was equivalent to complicity, and he had no wish to bear this charge.

From the balcony he notified the soldiers, who were finishing the funeral task, to remain in arms, ready to follow where he would lead them, and, in spite of Ellen's imprecations, in spite of her efforts to detain him, clinging to his arm and making him drag her on the carpet, getting up again and barring the door, impudent, imploring, and at last letting him go with a sarcasm, weary of struggling, her limbs bruised, and believing that Richard would not arrive in time,—he had gone!

But on the way he enjoined upon his men to be cool, to spare especially the women, and he forbade them to use their guns. To deliver Lord Newington,—that was their only duty.

They would succeed without bloodshed; and the soldiers promised, winking and laughing at his cruelty. They had been out of work too long. Only now and then a few blows to give to some refractory soldier who had been ordered to fatigue-duty and who had refused, to paladins protecting some jade who repulsed them, to some mocking child, to some scowful old man.

"Outside of the King's peace" remained a vain phrase, a derisive formula devoid of sense; and these privations were made heavier by Sir Richard's appeal to the officers. Ah! many thanks! they would make up for lost time, for the consideration and reserve and respect which had been forced upon them.

And, as soon as Treor's threshold was crossed, profiting by the occasion of the pistol shots fired by the Duke, they gave rein to their concentrated desire for carnage, to their sanguinary instincts at last unbridled, to their thirst for revenge for so much burdensome prudence.

Vainly Sir Richard recalled them to calmness and self-possession; they struck as if they were deaf, they wounded as if they were blind, struck and wounded themselves, moreover, with usury.

Irishwomen, Irishmen, soldiers, the same frenzy intoxicated each, and, all the combatants intertwined, forming compact groups, no one dared to use his weapons, for fear of striking the friends and comrades next him; and the fight went on, not less fiercely, but, on the contrary, more savagely, with the natural weapons: a battle of enraged animals strangling each other, biting each other everywhere, taking shreds of flesh from shoulders, from limbs, with rags of clothing, from the face, baring the cheek-bones and the double row of teeth.

Edith, crouching, wound her arms around Newington's legs and cried out that she had done so, but was not heard in the uproar of insults, cries of pain, stamping, collisions, tumbling of furniture and partitions, and breaking of plates and dishes.

And the Christmas tree overturned in the fireplace, its branches quickly caught fire, and the flames communicated to the floor, where grease-spots promptly fed them.

Tables and chairs taking fire, the conflagration spread rapidly to the beams and the thatch of the roof, roaring as it went, and the Britons, filled with fear at the thought of burning alive, struggled no longer except for their personal safety, trying to free themselves from the arms entwined around them and to get out of the house, cost what it might.

"Cursed witch!" howled Newington, delayed by the bonds in which he was held by the old woman dragging after him and holding him fast in her muscles like an immovable rock.

At times a sudden stream of flame shot out with a hiss, licking the faces, stinging the skin, cutting the flesh, and stimulating the desire to escape of all who hurried, pell-mell, in a general scramble, except Paddy, Treor, and Harvey, who tried to organize the exit of their people by the court, the Duke, who denounced the deserters fleeing from his side, and Sir Richard, terrified at the sudden appearance of Marian in the midst of the flames.

Confiding the children to a neighbor who had arrived, and who took them away to their homes where they were sheltered from the quarrel, far from the disaster, the young girl reentered into the contest in which her grandfather and her Irish brothers were perhaps suffering their death agonies, to console them, dress their wounds, die with them!

Through the clouds of powder and the smoke of the fire, she looked at Sir Richard with severity, almost with horror, attributing to him the unchaining of all this demoniac fury, the responsibility for this orgy of murder, for this mad destruction of men and things.

But with looks more eloquent than speech he protested energetically; and as Harvey, comprehending too late that his generosity had been untimely and foolish, was about to repair his errors by blowing out Newington's brains, having already placed the mouth of a pistol against the Duke's temple for the purpose, Sir Bradwell knocked up the weapon with the end of his cane, for he had neither rifle, nor dagger, nor sword, and proposed an arrangement, an armistice.

On hearing the noise of the combat, the Ancient Britons and Gowen's Mob came running up, at race-horse speed.

Their hurrahs of encouragement or of menace reached the interior of the house in spite of the uproar of the expiring struggle, of the cries of pain, of the vociferations, of the clatter of guns falling on the floor, of the noise of falling beams.

The dwelling surrounded, not one of the Bunclodyans could escape from it without suffering summary execution, or certain capture, in case they should reserve him for worse tortures in the future. In these conditions, even-handed exchange: Newington to be saved, and the troops who were coming to receive orders to retreat and return to their barracks.

That is to say, to Treor, to Sir Harvey, the leader, to them all the arrangement spared not only the death which they braved, but the possibility of completing their undertaking for the salvation of Ireland.

"Do not listen to him," thundered Newington, scarlet, his eyes starting from their sockets, congested by the idea of this merchandizing which he rated as pusillanimous, sullying his dignity and capable of compromising the success of the progressive movement.

"Do you accept?" asked Bradwell.

"No, kill me!" growled the Duke, still held motionless by the weapon, and who felt, nevertheless, on his forehead the coldness of the steel.

"I accept," said Harvey, "on condition that hostilities shall be suspended until tomorrow on your part and on ours."

"No, kill me!" howled Newington, who was still held by the arms, his fleeing soldiers not dreaming of coming to his relief and his son having no power to aid him, being held at a respectful distance by a group of Irishmen, who separated them from each other.

"And on our side," resumed the agitator, half asphyxiated by the thickening smoke, so dense that they could no longer distinguish each other,—"and on our side plenty of leisure to abandon arms and the village with its horrors of war, to go in whatever direction we wish, without being disturbed by any of the regular or irregular troops, any guerrillas, any partisans of yours."

"Never!" cried the Duke.

"Agreed!" said Sir Richard.

"With the further condition that no messenger despatched by you or yours shall transmit to the regiments on the march the secret of our plan, fraudulently, dishonestly detected by Lord Newington."

"I refuse!" exclaimed the Duke, who was foaming with impotent rage.

"I accept!" said Bradwell again.

"You swear it?"

"I swear it."

"In that case, Sir Newington is free," pronounced Harvey, solemnly.

And, in spite of himself, liberated, unobstructed, pushed out of the house where he persisted in staying,—for he knew that honor would constrain him not to break the engagement, the oath of his son,—the Duke, expecting to sink with withering rage, witnessed the retreat of his soldiers, cursing, rebelling, throwing to the ground their useless muskets, breaking their sabres, accusing Sir Richard, without fear of being punished, or made examples of, of cowardice, of treason, of desertion, of bargaining with the enemy, of having dishonored them, sold them, made money out of them and of England.

"The first who mutters," said the young man, phlegmatically, "the first whose gesture again offends me, who comments on my action by a look, inscribes himself against my will, whoever does not bow passively to my orders, let his head be broken!"

There was a silence, while the roof of Treor fell in almost upon Edith, whom they had been obliged to carry outside, as she had gloomily resolved to perish in the ruins.

Between her contracted jaws she stammered:

"Duchess of Newington, murderer of my child, of my Michael, may the wrath of God soon weigh down upon your head!"

CHAPTER VIII.

For two days the troop of Bunclodyans have been on their way toward the bay of Cork.

Faithful to the promise given, the Duke of Newington had not disturbed them, and they advanced tranquilly, rallying on the way the hunters, the pike-men, the riflemen, the fishermen, the miners, hundred men here, fifty, twenty, thirty there, the value of a company, of a platoon, of a squad. The hamlets and every farm furnished a handful of men: from a hovel on the side of the road came out on the threshold, awaiting the procession, the father and his sons; women joined the little army, a pitch-fork under the arm or on the shoulder, or else carrying a scythe grown rusty, so long had the harvests slept in the furrows; and when they had passed a village, the rear-guard would hear all at once galloping after them urchins, escaped from their homes, and whom they could not succeed in sending back to their parents. They brandished cutlasses and knotty clubs and put handles to bits of iron, and so much patriotism shone in their clear eyes that they cheered up the loiterers, those whom the hunger and the increasing cold rendered less enthusiastic about the adventures of war!

Treor, Harvey, now in the advance-guard, now in the rear, distributed enthusiasm the whole length of the column, receiving the assurance of warm devotion, and, to lighten the burden of the march on the road, which, in spite of the distance traversed, still stretched a pretty piece ahead, Paddy Neill, the life of this solemn body, sang national airs, taking the place of the absent flourish of trumpets and the drums which enliven the steps of marching troops.

They joined in the choruses, joyfully, forgetting their weariness, and in the sweetness of the melodies which succeeded the songs of war, in the lullaby of the *lieds*, each recalled the rare tranquil evenings of old, in the years when the hands

Continued on page 6.

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Pinney His Own Procrustes.

Having exhausted the resources of sophistry, and unable longer to dodge the inexorable and Procrustean logic of Pinney, the anti-Prohibitionist, Pinney, the Protectionist, has subsided, and is now playing possum in the Procrustean bed in which Pinney, the anti-Prohibitionist, has laid him. But Pinney, the Greenbacker, evidently hopes still, by some fortunate twist or double, to find an avenue of escape yet open, and thus avoid the necessity of doing the possum act twice. Accordingly, in his Winsted "Press" of April 7, he makes several frantic dashes into the dark, the first of which is as follows:

Our first objection to free money was that the great variety of issues, coupled with a questionable security, would limit circulation to local circuits and subject the bill holder to harassing uncertainty as to the value of currency in his possession and to constant risk of loss. To illustrate this defect we mentioned the experience of the people with the old State bank bills, which experience, disastrous as it was, did not offer a fair parallel simply and solely because it was not disastrous enough, the banks being limited and regulated in a measure by State laws and machinery to enforce contracts. Our Boston Procrustes thereupon plunged straight into trouble by denying the similitude, because so forth the old banks were incorporated institutions not perfectly free to cheat their creditors, forgetting that, in so far as they differed from free banks, the difference in point of security, scope of credit, etc., was in our favor.

That is one way of putting it. Here is another. Free money advocates hold that security is one (*only* one) essential of good money, and that competition is sure to provide this essential, competition being simply natural selection or the survival of the fittest, and the fittest necessarily possessing the quality of security. But they have never held that it was impossible for monopoly to furnish a temporarily secure money. It may or may not do so, according to the prescribed conditions of its existence. Pending the universal bankruptcy and revolution to which it inevitably will lead if allowed to live long enough, the national bank monopoly furnishes a money tolerably well secured. But the old State bank monopoly furnished a money far inferior in point of security, not because it was a freer system,—for it was not,—not because the conditions of its existence were less artificially and compulsorily prescribed,—for they were not,—but because the conditions thus prescribed were less in accordance with wise business principles and administration. The element of competition, or natural selection, upon which the free money advocates rely for the supply of a money that combines security with all other necessary qualities, was just as much lacking from the old State bank system as it is from the present national bank system. Therefore, to say of the State banks that, "in so far as they differed from free banks, the difference in point of security, scope of credit, etc., was in their favor" is to beg the question entirely; and accordingly, when Mr. Pinney, as sole proof of an assertion that free

money would be unsafe money, offered the insecurity of the old State bank bills, I informed him that there was not the slightest pertinence in his illustration, whereby I plunged, not myself, but Mr. Pinney into trouble.

To get out of it he performs a double which eclipses all his previous evolutions. Finding that he must deal in some way with my statement that the monopoly of money inheres in the compulsory conditions of its issue, chief among which are the government bond basis in the national bank system and the specie basis in the old State bank system, he asks:

How then about your free banking? Are there not any "compulsory conditions"? Free bank notes can be issued only by those who have government bonds, or specie, or property of some sort, we suppose, so there are your "compulsory conditions," enforced by the business law of self-preservation (for State law is not to be mentioned in Anarchist ears), and "the monopoly inheres in these compulsory conditions." Behold, then, the new monopoly of those who have property!

To this absurdity there are two answers. In the first place, it is not true that under a free banking system "notes can be issued only by those who have property of some sort." They can be issued and offered in the market by anybody who desires. To be sure, none will be taken except those issued by persons having either property or credit. But there is no monopoly of issue or the right to issue, no denial of liberty. If Mr. Pinney should claim that this answer amounts to nothing because issue is valueless without circulation, I shall then remind him of my previous statement that the circulation of an abundance of cheap and sound money benefits those who use it no less than those who issue it, and tends to raise the laborer's wages to a level with his product,—a point which he carefully avoids in his last article, because he knows that he cannot dispute it, having frequently maintained the same thing himself.

But, in the second place, Mr. Pinney's argument that the possession of property is a necessary condition of the issue and circulation of money, and that therefore free money is as much a compulsory monopoly as that of the government which prescribes the possession of a certain kind of property as a condition of even the issue of money, is precisely on a par with—in fact, is a glaring instance of—the reasoning resorted to by those friends of despotism who deny political and social liberty on the ground of philosophical necessity. The moment any person, in the name of human freedom, claims the right to do anything which another person does not want him to do, you will hear the second person cry: "Freedom! Impossible! There's no such thing. None of us are free. Are we not all governed by circumstances, by our surroundings, by motives beyond our control?" Bow, then, to the powers that be!" Boiled down, the argument of these people and of Mr. Pinney is this: "No one can do as he pleases. Therefore you must do as we please." It needs only to be stated in this bald form to be immediately rejected. Hence I shall attempt no further refutation of it. Mr. Pinney will please bear in mind hereafter that, when I use the word monopoly, I refer not to such monopolies as result from natural evolution independent of government, but to monopolies imposed by arbitrary human power. He knew it very well before, but he must dodge, and this was the only dodge left. Let the reader note here, however, how his double undid him. He says that under free banking the condition of a secure basis for money would be "enforced by the business law of self-preservation," exactly the opposite of his original charge that free money would be unsafe.

But he is not yet done with this twaddle about "compulsory conditions." Read again:

Mr. Tucker cannot see that there is any difference in principle between a law which absolutely prohibits the sale of an article, and a law which taxes the seller of that article. The tax is a "compulsory condition" which prohibits till it is complied with. The possession of property is another compulsory condition which prohibits free banking till it is complied with. Therefore there is no difference between absolute prohibition of free banking and the monopolistic condition that practically prohibits a man from being a free banker unless he can put up the security.

Utter confusion again! Mr. Pinney seems unable

to distinguish between disabilities created by human meanness and those that are not. The law which prohibits a sale and the law which taxes the seller both belong to the former class; the lack of property belongs to the latter, or rather, it belongs to the latter when conditions are normal. It is true that the lack of property which at present prevails arises in most cases out of this very denial of free banking, but I cannot believe that even Mr. Pinney would cap the climax of his absurdity by assigning as a reason for the further denial of free banking a condition of affairs which has grown out of its denial in the past. The number of people who now own property, and the amount of property which they own, are sufficient to insure us an abundance of money as soon as its issue shall be allowed, and from the time this issue begins the total amount of property and the number of property-owners will steadily increase.

To my objection to his government money monopoly that it would be Communistic robbery to mortgage all the wealth of the nation to secure all the money of the nation, Mr. Pinney can only make answer that the possibility that the government would foreclose the mortgage—that is, increase taxation—would be very remote. As if any possibility could be considered remote which is within the power and for the interest of lawmakers to achieve, and as if it were not the end and aim of government to tax the people all that it possibly can!

An Anarchic "State."

Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, of England, has undertaken the commendable work of exposing the "fallacies and dangers of [State] Socialism," upon which subject he has lately been doing considerable writing and lecturing. And, coming from the pen of a *bougeois* reformer who antagonizes the revolutionary drift in society, his objections and exceptions to the teachings of State Socialism must be pronounced weighty and serious. As a general thing, Socialism has little to fear from the side occupied by the conservatives; for, utterly unable to deny the truth of the grave charges which the Socialists make against the existing conditions, manifestly unjust and monstrous, to prove the unsoundness of the central and basic statements of their theory, or to propose anything like the semblance of an adequate and complete settlement of the troubles now disrupting society, they can only raise trivial and comparatively insignificant objections to Socialism, thereby showing their own incompetency to deal with the vital issues and burning questions of our day, and adding to, rather than lessening, the strength of their opponents. None but Anarchists can successfully combat State Socialism, and the Socialists seem to be aware of this fact and try to keep at a safe distance from our camp, preferring to have an altogether easy time in storming defenceless positions. To a certain degree, Mr. Bradlaugh shares in this common weakness of his fellow-thinkers, and Mrs. Besant, who attempts a reply to him from her standpoint, which she claims is that of State Socialism, naturally improves this opportunity of triumphantly pointing out to Mr. Bradlaugh that he had not carried the "central citadel of Socialism," and declares that she and thousands more must remain Socialists until he meets their "main contention that private property in wealth-material results in the servitude of the unpropertied to the propertied class." She might even have quoted John Stuart Mill, who admitted that the imperfections and supposed evils of Communism are as nothing compared with the iniquities of the present system. Nevertheless, Mr. Bradlaugh advances some strong arguments,—sufficiently strong, in fact, to compel Mrs. Besant to entirely abandon State Socialism in her endeavor to answer them, as I will presently indicate.

Mr. Bradlaugh writes:

I understand and define Socialism as (1) denying, or destroying, all individual private property; and (2) as affirming that society organized as the State should own all wealth, direct all labor, and compel the equal distribution of all produce. I understand a Socialistic State to be (3) that State in which everything would be common as to its user, and in which all labor would be controlled by the State, which from the common stock would maintain the laborer, and would

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take all the produce of the labor. That is (4), I identify Socialism with Communism.

To establish the correctness of this definition of Socialism, Mr. Bradlaugh quotes several representative Socialistic writers; but Mrs. Besant does not find in those quotations "a word of the destruction of all private property, but only the claim for the appropriation by the community of all material necessary for the production of wealth," and gives her own views as to what the State does and does not propose to do, as follows:

What the Scientific Socialist proposes to do is to take over the land and the total capital of the country (plant, means of transit, banks, etc.) into the hands of the community; those who want to earn a living, i.e., all healthy adults, will have to utilize this material. Suppose the Northumberland Miners' Association desire to work the Northumberland mines, they would have to pay rent to the State (the whole community) for the right to work them; suppose the nailmakers of a town desired to utilize the factories in which they had worked as "hands," they would have to pay rent to the State for the use of land, factory, plant, etc. And now suppose that an individual nailmaker, dissatisfied with his work in the co-operative factory, determined to save some of his earnings and set up nailmaking on his own account. Need the State be convulsed, need his deserted fellow-workers of the factory cry out for a law to stop him? Not a bit of it. Unless the whole experience of the last century as to the advantages of division of labor and of large production over small be a delusion, the co-operative workers may look on at the individual capitalist with extreme serenity.

It is almost superfluous to comment upon the revolting injustice of the proposal to exact payment from the workers for the use of all the things mentioned. Why should the individual pay rent for land to the State? And if the "taking over of the total capital of the country" means simply expropriation of the present capitalists and owners, who but the "hands" directly utilizing it can lay any claim to it? Many more questions might be asked, but it is not essential to my purpose, which is merely to show that the above is not State Socialism. It is better and worse than State Socialism at the same time. While it does not propose to dictate to these co-operative associations the methods of management, number of hours, prices, etc., it compels them to pay tribute for the use of the materials. Presumably the tax thus collected is intended for public benefits (salaries of officials), but would not the prices of the commodities be proportionately higher? Why not let these associations use the materials free as long as they make cost the limit of price? This is precisely what the Anarchistic Communists contend for; but Mrs. Besant, though insisting that, as Scientific, not Utopian, Socialists, they are not obliged to have "every detail mapped out on paper," refuses to accept Kropotkin's plan of federated communes on the ground that she could form no clear idea of the relations supposed to exist between the communes, mindless of the fact that, in repudiating Mr. Bradlaugh's idea of the Socialistic State's functions and in restricting it to the collecting of rent from the producers' associations which use the wealth-material of the community, she leaves the same uncertainty as regards the interrelations of these associations.

No, Mrs. Besant misconceives the position of the logical State Socialists, and Mr. Bradlaugh has the correct version. The "clock-work regularity" in the production and distribution of goods which August Bebel guarantees, can be obtained only by means of the State "owning all wealth, directing all labor, and compelling the equal distribution of all produce." Mrs. Besant is drifting toward Anarchism. By granting the liberty of the individual nailmaker to "purchase" wealth-material from the State and go into the nailmaking business for himself she saps the foundations of her State. True, she sneers at the bare thought of the possibility of this individual worker competing with the large productive establishments, but her confidence is extremely ill-grounded. In the first place, the lead of one bolting nailmaker is sure to be followed by many more, who will naturally desire to settle with the State and be free. In the second place, — and to this point special attention is called, — no worker will consent to pay rent for those materials and that capital which he himself produces and accumulates after the inauguration of State Socialism. Starting out with no capital of his own, he has no choice

but to use that of the State, which this last gets by expropriating the present private capitalists. As fast, however, as these proletaires can save up some of their earnings, they abandon the workshops of the State and form private co-operative concerns. Thus, if the State adopts Mrs. Besant's policy, its existence is merely temporary, and its speedy and final disappearance made the eager wish and interest of all producers. To maintain itself it must then again expropriate the private capitalists. These difficulties are easily removed by appropriating the surplus value of the products of all laborers and allowing them just enough to supply their daily needs. Unless the State contemplated by Socialists means to do this, it will be done before it will have time to wonder what it was begun for.

Congratulating Mrs. Besant on the love of freedom shown in her disinclination to place herself squarely on despotic ground, I invite her to consider the position and teachings of the Anarchistic Socialists. There she will find all the good contained in Socialism and not a particle of the bad. While State Socialism removes the disease by killing the patient, no-State Socialism offers him the means of recovering strength, health, and vigor.

V. YARROS.

A Natural Alliance.

All lovers of liberty and progress have mourned over the depressing news of the recent unsuccessful attempts of the heroic Russian revolutionists to put an end to the bloody career of that brutal, cowardly, and inhuman wretch whose miserable existence on this planet is a perpetual and fruitful source of woe and misery to the whole ninety millions of his unhappy subjects; and everybody most heartily wishes that the promise of the Nihilists to rid Russia of its tyrant "ere the year is three months older" shall be fulfilled. With all the comfort and protection that our republican government, which, as every sovereign voter knows, is simply the tool and servant of this great and free American people, seems so anxious to offer him, the future of the imperial ruler is anything but bright. But if, in these his dark and last earthly days, Bayard's sympathies bring him any consolation, none but fiends in human form can seek to deprive him of it. We are really ashamed of those of our friends who, like John Swinton, have the cruelty and heartlessness to refuse a poor czar the privilege of having a few well-wishers. Let no one utter a word of protest against the proposed treaty between the two governments. Leo Hartmann's plea that the Russian revolutionists stand in need of the moral support of this free people is weak and insincere. Bayard expresses no more the will of the American people than the czar that of all the Russias. Government is government, and the Nihilists know better than to expect encouragement from one in conspiring to wipe out another.

The innocence of the sentimentalists is comical. They either forget too soon what they learn, or they never learn anything, and consequently have nothing to forget. Every new consummation of an act of tyranny or brutality finds them in the same state of surprise and excitement, and this of course precludes intelligent action or clear comprehension. Eternally protesting and full of fight, they are in reality the most harmless windbags. It is always a particular form, expression, relation, or direction of evil that becomes the object of attack, while the evil itself is safe and sound. Instead of wrestling with the governments that create the necessities for committing outrages, they lose temper over consequences. In America as well as in Russia economic questions find political obstacles in the way. To remove the latter and make the solution of the former possible constitutes the task and aim of the revolution. What simplicity, what folly, to appeal to these political obstacles to destroy themselves or weaken the force of their resistance!

V. YARROS.

E. C. Walker and his wife have paid the costs which they were never, never, never going to pay, and are out of jail. The mountain has labored, and the mouse is born.

TO RABELAIS,

After reading the Episode of the Abbey of Thelma.
[Boston Transcript.]

O dreamer! reaching forward through the ages,
Strong eyes were thine to see.
Since that grand vision that escaped the sage
Was given unto thee.

That vision of the world's unfolded glory,
Of Nature's golden prime,
When all that man us now shall be a story
Of some forgotten time.

Then life shall flow as flows a placid river
Through all the summer day,
By sunny vales and shady forests ever,
And many a pleasant way.

No more shall sin the heart's deep yearnings smother,
The sounds of war shall cease,
And men and nations dwell with one another
Securely, and in peace.

Then gold shall have no smile, and wealth no beauty
To charm and to destroy;
And men no more shall ever speak of duty,
Since duty shall be joy.

And they shall need no law (being never smitten
With selfish madness more),
Nor statute save "*Fais ce que roudras*" written
Above each open door.

Then children shall know naught of pain or sadness,
Of hunger or of crime,
But with fresh faces roam the fields in gladness,
Through all the summer time.

No shrunken forms, no shrivelled limbs and wasted,
Shall their dark tale confess;
No haggard look of those who, young, have tasted
Life's deepest bitterness.

And there shall dwell the gentle youths and maidens,
Unfettered, equal, free,
With nothing harsh to mar the perfect cadence
Of careless purity.

And there shall be no priest to throw o'er Nature
The pall of his dark creed;
For gentleness to every living creature
Is all the law they need.

O dreamer! reaching forward through the ages,
Strong eyes were thine to see!
Lo! as I ponder o'er the wondrous pages
Of thy strange prophecy,

Sad thoughts are mine; the brightness of the vision
Doth slowly fade and die;
And solemnly, with shame and with contrition,
I lay the volume by.

Four hundred years have passed since thou didst linger
O'er this bright page of thine —
Four hundred years since thou, with fearless finger,
Didst trace each glowing line.

We have grown wiser with our priests and sages,
Our science, wealth, and skill,
And still that vision of the middle ages
Is but a vision still.

W. H. Hudson.

New England Anarchism.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Pretence is the worst of tyrannies. Flirtations with truth are the order of the day. There are many ways of suppressing free speech. "A free press" owned by rich stockholders may be the machinery of oppression. The most outspoken of the capitalistic press is half-hearted and capricious, failing every time to stand by the logic of a position into which a fit of sincerity may have betrayed them. This is the worst kind of anarchism, yet it is the champion of "law and order." Woe to us if that spell is not broken!

One of the sons of Leonard Bacon has been of late editor of the New Haven "Morning News," one of the most liberal of the dailies. He is somewhat of a heretic, having left the pastorate of a leading Congregational church, and broken about the same time with the Republicans, becoming a Mugwump. Such independence is rarely, if ever, equalled in a Yale graduate. But he does not stop his latest act revealing him a full-fledged "Anarchist." In treating the Mormon question, the reverend gentleman boldly asserts that all government rests ultimately on brute force, and, if the Mormons continue disobedient to the congressional mandate, powder and lead must be used against them. This view was of course applauded by those who knew as much about the real merits of the question as they did about the evolutionary hypothesis; and the papers have done as much to enlighten them on the one question as on the other. Shortly afterward, in writing on the politics of the time, he said: "It is a

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of the English weighed less heavily on Ireland, through the generosity of the governor's wife, through the marvellous gentleness selfishly shown by the sovereign and the landlords.

However, lest these melancholy returns towards a past which was peaceful, but submitted to shameful slavery, might weaken wavering energies, if any were to be found in the ranks, Marian, suddenly, in a moment of silence, sang in her grave, pure voice, of a silvery tone with fully vibrating notes, the proscribed song, the sad national air:

O' Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?
The Shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground;
No more St. Patrick's day we'll keep, his color shall be seen,
For there's a bloody law agin the wearing of the green.

And the entire little army, the deep bass voices of the men, the tenors of the young men, the sopranos of the young girls and children, in an impressive unison which rang like a chorus of the faithful under the high arches of the church, kept up the interesting succession of verses:

O, I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he says, "How is Ould Ireland, and how does she stand?"
She's the most distressed country that ever I have seen,
For they are hanging men and women for the wearing of the green."

Over these couplets, sung with a dragging melody, as if wet with tears and stamped with sighs, the surge of the marchers slightly slackened, undulating in meditation, like a procession following a funeral hearse; then, suddenly, passion flamed up in their hearts, kindling their voices, and accelerating the steps of the battalions with these words:

And since the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
Ould Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed:
Then take the Shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod,
It will take root, and flourish still, though under foot 'tis trod.

When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure do not show,
Then I will change the color I wear in my caubain,
But till that day, place God, I'll stick to the wearing of the green.

The words burst forth like challenges, and, reechoing from the hillsides, might doubtless have reached the ears of the enemy in the distance; and the over-excited band, impatient for the fight, begged that they might, instead of going to the post assigned by Harvey, march immediately to meet the English troops and engage at once in battle, breast to breast, instead of intrenching themselves behind fortifications, like cowards.

Face to face, to gratify their repressed fury, choosing each his adversary, recognizing by physiognomy, according to his particular ideal, the type best incarnating tyranny and bloody despotism!

But Harvey and Trevor, while applauding their enthusiasm, their feverishness, reasoned with them. They must not act from their individual hatred, from their preference for one kind of action rather than another, but from the end in view,—the deliverance of the country.

To be continued.

THE POLITICAL THEOLOGY OF MAZZINI AND THE INTERNATIONAL.

By MICHAEL BAKOUNINE,
MEMBER OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WORKING-PEOPLE.

Translated from the French by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 97.

The definitive triumph of one assemblage of social forces over another has been and will always be a brutal fact, in this sense that the most humane, the most just, as well as the most iniquitous, the most false, idea can never triumph in the world, if it does not rest on material power. This last is indispensable; Mazzini recognized it himself, as we have just seen; it is indispensable to remove the material obstacles which prevent the realization of the new idea, to overthrow the material power on which the existing order of things rests. Therefore the last word belongs always to force, and a party which wishes to triumph, however holy may be its cause, must create a material power capable of breaking the material power of its adversaries. But when we speak of the struggle and of the successive victories of material powers in history, we must not take this word "material" literally, in its simply mechanical, physical, chemical, or even organic sense. It refers to social forces, human forces, and man is a being, doubtless exclusively material, but organized and intelligent. His ideas, his sentiments, his passions, and, before all, his social organization, which is penetrated and always modified by it, are integral elements of his material force. This force, belonging to man, though entirely material, is more intelligent than that of the animals of other species, and so man has become the king of the earth, in spite of the fact that, at his origin, he was physically the weakest and above all the least numerous.

It is solely the superiority of his intelligence, and of his science which is the product of it, which makes him obtain the victory over all the other animal species in this eternal fight for life which constitutes the groundwork of all natural history; it is also this principally which, in the continuation of this same fight in the midst of human society, makes some nations triumph over others; it is not numerical superiority, for it often happens that the conquering masses are numerically weaker than the conquered peoples. For instance, when Alexander of Macedonia conquered a part of Asia and Africa, and when, later, the Romans conquered a great part of the world known to the ancients, their forces were very inferior in point of numbers to those of the conquered peoples.

It cannot be said, however, that it is only the superiority of intelligence and of science which assures triumph in history; nor even does the superior development of economic interests, of industry, commerce, and social wealth exclusively assure it. The Romans who conquered Greece had been infinitely less intelligent, less learned, less civilized, and less rich than the Greeks. The Poles who, at the close of the last century, succumbed under the united blows of Russia and Prussia were unquestionably more intelligent and more civilized than the Prussians and the Russians. And even today, in presence of the terrible catastrophe which France has just endured, who will dare to say that the Prussians, the Germans, have more brains and are more civilized than the people of France! As for social wealth, that of France, even today, after the defeat, notwithstanding the depredations of the Germans who have devastated her, notwithstanding the five thousand millions which they force her to pay, notwithstanding even the "restorative" government of M. Thiers, remains infinitely superior to that of Germany.

It is doubtless undeniable that the German universities are much better organized than the French universities; that, especially with respect to natural sciences,—the only sciences which are yet positive,—the German professors have considerably outrun ped the French professors; that the middle colleges, the gymnasiums, in Germany, are really superior to corresponding institutions in France; that the mass of the German *bourgeoisie* is much more learned, better instructed, than that poor French *bourgeoisie* which is stagnating in the old routine and official rhetoric; that the proletariat and the peasants know at least how to read and write; and that, finally,—an important point in the question which we have to solve,—the instruction in the military schools of Germany, and especially of Prussia, is more solid, more complete, more serious, than that in the military schools of France, which makes the German officers learned brutes, while the French officers are ignorant brutes.

Nevertheless, everybody feels that it was not these advantages, undeniable though they are, which secured the definitive victory to the Germans. That the German armies, infinitely better organized, better disciplined, better armed, and better commanded than the French troops, should have beaten the latter is not at all astonishing. But, the war having taken a national character, what surprised everybody was to see a nation so powerful in all respects as France undeniably is, so proud, not to say so glorious, prostrated in so short a time by the German forces.

Statesmen, professional military men, and, generally, the interested partisans of *order*, that is, of the privileged, exploiting, official, and officious rabble, today triumphant in all countries, have arrived at a conclusion which, though very reassuring and very consoling for them, is none the less entirely false. They say, they publish, and they endeavor to spread this idea,—that military art and the improvement of destructive weapons have made in our day such immense progress that the power of well-organized and well-disciplined military forces has become irresistible; that armies alone can cope with armies, and that the army of a country once prostrated and destroyed, there is nothing left for that country but submission, all popular resistance from that time having become impossible. The conclusion is naturally this: the natural and organic organization of popular forces, outside of the State and opposed to it, being of no avail, powerless, in comparison with the artificial, mechanical, and scientific organization of the military forces of the State, revolution itself has become impossible.

This idea, becoming general in the camp of the conservatives of all countries, pleases, reassures, and really consoles them very much. It is true that it leads them to this disagreeable conclusion,—that the independence and that even the existence of a country depends today solely on the number, the good organization, and the good management of its army, so that, if at any given moment it finds itself inferior in this respect alone to another country, this will be sufficient to deliver it over to the mercy of the latter, unless the political interests of neutral countries serve it in some way as security and safeguard. This is doubtless not very reassuring to their patriotism. But they console themselves easily, for there is now hardly a conservative in Europe who would not prefer foreign victory and even the foreign yoke to the salvation of his own country by a popular revolution. We have just seen a memorable proof of it in France.

Therefore the conservatives, the *honest people* of all the countries of Europe, including the *bourgeois* republicans, are today seeking their salvation in the formidable organization of the military forces of the State, and they foolishly imagine that this power guarantees them against all possible revolutions.

These honest people are much deceived, and if the perpetual frights in which they live today did not render them incapable of all serious reflection, they would have understood that even the catastrophe which has just subjugated France proves nothing at all. France has succumbed, not because her armies have been destroyed, but because, at the time they were destroyed, the French nation itself found itself in a state of disorganization and demoralization which rendered her absolutely incapable of creating spontaneously serious national defence. When Napoleon I. invaded Spain, the disproportion which existed between the quality, organization, intelligence, and even the quantity of his troops, and those of the Spanish troops, between the intellect and knowledge of the French and the rough ignorance of the Spanish people, was even more formidable still than that to which is attributed today the prodigious success of the Germans. He also prostrated the Spanish armies and the Spanish State. But he did not succeed in putting down the national uprising which lasted five years and which ended in the expulsion of the French from Spain.

That is an example at least as memorable as that of the last defeat of the French. How is it to be explained? By the simple reason that, when Napoleon invaded Spain, that country was neither disorganized nor demoralized. It has been so, doubtless, and even to a degree which no other country has ever surpassed in rottenness, but only from the point of view of the organization and morality of the State, not from the national point of view, not from that of the natural and spontaneous organization of the Spanish nation, outside of the State. The State fell, but the nation remained erect; and it was the nation which, after having expelled the French, again, to its own misfortune, freely submitted to the State. It is lamenting today the fatal consequences of this mistake.

Unity makes strength, they say, and it is perfectly true. Only there are two kinds of unity. There is an artificial, mechanical unity, learned and immoral at the same time, composed entirely of fictions, falsehoods, centralization, absorption, compression, and exploitation; this is the unity of the State. Outside of this unity, ever unhealthy and artificial, there is a moral unity of the nation, resulting from a certain accord or the more or less temporary harmony of different instincts and forces of the nation, spontaneously organized, and not yet divided, and always represented by a certain number of dominant ideas, true or false, and corresponding aspirations, good or bad. This is the real unity, fruitful and living.

These two unities are so opposite in nature that, for the greater part of the time, they are fighting each other, the first always tending to disorganize and destroy the second. A nation has never a greater enemy than its own State. Nevertheless, it sometimes happens that these two unities meet in a common accord, but it can never last long, because it is against nature. This accord, moreover, is only possible when the really social unity suffers from some great vice: either when the masses, brutalized, misled, and unconscious of their own power, seek their salvation in the protection of the State against the privileged classes, whom they necessarily always detest, ignorant of the fact that the State has really no other mission but to protect those classes against them; or when, over these masses still sleeping and passive, the privileged classes, dreading their awakening, group themselves in fear and servility about the State. Whatever may be the reason of this meeting, when it takes place, the State becomes very powerful.

That is precisely what we see today in Germany. The Germans have conquered the French, because, being themselves well organized, politically and morally united, they attacked them at the very moment when not only the French State, but the French nation itself was a prey to complete dissolution and demoralization. The principal advantage of the Germans, that which was the principal cause of their unprecedented triumph, was, therefore, *moral force*.

To be continued.

Continued from page 5.

humiliating spectacle, when argument is hardly resorted to, and the only campaign activity takes on a peculiar form. And the evil has been growing in this State for several years, and has now reached a point where it is utterly shameless. But it will continue to increase, until the public is aroused from its apathy and takes some violent measures." But this is not enough; one wishes to know more; the logic of the thought is not complete. Did it occur to him that "campaign activity" and law-making, the acts of caucuses and of legislatures, are all pretty much the same, and that the mercenary spirit may be enthroned in the very capital of a nation? Did it occur to him that laws made by such a power deserve little respect, and, though backed by bayonets and the halter, can do little for society or the individual? And did it not occur to him that this great evil of which he speaks implies a social disease that calls for a different remedy from any found in the folios of our daily newspapers? Such may have been his train of thought. For, shortly after expressing himself in the manner quoted, he ceased to be editor of the "News," about the cause of which there was some speculation, as on the two former occasions when he seemed to change both his religion and his politics. Rumor has it that others underbid him on the question of salary, which is very unlikely in the case of one who believes in preaching the gospel without purse or scrip. Being a man of spirit as well as a clergyman, he felt the shackles of the press no less than of the pulpit and of party. He saw the "News" was run on "business principles," which meant being "all things to all men," for the sake of—the dollar. He did not so read Scripture. A large circulation for the paper meant the circulation of anything but real, honest convictions. And the test case was submitted to his conscience when the policy prescribed for the "News" forbade him publishing the following communication:

The comment of the "News" (possibly by a sub-editor) on Mrs. Parsons's lecture before it was delivered in this city surprised me not a little, as I had hoped for something better from a paper edited by one whose Master was condemned and executed on a charge of treason and blasphemy. It said: "The prevailing impression that Mrs. Parsons is black is erroneous; only Mrs. Parsons's sentiments are black. It will be well for the police to take the names of those who attend her lecture here. They may need them for future use." Why are you not willing the people should go and hear for themselves? And why do you not report what she says? Do you assume the people are well informed? Has not the press before and since the trial done its best to make out that Anarchists are fiends? Why, even in the Chicago court room, the black flag was said to be the emblem of piracy, and the red flag of blood-thirstiness; whereas the one bespeaks distress, and the other symbolizes thelessness of the race by reason of the crimson tide that flows in the veins of all. When I asked our chief city officer supposed to be posted in such matters, to come and hear Mrs. Parsons, he replied he did not believe in patronizing Socialism, which taught such things as the destruction of the marriage relation. Others said they did not believe in letting foreigners run this country. A blue coat forbade me putting up notices of this lecture in the customary places. The Electric Light Company cut short the illumination at the Rink one-half. Still the meeting was held, the audience was large, and the lecture well received. And the speaker was not a foreigner, but an American with aboriginal blood even in her veins. And stranger still, she was a wife and a mother. I am myself not an Anarchist, but felt it my duty to preside at that meeting when told that it was next to impossible to get an American to take a place even on the platform. I would do it, though blacklisted to the end of my days. What can a man be made of who will shrink from a task like this, when a New York journal speaks in this wise: "There is no room for Henry George in this country; nor for such men as are soon to be hanged in Chicago, one of whom at least is an avowed disciple of Henry George. This is not one of the effete despotsisms of Europe. It is a free country."

Liberty's statue we have seen unveiled,
But our country's flag in the dust is trampled,
While e'en this simple thought awaits its birth
That truth on the lip is the test of worth.

There's nought diviner in the lives of men—
Go tell it over and over again—
Than stalwart thought to fair candor wed,
A weapon mightier than steel or lead.

T. W. C.

Of course, Dr. Bacon's reason for leaving the "News" may have been nothing like the one here supposed; but I submit that none could have been more creditable. The conduct of the paper in this matter, to which I have taken exception may have been as he willed it. But it is hard to believe; and for one (whose contributions he has published on several occasions) will be the last person to charge him with such inconsistency.

T. W. CURTIS.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, MARCH, 1887.

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NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER

PROUDHON

Vol. IV.—No. 21.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1887.

Whole No. 99.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

There must be a limitation to great fortunes, says Henry George, "but that limitation must be natural, not artificial. Such a limitation is offered by the land value tax." What in the name of sense is there about a tax that makes it natural as distinguished from artificial? If anything in the world is purely artificial, taxes are. And if they are collected by force, they are not only artificial, but arbitrary and tyrannical.

It looks very much as though Anthony Comstock were about to renew the campaign against Freethinkers which, after several reverses, he dropped a few years ago. Probably he has been laying his wires in the interval, and thinks now that he has only to say the word to rush into prison all those who dare to think and communicate their thought. Following the arrest of M. Harman, G. S. Harman, and E. C. Walker in Kansas, with which it is not unlikely that Comstock was in some way indirectly connected, comes the arrest in Virginia by one of his agents of that respectable old lady of Quaker lineage, Mrs. Elmina Drake Slenker, who so frequently contributes to nearly all the Liberal papers and regularly edits a department of the Boston "Investigator." Her offence consists of the circulation through the mails of what some people consider a very naughty book called "Diana." One is not required to pass upon the wickedness or the wisdom of this work in order to determine that, if it is Mrs. Slenker's pleasure to circulate it, it is also her prerogative, with which if any one interferes, he must expect to encounter the hostility of all by whom such prerogative is valued. As Liberty is certainly to be numbered among these, it will cordially cooperate in an uncompromising struggle against Anthony Comstock or any of his ilk. If my readers feel like taking a hand, I would advise them to put themselves in communication with Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., 120 Lexington Avenue, New York City, who, as Comstock's most vigilant antagonist, will tell them in what way they can be of most service. Of Mrs. Slenker it should be added that, when she was arraigned at Lynchburg, she admitted circulating the book, defended her conduct, declined to take the oath on the Bible, refused lawyer's services until she could get counsel from New York, was placed under bonds, and could not furnish bail, in consequence of which she is now in jail at Wytheville, Virginia, awaiting her trial, which will probably occur in Abingdon next July before the United States District Court.

I am expecting now from day to day to receive the first number of a new Anarchistic journal from Melbourne, Australia, which was issued, if the promise of the prospectus was fulfilled, on April 2. It is a child of Liberty, has been christened Honesty, and will prove, I have no doubt, a chip of the old block. It announces itself as "a fearless journal of radical social reform, specially studying and criticising all the 'live' questions of the day of political and social nature, and explaining their relation to the welfare of the people as a whole." It will be "the working-people's paper, championing the interests of all who work mentally and manually to support themselves, and opposing every scheme, whether legal or illegal, by which they are robbed." Its principles are formulated thus:

"1, Equal Liberty for all; 2, Equality of opportunity for all; 3, Freedom of exchange and distribution; 4, The right of the laborer to the full fruits of his labor; 5, The total abolition of all imposed authority, privilege, monopoly, and exploitation." The first of these includes those that follow, but it has been used so unintelligently and indiscriminately by antagonistic schools that it has to be amplified to secure explicitness. To the readers of Liberty it is needless to say that our intelligent, earnest, brave, and active Comrade Andrade probably has the principal finger in this Anarchistic pie, which alone should be sufficient recommendation. "Honesty" will be published monthly at threepence a copy. The yearly subscription price is not given, but I am sure that one dollar would cover it and pay the foreign postage also. Remittances should be made to "The Cooperative Publishing Company, 9 Alexandra Theatre, Exhibition Street, Melbourne, Australia." Let us help the new enterprise all we can. Liberty feels safe in the assertion that this latest addition to her progeny is born after the normal period of gestation, and that there is little danger of its following in the footsteps of that product of a miscarriage, its elder brother in London. Long live "Honesty"!

I am in receipt of a communication from E. C. Walker and his wife which it is not my purpose to print. It protests because I did not accompany my recent statement that they "have paid the costs which they were never, never, never going to pay, and are out of jail," with a statement of the reasons why they paid the costs. Inasmuch as it was not my intention in the paragraph quoted to reflect upon the wisdom of these reasons, and inasmuch as I entirely approve them, and inasmuch as an exhibition of the excellence of these reasons, some of which at least were operative at the time of their previous determination to stay in jail, could only bring into sharper contrast the silliness of this determination, and inasmuch as it was at the latter that my paragraph was aimed, I do not see why I was bound, even in fairness, to print the reasons. Neither their strength nor their weakness were essential to my point. But granting that fairness required this, it is still a great piece of impudence on the part of any editor of "Lucifer" to appeal to me for fairness. When Mr. Walker, after his arrest, outlined his defense in a letter to me, I at once wrote him my objections and informed him what course I should have to take. In reply he sent me an elaborate defence of his defense. I printed this reply in full, and answered it squarely from the standpoint of principle, carefully eschewing personality. "Lucifer" printed Mr. Walker's article, but never printed my reply or my original letter.

From the beginning up to the present it has never presented to its readers the grounds of my criticism. On the contrary, it has printed attack after attack upon me from correspondents who, if they had any acquaintance with my position (of which they generally gave no evidence), did not gain it through reading "Lucifer." Further, its editorial columns have teemed with uncalled-for reflections on my motives and unwarrantable impeachments of my courage, and in one instance it has gone so far as to aid and abet a tattling busybody in the circulation of meddlesome gossip about my private affairs. And now, in a communication headed "Hear All Sides, Then Decide," E. C. Walker and his wife coolly write to me: "We ask for fair play from the editor of Liberty." "Let Messrs.

the assassins begin," said Alphonse Karr, in answer to the opponents of capital punishment. So I say to the "Lucifer group," when they plead for fair play: Let those begin who first were unfair.

Of the attitude of Liberty towards the compulsory methods of the Knights of Labor I did not suppose there was any room for doubt after the criticisms of them that have appeared in these columns; but, as a friend of the paper seems a little fearful that the paragraph in the last issue regarding the boycott of the New York "Sun" may mislead, I give here, from his private letter, the words which he writes about it: "When you support K. of L. boycotts, do you take into account that they are decreed by the *majority* of a *representative* body and are enforced by penalties,—that is, that any one refusing to boycott will lose his employment if the leaders have the power to get him discharged? Against a spontaneous boycott I have nothing to say. That the 'Sun' is deserving of boycotting I am ready also to admit; but the majority of those who abandon it do so, not because *they* have become disgusted with its course, but because they have received orders from above. I think your experience with leaders of the McNeill type ought to convince you too that they will order a boycott on a journal, not because of its unfairness, but merely because it is in their way, and that they would adopt more expeditious measures, were they in their power. These people differ only from the State by not resorting to physical force, and that is simply because the State won't let them." To all of which I have only to say: Amen and Amen! My friend's criticism would apply equally to my support of the original Irish boycott, which, as events have proved, was clapped on and taken off at the bidding of leaders some of whom were knaves and some cowards, and from motives quite as questionable as those which actuate the leaders of the Knights. Further, the tenant who did not choose to boycott was often boycotted. Nevertheless I did not sympathize with the howl of the frenzied landlords against the right to boycott, and I remain equally unmoved to pity by a similar howl on the part of the frenzied "Sun." If the "Sun" would base its protest on the Anarchistic grounds where my friend stands, it would have my sympathy, but it does not; on the contrary, in declaring that it is but a step from the right to boycott to assassination, it is as distinctly Archistic as are the Knights themselves.

That Famous Victory for Anarchy.

(Moses Hall in New Thought.)

Mr. Walker and Lillian are out of jail, Mr. Harman having paid their costs. He could not well run the paper without their assistance, and so, under protest, he paid the costs and took them out of jail. Now, we understand, Edwin and Lillian are in something of a quandary as to what to do. The court has pronounced them legally married, yet they dare not live together as husband and wife, for their enemies are ready to pounce upon them again. They do not like to live apart, for that is a surrender to their enemies and a violation of their own feelings. They will not leave the State; that would be fleeing before their enemies. They do not wish to take out a license and get married legally, for that is an acknowledgment of the very thing they deny,—that is, that the State has a right to interfere with their love affairs. Which of these roads they will pursue they have not yet decided. After due deliberation, they will, under protest, take the one which seems the most consistent.

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 98.

"We will conquer!"

"Even against numbers!"

"No matter how many!"

And the soldiers on the French vessels, who, during useless engagements, might be prevented from landing for their work of salvation by regiments unexpectedly arriving from other directions, and might perhaps be triumphantly bombarded by artillery whose passage would not be obstructed!

These arguments prevailed over the unchained fury, and John Autrun, the sergeant of the Ancient Britons, who had joined the Irish on his recovery, worked with the agitator to convince those most difficult to reach through motives of prudence.

They came to a halt, and he, perched on an eminence, like a preacher, made a speech to them.

"Comrades," said he, with the inspired air of a believer, his eyes lost in vacancy, "it is a long time since my heart was dedicated to your cause. What caused my delay in actually devoting to you my assistance was my faith in a certain prophecy. I have read in the Bible, and more brilliant minds than my own have explained to me by texts too long to quote and which they have marvellously interpreted, that the resolution of the Irish to shake off the impious yoke of England would be spent in vain, until a landing of French troops should aid them. This is about to be accomplished, and our cause will triumph from that very moment; but if it is not effected, our hope founders with the vessels which were bringing us deliverance and will vanish with the wind which shall fill their retreating sails."

"The sergeant is a Presbyterian," shouted some of the Irish, eager for the hand-to-hand fight; "the prophecies of his religion can not weigh on our minds!"

But Edith, up to that time taciturn, buried in her bleeding memories, bent under the burden of her incipient treason, which she did not consider redeemed by her subsequent conduct, when she had unmasked Newington,—Edith, straightening up in her ragged mourning garments, sculpturesque and like an imposing priestess, emphasized the assertion of John Autrun.

"We are going," said she, "to the headland from which Saint Patrick once threw into the sea the reptiles of all species which infested our soil.

"Is not the Englishman a serpent more unclean than all the others? Our patron, the venerated saint, in inspiring our chiefs with the idea of enticing him to this cliff, has, in his designs, decreed that this new reptile which entwines us, which smothers us in its folds, which dishonors the ground on which it crawls, the green grass in which it hides,—Saint Patrick has decreed that this new reptile shall be hurled by us into the sea, the immense tomb!"

And, believing in this double augury, obeying at last, beginning again the patriotic song which so electrified them, the soldiers of Sir Harvey again took up their march.

Their steps lengthened unconsciously, and they very soon drew near and attained the blue horizon of the rocks which scaled the plateau of the headland. These rocks perforated the cold skies, of a grayish hue like that of oxidized metal; while on the left, overhanging apparently the road, stretched the broad expanse of ocean, its thick, gloomy azure spotted with flakes of foam lashed by the north wind.

A unanimous clamor arose all at once, a triple hurrah filled the air, frightening from their eyries the eagles which began to wheel about. Gliding over the waves like a flock of gigantic white birds, the French fleet was distinctly discerned, and from the perfectly perceptible growth of its sails, they calculated that it would make land in the course of the day, before the setting of the sun which did not yet touch the zenith.

And the repeated shouts of joy, the cheers for France, for Ireland, for Hocce, for Harvey, mingled in succession, deafening even the gulls poised on the reefs of the shore, who flew about in bewilderment, like the great red eagles, in their surprise.

But, at the same time, anxiety found its way into the hearts of some.

The swell, already heavy, seemed to increase with every moment; the crest of the waves, rising higher each minute, was fringed with a more abundant foam, and on the surface of the sea, very clear till then, the dust of the spray began to make a sort of mist in which the ships were effaced like fleeting outlines.

And a sudden rise of wind was noted, which blew now with unprecedented violence, in gusts, causing the vessels to heel to starboard at intervals.

Then they rose again, advanced rapidly, heeled again, ran along at a sharp incline in spite of the reefs taken in the sails, straightened once more, and pursued their way without accident, without obstruction.

Nevertheless, anguish seized even the least impressionable, on account of the intense blackness of the sky, which was covered with gathering clouds, piled up in a disorderly way, in menacing calmness.

The stiff breeze blew the clouds from three or four different directions and piled up in one heap all the sweepings of the rest of the heavens, and now the entire horizon, sky and sea, was black as ink, excepting the spitting waves which were breaking with increasing wrath. They could feel that the tempest was on the point of bursting with the utmost fury.

So, little by little, sustained by voices which grew less numerous each instant and which were scattered over the whole length of the column, and then by isolated voices, the songs ceased entirely, the universal ardor was extinguished, and a feeling of sad and hopeless resignation spread imperceptibly through the ranks, in spite of the efforts of the leaders and the attempts of Paddy to enliven by his droll jests, by his joyous nonsense, all these patriots determined to do their duty, to fight like dogs, to die like heroes, but without immediate advantage.

In the future they would serve as examples to their descendants who would rise again for deliverance; but that was all!

The prophecy of the sergeant was now running in their heads, and they were considering the end which he had foreseen when preaching submission to the orders of Sir Harvey.

No landing of the French; it was useless to count on salvation.

Edith's prediction did not revive their confidence. The widow had no other source of inspiration than herself; she made an absolutely artificial comparison of the English and the reptiles, and, to sustain her position, inferred a similar fate for both. In truth, the process lacked weight and bore marks of the poor woman's mental incoherence.

She now repeated her prophecy in vain; they no longer believed in it; and certain individuals thought that she continued to hold a shining ray of hope before their eyes from fear that they would remember her treason and blame her for the approaching defeat of the Irish forces.

A little reflection would have shown them that no connection could have existed between the bargain accepted by the unhappy woman and the disaster which they

feared for the fleet; they could not have imagined that Newington, bound by his son's oath to send no messenger to the reinforcements of the king to urge them to hasten, but not bound regarding the hurricane, had let it loose upon the French vessels.

Nevertheless, refraining from reasoning, considering only the result, these people looked upon the mother of the soldier Michael as a bringer of ill-luck, attributing to her unconsciously an influence on events; and in proportion as the fury of the wind increased, driving the ships over the waves and seeming on the point of crushing them between the sky and sea, they made Edith responsible for the unavoidable catastrophes.

They arrived at the foot of the hill where they were to take their position, and the military preparations of Sir Harvey, in distributing the *rôles* for the defence, caused a favorable diversion from the pernicious direction which had been taken by the minds of the troops, who possessed both the virtues and the vices of the race,—not only its prompt enthusiasm, patriotic delirium, impetuosity of action, obstinacy in abnegation, endurance of suffering, and disdain of death, but also its superstitious fear, mental discouragement, and fatal susceptibility to impression.

The gravity of the moment, the grandeur of the mission which they assumed, the impatience for the battle suddenly metamorphosed them, restoring their energy which for an instant had wavered and weakened. Their spirits were revived by the intoxication of the powder which they inhaled while biting their cartridges and loading their weapons, by the singing sound of the pikes and scythes which they clashed against the rocks, by the slightly swaggering call with which they summoned their enemies to appear as soon as possible, without delay, to measure themselves with these Irishmen, generally so submissive and who had borne torture and massacre without resistance, today, as they had done two days before, under Treor's roof. Ah! the cursed Englishman would learn to know his gentle victim as a tiger when once aroused to fight.

The approaches to the cliff guarded by pikemen in case of an assault; each rock furnished with a squad to vigorously resist the passage of any scaling-party and cover the mountain like a wall to be protected from the encroachments of thieves; on each step of the gigantic staircase a post of mowers to hew down the assailants, cut off their heads like ripened grain, sever their arms and legs, and split their chests in two; and, at the summit, the riflemen, all furnished with fire-arms, whose projectiles, from afar, would riddle with implacable hail every regiment of red-coats which should present itself, dismounting the chiefs, and throwing headlong, with their four feet in the air, the horses of the artillery,—with all these dispositions, there would be no God if the English should take possession of the plateau. And if they should not advance further, but should try to turn the cliff and come back over the sands, then from the heights they would roll down boulders which would fall like rains on their backs, flatten them out like crabs, and drive them into the sand like nails under the hammer.

Long live Ireland!

Unfortunately the hurricane redoubled, the clouds, like a charge of cavalry, rushed along, launching the blinding and freezing rain, the stiff hands of the soldiers could hardly hold the frozen butt-ends of their rifles and muskets and the streaming handles of the pikes, and the contingent destined for the occupation of the summit of the heights saw immense water-spouts shoot upwards to unprecedented elevations and fall upon the vessels, which disappeared for an instant under the brutal avalanche.

And now they had to contend with a head wind and were obliged to tack repeatedly, which delayed their anchoring in the roadstead. Provided no new difficulty presented itself, they might impede the march of the king's troops, in case they should not succeed in annihilating them.

In the far distant fields Paddy perceived compact black masses, difficult at first to distinguish from the surrounding woods with their low vegetation and gloomy thickets, but impossible of confusion by any one acquainted with the topography of the neighborhood. Besides, they displaced each other and approached with a celerity which was appreciable even at that distance.

Soon, moreover, gleams of light enveloped in white smoke arose, accompanied by a dry rattling of musketry in answer to the gunshots from the neighboring bushes, shots which were carefully husbanded and expended, and the curious and comforting spectacle was afforded of engagements begun at ten different points, in the vicinity of the neighboring villages, from each of which the bells sounded the tocsin announcing the arrival of the army, calling on the armed Irishmen roundabout to be on their guard, and, like a sonorous *Sursum corda!* warning them that the hour had struck for supreme heroisms!

The bells of Whitestone sounded so loudly that, to use Paddy's expression, one might have thought that he was wearing them as ear-rings.

"Which proves," remarked one of his comrades, "that the wind is increasing furiously."

"And which diminishes proportionally the chances of the landing of the French," reasoned another, in a tone of sad disappointment.

And truly, alas! the foreboding of this man seemed well-founded; suddenly a sail, breaking loose, slapped madly in the wind, clinging to the masts; disabled transport-ships, their masts gone, were turned from their course in the tempest; and waves as high and massive as mountains lifted the vessels to prodigious heights and engulfed them in bottomless abysses.

The firing on land increased.

All the wood-lands, on both sides of the roads, were crowned with smoke, and the volleys which came from them were responded to by the marching troops, whose energetic defence soon repaired the trouble made in their ranks by surprises.

At the first word of warning they plunged into the thickets, to the sound of the trumpets, amid furious volleys; then the reports followed each other only at intervals, growing fainter in the midst of the uproar; and, with oppressed hearts, the Irish with Sir Harvey and Treor waited with unspeakable anxiety for the end of the skirmish, the events of which, surely terrible, escaped them.

What unknown would disengage himself from these mysterious hand-to-hand fights?

Who would conquer,—their enemy or their friends and brothers? On which side were the dead falling in greater numbers?

Suddenly some isolated individuals would emerge precipitately from the copse, followed by others, thinly scattered at first and then more numerous, in bands which would often rest for a minute, then rally, and re-enter the depths of the woods, but which often also retreated, either still coolly firing, while breaking, as they were pursued step by step, or running away without looking behind, in mad panics!

From that distance it was impossible to recognize the nationality of those who were disbanded. Were the English repulsed, or their own comrades dislodged? Even with his glass, so obscured was the light by the increasing tempest, Sir Harvey could not immediately discern, and they held their breaths until he was able to decide.

In general, however, almost all the way along the line, the enemy retreated, and the trumpets sounding the retreat indicated to the Bunclodyans to which side

victory leaned, which, nevertheless, was not settled, the king's regiments resolving not to retreat, re-forming quietly, and rushing back, refreshed, to the rescue.

And through the hearts of Sir Harvey's soldiers again passed the impressions of anxiety, of hope, of pain, and of joy. Sometimes the Irish, at the end of one of these renewed attacks, would be obliged to abandon their positions, but not as runaways, only leaving to station themselves elsewhere on the route of the temporary victors and to again dispute their passage energetically and triumphantly.

In any case, though success should remain with the English, some time must elapse before they would reach the plateau; and meanwhile, to occupy and distract themselves, many of these forced spectators of a long drama, which never flagged though cut up into many acts, lighted their pipes at which they warmed their benumbed fingers, and the smoke of which, driven furiously back towards the sea, recalled their attention to that part of the tragedy. In that direction the outlook was bad for Ireland!

Whirlpools of water and wind were assailing the ships; and while, near one of the villages, skirmishers were attacking the unsuspecting artillery on the flank, cutting the hamstrings of the horses which drew the cannons and powder-carts, spiking the guns, and setting fire to powder which blazed into the air for several miles, the tempest was undertaking to engulf the fleet, or at least to drive it, terribly damaged and disabled, along the shores of Ireland.

Already the greater part of the transport-ships were heading in the other direction, absolutely unable to struggle against the elements, and the rest, sustaining by turns serious damages, cordage broken, shrouds demolished, and the bowsprit torn out as neatly as the stem of a fruit, could not be slow in following their example.

To be continued.

THE POLITICAL THEOLOGY OF MAZZINI AND THE INTERNATIONAL.

By MICHAEL BAKOUNINE,
MEMBER OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WORKING-People.

Translated from the French by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 98.

But let us clearly understand each other. When I speak of the moral force of nations in general and of the Germans in particular, I take good care not to confound it with *human, absolute morality*. I well know that this word *absolute*, applied to human morality, will sound badly in the ears of many of our friends, materialists, positivists, and atheists, who have declared war to the death against the absolute in whatever form it may appear, and with much reason, for the Absolute, taken in the absolute sense of the word, is absolute nonsense. So it is not of this absolute Absolute, it is not of God, that I speak. I do not know this gentleman; I am as ignorant of him as they are themselves. The absolute which I mean is *relative* only to humanity. It is that universal law of *solidarity* which is the *natural base* of all human society, and of which all historical developments have been and are only successive expressions, manifestations, and realizations.

Every real being, composite or simple, collective or individual, every intelligent, living being, organic or even inorganic, has a principle which is peculiar to it, which is not imposed on it from high by any supreme Being whatever, but which is inherent in it, which constitutes it, and makes it remain what it is, as long as it is, and all the successive developments of which are only necessary manifestations. Without doubt, at least in my mind, this principle, which is, in reality, nothing else than this being's manner of existence and development, is only the *resultant*, more or less prolonged and *constant*, but never eternal, of an indefinite multitude of natural actions and reactions, of a combination of causes and effects, — a combination which, while always modifying itself somewhat, continues to reproduce itself, so long as it is not forced to change its direction or its nature, and transform itself into some new combination, by the action of new causes, more powerful than those which first gave it birth; then the being which is the product of this disappears with what we call its principle. Thus it is that we see many species of animals remain today what they have been for more than three thousand years. Many others have completely disappeared from the earth, and, naturally, their particular principles, which constituted their particular being, have also disappeared with them. Our planet and our solar system itself, having had a beginning in the eternal Universe, must necessarily have an end; in some millions of years the earth will be no more, and with it, and perhaps even before it, will also disappear the human race with all its principles, with all the laws inherent in its being.

We have no occasion to be troubled. A few millions of years are the same as eternity to us. The ambitious idealists who talk of eternity, without finding, for the most part, enough depth in themselves to fill an existence of sixty years, usually imagine much less than that. In reality, a single million of years surpasses the power of our imagination. We have hardly the history of the last three thousand years, and it appears to us eternal and humanity already so old! Let us, then, fill the present with our best, prepare, as far as our means and strength allow, for the nearest future, and leave the care of far-off times to come to the men or the new beings of those times.

It suffices us to know that every real being, so long as it exists, exists only by virtue of a principle which is inherent in it and which determines its particular nature, — a principle which is not imposed on it by any divine law-maker whatever, but which is the prolonged and constant resultant of a combination of natural causes and effects; and which is not enclosed in it like a soul in its body, according to the absurd imagination of the idealists, but which is in reality only the inevitable and constant mode of its real existence.

The human race, like all the other animal races, has inherent principles which are peculiar to it, and all these principles are summed up in or reducible to a single principle which we call *Solidarity*.

This principle may be formulated thus: No human individual can recognize his own humanity, or, consequently, realize it in life, except by recognizing it in others and by cooperating in its realization for others. No man can emancipate himself save by emancipating with him all the men about him. My liberty is the liberty of everybody, for I am really free, free not only in idea, but in fact, only when my liberty and my right find their confirmation, their sanction, in the liberty and right of all men, my equals.

What all other men are is of great importance to me, because, however independent I may imagine myself or may appear by my social position, whether I am Pope, Czar, or Emperor, or even prime minister, I am always the product of the lowest among them; if they are ignorant, miserable, enslaved, my life is determined by their ignorance, misery, and slavery. I, an enlightened or intelligent man, for example, — if such is the case, — am foolish with their folly; I, a brave

man, am the slave of their slavery; I, a rich man, tremble before their misery; I, a privileged man, turn pale before their justice. In short, wishing to be free, I can not be, because all the men around me do not yet wish to be free, and, not wishing it, they become instruments of my oppression.

This is not imagination, it is a reality, the sad experience of which the whole world is undergoing today. Why, after so many superhuman efforts, after so many revolutions, always at first victorious, after so many painful sacrifices and so many struggles for liberty, does Europe still remain a slave? Because in all the countries of Europe there is still an immovable mass, immovable at least in appearance, which up to this time has remained inaccessible to the propaganda of ideas of emancipation, humanity, and justice, — the mass of the peasants. It is this which constitutes today the power, the last support and the last refuge of all despots, a real club in their hands to crush us, and, in so far as we shall fail to fill them with our aspirations, our passions, our ideas, we shall not cease to be slaves. We must emancipate them to emancipate ourselves.

Considering western humanity, including America, the Roman, German, and Anglo-German nations, as the most civilized and relatively the most liberal portion of the world, we find even in Europe a black point which menaces this civilization and this liberty. This point is a whole world, the world of Slavs, which up to the present time has been almost always the victim, rarely the hero, and still less the conqueror of history, having been by turns the slave of the Huns, of the Turks, of the Tartars, and, above all, of the Germans. Today it is rising, moving, organizing itself spontaneously, creating slowly a new power, and beginning to demand with a loud voice its place in the sun. What makes its demands still more menacing is that, at the eastern extremity of the European continent, there is an immense empire of more than seventy millions of inhabitants, half Slavs, half Finns, and in part Germans and Tartars, as despotic as possible, founding its enormous power as much on its inaccessible geographical position as on the mass of its innumerable peasants, and raising against the flag of *Pan-Germanism* hoisted in a manner so grievous for the liberty of the whole world, by the modern patriotism of the Germans, the no less grievous and menacing flag of *Pan-Slavism*.

The Germans, in all their present publications, laugh at this, or, rather, pretend to laugh at it. For, infatuated as they are with the easy victories which their traditional discipline and their morality of voluntary slaves have just won over the disorganization and the merely transient demoralization of France, they well know, and have known for a long time, that, if there is a danger which they really need to fear, it is that with which the eastern Slav threatens them.

They know it so well that there is no race which they detest more; in all Germany, except the German proletariat in so far as it is not misled by its leaders, and except the immense majority of the German peasants who do not come into immediate contact with the Slav peasants, this hatred is a universal and profound sentiment. The Germans detest this race for all the harm which they have done it, for all the hatred which by their ages of oppression they have inspired in it, and for the instinctive, irresistible terror which its awakening causes them. This intense mutual hatred, mingled with terror on the one side and a deplorable desire for vengeance on the other, disturbs the mind of the Germans and makes them commit many injustices and follies.

Their relations to the Slavs are absolutely the same as those of the English towards the Irish race. But there is an immense difference between the present policy of the English and that of the modern Germans. The English, notwithstanding the reputation for egoism and brutal narrowness which people have been ready to attribute to them, have been and are still the most humanely practical and the most really liberal people of Europe. After having treated the Irish people like a race of parias for almost three centuries, they have at last come to see that this policy was as iniquitous as dangerous to themselves, and they have just entered resolutely upon the broad road of reparation. They have already yielded much to Ireland; urged on by the logic of this new road, at once salutary and humane, they will doubtless finish by yielding to her the last, the greatest reparation, — that autonomy which the Irish have, for centuries, demanded with a loud voice, an autonomy of which the radical transformation of all the economic relations prevailing there today will necessarily be the inevitable accompaniment and, as it were, the last word.

Why do not the Germans follow the example of England? Why do they not try to gain the sympathies of the Slavic peoples by the broadest recognition of their right to live, to arrange and organize themselves as they please, and to speak whatever language they like, — in a word, by the most complete recognition of their liberty? Instead of this, what are they doing? They are themselves pushing the Slavic peoples into the arms of the Czar of all the Russias by this odious threat of forced Germanization and the annihilation of the entire Slavic race in the grand centralization of the Pan-Germanic State. This is at once a great wrong and a great folly.

And unfortunately it is not only the conservatives, nor even the modern liberals and progressives, of Germany, who make this threat; these, on the contrary, are paying very little attention at present to Slavic affairs, absorbed as they are in the contemplation of their patriotic triumphs. No, it is the Republicans, — what do I say? — it is the workmen of the Social-Democratic party of Germany who, in imitation of their leaders, confounding Pan-Germanism with Cosmopolitanism, are pretending that the Slavic peoples of Austria should freely annihilate themselves in the grand Pan-Germanic and so-called popular State.

Let us hope that the General Council of the International Association of Workingmen, which has so well understood the Irish question, as it has recently proved by undertaking the defence of the autonomy of Ireland against the supremacy of England, — let us hope that, inspired by the same principles and urged on by the same sentiment of humanitarian equity, it will give to its friends and intimate allies, the leaders of the Social-Democratic party of Germany, the counsel to recognize as soon as possible, with all its political, economic, and social consequences, the complete liberty of all the Slavic peoples.

If it does not do this, it will prove that, led principally by the Germans, it comprehends justice and humanity only when they are not found in opposition to the immeasurably ambitious and vain designs of the Germans; that it also, like the leaders of the Social-Democratic party, with respect to the Slavic race at least, confounds Pan-Germanism with Cosmopolitanism, — a deplorable confusion, absolutely contrary to the most fundamental principles of the International, and which can serve only the Reaction.

Yes, the Reaction, for, I repeat it once more, the inevitable consequence of such a policy is to throw all the Slavic peoples of Europe into the arms of the Russian Czar. And then will arise a formidable struggle between the disorganized and demoralized West of Europe and the moralized Eastern Slavs, — that is, the Slavs united by hatred of the Germans.

That will be a real catastrophe for humanity; for, even supposing that the Germans triumph at first, which is not at all probable, they must maintain the Slavs

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the crusing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Neo-Anarchists.

The London State Socialist papers are constantly producing new and fresh evidence of the completeness and thoroughness of their "scientific" know-nothingism. Mrs. Besant's defence of their doctrines was pronounced excellent by the unsuspecting simpletons, while, in truth, she was guilty of criminal carelessness in introducing elements so foreign and antagonistic to her system in their nature as to fatally impair it and engender the process of its dissolution. For such amazing shallowness I have not been prepared, though nobody can possibly have a poorer opinion of the mental calibre of State Socialist "scientists" than the one formed in my mind by observation and analysis. I rather expected, at the time I made my criticisms, that the State Socialists would most positively deny Mrs. Besant's statements and question her right to claim membership in their circle. But on such a point to find myself mistaken will always give me pleasure, and such disappointments are very easily assuaged.

Right here, however, attention must be paid to a class of thinkers who, though adhering to authoritarian Socialism, are yet, withal, not of the hopeless sort, and may be characterized as "State Socialists with a progressive tendency." P. Lavroff, for one, is a good example of this type of Socialists. Very well, they rejoin, admitting that your criticism is well-founded and that the ideas of Mrs. Besant are incompatible with the immobility and permanency of the State, whence the necessity for such permanency? State Socialism is merely a transition, a step, the next stage of evolution, and, while favoring it for the time it may require to accomplish our purpose of destroying monopoly, exploitation, and privilege, we are perfectly willing, after poverty has vanished and social harmony is established, to slacken the reins of power, relax the pressure upon the individual, and allow the largest practicable amount of personal freedom. You Anarchists should understand that we love liberty, independence, and all the other valuable things of which you are so passionately fond with as much ardor as any properly-balanced man can be capable of, but we are in a state of war and forced to submit to some hardships and privations for the sake of achieving a great and complete victory over the enemy. State Socialism is a reaction made necessary by the logic of events. But it is not a finality. "It would seem," writes M. Lavroff in the "Messenger of the People's Will," "that there is no *raison d'être* for Anarchism as a distinct and independent movement, since even Marx and Engels declared that the immediate care of the Socialistic State, after its triumphant and secure establishment, will be its own gradual disappearance and the reduction of its sphere and functions to next to zero."

Before a re-joinder is attempted, it is important to ascertain whether the Socialists of this newly-developed type, frequently met with of late, really and fully appreciate the significance of their admissions and qualifications. State Socialism rests on the affirmation of the supremacy of society over the individual. Majoritism, the denial of individual liberty, the substitution of compulsory cooperation for private enterprise and free competition, State control over the agencies of production and distribution, State regulation of domestic affairs, etc., etc., logically and unavoidably grow out of the first fundamental assertion. No considerations of expediency and artificially-created necessities can come in or have any bearing upon the decision as to the truth or falsity, right or wrong, of that basic principle. If that fundamental assertion is held to be true, then the State is eternal and compulsion the condition of social life. If, on the contrary, the sovereignty of the individual is acknowledged, and society regarded purely as a relation, then Anarchy is the normal and healthy condition of society and liberty the law of social existence and harmony. All those who profess readiness to accept Anarchy at *some* time thereby condemn State Socialism for *all* time. Authoritarians attribute all our existing maladjustments and discord to lack of regulation, lack of control over individual action, to competition and liberty; accordingly, law, control, restriction, and individual subordination are prescribed as remedies. Were their diagnosis correct, it is plainly in strict obedience to the law that like causes produce like effects that, if, at any time, the disease-breeding elements of competition, private interest, and liberty should again take root and begin to develop in society, the present experience will simply be repeated, and the identical remedies be found necessary for the restoration of well-being. But, if no danger is apprehended from the growth of these forces in a new State, is it not highly absurd to ascribe to them the evils of the existing State? And if it be conceded that other elements are at work to which the evil can be traced, what becomes of the claims of the State Socialists with the progressive tendency? What need of any intermediate despotism, if it is not individual initiative and private interest that constitute the stronghold of the enemy?

Perhaps, in truth, we hear it said, the Anarchists are right, not only in insisting upon liberty as the condition of social life, but even in adopting it as a means of realizing that condition; perhaps, in fact, the thing to be done by us in the here and the now is the work of removing artificial barriers and restraints, of abolishing legal privileges and arbitrary interference with economic laws; perhaps, if we could follow our programme undisturbed, we would ultimately achieve our aims; but we are powerless and helpless before the coming revolution, we cannot control or direct it, and the logic of events is independent of our ideas and preferences. We must prepare for the worst, and try to do the best under all circumstances. When the revolution breaks out, and general expropriation of capitalists follows, shall we not be forced to adjust ourselves to a sort of Communistic arrangement, at least until it becomes possible to introduce changes with safety?

These perplexed minds will easily solve their difficulties when they once assimilate the vital truth that the social revolution will not be accomplished in a day, and that the economic emancipation of the world can never be brought about by the methods which have been employed in political and religious struggles. Whatever trouble the mad folly and violent fury of the exploiters and tyrants, or the ignorance, passion, and despair of the victimized and starved slaves, may plunge us into, we must not be stayed in our work. Whether they will delay or hasten the true reformation of society is a question to be considered. But that reformation will be the result of a slow and gradual process of introducing and inaugurating new economic forces and elements which will tend to modify the existing relations and change the conditions of life. Revolutions may come and revolutions may go, but the work of enlightenment, of intelligent adaptation to surroundings, and of disseminating ideas of a happy life full of attractive labor and elevated thought remains forever.

V. YARROS.

The Morality of Terrorism.

E. Belfort Bax has an article on "Legality" in the London "Commonweal" which for the most part is by no means bad. He denies the obligation to respect legality as such, and in the light of this denial discusses the policy of terrorism and assassination. Respecting this policy, he declares, as Liberty has frequently declared before him, that it should be used against the oppressors of mankind only when they have succeeded in hopelessly repressing all peaceful methods of agitation. If he had stopped there, all would have been well. But not satisfied with characterizing the policy as inexpedient save under the conditions referred to, he must needs go further and brand it as immoral. Then he becomes ridiculously weak. He is led to the conclusion that in Russia terrorism is both morally justifiable and expedient; that in Germany, though morally justifiable, it is for various reasons inexpedient; and that in England it is neither morally justifiable nor expedient. Liberty agrees that terrorism is expedient in Russia and inexpedient in Germany and England, but it will be many years older than now before it assumes to set any limit on the right of an invaded individual to choose his own methods of defence.

The invader, whether an individual or a government, forfeits all claim to consideration from the invaded. This truth is independent of the character of the invasion. It makes no difference in what direction the individual finds his freedom arbitrarily limited; he has a right to vindicate it in any case, and he will be justified in vindicating it by whatever means are available. The right to take unoccupied land and cultivate it is as unquestionable as the right to speak one's thoughts, and resistance offered to any violation of the former is no less self-defence than resistance offered to the violation of the latter. In point of morality one is as good as the other. But with freedom of speech it is possible to obtain freedom of the land and all the other freedoms, while without it there is no hope save in terrorism. Hence the expediency—yes, the necessity—of terrorism to obtain the one; hence the uselessness and folly of employing it to obtain the other. So, when Mr. Bax says that the Russian who shall kill the Czar will act wisely, but that the Englishman who should kill Salisbury would act foolishly, he wins Liberty's approval; but when he makes this Russian a saint and this Englishman a knave, this approval must be accompanied by protest.

Mere Land No Saviour for Labor.

Here is a delicious bit of logic from Mr. George: "If capital, a mere creature of labor, is such an *oppressive* thing, its creator, *when free*, can strangle it by refusing to reproduce it." The italics are mine. If capital is oppressive, it must be oppressive of labor. What difference does it make, then, what labor can do when free? The question is what it can do when oppressed by capital. Mr. George's next sentence, to be sure, indicates that the freedom he refers to is freedom from land monopoly. But this does not improve his situation. He is enough of an economist to be very well aware that, whether it has land or not, labor which can get no capital—that is, which is oppressed by capital—cannot, without accepting the alternative of starvation, refuse to reproduce capital for the capitalists.

It is one thing for Mr. George to sit in his sanctum and write of the ease with which a man whose sole possession is a bit of land can build a home and scratch a living; for the man to do it is wholly another thing. The truth is that this man can do nothing of the sort until you devise some means of raising his wages above the cost of living. And you can only do this by increasing the demand for his labor. And you can only increase the demand for his labor by enabling more men to go into business. And you can only enable more men to go into business by enabling them to get capital without interest, which, in Mr. George's opinion, would be very wrong. And you can only enable them to get capital without interest by abolishing the money monopoly, which, by limiting the supply of money, enables its holders to exact interest. And when you have abolished the money monopoly, and when, in con-

sequence, the wages of the man with the bit of land have begun to rise above the cost of living, the labor question will be nine-tenths solved. For then either this man will live better and better, or he will steadily lay up money, with which he can buy tools to compete with his employer or to till his bit of land with comfort and advantage. In short, he will be an independent man, receiving all that he produces or an equivalent thereof. How to make this the lot of all men is the labor question. Free land will not solve it. Free money, supplemented by free land, will.

Yarros and Tucker, Box 3366.

I was not a little amused, in my pioneer home, at the contents of No. 93. I felt as though "Overlook" had received a surprise party, so many criticisms and compliments were fired at me together. And I laughed to myself as I wondered what my exquisite Bostonian friends would have thought of their "artist," had they seen him that same day ploughing sand and mauling logs. Possibly that he took more interest in the "ulterior" object of his art than in its execution.

Comrade Yarros, that puissant pounder of grandmothers, flaps and crows so long and so loud, and with such perfectly charming condescension, aberration, cheerfulness, and conceit, that my sympathies are at last fully aroused. Who could bear to hit him now? To stick even a pin into such a happy bubble would be atrocious. Though, to be sure, he would never find it out, but, dimly realizing that something had happened, would immediately begin to shout that some other fellow had "busted." Rest thee, my shillalah! The man is entirely out of his head now, and there is no longer any sense in whacking that cracked and empty receptacle. Dost thou not comprehend that it claims to have broken thee, instead of thou, it? Let be. Let us have peace.

But I owe my magnanimous comrade an apology. It seems that when he speaks furiously about "war" and "bomb-throwing on our own account," etc., he "never means nothing, nowhere," and it is "grossly unjust" to claim he does. Pardon, Comrade, I'll never do it again. I perceive we are fellow poets.

Howbeit, as Mr. Yarros has button-holed the bewildered reader and taken him to a peep-hole in the wall of the Non-Existent, and there, by the aid of "the light that never was on sea or land," hilariously revealed to him my utterly "licked" and discomfited effigy, it may not be out of order for me to casually remark that I acknowledge no such conversion or defeat. Instead of admitting a "right-about-face," I gently assert that my face is about right and always has been. My second article was a straightforward continuation of the ideas broached in my first, and I still serenely stand by my "truisms," vice-reform, purity, morality, and grandmother.

But, seriously, I am very glad to find that Comrade Yarros and I are after all so well agreed, and that our difference was mainly a misunderstanding about terms and meanings,—a misfortune that has happened before to much greater philosophers than "we uns."

Comrade Tucker decks me out in an "old, idealistic, reactionary doctrine," and then sets Ruskin, Proudhon, and Tchernychevsky upon me. "God's teeth!" as Queen Elizabeth used to swear, does it take three such mighty men as that to whip me? And Ben Tucker behind? Then that's the most flattering compliment yet. Verily, I had better reach for my sling and betake me to the brook for a scripfull of smooth stones.

But, before we fight, let's see if there be no misunderstanding here. I think there usually is when Comrade Tucker and I fall to criticising.

Let me explain. I find there are certain relations of phenomena to us so pleasing that we call them charming. Art appears to me to be the conscious and purposeful evolution, construction, and reconstruction of these charms,—the skillful production of pleasant relations. Thus the musician produces charming relations between sound and the ear, the painter between form and color and the eye, the cook, the *chef de cuisine*, between viands and the gustatory nerves, etc.

Wherever intelligent action produces charm, either in reality or by imaginative description, there we have art. I find then that art has for its direct object, first, pleasure to the nerves of sense, and, second, if it be really and in the best sense "high" or "fine" art, happiness, or the pleasure of self-perfecting, of healthful development. And I fully agree with Comrade Tucker and his giants that, in this sense, an artist's "superiority in his profession is directly proportional to the degree in which he is absorbed by the object of his art." In fact, the expression he criticizes was intended to assert the same thing. For, lying beyond or outside, *ulterior*, to these direct objects of art, I find various other objects, which cannot be neglected, but which the true artist dare not dwell upon. Thus, in the economy of nature and society, the artist needs food, shelter, money, reputation, etc., and these become ulterior objects of his art; yet the painter who thinks too much about his dinner or his reputation will not paint so good a picture, or earn so good a dinner or reputa-

tion, as one who is more absorbed in his art. So, too, the necessities of nature and society insist upon the reproduction of the species, which becomes the ulterior object of love; yet the lover who thinks more about babies than he does about his caresses (the lover is almost the only artist who deals in the charms of touch) develops his manhood less, and the womanhood of his fellow artist less, and thus is, everywhere, less successfully fitted for parentage than the one who thinks mainly about the art of loving and his pleasure in it.

Really, all this seems so truistic to me that I begin to fear Yarros will be getting up a little war-dance in his corner, with consequence disastrous to somebody's grandmother.

But, Comrade Tucker, I am somewhat puzzled by some of your other and older criticisms. You first told me positively that "Anarchism has no positive side," and then, in reply to "X," admitted that the affirmation of individual sovereignty was in practice inseparable from the protest of Anarchy; which seemed not only an admission that Anarchy had a positive (*i.e.*, affirmative) side, but, perhaps, opposed to your previous claim that the positive work of any movement was something "distinct" from its negative work. Neither had I before understood you to point out to me that "Anarchy has no side that is affirmative in the sense of constructive." I naturally supposed that your assertion, "Anarchism has no positive side," meant that Anarchism was a pure negation. Now, it seems to me that we do have constructive work to do, and that it is practically inseparable from our negative work. Every theoretical scheme, every cooperative combination in the interests of liberty, belongs to this constructive side. Was not Proudhon's Bank of the People such a construction? Is not every book and paper written and printed in the service of freedom such constructive work?

I raise these objections modestly, not captiously, nor with any fondness for mere arguments or names. Names are to me but tools to be used or disused according to fitness. I am not stubborn, Comrade, though independent, and would much sooner follow than fight you if you will only make it more convenient.

Vive l'Anarchie! J. WM. LLOYD.
GRAHAMVILLE, FLORIDA, MARCH 27, 1887.

[The new dress in which Comrade Lloyd clothes his error does not make it less erroneous. It is the same old error still. In its old garb it read: "The true artist cares more for his art and his pleasure in it than for its ulterior object." In its new it reads: "Art has for its direct object, first, pleasure to the nerves of sense, and, second, . . . happiness, or the pleasure of self-perfecting, of healthful development." As the former sentence was written in regard to the relation of the pleasures of love-making to the production of offspring, it was obvious that the word "ulterior" was used in the sense of later in time of achievement, and not in the sense of incidental or external or secondary in importance. So interpreted, the words "ulterior object" in the first sentence correspond to the last clause of the second sentence. After making this substitution, the absurdity of Mr. Lloyd's original statement must be manifest even to himself. For it would then read as follows: The true artist cares more for pleasure to the nerves of sense than for the pleasure of healthful development. That is what Mr. Lloyd really said, whether he fully realized it or not; and that is the doctrine of "art for art's sake," which I criticised him for thus espousing. Now, however, relying on his analogy between food and offspring as related to art, he claims that he meant by "ulterior object" some such incidental or external object as food, shelter, etc. But this analogy, instead of justifying Mr. Lloyd's statement, simply establishes his confusion of thought.

For food under ordinary circumstances is properly classed as a means of pleasure to the nerves of sense,—in other words, an insufficiency of it means temporary physical suffering, and even the total lack of it and the consequent starvation might be more endurable than the life-long suffering which bad art might cause,—while the production of offspring is a matter seriously and permanently affecting the happiness and development of the parents. Hence he who cares more for his day's dinner than for his picture is not a true artist, just as he who cares more for the pleasures of love-making than for the quality of his offspring is not a true artist. Here, I suppose, Mr. Lloyd would bid me consider his perfectly true remark that the painter who dwells upon his dinner will not paint so good a picture or earn so good a dinner (not necessarily the latter, though, unless tomorrow's dinner is meant instead of today's), and that the lover who dwells upon babies will not caress so artistically or produce so good a baby. Again Mr. Lloyd is in confusion,—this time

confusing the idea implied in the words "care for" with the idea implied in the words "dwell upon." The true artist-lover refrains from dwelling upon babies precisely because he cares more for babies and knows that that is the way to produce satisfactory ones, but the true artist-painter refrains from dwelling upon his dinner simply because he cares but precious little comparatively whether he gets a dinner or not. Each of these true artists "cares" less "for his art and his pleasure in it" and his pleasure in the immediate results of it "than for its ulterior object." As to the nature of Anarchism, I think that what I said in my paragraph in No. 90 was sufficiently clear. I certainly do not feel at all complimented at hearing from Mr. Lloyd that he thought me silly enough to maintain that Anarchism rests on no positive principle. It would be a very weak intellect indeed that couldn't see that the negation of authority implies affirmation of individual sovereignty. When I told Mr. Lloyd that Anarchism has no positive side, the very next sentence showed that I meant that it had no "positive work" to do. Individual sovereignty is not something to be built; it exists the moment the obstacles to its exercise are removed. Mr. Lloyd had been saying that Anarchism was positive because there was a work of "voluntary cooperative defence" to be done, and I pointed out to him that this was not positive, but negative work. By no means, however, did I say that there is no positive or constructive work to be done; I simply denied that such work was Anarchistic. I am glad that Mr. Lloyd mentioned the Bank of the People; it gives me a good illustration. If a Bank of the People were to be established, not with any hope of its being allowed to live and do its economic work, but simply for the purpose of propaganda, in order to direct attention to the outrageous denial of free banking and thereby secure the overthrow of the money monopoly, it would be an example of Anarchistic work, but it would be negative. If, however, there were no money monopoly, and a Bank of the People were to be started purely for its economic benefits, that would be positive, constructive work, but it would not be Anarchistic. There will be no Anarchistic work to do after the people become free. To the amount of constructive work there will be no limit, but its object will not be to make the people free, but to enable them to more completely satisfy their wants.

—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

THE POET SHELLEY ON MONOGAMY.

(Epipsychedion.)

I never was attached to that great sect
Whose doctrine is that each one should select
Out of the crowd a mistress or a friend,
And all the rest, though fair and wise, command
To cold oblivion; though it is in the code
Of modern morals, and the beaten road
Which those poor slaves with weary footsteps tread
Who travel to their home among the dead
By the broad highway of the world, and so
With one chained friend, perhaps a jealous foe,
The dreariest and the longest journey go.

True love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away.
Love is like understanding, that grows bright,
Gazing on many truths; 'tis like the light,
Imagination, which from earth and sky,
And from the depths of human fantasy,
As from a thousand prisms and mirrors, fills
The universe with glorious beams, and kills
Error the worm with many a sunlike arrow
Of its reverberated lightning. Narrow
The heart that loves, the brain that contemplates,
The life that wears, the spirit that creates,
One object and one form, and builds thereby
A sepulchre for its eternity!

Mind from its object differs most in this:
Evil from good; misery from happiness;
The baser from the nobler; the impure
And frail from what is clear and must endure.
If you divide suffering or love, you may
Diminish till it is consumed away;
If you divide pleasure and love and thought,
Each part exceeds the whole; and we know not
How much, while any yet remains unshared,
Of pleasure may be gained, of sorrow spared.
This truth is that deep well whence sages draw
The unenvied light of hope; the eternal law
By which those live to whom this world of life
Is as a garden ravaged, and whose strife
Tills for the promise of a later birth
The wilderness of this elysian earth.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Continued from page 3.

in slavery by force, they must sacrifice everything to the formidable development of their armed forces; they must, in a word, continue to form a powerful military State,—that is, they must themselves remain slaves, and a permanent menace against liberty in all the countries of Europe. This is an inevitable result and, at the same time, a triumphant demonstration of that law of solidarity which is the fundamental law of humanity.

If, on the contrary, the Slavs triumph, under the colors of the Czar of Russia, it will be all over with humanity for a long time. There will remain only a single way of salvation for the Germans and for the entire West of Europe,—namely, to liberate and revolutionize the Slavic peoples, including the Empire of Russia itself, as quickly as possible. In no other way can there be any triumph except for the most pitiless, the most brutal, the most inhuman reaction. Any other path can end only in the ruin of all human civilization, at least for many centuries.

To be continued.

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART SECOND.

COST THE LIMIT OF PRICE:

A Scientific Measure of Honesty in Trade as One of the Fundamental Principles in the Solution of the Social Problem.

Continued from No. 38.

63. It is important for reasons of practical utility to arrive at a general or average estimate of the relative repugnance of different kinds of labor, especially of the most common kinds, and that is done under the operation of the Cost Principle, as hereafter pointed out (195); but, as we have seen, if we had already arrived at it, it would not be a sufficiently accurate measure of Equity to be applied *between individuals*; while, on the other hand, this average itself can only be based upon individual estimates. The average which now exists in the public mind, by which it is understood that field labor, in cultivating grain, for example, is neither the hardest nor the easiest kind of work, and that sewing or knitting is not so repugnant as washing or scrubbing, rests upon the general observation of individual preferences.

64. It follows, therefore, in order to arrive at a satisfactory measure of Equity, and the adoption of a scientific system of commerce: 1. That some method must be devised for comparing the relative repugnance of different kinds of labor. 2. That, in making the comparison, *each individual* must make his or her own estimate of the repugnance to him or her of the labor which he or she performs, and 3. That there should be a sufficient motive in the results or consequences to insure an honest exercise of the judgment, and an honest expression of the real feelings of each, in making the comparison.

65. I.—*That some method should be devised for comparing the relative repugnance of different kinds of labor.* This is extremely simple. All that is necessary is to agree upon some particular kind of labor, the average repugnance of which is most easily ascertained, or the most nearly fixed, and use it as a standard of comparison, a sort of yard-stick for measuring the relative repugnance of other kinds of labor. For example, in the Western American States it is found that the most appropriate kind of labor to be assumed as a standard with which to compare all other kinds of labor is corn-raising. It is also found, upon extensive investigation, that the average product of that kind of labor, in that region, is *twenty pounds of corn to the hour*. If, then, blacksmithing is reckoned as one half harder work than corn-raising, it will be rated (by the blacksmith himself) at *thirty pounds of corn to the hour*. If shoemaking be reckoned as one quarter less onerous than corn-raising, it will be rated at *fifteen pounds of corn to the hour*. In this manner the idea of corn-raising is used to measure the relative repugnance of all kinds of labor.

66. II.—*That, in making the comparison, each individual must make his or her own estimate of the repugnance to him or her of the particular labor which he or she performs.* This condition must be secured, both for the reasons already stated, and because another equally important principle in the true science of society is the Sovereignty of the Individual. The Individual must be kept absolutely above all institutions. He must be left free even to abandon the principles whenever he chooses. The only constraint must be in the attractive nature and results of true principles.

67. III.—*That there should be a sufficient motive in the results or consequences of compliance with these principles to insure an honest exercise of the judgment, and an honest expression of the real feeling of each in making his estimate of the relative repugnance of his labor.* The existence of such a motive can only be shown by a view of the general results of this entire system of principles upon the condition of society, and upon the particular interests of the individual. These results must be gathered from a thorough study of the whole subject, in order to establish this point conclusively to the philosophic mind. The force of a public sentiment rectified by the knowledge of true principles will not be lost sight of by such a mind. (229.) The particular remedial results of deviations from the principle of Equity upon the interests of the individual will be specifically pointed out in the subsequent pages. (72-76.)

68. If an exchange could be always made and completed on the spot, each party giving and receiving an equivalent,—that is, an amount of labor, or a product of labor, which had in it an amount of repugnance or cost just equal to that in the labor or product for which it was given or received,—the whole problem of exchanges would be solved by the simple method just stated. There would in that case be no necessity for a circulating medium, or for anything to perform the part which is performed by money in our existing commerce. But such is not the case. Articles are not always at hand which have in them the same amount of cost; indeed, it is the rare exception that exact equivalents can be made upon the spot in commodities which are mutually wanted. Besides, it may frequently happen that I want something from you, either labor or the products of labor, when you, at the time, want nothing of me. In such a case the exchange is only partially completed on the spot, the remaining part *waiting to be completed at some future time*, by the performance of an equivalent amount of labor, or the delivery of products or commodities having in them an equivalent amount of labor.

69. In such a case as that just stated, it is proper that the party who does not make his part of the exchange on the spot should give *an evidence of his obligation to do so at some future time*, whenever called upon, —and this is the origin of what is called the Labor Note, which is the form assumed by "Equitable Money," the fourth among the elements of the solution of the Problem of Society. The party who remains indebted to the other gives his own note, *provided the other consents to receive it*, for an equivalent amount of his own labor, or else of the standard com-

modity,—say so many pounds of corn, specifying in the note the kind of labor, and the alternative. As it may happen that the party receiving the Labor Note may not require the labor itself, or that it may be inconvenient for the party promising to perform it when it is wanted, it is provided that the obligation may be discharged, at the option of the party giving the note, in the standard commodity instead. On the other hand, although the party receiving the note may not want the labor himself, yet some person with whom he deals may want it, and hence he can pass the note to a third party who is willing to receive it for an equivalent amount of labor, or products, received from him. In this manner the Labor Note begins to circulate from one to another, and the aggregate of Labor Notes in circulation in a neighborhood constitutes the neighborhood circulating medium, dispensing, so far as this Equitable Commerce extends, with money altogether, or, rather, introducing a new species of paper-money, based solely upon individual responsibility.

70. The use of the Labor Note is not, as has been already observed, strictly a principle of Equity, and partakes more of the nature of a contrivance than any other instrument of the system of Equitable Commerce; but yet it seems to be a necessary instrument to be employed in the practical working of the system. The Theory of Equity is complete without it, but the necessity for its use arises from the practical fact that exchanges cannot in every case be completed on the spot. Hence a circulating medium of some sort is indispensable, and in order that the system may remain throughout an equitable one, in practice as well as in theory, the circulating medium must be based on *equivalents of labor or cost between individuals*.

The features of the Labor Note are peculiar, and the points of difference between it and ordinary money are numerous and far more important than at first appears. They are as follows:

71. I.—*Its cheapness and abundance.* As it costs nothing but the paper upon which it is written, printed, or engraved, and the labor of executing and signing it, it may be said, for practical purposes, to cost nothing. The great fault of our existing currency is its expensiveness and scarcity. It is upon these properties that the whole system of interest or rent on money is founded, a tribute to which the rich as well as the poor have to submit, whenever they want a portion of the circulating medium to use. To show that this is a real and frightful evil in gold and silver currency, and consequently in all money of which gold and silver are the basis, demands a distinct treatise on money. Under the Labor Note system, every man who has in his possession his ability to work, or his character, or in these elements variously combined, the assurance of responsibility or the basis of credit, has always by him as much money as he needs. He has only to take his pen from his pocket and make it at will. There can be no such cases as happen now, of responsible men worth their tens or hundreds of thousands of dollars in property, but absolutely destitute of money, and forced to submit to the shaving process of bankers, brokers, and Jews.

72. II.—*Being based on individual credit, it makes every man his own banker.* This feature of the Labor Note system is substantially contained in the preceding statement, but the more important consequences of this fact remain to be pointed out. Bankers are proverbial for their anxiety to maintain their credit unimpaired and unsuspected. With them distrust is synonymous with the ruin of their business. Under this system every man, woman, boy, and girl, assuming the character of a banker, becomes equally solicitous about the maintenance of his or her credit. Upon the goodness of their reputation for punctuality of redemption depends the fact of their always having change in their pockets. Honesty comes then to a good market, and finds at once a pecuniary reward. If one's credit is suffered to fall into disrepute among his neighbors, he is left positively without money or the means of obtaining it, and reduced to the necessity of making all his exchanges on the spot. He is put peculiarly into Coventry. Both the superior advantages of possessing credit, and the greater inconvenience of losing it, conspire, therefore, to install the reign of commercial honor and common honesty in the most minute and ordinary transactions of life among the whole people. The moralist who is wise will perceive herein an engine of reform immensely important to subserve his ends. This result is already satisfactorily proven in practice at one point, where this system of exchanges has been introduced, in the fact that every person is anxious to obtain the Labor Notes of others for use and to abstain, so far as he can, from issuing his own; as well as in the general solicitude for the preservation of credit, and the general promptitude in redeeming the notes that are issued. Notwithstanding the fact that, in so small a circle, it is only a part of the pecuniary transactions of the community which can be carried on upon the Cost Principle,—*ordinary money having to be used in all transactions with the world outside, and even within the community, for those things which were purchased outside and which cost money*—still these results have been strikingly exhibited in practice.

73. III.—*It combines the properties of a circulating medium and a means of credit.* These qualities have been substantially stated above as separate attributes of the Labor Note system; but the advantage of their combination in one and the same instrumentality of Commerce is worthy of a distinct observation. At the end of the third year from the commencement of the settlement above referred to, there were eighteen families having two lots of ground, each with houses—nine brick and nine wooden ones—and gardens of their own, nearly the whole of which capital was created by them during that period. The families, without exception, came there quite destitute of worldly accumulations. Thirty dollars in money was probably the largest sum possessed by any of them. Others landed there with five dollars and ten as the whole of their fortune. They were nearly all families who had been exhausted in means as well as broken down and discouraged in spirit by successive failures of community, or association attempts at reform. The success they thus have achieved, in so short a time, has resulted entirely from their own labor, exchanged so far as requisite and practicable upon the Cost or Equitable Principle, facilitated by the instrumentality of the Labor Note.

74. A family arriving without means at the location of a village operating on the Equitable Principle, if their appearance or known character insures sufficient confidence in the minds of the previous settlers, can immediately commence operations, not upon charity, but upon their own credit, issuing their Labor Notes—men, women, and youths—*so far as their several kinds of labor are in demand*, procuring thereby the labor of the whole village in all the various trades necessary to construct them an edifice, and supply them with the necessities of life, *so far as the size of the circle renders it possible to produce them on the spot*. Labor, even prospective labor, thus becomes immediate capital. Interest and profits being discarded, the amount of capital thus existing in labor is greatly augmented. The fact that the labor of the women and children is equally remunerated with that of the men again adds to the amount of combined capital in the family. By the operation of these several causes, a family which has been struggling for years, in the midst of the competition of ordinary Commerce and the oppressions of capital, with no success beyond barely holding on to life, may become in a short time independent and well provided. Such are the legitimate workings of the true system of Commerce, and so far as it has been tested by practical operations the results have entirely corroborated the theory.

To be continued.

Intelligent Egotism Anti-Social.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Tak Kak says that language is algebraic, and in that I fully agree with him; but I can not help entertaining the suspicion that his algebra was learned in the school of that celebrated mathematician who demonstrated that the moon is made of green cheese. Anyhow, the method of demonstration is the same,—that of using one symbol in two or more senses in the same argument. Another reason for the mathematical comparison is that the argument has not convinced me that egoistic hedonism could ever produce a happy society except in that mathematician's paradise, space of four dimensions, in which spheres can be turned inside out without cutting or tearing them, and all sorts of wonderful tricks performed. Now, without a happy society, however much a "ghost" society may be, while there may be some happy individuals, individuals at large (ghosts also?) must be unhappy, for to say that society is happy is only a convenient way of saying that the units composing it are happy. That society is not a ghost to most of us, however, including even some of the most "advanced"; that we are all influenced somewhat by the thought that "all men born are mortal, but not man,"—will be evident on a little reflection. For the number who would relax their efforts in behalf of a better state of affairs on being informed that they had but a few years to live is comparatively small, while, on the other hand, scarcely one of us would persevere, were we to learn that the world's existence was to be as limited. I doubt if even Tak Kak himself would subscribe for ten copies of Proudhon under such conditions. And, after all, what is there superstitious in my giving play to the sentiment which prompts me to respect the rights of others, a feeling developed in me by the same process that has developed all my other feelings?

I notice one change in Tak Kak which, if followed up, might bring us into accord, or at least to an understanding. If we could only agree on a terminology and use it on both sides consistently, I have no doubt that some of our differences would disappear, and it would be much easier to examine and discuss the remainder. What I refer to is the distinction he draws between egotism and egoism. Now, it is against exalting into a system what is popularly meant by egotism that my protests are directed, and it is because Tak Kak seemed, and still seems, in spite of his distinction, to champion egotism as a system that I have come into conflict with him. I have never pretended that altruism was other than a special form of egoism, taking the latter in its broad sense; I have certainly not advocated the suppression of personality or of the pursuit of pleasure, and I know of no evolutionist who has. On the contrary, the development of personality was a "fixed idea" with Clifford; the absolute harmfulness of acting in accordance with any imposed standards is the subject of his most eloquent denunciations; and if Tak Kak had looked into those lectures of his that I referred to, he would have found the study of ethic defined as the study of that form of *pleasure* arising from the consciousness of having acted properly. It is the same with all the other evolutionary moralists. Taking up, for instance, Bain's "The Emotions and the Will," which happens to be on my desk, I find the following:

Of the narrow love of self called selfishness, I think it worth while to remark again that nothing implied in it can ever favor the notion of any one's being actuated by motives entirely apart from themselves. If a man has been so moved by his tender sentiments, his love of justice, to include among the objects of his pursuit a large mass of good to others, or if, like Howard, he makes the relief of foreign misery the one aim of his life,—he is still *entirely following out the impulses of his own personality, while deserving to be ranked with the noblest and best of men*. The *selfishness that we reproach not only does not comprehend others, but actually robs them of what is their own,—as in the reckless pursuit of gain, the suppression of freedom by unbounded authority, and the insatiable grasping of attention, honor, or applause*.

There is then no contention on our side that any action can be other than egoistic; but this does not in any-wise lessen the differences between altruistic, non-altruistic or indifferent, and anti-altruistic actions; and it is these differences that we have to consider.

That a man under any given conditions will act so as to obtain the greatest possible amount of pleasure is almost self-evident, but part of one's pleasure is always due to the good opinion of one's fellows. It is therefore within our power to add to or subtract from the amount of pleasure experienced by any one in performing a certain action. I think that even Tak Kak will not deny that I should be acting normally in disapproving of any action which tends towards producing general unhappiness, even though I myself be sheltered from the consequences of such action. But the moment I begin to approve and disapprove of actions apart from their influence on me, the foundation of a moral code is laid. I say that only the foundation is laid because, although the social sanction has been one of the means instrumental in developing morality, yet no one can really be called moral until his feeling of right has been so far developed as to make him ready to defy the social sanction in its behalf when they seem in opposition. So far, in fact, are we from desiring to suppress any part of personality that what we are pleading for is a

recognition of the moral sentiments as such a part, and not as an external "ghost."

That Tak Kak should misinterpret me in this does not, however, surprise me, when I see how he fails to catch the meaning of my remarks about the social organism and the relation of its units to it. In any physical organism the units must act in harmony or lead to the disruption of the organism, and so to their own destruction. The units act as they do, not through any feeling of compulsion, but because it is inherent in their nature so to do. They are, if I may use the term, possessed of physical morality. During the course of evolution natural selection slowly sifted out those organisms in which the coördination of the parts was most suitable to the work to be accomplished, and the existing organisms are the result of that selection. So it is with the super-organic forms, such as human society. The units composing it have, properly speaking, no compromise to make. They are themselves the materialized expression of the ever-varying compromise which has been establishing itself for millions of years and the perfecting of which constitutes progress. I am perfectly well aware that it would be useless to attempt to restrain an utterly vicious person by telling him that he is only a societary unit, but I am just as certain that I can restrain those in whom the moral sentiment is well developed from many acts by showing that their commission would be in opposition to the dictates of that sentiment. And my opposition to Tak Kak is based mainly on his seeking with Stirner to treat this moral sentiment as something intrusive, and any one of whom it forms a part as ghost-ridden.

I must confess that I have a weakness for keeping a promise because it is a promise, and I fail to see how a civilized society can be maintained when that weakness is not general. For, if one's having promised to do a thing does not add to the probability of his doing it, promises disappear altogether, and contracts and concerted action become impossible except under duress. I do not know whether it would make my "superstition" appear greater or less to say that, in keeping a promise the execution of which is disadvantageous, I am gratifying my sentiment of personal honor.

The notion that we should repudiate morality because enlightened people seeking to do good have often done harm is about as absurd as it would be to advocate starvation because people have mistaken poisonous toadstools for edible mushrooms, or to abandon the study of bridge-building because ill-trained engineers have built poor bridges. Or it would be as sensible to denounce the perseverance of the laborious scholar because it is the same quality that enables the Indian fakir to persist in his self-torture; or to attack your motive in publishing *Liberty*, Mr. Editor, because it is at bottom one with that which induces William Morris to issue the "Commonweal." In fact, the absurdity of the notion, combined with such utterances of his as that on rape, almost lead me to believe that by morality Tak Kak means only immoral abuses; and that he is really seeking a higher moral state in which the individual will take nothing for granted, but will decide all questions for himself. If so, however, his language is most unfortunate, for it generally gives me the impression that there is no reason why I should not rob my neighbor except the fear of getting my head broken. And I fear that, were such ideas to prevail,—which, however, I do not think possible,—there would be very many times more than the few dozen murders under Anarchy that Tak Kak talks of.

Tak Kak says that, if all men were egoists, the despotism of the Pope and of Bismarck could not survive. As I am not certain as to the nature of the egoist, I can neither agree nor dissent. If I take the word in its broadest sense, as *all* motives would have to be regarded as egoistic, the statement is of course untrue; while if I take it in the sense popularly attributed to the term egoist, it is equally untrue. For the most submissive slaves of the Pope are precisely those most egoistic, those who sacrifice everything in their desire for their personal salvation. Prometheus, the typical rebel against the gods and authority, is not an egoist. It may be, though, that Tak Kak means his egoists to be intelligent egoists. In that case, of course, the Pope's despotism would at once fall, having no physical force behind it; but I do not see why Bismarck's should disappear. If it failed, it would be because of lack of faith on the part of its supporters, and not through its opponents' strength. For any given intelligent egoist would prefer making terms with the powers that be to risking his life or liberty in an effort to overthrow them; knowing, as he would, that pledges were valueless, and that his colleagues would sell him out at the first opportunity. The overthrows of tyranny are not, and never were, egoists. Whether it be John Brown at Harper's Ferry, the Irish rebel facing the pitch-cap and the triangle, the Russian Nihilist braving Siberia and death, Condorcet calmly writing in the shadow of the guillotine of a happier future for mankind, or you, Mr. Editor, getting ready to meet the "wild beast,"—each is inspired with something more than egotism, and, if it be a "ghost" that inspires them, then is that ghost a form of the spirit of progress. The intelligent egoist is safe from this ghost, for the thought that "*Quand on est mort, c'est pour longtemps*" is more powerful against it with him than was even medieval exorcism.

If we accept Taine's estimate, Napoleon would appear to be a very good example of the intelligent egoist, the "Ein-

zige." I do not believe that many readers of *Liberty* will think it desirable to develop such characters as his. Tak Kak may claim, however, that were all his contemporaries like to Napoleon, he would have been unable to do the evil he did. This is likely, but the cost of assurance is too high. Any one Napoleon might do less evil, but the total evil would be far greater. That a society composed of such units could never evolve into a harmonious one through the mere action of intelligence seems to me almost self-evident. Let us imagine for a moment that a community has been built up by the segregation in some way of intelligent thieves. Now, how can this community suppress or get rid of theft? For, on the average, all the time spent in stealing and guarding against theft is wasted. Were all to renounce theft, the total wealth would be as great as before, and the time previously spent in stealing or preventing stealing would be available for the production of more wealth, or the enjoyment of that produced. Here, then, is a splendid opportunity for the display of the powers of intelligent egotism. It is advantageous to stop stealing; each one is intelligent enough to see this; yet it is out of their power to abstain. For mark that what is really advantageous to the individual is not that he should stop stealing, but that all others should; and while this latter might be such a gain to him as to make it worth his while to quit stealing himself in order to secure it, yet he can have no certainty that his doing so would secure it. A contract to quit stealing can be of no binding effect on men who are free from the dominion of "fixed ideas," who refuse to keep a promise merely because it is a promise. Until men are so far developed that they refuse to steal through innate repugnance to theft, or through dislike of inflicting injury on their fellows, the chief restraining influence that can be exerted on them is despotism, spiritual or temporal. Morality, instead of being slavery, is the condition of liberty. It is true that, as Spencer says, the development of the industrial régime means the substitution of contract for status; but, if men have no obligations towards one another prior to contract, contract can create none. For to assume that I owe anything to anybody as the result of a contract is to assume that a promise is binding, or else that there exists some external power capable of coercing me into fulfilment of my pledges. One or the other of these positions must be accepted. On this point, at least, I am at one with the disputants on both sides of the question of the so-called "social contract," whether, say, Hobbes and Austin on the one hand, or Spencer and Proudhon on the other. Thus, therefore, Stirner and Tak Kak, preaching "egotism" and contract and repudiating morality, have become like the great reformer Chigoloff in Dostoevsky's book, whose conclusions were in direct contradiction to his premises.

To a plain mind there is something very amusing in these loudly-uttered defiance to the "ghosts," something suggestive of the small boy who defies all spirits while the sun shines and runs from a white sheet after dark. And indeed we find the chief ghost of all reconstituted in the unconditioned ego. An ego of which ideas and sentiments are only furniture is to me unthinkable (my lack of metaphysical training is no doubt to blame). This much I know, however,—that, when my ideas are changed, I am changed. The unconditioned ego seems nothing else than the absolute—God. (While I write, a friend suggests that the unconditioned ego may be the third of Professor Hamilton's classes of things; the three being the existent, the non-existent, and that which is neither existent nor non-existent.) The attempt to prove me superstitious because I retain the terms *ought* and *should* is of the same nature. It seems as if Tak Kak had so recently succeeded in getting rid of some of his incubi that he can not believe but that all other people are bearing such burdens yet. Of course he can scarcely be expected to grasp the idea, then, that some of us have been free so long that we no more *think* of such ghosts than we do of the playthings of our childhood. I use the terms *ought* and *should* as they are every day used by physicists to whom they convey no superstitious implication. If, for instance, I say that a stone dropped from a given height *ought* to reach the earth in ten seconds, the idea conveyed to those with whom I am in the habit of associating, is simply that, if the conditions be normal, it *will* reach the earth in that time. Such a statement might give Tak Kak the impression that I considered the stone would fall because of the order of a god or a contained spirit; but, if so, then it is he who is ghost-ridden, not I. Every day I am asked in regard to some instrument: "Mr. Kelly, what ought this measure?" And to avoid the superstitious *ought*, my questioner would be compelled to use the awkward paraphrase: "Were this instrument suitable for the work for which it is intended, what do you think it would measure?" I do not deny that the term *ought* may have had a superstitious origin,—I am not philologist enough to say,—though I do not think so; but, even if it had, as the meanings of words change as ideas are modified, it would not follow that it implies superstition now. My use of the names Sunday and Thursday do not make me a worshipper of either the sun or Thor.

It is perhaps equally amusing to see the attack on "fixed" ideas in the organ of the plumb-liners, and apparently with the approval of the chief apostle of rectitude and no-compromise. If Bradlaugh's perjury for the sake of personal advancement is to be regarded as propaganda, then

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must his vote for coercion in Ireland be considered the same, for both show the same lack of principle. In fact, Bradlaugh is one of those who have translated Whitman's "Liberty is to be subserved whatsoever ensue" into: "I must get promotion, whatever or whoever suffer." Are these the ideas you mean to express, Mr. Editor? If so, then you should pull down your flag and hoist that of the Vicar of Bray; for, if there be a "fixed" idea, it surely is one that leads a man to lay down his life for it,—"And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee." The egotistic lover of liberty would phrase his address about thus: "From you, O Liberty, proceed material comforts for me; but, should it ever be otherwise, then you may go to the demonition bow-wows."

A "fixed" idea is neither more nor less than one so closely interwoven with all other ideas and sentiments that it is difficult to dislodge without altering many others. Now, it is just those persons whose ideas are not fixed in this way that remain superstitious in spite of increased knowledge; those who, as Spencer says, pass from the oratory to the laboratory, and the laboratory to the oratory, closing the door of the one when they enter the other. A new idea is readily enough accepted by such people (it either takes up a vacant space or replaces a single old idea), but the acceptance has little effect upon the conduct of their lives. On the other hand, when ideas are coherent, a new one, to get accepted, must either harmonize well with the old, or it must work a transformation in the whole mass.

I am perfectly well aware that, in discussing "the rights of man," it is necessary to keep in sight the "rights of man"; but I am also aware that in the matter of social relations right and might must become adjusted. Right is a might, and ultimately the only might. The work of propaganda in which we are engaged consists in proving to those around us the rightness of our cause. Just as rapidly as we convince people we are right, so rapidly, or rather more rapidly, does our might increase. It is a rather curious coincidence, and one worthy of attracting Tak Kak's attention, that the man who most ardently preached the doctrine of might in this century, and who sneered at right until he seemed a worshipper of brute force, was a most strenuous advocate of duty. The companionship is not so strange as it appears.

In conclusion, I would ask Tak Kak, if egotistically allowable, to complete the two equations following according to his algebra:

Egoism =
Egotism =

JOHN F. KELLY.

NEWARK, APRIL 18, 1887.

[In spite of Mr. Kelly's effort to draw me into this discussion, I do not intend to take part in it at present. It is seldom that two disputants as competent as himself and Tak Kak meet, and I desire their controversy to go on until each has said all that he cares to. In their hands I am content to leave it until that time, and I am very sure that Liberty's readers are equally content. If, however, Mr. Kelly wishes me to announce my position, I am entirely willing to do so. I believe that egoism is the sole motive of conduct; that, as far as motive is concerned, altruism is out of the question; that men become superior in proportion to their conscious recognition of this fact and the growth of their intelligence in all directions; that intelligent egoism is another name for liberty, and that consequently it is the mother of order. In fact, I am perfectly willing to accept Mr. Kelly's paraphrase of John Hay's lines, with the understanding that the word "material" is given the broadest possible significance, being perfectly sure that I should take no interest in liberty whatever if it did not increase my pleasure or diminish my pain, which latter result it might, under circumstances easily conceivable, be utterly unable to accomplish otherwise than by slaying me. Thus much by way of declaration of faith. I hope it is not ambiguous.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER

Vol. IV.—No. 22.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1887.

Whole No. 100.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou stay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

H. P. Replogle, no longer having a paper of his own, desires to state through Liberty that he approves the motives of Elmina Drake Slenker, upholds her right to choose her own words, agrees with her that plain words are chaste in their effect, and solicits the interest of his friends in her behalf, now that she is in Comstock's clutches.

The first number of "Honesty," the new Anarchistic paper published in Melbourne, Australia, has come to hand, and justifies all the good words said of it in the last issue of Liberty. It has twelve pages, is issued monthly, and costs eighty-five cents a year, including foreign postage. Liberty will receive subscriptions for "Honesty." A sample copy of the first number will be mailed on receipt of ten cents.

The dignity and serenity shown by Elmina Drake Slenker in a situation more desperate than that of any previous radical worker whom Comstock has prosecuted command my sincere admiration. The insinuation of the "Truth Seeker" that she may be insane is a shameful insult. If that paper would put her in an insane asylum because it differs with her, I cannot see why it should combat the position of banker Truesdell of Syracuse, who would like to imprison Anarchists because he differs with them.

The Boston "Investigator," in speaking of Lysander Spooner's death, says that he was "one of the radical school of Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Elizur Wright, etc." Inasmuch as Spooner's "Unconstitutionality of Slavery" was the most conspicuous anti-Garrisonian document ever printed, and inasmuch as Wendell Phillips was the most conspicuous critic of that pamphlet, the "Investigator's" remark seems to indicate an effort on its part to make its ignorance of Lysander Spooner and his ideas as conspicuous as possible.

A letter has reached me from P. J. Proudhon, in which he informs me that he is not at all pleased with my undertaking to translate into the English language his "work while in materiality," he having discovered on entering spirit life that error is mixed up with it, and that the sovereignty of the individual is but a relative term, inasmuch as all life is a unit. I am sorry to displease my old master, but I fear I shall have to join him in spirit life before I can see the mistakes which he now confesses. I can follow only that light which I see. Hence the publication of Proudhon's works will be continued until further notice.

I am very grateful to my old friend, Dr. J. H. Swain, of San Francisco, for coming to my defence in the columns of "Lucifer." Being a brainy and not a sentimental Anarchist, of course he sees that to set up legal marriage in vindication of Anarchy is in the highest degree absurd. He condemns me on one or two points, however,—chiefly for urging others not to subscribe to the defence fund. He says: "Tucker could not determine what was right for others in that matter. His duty was limited to taking his stand and giving his reasons. Those in agreement needed no warning, and it would not and ought not to influence others." This is tantamount to saying that a man, having to construct a syllogism, for instance, is within his right if he prints the premises, but becomes a

usurper when he prints the conclusion. It seems to me, on the contrary, that, when one prints a conclusion preceded by premises, he thereby shows that he depends solely upon the premises as authority for his conclusion, and that, in stating his conclusion, he does not pretend to impose it upon others except by force of logic. The dictator never gives reasons.

A Plea for Individualism.

[Rejected by the Open Court.]

To the Editor of the Open Court:

A friend has kindly sent me a copy of the first number of your paper. I have read its contents carefully and with delight. It is just what we want. I hope it will have a long life. "Religion on a scientific basis,"—yes. Religion can afford to be and must be that. Else it is not religion, but its caricature: superstition of some Ism.

I would like to say a few words with reference to Mr. Potter's article, "Society and the Individual." There is a point or two which the writer did not succeed in making quite clear to the average mind,—at least, not quite clear to me.

On page 1, column 2, Mr. Potter tells us that the "concentration of energy in individual faculty and power is clearly [italics mine] not nature's highest nor final achievement. This is means, not an end." And on this last sentence or assertion pivots all the remainder of his argument. This granted, his position is strong, invulnerable. This asserted, his whole argument loses its stronghold. "So far at least," the writer goes on to assert, "as concerns the forms of life below man, individual organism" does not exist "for its own sake, but for the sake of the species to which it belongs." Right here I would like to ask the gentleman for his "authority." I am not a scientist or physiologist, and do not dispute the statement, but simply ask for information. We men, it is true, are apt to value a horse, for instance, mainly for its breeding capacity. A stallion is always very high-priced in the market, and, if it can be proven that its ancestry had the same high qualities, its price is that much the higher. Still it may be reasonably questioned whether the horse from his standpoint would quite agree to man's view of the matter. He might claim that his *individuality* is main and foremost in his existence and his procreation a merely incidental circumstance; although he may take pride in seeing a strong, healthy, beautiful reproduction of himself in his offspring. Or perhaps, if he be a "cranky" horse, with some strange notions of liberty and independence in his head, he may even pity and almost hate the faultless child, knowing as he does by bitter experience the fate that awaits it at the hands of man. We know of some analogous cases among the whilom "beasts of burden" of the South.

But let the horse's opinion be what it may; if we accept Mr. Potter's statement as true, then it seems to me that it is a fatal doctrine when applied to *human nature*. If the individual shall really have to strive for his betterment only with the view of the aggrandizement of the race or of Society, I fear the individual's ambition would soon begin to flag and by and by die out altogether. Does not Mr. Potter himself admit (but a few lines before) "that nature produces strong, capable, masterful individuals and races through the principal (principle?) of *selfism*; or of each being put under the necessity to care for its own existence, to maintain its own rights, to provide for its own prosperity?"

Besides, what is society but the aggregate of individuals? Where is it but in the imagination of poets or the assertion of tyrants? The other day Professor Adler in Chickering Hall grew even more eloquent than usual when speaking of the "State." What is the State? he exclaimed. Where is it, where does it live? In Albany, in the State House? or in Washington, in the White House? Is it in the body of the legislators or in the senate? No, no! It exists only in the people's imagination! (Would that Professor Adler would ponder upon these his own words when he lets loose on the Anarchists in Chicago and the like!) Now, is not the same true of the phantom, Society, whether in its narrower application, in which case Mrs. Grundy claims to be *it*, something as Napoleon claimed to be *l'Etat*, or in its widest and

broadest signification, when it purports to stand for mankind? Where does it live? one might exclaim with Professor Adler. And, with him, answer: *Nowhere*, but in the *imagination!* I would be the last man to deny the relation between the *ideal* and the *real*. To me nothing is *real but the ideal*. But for this very reason, I know of *no ideal except the real*. We have bowed to the Baal of Society long enough. The church has always kept this phantom before the eyes of the individual. The latter was of no particular consequence, if only the "body" of Christ could be preserved. But for the life of me I cannot see of what consequence is the body, if its *particular members* are of no, or of little, importance! And the "Body of Christ," of course, then meant the Catholic Church, which in its turn meant Pope Pius IX, or Leo XIII, or Ignatius Loyola. No! methinks we have worked enough for the "glory of God" and the "glorification of the Saints" and the "building up of the church of Christ" (?) "rights" of Society! Let us try a while to work for the glory of man, and man not in the *mere abstract*, but man as embodied in human forms, in *individuals*, in John and James and Smith and Brown and Sarah and Rebecca and poor Bridget. Let us leave the mere abstract "to the Grammarians," as one of the Church Fathers used to call them, and deal for a while in the strictly concrete. We certainly could not lose much by such an experiment, and we can gain much. The other way proved an utter failure, for notwithstanding Mr. Potter assures us that "man knows through his reason and conscience that there is a higher realm of life than that which is indicated in the natural impulse to seek individual property, pleasure, and power," we know that, whatever be the knowledge of *man* (in the abstract) on this point, *men* in real life do not seem to know or to care about it. Selfishness is the order of the day; avarice, and its offspring monopoly, reign supreme, in spite of all theology and the "Love of God" and even "hellfire and brimstone," etc. Out of mere love to God and man, the grand Inquisition he its "reign of terror" for centuries. Out of the same love, its crusaders raged like wild beasts for hundreds of years. Out of the same love, I expect, men traded in men, in this great land of liberty and equality. For the glory of God and the strict doctrine of self-abnegation of Edwards and Hopkins, the Quakers were put in dungeons and the "witches" at the stake. Out of pure "Imitation of Christ" they changed the water of the Seine (if not into wine) into blood on St. Bartholomew. And "the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man" have not hindered the Unitarian Church from being "divided against itself" into Eastern and Western Unitarianism! Therefore I say let us change our tactics. Let us appeal to man's *very selfishness*, and he will be more liable to follow us. But then, we know that Individualism is by no means tantamount to selfishness and egotism, although to the coarse, unthinking mind it might become that. But what of it? Even then each, being "for himself," would soon find out that it were for his own interest to let other individuals alone, "to do by them as he would be done by." Government based on pure Individualism would accomplish its pure function. The individual would be protected *against* every other individual *by* every other individual, whereas now the Government "of the people, for the people, by the people" is a mere farce; for the simple reason that it is supposed to protect some *imaginary* State or society, and, finding its services never called for in that direction, since the *imaginary* State or society never goes to court, and, possessing nothing, can be robbed of nothing, it becomes degenerated into a party ring, protecting corporations and monopolies. In a "state" formed on Individualism, such things could never happen. There "an injury to one would indeed be an injury to all."

Again pure Individualism would by no means prevent some high-minded, large-hearted persons from acting generously, from relinquishing their rights to others, or, in Biblical parlance, from "denying themselves." There would be a great deal less pessimism in the world. Meanness would at first be abstained from out of pure selfish motives, but by and by people would *habitually* come to shun it. And purity of heart, magnanimity, and generosity would become the rule among men, and not, as they are now, the exception.

RUDOLF WEYLER.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1887.

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PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

THE POLITICAL THEOLOGY OF MAZZINI AND THE INTERNATIONAL.

By MICHAEL BAKOUNINE,
MEMBER OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WORKING-People.
Translated from the French by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 99.

But consider the question from a still broader point of view. Consider all Europe, including Russia, as a grand Federative Republic founded broadly on the principles of liberty, equality, justice, and solidarity. This would doubtless be an immense triumph for humanity. If to the population of Europe should be added that of the greater part of America and Oceanica, this would form a humanitarian Federation of from three hundred and forty to three hundred and fifty millions of souls. This would be really immense. But would humanity be definitively established on its foundations? No, for outside of this Federation there would still remain an even more immense population of eight hundred and fifty millions of Asiatics, whose civilization, or rather, whose traditional barbarism and slavery, would remain suspended like a horrible menace over all this magnificent organization of the free and humane world.

Here I permit myself to put a question which may at first appear singular, but which will none the less serve, by a sort of elimination, to determine in a still more precise manner this grand principle of human solidarity. If, instead of these eight hundred or eight hundred and fifty millions of barbarous men, there were in Asia as many wild beasts,—lions or tigers,—would the danger be the same for the liberty, for the very existence of society in Europe? It is undeniable that, if they found themselves there in such great numbers, they would be forced, by the impossibility of subsisting there all at the same time, to spread out—braving the inclemencies of the climate—over Europe. This would be, no doubt, a terrible invasion, but, nevertheless, not as terrible as that with which the Asiatic populations threaten us. Why? Are lions and tigers less ferocious than men? Alas! after what we have seen done by the Germans in France and by the French of Versailles against the French of Paris, we might almost be tempted to answer this question in the affirmative. Yes, men, when they are led by a Thiers or a Bismarck, when they are inspired by the clergy, by the nobility, by the *bourgeoisie* furious at finding themselves menaced in their economic privileges, by religious fanaticism, by military discipline, by State patriotism, when they can give full scope to their impure and ferocious desires, under the pretext of serving their country, artificial morality, and public order, may become and often show themselves more merciless and more destructive than the most ferocious beasts. But this is not the principal cause; a little ferocity, more or less, does not constitute a difference so great, and the ferocity of carnivorous beasts would amply suffice to destroy and devour all.

The principal cause resides in the superior intelligence and in the progressive sociability of man,—the first, as we have already said, being able to develop only in society, but, viewed in another light, constituting also, at the same time that it is itself incessantly stimulated by the growing needs of life, the active principle of all social progress. That is the secret of the power of man, and the elements of this power are found in every human society, whatever the degree of its civilization or barbarism. Men add to their numerical superiority the power of their progressively intelligent organization. When they attack or when they defend themselves, they do not always follow one system, like the other species of animals, whose very nature seems to have dictated, once for all, their invariable tactics; no, they can act in concert with each other and contrive new plans, collectively devising methods more in conformity with new circumstances. In a word, they are always still farther perfecting the organization of their collective forces; slaves themselves, they create those horrible machines of war, destruction, and enslavement called States.

The first historic States, as we know, were born in Asia. Asia was the cradle of all religions, of all despots; and today it is still Asia which menaces the liberty and humanity of the civilized world.

If Asia were peopled with wild beasts only, if Europe were menaced only with the invasion of some hundreds of millions of lions or tigers, such a danger would doubtless be very serious, but in no way to be compared to that with which she is really threatened today by the existence in Asia of these eight hundred to eight hundred and fifty millions of ferocious men, capable of constituting States, forming already immense despotic States, and sure to overflow, sooner or later, into Europe. If this overflow were only of wild beasts, even if their number were twice as great, European humanity, doubtless with great effort, might succeed in destroying it. But eight hundred millions of men cannot be exterminated.

Can they be enslaved? England and Russia are attempting it today. The first has established an immense empire in the Indies; the second, while drawing each day nearer the English positions in the South, is trying to establish one between the Caspian Sea and Persia on one side, and the Western frontier of the Chinese Empire on the other, waiting till it can encroach upon Persia and China, both of which it already surrounds on three different sides,—that is, on the east, west, and north; inasmuch as it is exerting itself today to take possession also of Mongolia and Manchuria, on the south of the Amur river, and has already taken possession of the whole eastern part of China along the Gulf of Tartary from the mouth of that river to Corea, at the same time that it is throwing its grappling-irons on the Northern islands of Japan. In this manner, England on one side and Russia on the other seem bound to inclose, if not to stifle, the whole Asiatic East in their arms for the greatest triumph of civilization.

Will they succeed? We can say with certainty that they will not. They will not succeed for the simple reason that, being ambitious rivals, they make incessant war upon each other in Asia, a war to the death, the one seeking to baffle the projects and to paralyze the efforts of the other, conspiring, arming, and stirring up the Asiatic populations one against the other; so that without intending it, they accustom these populations to our military tactics and to the use of European arms; and as these populations are not counted by tens, but by hundreds of millions, the most probable result of all these intrigues and of this struggle between the two powers which are disputing the dominion of Asia will be to shake up this Asiatic world which has hitherto lain motionless, and to pour it through the valley of the Amur, through Siberia, through the country of the Kirghizes, through Persia, and through Turkey, a second time, over Europe.

I am convinced, for example, that all the ephemeral triumphs which the Russian government is obtaining today in Japan will end, in the not distant future, in the entire destruction of Russian dominion over the entire valley of the Amur, under the irresistible force of a formidable Japanese invasion which the Russian government will find itself in no condition to oppose. The valley of the Amur is a magnificent country, enjoying a temperate climate and as fertile as Japan itself. Its area is almost as large as that of Italy and five-sevenths of that of Japan. And it has in all only forty thousand inhabitants, and what is worse, Russia can never

people it, for between it and European Russia stretches immense Siberia over a distance of nearly four thousand miles,—a country twenty-six and a half times as large as France and which has itself only a little over four million inhabitants, including the forty thousand in the valley of the Amur. If we except the country of the Kirghizes, all the southern part of Siberia along the northern frontier of China is an excessively fertile country, in spite of the severity of the winter, which lasts from six to seven months, but which does not at all frighten the Russian peasants; so that an emigration of these peasants from European Russia would find as much and more land than they would need, long before reaching the banks of the Amur. It must be centuries, therefore, before the valley of the Amur can be peopled by Russians.

Japan, which is separated from this country only by the Gulf of Tartary, is a country of thirty millions of inhabitants. The Japanese are not like the Chinese; they are not an old people. On the contrary, they are a people very new, very barbarous, full of vigor and energy, and endowed with much natural intelligence. They are a people who observe, who learn well and very quickly. At present they only imitate, like all peoples just becoming civilized. But they have pushed this talent of imitation so far that in a short time they have learned the art of constructing steamboats, of manufacturing guns, and of casting cannon. Today young Japanese go to study in the Universities and in the Polytechnic Institutes of Europe. All the journals have been talking of one of those feudal princes who still share the power with the Tycoon and the Mikado, and who, with the aid of a Prussian sergeant, has organized in Japan one or two battalions of troops disciplined and armed like the Europeans. It was in this way that Peter the Great began. They have already commenced to build a navy, and all this goes on and is developed with an unheard-of rapidity. Look out for the Russian possessions on the Amur; I do not give them fifty years. The whole power of Russia in Siberia is only fictitious. Imagine an invasion of some tens of millions of Chinese of all sorts, pushed by hunger,—what resistance could be offered them by those poor Siberian towns, the largest of which, Irkoutsk, numbers only thirty thousand souls, and which are separated one from another by hundreds, what do I say? by thousands of miles. The Chinese are a people intellectually more debased and physically more depraved than the Japanese; but necessity imparts energy to the feeblest; the atrocious, pitiless civil wars which are today rending the interior of this immense Empire, apparently, but only apparently, immovable, will end by newly tempering the energies and characters of its people. The Europeans, by going to Pekin, have put an end to the old Empire; a new order of things must undoubtedly arise from its ruins, a formidable new movement,—for a movement of five hundred millions of men can be nothing else than formidable,—and then, Europe, beware!

But even though there were not this war of two rival powers in Asia; even supposing all Europe reunited and agreed upon a common action,—could Europe conquer Asia and maintain dominion there? From two hundred and sixty-five to two hundred and seventy millions of Europeans, united to seventy-five millions of Americans,—could these keep in subjection eight hundred millions of barbarous Asiatics? Even admitting the possibility of this fact, it is clear that they could do it only to the injury of their own liberty. For to maintain so many millions of men in slavery, they must maintain formidable standing armies, armies which in a very short time would adopt the manners, ideas, and customs of the barbarous and enslaved populations of Asia and even surpass them in savage barbarity. They would split up among themselves; they would dispute over the booty; each fortunate general would pose as a sovereign; and there would be no result from this change in Asia except that, at the head of these brutal masses, there would be found well organized and well disciplined troops, with generals who had become dictators and sovereigns and who would lead them and the Asiatic hordes to pillage Europe.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.
Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 99.

"We are lost!" murmured the Buncloydans and their comrades, with contracted foreheads and dilated eyes, which reflected discouraging visions of defeat, flight, and massacre.

And Treor, and Harvey, and Paddy, and John Autrun, at first all absorbed by the view of the partial combats which were going on at the right and at the left, now heard the increasing lamentation; and the commanders of all the posts stationed upon the declivity noted a similar demoralization invading the mass, disintegrating its energies, and enervating its members in a torpor something like sleep. They attributed it at first to the cold which benumbed them, congealed the blood in their veins, and left the brain deprived of its vivifying nourishment; but this did not account for the dreams and nightmares which some of the men were beginning to manifest.

Then Treor, stupefied and distressed, suddenly betook himself of the cause of these metamorphoses, striking himself with his fists for not having foreseen it.

"The hasheesh!" said he, "it is the hasheesh!"

And, detaching the pipe from the drooping lips of one of the smokers, he took several whiffs, and the singular, sharp, nauseating, characteristic flavor confirmed his conjecture and his despair, so disastrous were the enervating, dissolving, diluting effects of this narcotic, this philter.

Quickly, quickly, in fury and dismay, he pulled all the fatal pipes from the mouths which were enjoying them, from the set teeth which held them, from the hands which obstinately struggled for them, and all those who were not poisoned by the pernicious drug joined him, at his command, at his prayer, at his supplications, in saving their comrades from the action of this poison, distilled by Tom Lichfield, the devil in the service of Newington!

Yes, they all remembered this wretch, who had suddenly appeared in the village on the same night that Sir Harvey did, and had informed against him to the Ancient Britons, causing the ruin of Edith's house and the death of Arklow. Though they had refused to trade with him, he had succeeded, by flattering their taste and pampering their inclinations, in inducing many to accept packages of tobacco, that tobacco which they lacked and longed for, by the aid of which they so often deceived hunger in days of distress, and thanks to which their gloomy dwellings became illuminated with a ray of joy.

In the blue spirals of its smoke they could see the spreading wings of the laughing chimeras which they strode, and, in the sadness of the hours just past, many, repented Treor, had yielded to its obsessing influence: they saw now the results of this indulgence.

Several already, under the influence of the pernicious intoxication, discharged their guns in the air, having no further need of them, they pretended, now that Ireland, triumphant, proclaimed free, and in the midst of festivities, invited all her

children to rejoice in the abundance which they would lack no more. Neither slavery, nor warfare, nor work hereafter; gentle, peaceful, golden life, spent amid enchantments, in cultivating blooming gardens laden with perfume, and in abandonment to the charmer, love.

Others, with grinding jaws and convulsed faces, rushed upon imaginary aggressors, leaped into space, mutilated themselves on the ragged rocks, or attacked their neighbors, whom they called English rascals, struck with their weapons, and wounded; some were even killed.

And just at that time, amid this disorder, this confusion, this madness, this delirium, these desertions of friends, these scuffles between themselves which could not be suppressed, Marian, trembling, pointed out an army, near at hand and advancing along the road, perhaps a mile away, which she called the advance guard, —the Ancient Britons, Gowen's Mob; in the rear extended an enormous mass, something like ten thousand men.

The army was emerging from the woods through which the Irish had passed some time before, and the various lines which formed it, divided in order to penetrate the narrow ways, consolidated on reaching the open, and their column stretched along the road indefinitely.

The whole camp which had been established in front of Bunclody was certainly on the march, reinforced by new recruits, doubtless regiments despatched from Dublin and England, and Sir Harvey could not comprehend how they pressed him so closely; but he soon saw to what resource the enemy owed this rapidity; the foot-soldiers leaped on behind the horsemen, and the massive horses, strong as towers, transported their double burden without difficulty, trotting as if at liberty.

Newington galloped on before, exciting the troops to hurry, reprimanding them, the Irish thought, in order to hasten their pace, whereupon the spurred horses broke into a gallop.

Though his arm was in a sling, the Duke moved it just the same to point out the heights, and Hunter Gowen, running at their sides, started suddenly at full speed, leading his band, whose frantic hurrahs shook the air and were carried to the Bunclodians in the roar of the constantly rising wind, which carried stones and trees with it on its way and whirled them about in its gusts.

The Infernal Mob reconnoitred the road and searched the clusters of trees on either hand; but its objective point evidently was the plateau, and it stopped in its course only at the foot of the declivity, seeking a way, however steep, by which to gain the heights.

Some of the Bunclodians' bullets whistled about Gowen's ears, but he took off his hat and saluted them ironically; Harvey, however, forbade their firing: what good to throw away powder on these inoffensive horsemen, when presently they would have none too many cartridges to use effectively upon the foot-soldiers whose serious attack they must soon withstand?

To be continued.

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

BY STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART SECOND.

COST THE LIMIT OF PRICE:

A Scientific Measure of Honesty in Trade as One of the Fundamental Principles in the Solution of the Social Problem.

Continued from No. 99.

75. [The settlers at Trialville, however, would not wish any thing said upon this subject to be construed into any pledge on their part to supply any advantages to individuals coming among them. *There is no community or society there in the corporate sense of the term.* Every Individual judges for himself upon what terms he will treat with others, how far he will receive their Labor Notes, or whether he will receive them at all. Persons going there must make up their own opinion whether there is a sufficient demand for the kinds of labor which they can perform, whether their own uprightness of character and punctuality in the discharge of obligations are such as to inspire and maintain confidence, and, indeed, upon every point relating to the subject. No guarantees whatever are given, except such as the Individual finds in the principles themselves, while it left entirely to the decision of the Individual himself, on every occasion, whether even he will act on the principles or not. *There is no compact or constitution,—no laws, by-laws, rules, or regulations of any sort.* The Individual is kept above all institutions, out of deference to the principle of Individuality and the Sovereignty of the Individual, which belong just as much to the fundamental basis of true society as the Cost Principle itself. There must, therefore, be no reliance on express or implied pledges, nor upon any species of cooperation which is contracted for, and binding by agreement. Besides, the extent to which the advantages of the Labor Note can be rendered available is limited in the beginning by the smallness of the circle, by the prevalence of pursuits unfavorable to the mutual exchange of labor or products, and by numerous other considerations, all of which must be judged of by the Individual upon his own responsibility, and at his own risk.]

76. When credit is raised upon the issue of Labor Notes, it has the advantage of being based upon that which the party has it in his power to give. He has in his own vaults the means of redemption. If a laboring man promises money, his ability to pay the money depends upon the precarious chance of his finding a demand for his labor. If he gives a Labor Note, which is to be redeemed in labor, he secures the means of paying by the act of entering into the obligation. Even if the payment is demanded in the alternative, and is discharged in the standard commodity itself (corn), or, what is more likely, in other commodities, measured by corn, or in the Labor Notes of the others still all of these are procured by the exchange of his own labor, and it will appear, upon a full exposition of the system, that under the operation of these principles *labor will always be in demand, so that no laborer need ever be out of employment.* (161.) As a result of this fact every man can know positively, beforehand, to precisely what extent he can, with safety, issue his Labor Notes, the contingencies of sickness and death alone excepted. Hence dishonesty finds no subterfuges. In the case of death the heirs possess the property, if there be property, for which the notes were given. To refuse to redeem them is a palpable ascertained fraud, and the same powerful motives which have been shown as operating on the original debtor to insure honesty and punctuality operate also upon them. If they evade the obligation, they, too, are placed in Coventry, and cut off from all the advantages and privileges which such an association affords. The influence thus brought to bear upon them is ten-fold more potent than laws, and the sanctions of laws, in existing society. In the event of sickness, if the invalid has accumulated property, it serves to maintain him, and redeem his outstanding obligations, precisely as now. Such is the main purpose of accumulation. If a person has no property at the time his Labor Notes are given, then his credit is based solely on his future labor, and the liability to sick-

ness and death enters into the transaction and limits the issue. The risk is incurred by the party who receives them. As the amount of these notes in the hands of any single individual is generally small, the risk is a mere trifle, and has never been found, practically, to be enough to make it worth while to take it into account at all. For the contingency of the loss of property by fire or other accidents, between the time when obligations are incurred and their redemption, as well as at all other times, insurance can be resorted to, as is done in existing society. Thus the Labor Note, while it is a circulating medium, is at the same time the instrument of a system of credit, having all the advantages with none of the frightful results of insecurity and bankruptcy, which grow out of, or accompany, the credit system actually prevailing in the commercial world.

77. IV.—*The Labor Note represents an ascertained and definite amount of labor or property, which ordinary money does not.* We have examples of this feature of currency in the railroad and opera ticket, and other similar representations of a positive thing. A railroad ticket represents a ride of a definite length today, tomorrow, and next day, but a dollar does not represent any thing definite. It will buy one amount of sugar or flour today, another amount tomorrow, and still a different amount the next day. The importance of this feature of the two different systems is immense. It can, however, only be exhibited in its consequence by an extended treatise on the subject. What is shown in this chapter is a mere glimpse at the system of "Equitable Commerce" in operation. A thousand objections will occur which it is impossible to remove at the time of stating the general outline. It will be perceived by the acute intellect that a principle is here broached which is absolutely revolutionary of all existing commerce. Perhaps a few minds may follow it out at once into its consequences far enough to perceive that it promises the most magnificent results in the equal distribution of wealth proportioned to industry, the abolition of pauperism, general security of condition instead of continual bankruptcy or poverty, universal co-operation, the general prevalence of commercial honor and honesty, and in ten thousand harmonizing and beneficent effects, morally and religiously. The larger class of persons, however, will require that each particular detail shall be traced out and defined, and the mass of mankind will only understand the subject upon the basis of practical illustration. Hence the necessity that the practice go along with the theory, a method which has been generally adopted and pursued, and of the results of which the public will be from time to time sufficiently advised.

It would be inappropriate at this early point, and before a better understanding of the results which flow from the fountain of Equity has been obtained, to trace the operation of the Labor Note more into detail. In a subsequent chapter it will be considered in the light of a universal or world-wide system of currency. (245.)

CHAPTER III.

COST, PRICE, LABOR, NATURAL WEALTH.

78. The position was established in the preceding chapter that Equity in any exchange of labor or commodities—the products of labor—consists of the exact equality of burdens assumed by the parties to the transaction. *The amount of burden involved in rendering a given amount of labor, or a given commodity, is technically denominated the "Cost" of that labor or commodity, and the labor or commodity which is received in return for that which is rendered is denominated the "Price" of it.* Hence, inasmuch as it is simple Equity that these two should be the equivalents of each other, or, exactly equal in the amount of burden imposed, the scientific formula is that "**COST IS THE LIMIT (OR SCIENTIFIC MEASURE) OF PRICE.**"

79. *Cost* is, then, the amount of repugnance overcome. Hence, according to this principle, the equitable price of any labor or commodity is measured by the amount of human repugnance or endurance which it has *cost* to perform the labor or produce the commodity. This, again, is the same thing as *labor for labor, burden for burden, or equality of burdens in exchange.* Hence it implies that there is no other basis of *price*, no other ground for a demand for remuneration costing human endurance, than the fact of human endurance itself.

80. This proposition,—*Cost the Limit of Price,—so simple, so seemingly unimportant to the casual reader, and yet so obviously true when properly apprehended, so perfectly consonant with the natural sentiment of right in every mind, will appear by its results as previously stated to be one of the most radical propositions ever made.* A rigid adhesion to it in commercial relations will revolutionize nearly every species of transaction among men. It will do so beneficially, however, for all classes, so that no alarm need be felt by any. We shall begin, in this chapter, to trace out some of these results, through the various operations of the principle upon the interests of society, and to contrast them with the effects of those principles which are now efficient in the same sphere.

81. The first grand consequence resulting from the simple principle of Equity—*Cost the Limit of Price*—is, as already intimated, that *whatever we possess which has cost NO human labor, which has imposed NO BURDEN in its production, which has COST nothing, although it is susceptible of being property, is, nevertheless, not a rightful subject of PRICE.* All property of this kind, whether it is equally open to the enjoyment of all mankind,—the property of the race, like air and water,—or whether it attaches more particularly to some Individual, like genius or skill, is denominated **NATURAL WEALTH.** The formula relating to this subject is, then, that **NATURAL WEALTH BEARS NO PRICE**,—that is, that it cannot, of itself, be made the subject of price upon any equitable grounds whatsoever,—although the resignation of so much of it as is required for one's own convenience may be the basis of price on the ground of a sacrifice endured, as will be explained in speaking of the comprehensiveness of the term *Cost.* (114.) Every thing valuable which is bestowed by nature without any provision on the part of mankind or the Individual is *Natural Wealth*, such as *fire and water, light and heat, the earth, the air, the principles of science and mechanism, personal beauty, health, natural genius, talent, etc.*

82. The principle stated in the preceding Number settles, scientifically and beautifully, the vexed question of the ownership of the soil. *Land*, in its natural state, is *natural wealth*, equally belonging to all the inhabitants of the earth. It stands upon the same footing as the ocean and the atmosphere. But so soon as labor is bestowed upon any portion of it, which adds to it a positive value, the labor so bestowed is the rightful subject of price, to be measured like every other species of labor, by the cost or burden assumed in performing it. Thus the equitable price for lands upon which no labor has been performed is zero; the equitable price for wild lands which have merely been surveyed and bounded is the cost of surveying and bounding them; if they have been cleared and fenced, then the equitable price is the cost of clearing and fencing in addition to that of surveying and bounding; and if, still further, they have been ploughed, cultivated, and improved, then the equitable price is the cost of as much labor as, rightly applied, would take the same lands in the natural state and bring them into the state of improvement in which they are found. The reason of this latter modification is this,—that lands may have been in cultivation for hundreds of years, and labor

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Our Nestor Taken from Us.

On almost any day except Sunday, for as many years back as the present writer can remember, a visitor at the Boston Atheneum Library between the hours of nine and three might have noticed, as nearly all did notice, in one of the alcoves overlooking Tremont Street across the Old Granary burying-ground, the stooping figure of an aged man, bending over a desk piled high with dusty volumes of history, jurisprudence, political science, and constitutional law, and busily absorbed in studying and writing. Had the old man chanced to raise his head for a moment, the visitor would have seen, framed in long and snowy hair and beard, one of the finest, kindest, sweetest, strongest, grandest faces that ever gladdened the eyes of man. But, however impressed by the sight, few realized that they had been privileged with a view of one whose towering strength of intellect, whose sincerity and singleness of purpose, and whose frank and loving heart would endear him to generations to come; still fewer suspected that each sentence flowing gently from the quill in those slowly stiffening fingers was powerfully contributory to the resistless sweep of a flood of logic and scornful wrath destined to engulf the ill-founded structure of a false society. Such, nevertheless, was the truth. But he will add no more to its might. For the past month his familiar form has been missing from its accustomed place, and the habitué's of the Library will never see him there again. For he is dead. His name was Lysander Spooner, a name henceforth memorable among men.

He died at one o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, May 14, in his little room at 109 Myrtle Street, surrounded by trunks and chests bursting with the books, manuscripts, and pamphlets which he had gathered about him in his active pamphleteer's warfare over half a century long. For a year or more he had been visibly declining physically and had been unable to move about without the aid of a crutch, and on the second day of the present month he sank into a bilious fever from which he never recovered. Almost bitterly hostile to all schools of medicine and confident in his knowledge of his own constitution, he refused to suffer a doctor's presence until three days before his death, and even then, with a firmness always characteristic of his life, he declined to describe his symptoms or to accept either advice or medicine. Nor would he pay heed to the solicitations of those who, assured that his recovery was hopeless, besought him to make some disposition of his precious manuscripts. "Oh! I shall get up to attend to that," he would answer in his weak but ever cheerful voice. He gradually lapsed into an unconscious state, which lasted some twenty-four hours, and then he died without a struggle.

Some time or other the story of this glorious life of

eighty years will be told in detail as it deserves. Here neither time, space, nor material permit me more than a hasty glance at certain phases of it.

It began on a farm in Athol, Massachusetts, on January 19, 1808, and on this farm, belonging to his father, young Spooner spent his boyhood and a few years of his manhood. At the age of twenty-five, equipped with such learning as a country-school education then afforded, he went to Worcester, where he obtained a clerkship in the Registry of Deeds. His year's experience in that office, coupled with his painstaking and methodical nature, made him a very reliable conveyancer and examiner of titles, in which capacity, however, he seldom had occasion to act in after life. On throwing up his clerkship, he began to read law in the office of John Davis, a celebrated member of the Worcester bar, and later studied in the office of Charles Allen, who is counted among the foremost of Massachusetts lawyers. Probably these men of talent little imagined what a giant intellect was developing under their eyes. Indeed, it is more than likely that their hopes were slight regarding the future of a young man to whom already the details and formalities and absurdities and quackeries of statute law seemed but so much cobweb which he must brush away in order to obtain a closer view of those fundamental veracities and realities which he called the principles of natural justice, whose mind had begun to soar from the realms of pettifoggery into those of high philosophy, and who, instead of perfecting himself in the art of bleeding a client, was devoting himself to writing his first pamphlet, entitled, "A Deist's Reply to the Alleged Supernatural Evidences of Christianity." This pamphlet and another issued soon afterwards, "The Deist's Immortality, and an Essay on Man's Accountability for His Belief," are the earliest and the crudest products of his mind, but they give evidence of decided mental independence and a striking bent for original thought. For this alone are they now valuable. The method of assailing superstition has been so revolutionized by the theory of evolution and the progress of science that the arguments used in these pamphlets, written before 1835, seem antiquated and some of them absurd. But their author never realized it. He died as he had lived, an old-fashioned deist believing in a future life, and utterly ignorant of the great mass of evidence and logic which has lately reduced the ideas of God and immortality to such phantoms that men of sense are nearly unanimous in refusing to waste their thoughts upon them. In the sphere of religion and theology his younger and more active disciples had little in common with him beyond sharing his bitter scorn of priesthood and all religious institutions.

As indicative of his attitude towards priests and churches the following anecdote is pertinent as well as interesting. At the time when the Millerite craze was at its height, and the end of the world was expected momentarily, some of the believers abandoned all work and neglected their crops, in view of the approaching catastrophe. At Athol several of these were arrested on a charge of vagrancy, the complaint being made by the more orthodox sects. The prosecution secured lawyers from adjoining towns and prepared to crush the victims, who were non-resistants, would employ no counsel, and had to be carried bodily into court. Mr. Spooner was present, and at the critical moment pointed out a flaw in the indictments which set the prisoners free. The orthodox were highly indignant at this result, and one of the ministers said to Mr. Spooner:

"What do you get for your conduct in this matter?"

"The satisfaction," answered Mr. Spooner, in a tone of sarcasm so subtle that probably the minister did not appreciate it, "of doing everything in my power to establish the Christian religion."

But his spirit of rebellion against injustice did not show itself in connection with religious liberty alone. His first act as a lawyer was to defy and break the law. At that time Massachusetts statutes required three years' extra study from men not college-bred as a condition of admission to the bar. In disregard of this provision Mr. Spooner opened a law-office in Worcester, and this bold step, enforced by an argument

which he printed and circulated among the members of the legislature, secured the repeal of the obnoxious law forthwith. Thus he vindicated his right to practise. But his career as a lawyer never amounted to much. The propensities which showed themselves during his studies grew stronger and stronger, and, realizing that he was born for bigger work, he set the law aside. After six years' residence in Ohio, during which, in co-operation with Noah H. Swayne, afterwards a justice of the United States Supreme Court, he made an unsuccessful attempt to restrain the State Board of Public Works from draining the Maumee River, a navigable stream, he returned to the East to make what turned out to be one of the most important moves of his life.

Among the evils from which the country then suffered, even to a greater extent than at present, was the government monopoly of the postal business and the consequent enormous rates of postage. In opposition to this outrageous violation of liberty Mr. Spooner took his first step in economic reform. He saw that the evil could be remedied by competition, and he tried to convince the people that the government had no right to monopolize the carriage of mail matter. But his arguments had no effect. So, remembering his success in defying the law when seeking admission to the bar, he determined to defy it again. Accordingly, in 1844, he started a private mail between Boston and New York, and soon extended it to Philadelphia and Baltimore, charging but five cents a letter between any of these points,—a very much smaller sum than the government was then charging. The business was an immediate success and rapidly extending. But as the carrying of each letter constituted a separate offence, the government was able to shower prosecutions on him and crush him out in a few months by loading him with legal expenses. His aim was to get one case before the Supreme Court, but the officials were too shrewd to let him do that. Others, who had followed his example, were treated likewise. Nevertheless the matter had created such a stir, and Mr. Spooner had obtained so many acknowledgments from congressmen of the superiority of his system, that the following year public sentiment compelled a large reduction in the government rates of postage. That Mr. Spooner by his bold course conferred an immense benefit upon mankind no one can gainsay, and he certainly deserves the title of "father of cheap postage in America." But this was not the victory that he aimed at; this was not the victory that still remains to be won. What Mr. Spooner struck at was the monopoly, and that stands to this day, more firmly rooted than ever, and fostering a multitude of evils which competition would remedy at once. The people have been dissuaded from demanding its abolition by the successive reductions that have been thrown to them as sops. When one of the daily papers proposed, therefore, a few days ago,—meaning well, no doubt,—that Mr. Spooner's head be put upon the next new postage stamp, in effect it insulted Mr. Spooner. He maintained to the day of his death—and the most experienced expressmen agree with him—that there is profit in carrying letters all over the United States at one cent each, and that the government monopoly of the business alone prevents the people from enjoying such a boon. If anything, then, could make him turn in his grave, it would be the consciousness of the fact that his likeness was being used in a way to jointly glorify himself and the monopoly which he worked so hard to destroy.

Mr. Spooner owes his chief reputation as a publicist to a pamphlet which, despite its great ability, is not by any means his most important work. "The Unconstitutionality of Slavery" at once made him prominent in the abolition conflict, and for some years his fame was considerable. Garrison and his followers had been conducting their agitation on the theory that the Constitution was a pro-slavery document and should be trampled under foot. When Spooner came forward, therefore, with a wonderfully strong legal argument to show that slavery was unconstitutional, it naturally excited much attention. Those who were in favor of abolishing slavery by political methods—among them Gerrit Smith and Elizur Wright—

strongly endorsed the doctrine, and the book became the text-book of the Liberty Party. Wendell Phillips did his best to answer it, but as a logician Phillips was to Spooner as a pygmy to giant. The battle raged fiercely until events forced the anti-slavery struggle to turn upon another issue, and the palm of victory has never been awarded. It should be borne in mind that the question was one of interpretation simply; the authority of the Constitution as such was not under discussion; if it had been, Spooner's opposition to it would have been far more radical than Garrison's. Besides this pamphlet Mr. Spooner wrote two others in connection with the anti-slavery conflict,—“A Defense of Fugitive Slaves” and an “Address to the Free Constitutionalists.”

Mr. Spooner was a stanch advocate of the jury system as the best method of administering justice,—not the jury system of today, but that originally secured by Magna Charta. On this subject he wrote an exhaustive legal work entitled “Trial by Jury,” in which he maintained that no man should be punished for an offence unless by the unanimous verdict and sentence of twelve men chosen by lot from the whole body of citizens to judge not only the facts but the law, the justice of the law, and the extent of the penalty, and that the gradual encroachment of judges upon the rights of juries had rendered the latter practically worthless in the machinery of justice. Much that he advocated in this volume has already prevailed in Illinois and some other States. The book closes with a denial of the right of compulsory taxation.

Of all the pamphlets which he wrote that which received the largest circulation was one which appeared anonymously under the title “Revolution.” In it he treated the Irish land question in his most vigorous style, putting his thought in the form of a letter to the Earl of Dunraven. He submitted the manuscript to a prominent Irishman in Boston, who was so delighted with it that he consulted other Irishmen in New York, as a result of which an edition of one hundred thousand copies were printed. A copy was sent to each member of the English aristocracy, to each member of the House of Commons, and to every official of any note in the British dominions, and the balance of the edition was distributed in the democratic centres of England and Canada with the exception of a few that were sent to Ireland. It was the intention of the Irishmen who did this to continue such propaganda, and Mr. Spooner engaged to write a series of pamphlets for the purpose, but something interfered to prevent the execution of the plan. I remember that I read the second of the series in manuscript, but I believe it was never printed.

Other of his works exist in the same unfinished state. Lacking the means to publish an entire treatise at once, he would frequently print the first chapter separately and label it “Part I.” Then, before getting time to write or money to print a second chapter, some new subject would absorb his attention and the old work would remain unfinished.

Many of his pamphlets were first printed in journals or magazines, sometimes serially. In the “Radical Review” first appeared the three following: “Our Financiers: Their Ignorance, Usurpations, and Frauds,” “The Law of Prices: A Demonstration of the Necessity for an Indefinite Increase of Money,” and “Gold and Silver as Standards of Value.” In the “New Age,” the weekly edited by J. M. L. Babcock a dozen years ago, appeared “What is a Dollar?” and an uncompleted serial, “Financial Impostors.” And in Liberty, as my readers well remember, appeared his latest and unquestionably greatest work, the “Letter to Grover Cleveland,” his “Letter to Thomas F. Bayard,” and his masterly argument against woman suffrage, reprinted from the “New Age.” I may also now reveal the fact that many of the ablest editorials in these columns were written by Lysander Spooner. He was the author of the editorials signed “O,” printed within the last year, and of the following in earlier numbers: “Distressing Problems” (No. 7); “Guiteau’s Malice” (No. 10); “Guiteau’s ‘Devilish Depravity’” and “Guiteau’s Wit” (No. 11); “Justice Gray” and “The Guiteau Experts” (No. 12); “Andover Theological Seminary” (No. 20); “War upon

Superstitious Women” and “The Forms of Law” (No. 24); “Ben Butler’s Piety” (No. 34); “The Troubles of Law-Making in Massachusetts” (No. 40); “The Death of Chinese Gordon” (No. 59); “Elizur Wright,” (No. 70). At times he wrote parts of works which appeared under others’ names. For instance, the long argument against prohibition entitled “Vices not Crimes” embodied in Dio Lewis’s book on the temperance question was Mr. Spooner’s work, and so was a part of George W. Searle’s article on “Chief Justice Taney” in the “National Quarterly Review” for April, 1865. Relying on my memory for the titles of such of his pamphlets as have not yet been mentioned in this hasty sketch, doubtless I have failed to include numerous important ones in the following list: “Poverty: Its Illegal Causes and Legal Cure”; “Inequality of the Trial of J. W. Webster”; “Considerations for Bankers and Bondholders”; “A New System of Paper Currency”; “Universal Wealth”; “No Treason: The Constitution of No Authority”; “The Law of Intellectual Property” (the only positively silly work which ever came from Mr. Spooner’s pen); and “Natural Law.” In addition to these, he left trunks full of manuscripts on a great variety of subjects, which his friends intend to put into print as soon as they are able.

I should be carrying coals to Newcastle were I to restate Mr. Spooner’s teachings here. Whatever he may have called himself or refused to call himself, he was practically an Anarchist. His leanings were Anarchistic from the first, and, though he worked in earlier years in the direction of attacking certain phases of government, he saw later the necessity of levelling his most powerful guns against the governmental principle itself. To destroy tyranny, root and branch, was the great object of his life. He was in perfect agreement with the central teachings of this paper,—that there is nothing so important as liberty, and that now and here there is no liberty so much needed as the liberty to issue money. And how he defended these doctrines! There is not one among us who can write with such crushing force. His greatest strength lay in his power of keen and discriminating analysis. He was a master of deductive logic. His was what he was wont to call a legal mind, the only order of mind of which he had any appreciation. It was one of the peculiar weaknesses of this great man that, despite his intense gratification at finding any new believer in his theories, he had little mental sympathy with those who arrived at them by processes distinct from his. He entirely failed to recognize the substantial identity of Herbert Spencer’s political teachings with his own simply because Spencer reaches his conclusions by totally different methods. That philosopher’s broad inductions made no impression on him. “He’s no lawyer,” he would say. For lawyers of the better type his predilection was strong. Upon these he relied largely for the world’s regeneration. His remarkably sanguine temperament never failed him, and he was always sure that his next pamphlet would capture the lawyers and through them the world. It was amusing to listen to his comments upon men. He thought John Stuart Mill greatly overrated. “When I read Mill,” said he to me one day, “I am always reminded of Oliver Wendell Holmes’ words to the katydid: ‘Thou sayst an undisputed thing in such a solemn way.’” His contempt for Charles Sumner he could find no words to express, and to such a trimmer as Henry Wilson he refused his hand when he met him. Wendell Phillips was a man of noble heart who didn’t know how to think, and Jesus Christ was an ambitious upstart who wanted to be King of the Jews, and who, with that end in view, delivered the Sermon on the Mount as a political stump speech . . .

I am at the end of my space, and have not said half that I had in mind. It would be easy to fill this number of Liberty with gossip and reminiscence concerning this delightful character, with eulogy of his surpassing powers and virtues, with criticism of his limitations. But I must not do it, I need not do it. Does not his work speak for him as I cannot? It is ours, my readers, to continue that work as he began it. And we shall not have rendered him his full reward of praise unless it shall be said of us, when we in turn lay

down our arms and lives, that we fought as good a fight as he and kept the faith as he did.

Let this poor tribute end, then, here. On Sunday next, May 29, at half past two o’clock, in Wells Memorial Hall, 987 Washington Street, Boston, worthier words will be spoken in honor of the dead philosopher at a special memorial service, in which Theodore D. Weld, Henry Appleton, J. M. L. Babcock, Thomas Drew, and E. B. McKenzie will take part, thus supplementing the funeral service of Tuesday, May 17,—the day of the burial at Forest Hills,—when addresses were delivered by Mr. Babcock, Parker Pillsbury, and M. J. Savage.

“Work and Wages” sneers at the paradise of cheapness of which Edward Atkinson and other economists boast, but which is achieved by the reduction of wages to a very low point, as a fools’ paradise. It is right. But its own paradise of dearness, to be achieved by the determination of individuals to pay more than the market value for products and thereby rob themselves, is equally a fools’ paradise, if not more so. For, while it is true, as “Work and Wages” claims, that cheapness is achieved at the cost of injury to health and mind and morals and therefore to productive power, it is also true, as the economists claim, that the payment of higher than market prices causes a loss of capital, stifles enterprise, and makes wages even lower than before. The wise men’s paradise is that in which the market value of products is equal to the wages paid to the labor (of all sorts) expended in their creation, and it can be achieved only by the total abolition of those checks upon the supply of capital which States have imposed and economists have justified for the purpose of keeping wages at a point low enough to sustain capitalists in luxury and yet not quite low enough to immediately “kill the goose that lays the golden egg.” In that paradise there will be no sentimental endeavor to pay high prices, but all will buy as cheaply as they can, the difference between that state and this being the vital one that then the unimpeded circulation of capital will enable labor to buy its wages for much less than it now pays for them. The tendency to cheapness of product being thus balanced by a tendency to dearness of labor, the displacement of monopoly and charity, those parents of pauperism, by competition and equity will give birth to an entirely new economic condition in which industry and comfort will be inseparable.

Henry George answers a correspondent who asks if under the system of taxing land values an enemy could not compel him to pay a higher tax on his land simply by making him an offer for the land in excess of the existing basis of taxation, by saying that no offers will change the basis of taxation unless they are made in good faith and for other than sentimental motives. It seems, then, that the tax assessors are to be inquisitors as well, armed with power to subject men to examination of their motives for desiring to effect any given transaction in land. What glorious days those will be for “boodlers”! What golden opportunities for fraud, favoritism, bribery, and corruption! And yet Mr. George will have it that he intends to reduce the power of government.

All the indignation that is rife over the decision of Worcester shoe manufacturers and Chicago master-builders to employ only such men as will sign an agreement practically excluding them from their unions is very ill spent. These employers have a perfect right to hire men on whatever conditions the men will accept. If the latter accept cruel conditions, it is only because they are obliged to do so. What thus obliges them? Law-sustained monopolies. Their relief lies, then, not in depriving employers of the right of contract, but in giving employees the same right of contract without crippling them in advance.

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have been bestowed upon them each year, while the cost of such labor has been annually repaid by the successive crops, except so much of the same as remains on the land in the form of permanent artificial improvement. The cost which has been already repaid ought not to be paid again, while that which remains invested, and is to be repaid out of the future crops, or other use, may be equitably demanded from the purchaser who is to receive such future benefit. If the lands have been so badly cultivated as to have deteriorated instead of improved, it would be equitable that the seller should pay to the purchaser a sum equal to the cost of bringing them up to their natural state. Such cultivation is robbing the land, and incurring a debt to humanity, as if one were to find some means of tainting or exhausting the atmosphere, or fouling a stream from which others must draw their supplies.

To be continued.

What is Anarchy?*

What is Anarchy? Admirers of the writings of that master poet, Percy Bysshe Shelley, will probably remember the definition he gives in his celebrated poem, "The Masque of Anarchy":

Last came Anarchy; he rode
On a white horse, splashed with blood.
He was pale even to the lips,
Like Death in the Apocalypse.

And he wore a kingly crown;
And in his grasp a sceptre shone;
And on his brow this mark I saw—
"I am God, and King, and Law!"

We shall presently see that Shelley's words hold good today, except that the name has been transferred to the opposite party, and is not now used to define "God and King and Law," but to define the principles of that party which Shelley so ably champions. But there is another definition of Anarchy; it is a similar picture to the foregoing, except that he is the symbol of lawlessness allied to disorder and violence. Who is not familiar with the terrible picture of Anarchy, the horrible spectre, mounted on his "horse of death," riding furiously over every man, woman, and child that comes in his way, and ruthlessly trampling them to death in his wild career, in the name of lawlessness? This is the popular conception of Anarchy. It is the Anarchy described by newspaper scribes and lexicographers,—the big black bogie of the politician,—the synonym for war, murder, tumult, and general social discord. Such is Anarchy as defined by its foes,—those foes who wilfully misrepresent it to guard their own vested interests by so doing, and another class of foes, more numerous and influential, who take up the cry of the former, utterly unconscious of its true character and of the bearings which it has upon their own individual welfare. News constantly flashes through the wires, or is carried through the post, telling the public of some diabolical plot of the Russian Nihilists, or some terrible insurrection among the Anarchists and the Dynamiters of Europe. Nobody troubles to ascertain the nature of the channels through which the news has filtered; nor do they trouble to ascertain the source from, or the conditions under, which it emanated. They are quite satisfied in taking the prescription just as their typographical physicians have prepared it, and never trouble to ask themselves if they are imbibing mental poison, instead of legitimate news as they imagine. Even those who pride themselves upon their scepticism in matters of theology are frequently among the first to condemn the actions and principles of the great heroes of the antipodes, simply on the bare statements of a contaminated and deceptive press. It is not, however, their actions so much as their principles which I intend to lay before you, although they are so intimately connected—their principles being principles of action—that it is impossible to speak of the one without occasionally alluding to the other. Neither do I propose to merely state the principles of the Anarchists, but to defend them also.

I have given the commonly-accepted definition of Anarchy,—that is, the definition as given by non-Anarchists: now let me give the definition of Anarchy as understood by the Anarchists themselves. Anarchy is Individualism consistently carried out and put into practice. It is the doctrine of autonomy, *laissez-faire*, independence, and liberty. It is the doctrine which accepts all the social principles of that most advanced school of thinkers of which Herbert Spencer is at the head, and does not fear to carry them to their logical conclusions, even though the greatest exponents of those principles may fail to do so themselves. Anarchy, in short, is to politics what atheism is to theology. Atheism says: we shall have no divine rulers; Anarchy says: we shall have no temporal ones either. Atheism says: be not a slave to a god; Anarchy says: be not a slave to god or ruler either. Atheism says: cast off all allegiance to all laws divine; Anarchy says: cast off all allegiance to all laws both divine and human. Atheism says: defy the priest, who robs you under the authority of a god; Anarchy says: defy the ruler who robs you under the authority of a State, as well. Atheism says: be free in your thoughts; Anarchy says: be free in your thoughts and actions too. Atheism says: face the gods like a man; Anarchy says: face all existence like a man. Atheism says: from the gods be free; Anarchy simply says: BE FREE!

As Atheism means "without God," so Anarchy means "without Government." It rejects all authority, whether emanating from gods, goddesses, kings, queens, popes, priests, presidents, or parliaments. It refuses to be crushed out by the rule of majorities or minorities, by monarchies or republics, by aristocracies or democracies, and by law-makers and law-executors of all kinds whatsoever. The only authority it recognizes (if it can be called authority) is the authority of the individual conscience. The only law it recognizes is the law of equal freedom. The only right it recognizes is the right to live,—the right of self-preservation,—the right to live as best the intelligence dictates, exercising every function of one's nature to one's best ability, and taking upon one's self the necessary responsibility of every action so performed. Its watchword is: "The equal liberty of each, limited by the equal liberty of all." And all the tyrannies which have so cursed this world in the course of its painful development it wages war to the death. No matter what sacred halo may enshrine a dead; no matter what air of sanctity may pervade an institution,—if it fails to recognize that principle of equal liberty of all, Anarchy sets its brand upon it, Anarchy is at war with it. If a papacy claim a divine appointment to govern mankind, Anarchy repudiates it. Your authority is false, says Anarchy, and, if it were not, we should still oppose it, because it is a tyranny and an enemy of liberty. Should the monarch claim the same right, he would receive the same answer. Should the president, the prime minister, the governor, or the chief secretary say: "We have been appointed by a majority of the citizens to dictate methods of action to each individual," Anarchy tells them they stand self-condemned,—for any act of a majority to coerce a minority is a direct infringement of the law of equal liberty, and as great a tyranny as the others. Should a legislative body, without a president, without a chief secretary, without a head of any kind, attempt to control

* A lecture written by David A. Andrade of Melbourne, Australia, and originally delivered by him in that city about a year ago.

the actions of the community, acting under the sanction of a majority who had elected them to office, Anarchy would still deny their right to infringe the liberty of the minority: ay, although that minority be a minority of but one individual; for Anarchy knows no mathematical line of demarcation between a just tyranny and an unjust tyranny, no mystic property in figures which decides the morality of an act. Anarchy does not say that, because one individual out of a thousand has no right to coerce the rest, therefore somewhere further down in the scale a number can be found which has that right. It used to be thought that, in a society of a thousand members, one out of the number had a right to rule the rest: that was a despotic monarchy. Then it was thought that he had the right to do so, if he had five hundred to back him up: that was a limited monarchy. Then it was thought that the five hundred had the right to do so, if they picked another out of the remainder in place of the one who originally ruled: that was a republic, with a president at the head. Then it was thought that the five hundred and one had the right to rule the other four hundred and ninety-nine, so long as they, or their representatives, voted in a body (that is, by dispensing with the office of a president, and not being split into two sections as they were formerly): that is a modern ideal democracy.

This constant changing of the forms of government is all very amusing to those who have not to pay for it. But what about those who have to suffer all these experiments? Where is the minority all the time? Where are the four hundred and ninety-nine or any lower figure that it may be,—perhaps one? Where are they? Forgotten! Every individual composing the minority is "The Forgotten Man," to use Sumner's excellent expression. All this foolish game of political chess has been played, and what for? Why is the limited monarch moved to the square lately occupied by the despotic monarch, and he subsequently removed off the board by the president? Why has this costly and fruitless game been played? Why, simply that the pawns should be enabled to see sufficient of its surface as silent spectators, and should lose sight, in the excitement of the game, of the part they themselves were playing in it. The rulers, the politicians, the tricksters, said to the people: "Here, we will give you a lolly to suck in the form of a vote, and it will keep you quiet; and we will give you the honor of taking part in the game by making you a taxpaying pawn; you will vainly hope by that means to checkmate us, but it will not give you the power; and you will continue to help us in carrying on the game, under the impression that you stand as good a chance of winning it as we do; you are too foolish at present to know that political chess is a game of 'heads I win, and tails you lose.'" But Anarchy comes along, and says to the stupid voters: "Wake up! open your eyes, and see what you are about; you are not feeding yourselves with your votes; you are killing yourselves; you have got a State tape-worm inside of you, and you are feeding that instead; take an emetic in the form of a healthy mental revolution; if it doesn't act after a time, try a stronger dose,—mix a little dynamite with it; that will help you to remove one of the worms, and you will have very little difficulty in passing the rest, for they will only too willingly fall in with your ideas when they find your medicine too strong for them." And that is the method by which Anarchy proposes and has already commenced to cure humanity of the social diseases which have hindered its progress for so many untold generations. "We did not succeed, because we were mere talkers, incapable of real work," said the Nihilists reproachfully of themselves; and the cry, "Let us act," soon became a bye-word with them. And one needs not to be told that they put their resolutions into practice; even the falsifying press has told us that much.

But whence comes Anarchy? What are the circumstances which have brought it into existence? It is simply the revolt of intellectual man against the degrading principle of authority, which his ignorant and brutish ancestors have handed down to him. In the earlier stages of human existence, men, in order to avert the constant depredations of their kind, elected one of their number chief, or leader, of the general body, and, while acting under his leadership, acknowledged the supremacy of his dictates and voluntarily appealed to him to arbitrate between them in their little disputes one with another. This appears to have answered its purpose very well in the early stages of man's career, but, as society became more complicated and knowledge became diffused among the members, this chieftainship began to assume the nature of a tyranny rather than a blessing. The greatest wisdom had hitherto been the distinctive characteristic of the chief, but now it had become the general characteristic of the people as a whole, and in many instances the subject showed more wisdom than his ruler. In other words, the chieftainship of primitive ages had developed into that form of monarchy seen in modern times, where the king or queen, though blessed with all the luxuries and attractions which modern ingenuity can bring,—the costly trappings, the gaudy shows, the immense displays of wealth and mock charity,—is no longer received with that reverential and unquestioning devotion which characterized his or her less gaudy but more potent prototype. The lot of the modern monarch is one of extreme danger to himself, to say the least of it. The divine right which used to hedge king has been swept away by the keen logic of modern scepticism, and the humblest laborer does not fear to proclaim himself a republican. He no longer admires the monarch's wealth, because he has realized the fact that he has to pay for it. He no longer looks upon his ruler as a majestic hero, when he proclaims war with another nation; but he looks upon him as a robber and a mercenary self-seeker, who sends his subjects to be butchered like so many rats in order that he may still further drain the pockets of the poor fools who so liberally support him in his grand system of spoliation and stolen luxury. The modern monarch durst not leave his palace, lest some brave Nihilist, or Dynamiter shall seek revenge for the thousands of missing friends and brothers whom he has consigned to exile or to death. The time has passed for monarchy, for the people have learned that with power they are tyrants, and without it they are useless expenses. An absolute monarchy is the simplest and most perfect form of government possible, and consequently it is the worst possible system for the governed. And as the kings have had to disclaim any divine appointment and to practically admit that the only right they have to their position is the right of might, the people have said to them: "Be it so! If might is right, we shall put our respective strengths to the test and see on whose side the might lies." When a community has settled matters with its king, instead of dispensing with the office, it hands it over to the parliament or government; and when it finds its new master as treacherous as the old one, it sets about trying to hold the "reins of government" itself. It is here that the voting swindle comes more fully into play, and the wily politician proposes "universal suffrage" as a panacea. The tyranny of one man had been shown by experience to be detrimental to human welfare, so it was proposed to make every man a tyrant as far as possible by letting every adult individual have a vote in the election of representative rulers. But this does not materially change matters, for one half of the community are still without representatives,—that is, the half who voted for unsuccessful candidates. And even the successful voters who did return their representatives are not much better off than the unsuccessful ones. They are really no more "represented" than the others. Could a greater mockery exist than that involved in the word "representative"? Can any man be represented by any one else? Are there any two men alike in the world? Of course not. Then how ridiculous to say that one politician represents a few hundred individuals, not one of whom he resembles, and who, furthermore, differ from each other! The majority have no more returned representatives than the minority have done. What they have returned are men with ideas and crochets of their own, or men with no ideas at all, as is oftener the case, men who in their hearts can say with the pious editor:

I do believe hard coin the stuff.
For 'lectioneers to spout on;
The people's oilers soft enough
To make hard money out on;
Dear Uncle Sam pervesides for his,
And gives a good-sized junk to all;
I don't care how hard money is,
Ez long ez mine's paid punctual.

Some of the "representatives" are superior to that type, but even they are in most instances little better than the others. They are all tarred with the same brush; and the despicable tyranny of the common-place politician is carried on in an equally effective, though not so open a manner, by the wealthy idler who represents "respectability." One and all are office-seekers, trying to get cheap honors and well-filled pockets by following up the contemptible trade of minding other people's business, under the hollow pretence that they are their "representatives." No wealthy legislator can represent the hard-working, poorly-fed mass of the population; neither can a "poor" man, returned on the "payment of members" system, represent them, for the individual is transformed in the operation. He is now a paid servant in an easy government billet, and no longer the hard-working and poorly-paid man that he was before his election; and he is no longer a representative of the class which returned him when his circumstances resembled their own. And the probability is that, if he went in an honest man (as occasionally happens), he will come out a rogue.

In the face of all this bamboozling, what is to be done? Refrain from voting, says the Anarchist. Do not assist this abominable practice by taking any part in it. Do not hand over your dignity and your individuality to the few professional politicians, who are deserving of nothing from you beyond contempt for their mischievous meddlesomeness. Do not countenance this pernicious system, which ignores the rights of every minority and every individual who is leading the progress of society. When next you go to register your vote,—that sugar-coated pill,—remember what the politician says of it:

This hath my faithful shepherd been.
In pastures sweet hath led me;
And this will keep the people green,
To feed, as they have fed me.

And let the voter bear in mind that every time he gives his vote he is assisting to perpetuate a system which has been continually waging war with the best interests of mankind. No matter what class may be in the ascendancy, the results to the ruled are disastrous nevertheless. If an aristocracy of wealth be represented, it means the enactment of more arbitrary and cruel laws to wring more securely from the laborers the necessities and luxuries of which they are the sole producers. If the "poor" are represented, it means the enactment of laws to supply the requirements of the thrifless, the stupid, and the good-for-nothing at the expense of the industrious, the careful, and the hard-working,—robbing the successful Peter to pay the unsuccessful Paul. No party, no individual, is clever enough to legislate for others with good results. It takes a clever man to run a large business; but it wants an omniscient one to run a government. Every class government is an unqualified tyranny, whether it be conservative House of Lords, or a House of Commons which refuses to allow Charles Bradlaugh to do what it does itself, or a government like that of Liberal (U. S. A.), which refuses to allow its inhabitants to erect and attend churches and public-houses; it is still a tyranny of the one class in power, arbitrarily dictating to all the other classes what they shall do and what they shall not do, irrespective of what the others are anxious to do in the matter. All governments are tyrannies; and that is why revolutions have generally resulted in the substitution of one tyrant for another, and why the general elections always produce a similar result, and "parliamentary reform" always turns out to be a sham. Reform comes from without, and it is useless to expect a government to reform itself when its own self-interest warns it against taking such a fatal step. Reformers in the past, and many in the present, who ignore the fact that "history repeats itself," have continued to formulate schemes for the improvement of society, by means of the tyrannical institutions of which I have been speaking. All those people who are known under the generic name of State Socialists have aimed at modelling society on a totally different basis from that on which it rests at present, and hope to achieve their reforms by means of those demoralizing institutions founded on compulsion. . . . All institutions which seek to force mankind to perform certain actions are based on the principle of slavery, and cannot fail to do harm to human welfare.

The natural function of government is to perpetuate slavery; for the more reverence there is in the people, the more they are law-abiding and cowardly, the more humility and loyalty they show, the easier it is for the few adventurers called "the State" to rule over them. No State can make much progress where the individual members of the community are brave, independent, and self-reliant. It is only the humble and the meek who submit to such a body. The idea of a State setting about to make people moral and prevent crime! Could absurdity go much further? Fancy a mixed body of novices and charlatans setting up as judges of crime, and passing acts to prevent it, without knowing what crime is, what produces it, or what will remove it.

One of the most potent causes of crime is the want of self-reliance. And yet this is the very quality which all governments tend to destroy in the individual, directly they set about governing him. Governments have tried to suppress drunkenness, and only succeeded in intensifying it, and turning honest people into sly grog-sellers. Governments try to make people moral by passing laws upon laws and torturing and imprisoning their victims. No one can fully define morality, and yet every ignorant government acts as though it actually knew more about it than other people. Heresy is immoral, says a government, and forthwith it persecutes a Columbus and a Galileo, burns a Bruno, and imprisons a Bennett or a Foote. A priestly government creates an inquisition, and a political government builds gallows and prisons, and makes laws to fill them. A government tries to keep the press pure, and inauguates a vigilance which soon develops into a rigid censorship, which it requires a Nihilist to overthrow, or it enacts the most iniquitous laws, which it takes a Wilkes, a Bradlaugh, or a Symes to break. In the defence of the nation or the individual the State again fails to do as much good as evil. It makes legal expenses so extravagant that many a man has been ruined in trying to right a wrong by its assistance. It sets guard over us a body of policemen who in many instances are no better than itself, on the principle of "setting a thief to catch a thief." Its courts of justice are but a mockery of the name, frequently as unjust as they are uncertain; for they are always dependent on the humor of a judge or the state of his stomach. So little are the judges to be relied on for meting out justice that nine people out of ten have more faith in an ordinary body of jurymen, picked haphazard from every Tom, Dick, and Harry who passes by. That individual is best protected by the law who manages to keep out of its meshes. Long ago Bacon said that every man should know sufficient of the law to make him keep out of it, and his axiom holds as good as ever, and will continue to do so as long as men are slaves, and until each is a law unto himself. As to the State's protection of the nation, history has plentifully supplied the record of wars and international intrigues which it has developed in that direction; and the cost and utility of standing armies has been pretty well estimated. People are already beginning to learn that to be a soldier is to be a slave, and to pay taxes to support the army is to be a worse slave still. The British taxpayer is finding that, while war pays his rulers, it does not pay him. The State has defended (?) the English nation during the last two centuries by involving them in an expense of something like sixteen hundred million pounds, all of which has come out of the *wealth*—not the money—produced by the laboring classes.

The governments sometimes try "their 'prentice hand" on the management of the railways, the shipping, or the building operations of the country, and everywhere they leave a trail of devastation behind them. Even in the post-office, that cheaply-conducted, extensively-patronized institution, they conduct the business with less efficiency and at greater expense than private companies, whom they cannot compete with, and consequently have to drive out of the market by making their competition criminal, or carrying on their own system at a still greater loss, which has to be borne by the taxpaying public. Bungling and dishonesty characterize nearly every government undertaking. They superintend the management of the public libraries, art galleries, and museums, and close them on the very day in which the great bulk of those who are taxed to support them can only find time to visit them. The celebrated Sunday question, the laws regarding oaths, and the whole question of Church and State, show what little justice is to be expected from governments, and how they always take tyrannies under their wings and work together for a common object. The States have made such moral cowards of the people that they actually tolerate laws against libel; and the stupid and vexatious laws to regulate the sale of poisons they bear almost without a murmur. Even laws against vice are allowed to pass unquestioned,—laws "to save the individual from himself," to prevent him gambling and getting drunk, to make him insure his life, to prevent him from committing suicide when they have made his life unbearable.

Then the State becomes quack physician, and decides that some shall practise the healing art and some shall not: a certain "diploma" shall be necessary to allow a man to practise as one of the "profession,"—one of the monopoly which has grown out of that great monopoly, "the State." Not content with going so far, they step between the parent and the offspring, and under threats of fine and imprisonment compel the unhappy parents to submit their children to that abominable and filthy practice,—vaccination,—it being to the interests of "the profession" to have it perpetuated. With the same kindly interest, the ignorant handful called "the State" next tells the parent what he shall do for his offspring in the way of education; how he shall be compelled to send his child to a State school to be formed by secondary teachers into a common-place individual; and how, if he has no child, he shall pay taxes with which other people's children shall be "educated." And by the time it has so crammed the child with "education" that its little brain has been turned, it bundles it off to a lunatic asylum to drag out its miserable little life in the company of other lunatics, consisting of madmen and madwomen, people slightly

"touched" and others quite sane,—all, in fact, except the very class whose presence there would be the most advantageous to society,—the legislators themselves. After a while, the little creature dies, and is buried in a State cemetery, there to rot and emit poisonous gases with which to destroy the health and shorten the lives of those whose turn has not yet come to return to their maker, the earth. The parents dare not subject the dead body to cremation instead, in order to ward off those evils, because it is "unlawful" and "sinful," as it is called respectively by the twin life-destroyers, the Church and the State, in their omniscient wisdom.

And what says Anarchy to all this roguery? It says: Mind your own business. Anarchy says a man shall choose what physician he likes, and take the risk of a bad choice without being dictated to by the ignorant "State." It tells the parent to refrain from having his child vaccinated if he believes it to be injurious, or to have it vaccinated and take the consequences if he believes it to be beneficial. It tells the parent to educate his child in what he thinks necessary, and to choose the teachers and the place of education himself. And Anarchy tells the parent to dispose of the body of his dead child in whatever manner his judgment and good sense command.

There is no corner free from the machinations of the State clique. They find their way into the factory and the store. But Anarchy with eagle eye is ever on their track, and well it need be, for "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance." Anarchy says that manufacturers, like all other people, should be left to manage their own affairs in their own way; and that no mischievous Factory Acts nor Eight Hours Bills should undertake to manage it for them. Neither should a government exist to dictate who shall work and who shall not, whether he be an Englishman or a Chinaman, or whether he belongs to any other nationality. Anarchy says no government shall interfere in the commercial affairs of individuals and nations, but each shall be free to deal with whom he likes, and to exchange what commodities he chooses to. He shall divide his labor as he finds convenient, and shall have his industries conducted simultaneously over the whole world if he finds it to his interest to do so. In this department, as in all others, Anarchy is satisfied with nothing short of absolute Free Trade. Every laborer shall do what he likes with the produce of his own labor; and no "State" shall rob him of a large portion of it, as they now do, by means of compulsory taxation. Unfettered natural selection shall then operate upon the distribution of products, to the advantage of our food and food-supplies, as it now operates upon other necessities which the State has not yet got its "protective" grip upon. The enormous waste of wealth by the State, its outlays upon wars, monarchies, aristocracies, governments, civil services, pensions, and the thousand and one other natural jobberies that government is heir to, shall thereby be cut off by having their supply stopped at the source. Capital shall then represent wealth and not currency, and the issuer of money shall be responsible for the repayment of it in the necessities of life. Individuals shall be free to adopt what form of currency they desire and find most convenient, whether it be metallic money or paper money, private money or national money. There shall be no laws to imprison a man for issuing "unlawful" money, but each will be at liberty to adopt his own system, and the fittest system will survive. Plutocracy, shorn of its monopoly, shall no longer be the toiler's master, but shall be reduced to the useful function of acting as his servant.

Poverty will probably exist as long as humanity does, but without a State to foster it with its robberies and its poorness it will be transferred from the shoulders of the taxpayer to that of the idler. And who shall bring about the change? The legislators, whose interests are directly opposed to the legislated, are not the ones to look to for liberty in this direction. Their interests are as wide apart as the poles asunder. Law-making is the natural function of the legislator, not law-repealing. It is only the outside influence—the Anarchical influence—which can do it.

There is a lot of ink being spilt just now over the "land question," as it is called. Clever writers have been diligently occupied in showing the evils which arise from "landlordism," as shown in the private ownership of the land, and as a remedy they suggest that all the land should be confiscated by "the State" and "it" should be our landlord. It is often remarked that faith will remove a mountain, but what a lot of faith it must have taken to erect such a mountain as this! What a pleasant prospect for humanity to have a handful of irresponsible politicians for their landlords, instead of a few thousand private ones as at present! The politicians have given us an experience of their land laws when the land was in private hands. These have been bad enough, as they all admit; but what would they be like if the legislators had the land in their own hands? Men think land is not free enough, so they seek to remedy it by placing it on the government shelf, where it will be entirely out of their reach, unless they possess the two essential requirements of one who would make a successful bargain with a "State,"—a long purse and an elastic conscience. "Land nationalization," as it is vaguely termed, has no place in Anarchy.

Neither has Anarchy any sympathy for Malthusianism,—the doctrine of human over-population and concurrent starvation. Malthusianism teaches that there is not sufficient

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food in the world to feed all the laborers; but Anarchy says there is more than enough if they are wise enough to retain it for themselves. Malthusianism teaches, and Plutocracy echoes, that there is not enough room in the world for all of us, and the toilers must cease from reproducing their species. Anarchy says there is room for all that work, and we can only spare to lose the drones from amongst us; if they desire to disappear off the face of the earth by practising Malthusian doctrines, let them; it is nature's way of ridding herself of the unfit. But let them not dare to dictate to others how large a progeny they shall bring forth.

Anarchy makes no distinction between the liberty of individuals on account of sex. It recognizes that woman is as deserving of individual choice as man, and that she is equally bound to respect the rights of others. It says she shall fill any station in life to which she considers she is fitted; but she is no more justified in legislating for her fellow-creatures, or otherwise intruding upon their liberty, than a man is. Hence, Anarchy is the advocate of woman's rights, but not of that cruel mockery, woman's suffrage.

Anarchy recognizes no "laws" to regulate sexual relationship. Here again individual choice, with its natural responsibility, is to be the guide of action. Instead of the religious mock ceremony, it lets the individual choose his or her own methods. Instead of uniting a couple for life, irrespective of the happiness or despair which is to follow, it leaves them to cohabit together as long as they consider advisable, whether it be for a day, a week, a year, or a life-time. And if a man desires two wives, and those two wives desire one man between them, it does not deny them the right of making their own choice. If any union proves a mistaken one, Anarchy says it shall be severed by mutual consent before further disaster follows, and no one else shall need to be polluted to procure that law-made evil,—a divorce. Each shall be free to follow his natural sexual instincts, and shall take upon himself the natural responsibility of his action, whatever it may be.

Such is the attitude of Anarchy towards existing institutions: how does it propose to conform society to its own principles? By evolution. Anarchy recognizes that society is a growth; that the terrible tyrannies which so oppress it are but the natural results of its blind gropings in its infancy; that in its dull ignorance it evolved "the State," but, as knowledge grows upon it, it shall as surely evolve a system of liberty. A few years ago, England was startled to learn that the works of Darwin had been forbidden entrance into despotic Russia. But the Czar and his courtiers understood the deep import of the great naturalist's generalizations far better than the careless, indifferent, and comfortable English squire did. The Czar knew that the popularization of evolutionary science meant the death-blow to tyranny and authority. For evolution teaches that life is a struggle, and the fittest only can survive. What an inspiration for the despairing Nihilists! The fittest will survive! Then who are the fittest, the slaves or the masters? The masters, of course, answers evolution. Let us be masters, then, said the Nihilists. How shall one be a master? By casting off the yoke of slavery! How shall one cast off slavery? By fighting for it,—fighting physically and mentally! "Self-preservation is the first law of life," and the individual who obeys that law the most faithfully is the fittest to survive. The Russians were being annihilated by brute force. What were they to do? Moral suasion, the favorite weapon of the Anarchist, could no longer hold its own unaided against bullets and dungeons. For the future force must repel force. Then arose that glorious Terrorism, which made the Russian despot quake with fear and the poor down-trodden toilers realize for the first time that they had might as well as right on their side, and that liberty was never got by asking for it, but by taking it. "Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!" And the Nihilists are striking that blow, as the Czar knows to his discomfiture; and as certain other tyrants know, who feel the force of example making itself felt in every civilized land. Don't pray for privileges, but demand your rights, said the Irishmen, and they called dynamite to their aid and got some of them in very short time. And so they proved themselves the fittest to survive. Our political system is Christian to the core: it *stinks* of humility and slavery. But the new Terrorism overthrows all that.

Tyrannicide becomes a virtue and slavery a crime. The Anarchists' doctrine of "the equal liberty of all" does not stop short at kings and politicians, but applies to all alike. "A man's a man for a' that," and if he claims authority for infringing upon the rights of another, the Anarchist will soon relegate him to his proper place. This is the history of all governments: *Fools have built powerful institutions for self-protection, and rogues have taken the management of them.* Anarchy, knowing this, strikes direct at this greatest of all tyrannies,—the "State." Society is just in that stage of its evolution where *brute force* (of which government is the concentrated embodiment) is giving way before the force of *intellect*,—the force which promises to govern the future. Government is one of the last semblages of the old force: Anarchy the force of the new. Men are realizing that the perpetual spoliation and exploitation of each other is not conducive to the general welfare; that nothing is gained by each man holding down the hands of every other man; that social improvement is dependent upon the improvement of each individual part; and that there is scope for improve-

ment only where there is liberty. As local autonomy succeeds to central government, so will local autonomy give way to individual autonomy. All reforms which have benefited society have been in that direction; and it is only there that we can look for them in the future. The growth from the barbarous to the intellectual is slow, but it is none the less sure. The tyrannical "State" system promises to make room for the peaceful Anarchical community, just as the despotic monarchy has made room for the "State." And as the edicts of an angry god have been supplanted by statute laws, so they in their turn will be supplanted by respect for the individual judgment. Humanity will learn that nature is self-regulating, and can manage its affairs without the intervention of the ignorant politician, as they have already learned that it can manage its affairs without the intervention of an imaginary god. They will learn that every great achievement has been effected by individuals and not by "States"; that individualism is the foundation-stone of progress; that self-reliance makes a well-developed man, and well-developed men make a great nation, whereas reliance on a "State" or a Communistic utopia would destroy every noble quality in them by making them beggarly idlers; that enlightened self-interest (that self-interest which respects the rights of others for its own sake) is the crowning virtue in an individual, while altruism is the greatest curse; that unrestricted competition is the most profitable order of natural selection; that as toleration has removed the fetters from our thoughts, so *laissez-faire* will remove the fetters from our actions; that as compulsion produces perversity, so voluntary action produces mutuality. The men and women of the future, in short, will learn by experience, if not by reflection, that voluntary cooperation is the only method by which to realize results satisfactory to all; and that the only system which allows such action to have full play is that of Liberty.

DAVID A. ANDRAKE.

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• NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER •

PROUDHON

Vol. IV.—No. 23.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1887.

Whole No. 101.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Will subscribers to the Proudhon Library indulge me? The belated numbers will reach them, no matter how long the delay.

Writing, I take it, in apology for E. C. Walker, L. H. Freigh, Jr., says in "Lucifer": "Although we may call ourselves Anarchists, we may not be able at present to act on all occasions as consistent Anarchists." Very true. But if we are men of brains and honesty, we shall recognize our inconsistency as such, and not try to palm it off for its opposite.

C. C. Post, formerly editor of the "Roll Call," has found a spot in Georgia where he thinks Liberals can advantageously locate, and sends me a long article descriptive of its charms. I cannot spare space for it, but any person interested can doubtless obtain full information by answering the advertisement of Fanny W. Robbins, to be found on the eighth page.

John Swinton is guilty of an egregious misjudgment of men when he places Edward Atkinson above William G. Sumner in point of heart. Atkinson is a cold-blooded, hypocritical, patronizing snob, while Sumner is a plain, blunt, outspoken hater of humbug. When Sumner sees sentimentalism that is utterly ignorant of the very rudiments of economic law organizing to remodel society, he treats it with freezing scorn and sarcasm, but this cynicism has nothing in common with hardness of heart. Up to a certain point he is a magnificent champion of liberty, and for a political economist he is a very honest man. That he omits to make some of the most important applications of liberty indicates dishonesty I will allow, but I believe that he despises himself for it, and, if he does, the fact tells in favor of his heart.

E. C. Walker employs a deal of sophistry in an attempt to show that "Lucifer" has not treated me unfairly. No amount of pleading, however, can prevail against these plain facts,—that the "Lucifer" view of the matter lately in controversy, stated by Mr. Walker himself, appeared in Liberty at the outset, while the Liberty view, as stated by the editor, has never appeared in "Lucifer" at all, and, even as stated by some of Liberty's writers, did not appear in "Lucifer" until it was absolutely impossible to suppress it longer without sacrificing the last vestige of the paper's pretence of hospitality to opinion. Mr. Walker desires to know why I did not write to Mr. Harman requesting publication of my views. I answer by asking why Mr. Walker, who claims that he did not publish my first letter because he thought it was private, did not wait a week to get my permission to publish it, instead of being so precipitate with the publication of his reply.

The National Defence Association has taken up the case of persecuted Mrs. Slenker, and proposes to see her through. A defence fund has been started, for which E. B. Foote, Jr., secretary of the association, will receive subscriptions. His address is 120 Lexington Avenue, New York. Mrs. Slenker is in a very dangerous situation, and needs the unflinching support of all who believe in freedom. Assurance is given that there will be no dodging of issues in the conduct of the defence. As the published appeal says,

this is a time for Liberals to be liberal. I wish that the framers of the appeal had avoided the attitude of apology. Whose business is it whether Mrs. Slenker has or has not "lost delicate appreciation of that which is and that which is not nice," so far as the question of her liberty is concerned? It is well enough for those who think she has suffered such a loss to lament it at the proper time, but apology is uncalled-for when defending invaded persons. Neither Anthony Comstock nor any one else is entitled to any explanation why Elmira D. Slenker, in the exercise of her liberty, does thus and so. She chooses to do thus and so. That is enough.

At the services lately held in Boston in memory of Lysander Spooner, of which a brief report is given in another column, two statements were made that should not be allowed to pass uncorrected. Geo. W. Searle said that Mr. Spooner believed in "a government of the people, for the people, by the people," and held all other governments in contempt. If this were so, Mr. Spooner's distinctive greatness would be gone. His life-long contention was for a government of the individual, for the individual, by the individual,—that is, for no external government at all,—and popular majority government was the object of his special contempt. The other statement was made by J. M. L. Babcock, who, after glorifying Mr. Spooner's work in securing a reduction of postage by fighting the government monopoly, went on to glorify our present postal system, which is more of a monopoly than ever. No one, said Mr. Babcock, can claim that this system could be improved upon by private enterprise. But this is precisely what Mr. Spooner did claim, and he dwelt upon it repeatedly in conversations with me during the last ten years of his life. Of course he regarded the reduction of postage as an excellent thing in itself, but his attack was directed against the monopoly, and, had it been successful, he would have considered such a victory of far more importance to the people in its ultimate effects than any mere reduction of postage. I have no doubt that Mr. Babcock, in approving the present system, meant to speak entirely for himself, but his time was limited, and in his hurry he failed to discriminate between his own view and Mr. Spooner's.

Sentimentalism at the Spooner Meeting.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Doubtless the high praise bestowed upon your resolutions by the amiable lady who approached you at the close of the Spooner memorial services was fully and justly merited, and she but voiced the sentiment of the entire assemblage. Yet it seemed to me that, were any of those who felt so much pleased with the resolutions asked to explain just *what* and *where* was their strength and beauty, they would have found it very far from easy to do so. To me, however, this presents itself as an encouraging sign of the times. Realizing that the resolutions were as different from ordinary resolutions presented on like occasions and as unique, original, and refreshing as was Spooner himself compared with the mass of mankind, I know that their distinguishing feature was their absolute freedom from sentimentalism, cant, hypocritical piety, and sham of any kind. It was an egoistical tribute to an egoistical life, and the fact that it was appreciated proves that the people are at last beginning to learn to value sense and reality and to despise humbug, and that they are getting sick and weary of fetish-worship, of "religion," of meaningless words and empty phrases. The protest against the reign of superstition is as yet but half formulated; nevertheless the age of reason is not far off, and we who can entertain a hope to live and enjoy its blessings naturally take pleasure in doing honor to those light-bearers who, single-handed and

isolated, struggled for the light and helped to banish the darkness.

Lysander Spooner was by no means a "perfectly free man," as Proudhon defines one, but he was a thorough Egoist. His mistakes were not the product of a superstitious reverence for phantoms, as is the case with religious people. Of course his idea that obedience to what he called natural law and natural justice is obligatory "won't hold water," but he was prevented from seeing this by the fact that his spontaneous inclinations harmonized so completely with his conceptions of his duties that to him pleasure and duty were synonymous terms. This appeared to me to be your opinion, Mr. Editor, as well as that of our friend, E. B. McKenzie, who, in a few words, said so much about Mr. Spooner.

It gives me pain not to be able to endorse quite as heartily everything that has been said by Mr. Appleton. Two sentiments, especially, expressed by him marred the brilliancy and excellence of his powerful tribute. His pessimism and fear regarding the future are without foundation. While I agree with him that in this noisy age and busy world men are merely talking machines, and individuals worth listening to extremely rare, I do not look upon the Andrewses and the Spooeners as the last survivals of an extinct species of superior human beings which Mr. Appleton believes to have flourished in the past and whose death he thinks a calamity. They are rather the fathers of a new race, of the coming race, of a race of free and thinking individual men and women. They have appeared so very great only because the rest of the people were so degraded and enslaved. They were giants among pygmies. (This may shock the hero-worshippers, for there's more truth in it than poetry.) The future will be full of such beings. Their services are immense, wonderful, and invaluable to the reign of intelligence and individual self-consciousness; but these services are enabling us to go still further and do still more for the triumph of reason. It is a great and unpardonable error to class such types with the past; they are the destroyers of the past, the enemies and conquerors of the past. Children of the present, they are the builders of the future, to which their best energies and qualities are devoted. The past can be credited only with the prejudices, errors, and absurdities of which its greatest and best men are too often the victims. Nay, more, it should be so credited. It would be idle for us to deny the errors of the great, unwise to ignore them, and simply foolish to try to give them a decent appearance. I must, therefore, note another exception to Mr. Appleton's view and estimate of Spooner in connection with the latter's "religion." Religion, in its true sense, according to Mr. Appleton, consists in the belief that justice is the only thing that ultimately pays, or, in other words, that honesty is the best policy. Lysander Spooner having been a firm believer in natural justice, he is thus exalted to the rank of the truly religious. But religion, in any sense, is an unmixed evil and unmixed nonsense. Anything not having logic or fact for a basis is worthless. Sentimentalism is out of date. If it cannot be *proven* that what is called justice is a paying article, it is just as childish to cling to it as it is to believe in the efficacy of prayer; and when a thing is proven, its acceptance does not depend upon any religious elements in man's nature. Lysander Spooner minus his ideas of duty and "God-given rights" would have been incomparably more powerful than the Lysander Spooner we knew; as it is, his weakness cannot be made a source of vitality and strength to our cause; and, while benefiting directly from his truths, we should learn to profit by his mistakes.

It is indeed lamentable to find so many of our friends who ought to know better indulging in romantic talk about good and true "religion." This age is extremely prosaic, and the conclusion is being arrived at that "fun" is the only thing worth living for. There is nothing higher, nobler, more sacred, holier, and greater than our individual existence. We really care for nothing but our happiness. Having learned by experience, however, that not all ways of making ourselves happy are entirely safe and prudent; that we sometimes "put our foot in it" by displeasing our neighbor and causing him to resist,—we are now deeply interested in solving the pressing problem of "live and let live." Discussion on this subject is the order of the day, and the usefulness of men is measured by the value of their contributions to this debate and nothing else.

V. YARROS.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 100.

"But Gowan orders the assault!" said one, timidly, his courage having been taken away by the hasheesh.

And, in truth, to the astonishment of all, the whole gang of the old hunter, the scoundrel at the head, undertook the impossible ascent, certain of them, by the efforts of their extraordinary horses and notwithstanding the shots which struck them, climbing almost to the peak.

Most of them, nevertheless, paid dearly for their ridiculous temerity, and horsemen and beasts, after fruitless attempts, being received upon the points of pikes and lances and by the edges of scythes, fell back to the bottom, bruised and crushed, the corpses piled up together.

Gowan was infuriated, and his horse accomplished miracles of climbing, straight up, hanging on by his hoofs as with hands, human, heroic; two balls from Irish guns crashing one in the face of the man, the other in the face of the horse, the group whirled about in space, and, rolling down from rock to rock, lay flat on the soil spouting vermilion blood.

And all the audacious men who had struggled with prodigious skill to follow their chief tried to wheel about; but the frantic leaps of their horses dismounted them, and they fell upon the ragged rocks, or else the pike-men, recovered from the surprise and fright which paralyzed their forces at first, pierced them in the air.

During this exercise in equestrian gymnastics, the main body of the army approached in its turn the cliff, and Marian, very pale and ready to sink, noticed by the side of Newington, incensed at the repulse of his scouts, Sir Bradwell, as phlegmatic as usual, but looking at the heights embattled with soldiers, where, doubtless, he distinguished her, leaning forward in the front rank.

Where the horsemen, madly valorous, had vainly rushed to encounter only death, the foot-soldiers would surely succeed easily; so, ordering the charge to be sounded, Newington commanded the assault, which Sir Richard offered to lead; but the Duke invited him to remain at his side, probably lacking confidence, not in the courage, but in the firmness of the capitulator of Christmas, and the Ancient Britons, anxious to revenge themselves for their defeat of the night before, rushed forward at double quick.

Sir Walpole had obtained the honor of this perilous enterprise by reason of the fame of his family, and in order that he might obtain glory; but his superiors in rank, on whom would fall the command of the assaulting column, being jealous of him, saw with satisfaction his check at the first onslaught, and the repulse of him self and his troops after furious resistance.

In vain he returned to the charge, encouraging his men who cursed in spite and swore to eat the entrails of the stubborn Irishmen; all, pell-mell, in bleeding cascades, fell back pierced, mutilated, killed, the first to ascend upon those who defended last, and the latter, in turn, upon the heaps of killed and wounded.

Harvey, Treor, Paddy, John Autrun multiplied themselves, ran in whichever direction the assailants presented themselves, and by their example revived the energy of the faltering men weakened by hasheesh. Marian's grandfather, this old man, fought with the valor of a knight, the vigor of a soldier in his prime, and the surety of an old stager bronzed on battle fields; and Marian, always at his side, admirable in her coolness, braving death twenty times a minute without winking, the angel of the holy war, did marvels. She received the wounded in her arms, dressed their wounds quickly amid the shower of bullets, consoled the dying, and, religiously lying, assured them of the success of their cause, the triumph of the country.

"Newington is turning his heels!" she said; "he is falling back. Hear them sounding the retreat."

In the exhaustion of their death agonies the unhappy men did not distinguish; it was, on the contrary, the charge, the furious charge, which they heard, and the Duke sent forward, to sustain Walpole's companies, other companies and others yet, who all, one after the other, broke upon the rampart of rocks furnished with such intrepid defenders.

The position, in other circumstances, would certainly have remained impregnable; the deaths, insignificant on the side of the Irish, amounted on that of the enemy to a considerable number; but the hasheesh had not vainly carried its debilitating effects into the arteries, and the arms which held the muskets, suddenly relaxing, offered only a childish resistance to the aggressor precisely at the moment when, doubtful of success, Newington sent Sir Richard to the attack, ordering him to conquer at any price, if he wished to redeem his foolish clemency of the previous evening.

And Marian heard the command and the recommendation at the same time that she heard Sir Harvey order his best marksmen to check this new attacking column and to aim especially at the leaders.

"Whoever shall lay one low will deserve well of the country." And seizing a rifle himself, he tried to hit Bradwell who was calmly advancing, with his cane under his arm, surrounded by bullets which grazed him, scratched the ground about his feet, and struck his soldiers behind him on either side.

"Forward!" said he. And now he began the ascent, apparently as coolly as he would have cleared the steps of an ordinary stairway, although projectiles converged towards him from all sides.

Marian looked at him not without poignant emotion; with each second, her heart oppressed, she believed she should see him rolling to the bottom, and suddenly she murmured:

"My God! It is for him that I am afraid!"

And having collected herself with a prayer, she exclaimed again:

"My God! It is for him that I pray!"

Completely worn out, the pike-men retreated, remounting the plateau, and under the tempest of bullets Sir Richard was still climbing the declivity.

"To the rescue, comrades!" cried Paddy, who continued:

"At Dublin, one breezy day, I came near getting a chimney on my head. . . . With a tempest like this, the rocks of the cliff shall melt upon the backs of the assailants."

"Saint Patrick, protect us!" prayed Edith.

"Not only Saint Patrick," rejoined Paddy Neil, "but Saint Peter and Saint Rock!"

And using their pikes as levers, he and a dozen of his comrades pried off enormous fragments of rock, and succeeded in rolling them into space, causing frightful cries of pain and furious shouts of rage where they fell.

Marian, leaning over the edge of the abyss, closed her eyes, and tried at first not to hear; then, on the contrary, she tried to distinguish, among the cries, if any came from the breast of Sir Bradwell. But what foolishness! If he should fall, pain would not draw from him an exclamation. He would die stoically. Then

she looked upon the means of defence improvised by Paddy as monstrous, and almost cowardly,—yes, cowardly,—and she was about to say so when she saw Richard.

Free from harm, without a wound, imperturbable, he continued his way, his uniform wet with steaming blood and splashed with fragments of brain. He was wiping his face, which was also soiled.

He felt her eyes upon him and turned his own towards Marian; but, thus engaged, he did not notice a sword raised over his head, which would undoubtedly split it if he did not suddenly parry or dodge it; she almost cried out to him to beware, but by a lucky chance a bullet broke the arm which brandished the fatal weapon and checked the confession on her lips.

At first she applauded, but was instantly ashamed.

In which camp did she consider herself, then? An Irish girl! She had no soul! Her oath of renunciation on the Gospel a comedy in that case; her kiss given to Paddy—that is, to the victim of the hatred of the torturers—a grimace, an affection, or the unreflecting act of her excited nerves, and it shrank to the level of the most ordinary crisis.

Paddy Neill! Now, on Richard's account, she felt for him an animadversion which would readily change into a feeling of deeper hostility, and though salvation rested in the hands which bore the rocks, she revolted against the expedient, not from humanity, not from charity, not in behalf of all those whom the weight of the boulders would break, but for the benefit of a single one, to save the only Sir Bradwell, so terrible moreover,—in fact, the worst of executioners, in case he should carry out the sacrilegious threats made by him three days before.

But she violently put aside this conjecture; words pronounced in anger, a cruelty of which one makes a show in order to intimidate; his back turned, it was all over. The other evening, in their house, had not Richard, on coming to the aid of Sir Newington, contradicted by his attitude, by his horror at the savage struggle in progress, his former odious proposals of massacre and his implacable declarations of war?

Nothing was more natural than that he should march with the English troops, at their head, leading them to the assault, at a time when no one but the old or the infirm remained motionless at their firesides awaiting events. To avoid being suspected of cowardice at his age, notwithstanding the sympathy he had thus far shown for the Irish, he had been obliged to mingle in the struggle, to affront its perils, and since she had repudiated his offers to serve Ireland, he participated in the operations of the opposing camp.

But without wrath, without any animosity, and, who knows? perhaps that he might meet death, the end of an existence of repentance and despair, the termination of an ignominious life.

Thus severely did she rate the treason of Sir Richard in regard to his father; and since he lacked sufficient energy to escape from its practice, from the solicitations of this unworthy and tempting crime, and since she refused him the hope of salvation in the future, what reason had he for dragging out on earth a painful and lamentable existence?

Fresh pity seized her, in spite of the remonstrances which she addressed to herself the minute before, and, without going the length of criminal wishes—Oh, no! far from that, never—that victory might favor Sir Richard, she formulated prayers that he might escape the shots fired at him from all directions. The others, his soldiers,—well! let them perish to the last man; but let him, fighting alone against all, be made prisoner, or allowed to retreat, slightly wounded, incapacitated from exposing himself anew.

No! rather a serious wound, but one from which he would recover after a dangerous sickness, in the course of which the austere reflections of long wakeful hours would drive away whatever remained of his guilty passion for Lady Ellen, and, in the weakness of his convalescence, another gentle face of a young girl partly seen would take the place, in this reviving heart, of the refractory Irish woman!

In an instant she was seized with a desire to inflict the saving wound herself with her own hand, to grasp the rifle of a crippled neighbor and strike him with a bullet; but where should she aim in order not to kill him on occasion a fracture which would leave him forever disabled? She knew how to fire; she stopped the defiant crows in their flight; but now she trembled too much and renounced her design.

It became needless, moreover; an enormous block was loosened by the efforts of Paddy and his comrades, who toiled and sweat like cattle under the hot midsummer sun, and, as the stone fell, Sir Richard disappeared before the eyes of Marian, who instinctively closed the lids, fainting, though still standing. But her brief swoon over, she saw Richard again, picking himself up; with his bleeding fingers, which he did not even stanch, he picked up his sword torn from the belt, and with no apparent wound save that his joints were simply bruised, but not dislocated, he having been hit by the rock but providentially saved from being crushed, he summoned the hesitating ones, more or less crippled, but capable of a new effort, and the reinforcements which Newington sent him, to a new assault, and once more began the ascent.

Again all the guns singled him out, but the more ardent shot away the tops of rocks around his body, without doubt because of the virulence of the hurricane which joggled the bullets and shook the muskets like pliant branches of shrubbery in the firmest hands, and all the more then the hands of the marksmen whom the hasheesh had energized.

Nevertheless, two, three projectiles successively penetrated his uniform, and blood stained his shoulder and ran over his chest; but he did not bend for that, but continued the arduous ascent, encouraging his subordinates.

"Forward! forward!" repeated he.

His look riveted on Marian, he questioned her mentally and in a manner so eloquent, so explicit, that she comprehended him as clearly as if he spoke.

Fixed, decided, without weakness, without a passing gleam of tenderness, these looks were equivalent to a summons. Surely Richard was aware of the piteous fashion in which the priest had failed, and was not accompanying Newington as an amateur, or that they might not doubt his bravery, but to keep his execrable promise.

So far he had not personally used his weapons; he faced death without reply: but to urge on others; to lead them back, after a repulse, to the combat; to excite their emulation by his audacity, his coolness, his luck, which left him untouched amid the bullets and rocks; to participate in the furious action, sure to end in pitiless butcheries; to make himself an accomplice in command and in execution,—did not these things lay upon him a responsibility worse than the highest after Newington's?

And, irritated by these persistent checks, intoxicated with powder, motion, and tumult, at last he would use his sword, dip it in the blood of the enemy, and, after this baptism, holding back no longer, kill like any Briton, his coreligionist in murder, like the survivors of the Infernal Mob, his equals in hatred!

Then, this not sufficing to satisfy his thirst for blood, whereas now he simply urged to victory, he would order unlimited massacre of those who should still struggle against him, of those also who should disarm, of those, if they encountered such, who should beg for mercy.

Marian's face, in proportion as she deciphered the tumultuous thought of Sir Bradwell, reflected the sadness and horror which invaded the soul of the young girl, and Bradwell, seeing what sentiments he inspired instead of the desired submission, was filled with wrath; she blinded him, she unsettled his brain, and filled it with a determination to commit terrible cruelties.

Marian saw this, and ran to Treor.

"Your dagger!" she said, without preface, holding out her hand to receive it.

Brought home by one of her ancestors from a voyage to the Indies, the blade which she asked for, short, narrow, but serpentine, with a groove running its entire length, had this frightful peculiarity,—that, poisoned, its wound, though a mere scratch of the epidermis causing only a drop of blood to flow, proved fatal in a few minutes.

So Treor refused it to her, pleading that there was danger that, in striking the enemy, the weapon might, if not handled firmly, turn in the hand and cause the death of whoever was using it in defence.

"Exactly. Give it to me!" repeated the young girl, in a serious voice.

And, reminding her grandfather of a confession made at the time of her fatal love for the Englishman,—a love, she had informed him, which reached in Richard the point of criminal frenzy,—she told him of the demand of Newington's son and his threats if she did not yield.

To be continued.

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART SECOND.

COST THE LIMIT OF PRICE:

A Scientific Measure of Honesty in Trade as One of the Fundamental Principles in the Solution of the Social Problem.

Continued from No. 100.

83. It is the same with the other natural elements. Water as it flows past in the stream is *natural wealth*, and not the subject of price. The man who should seize upon a stream of water and fence it up or turn it aside, for the purpose of levying a tribute upon those who lived below him upon the same stream, in the form of a price for their necessary supplies, would commit an obvious breach of natural law. But although water, in its natural condition, is not equitably susceptible of price, yet so soon as human labor is bestowed upon it by any person for the benefit of another, a price may be rightfully affixed to the water, to be precisely measured by the cost or burden of the labor so bestowed. Every individual has a right to appropriate so much of the common natural wealth as is requisite to the supply of his wants. So soon as I have dipped up a pitcher full of water from the spring or stream, it is no longer mere natural wealth; it is a product of my labor as well. It is thus my individual property. No one has a right to take it from me without my consent, and in case I do consent, I have an equitable and just right to demand a price equal to the burden I have assumed, which consists of the labor, the risk, or whatever else made it a burden. If I have merely dipped it up, the equitable price is a trifle probably not worth considering; but if I have carried it two miles over a burning plain, it may be considerable; and if I have run the risk of carrying it for the sake of another through the brisk fire from an enemy's battery, the risk will enter equitably into the estimate of the price. (121.) In all these cases it is not really the natural wealth itself, the land or the water, which acquires a price, but the human labor and other elements which are bestowed upon it. *Nothing is properly the rightful subject of price but repugnance overcome.* But as the portions of natural wealth to which human labor has thus been added are the objects which are wanted by the purchaser, and which are delivered to him when the price is paid, it is natural to speak of them as bearing the price.

84. It is obvious from this application of the principle of cost, which we have seen is nothing but the scientific measure of equity, that simple equity cuts up by the roots every species of speculation in lands. It will be seen, in the next place, that it cuts up equally another species of speculation, which the world hardly suspects of being, although it is, both in principle and in its oppressive results, equally iniquitous,—that is, *speculation in talent, natural skill, or genius*. The definitions and principles above stated render it obvious that no man has any just or equitable right to charge a price for that which it cost nothing of human labor to create. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

85. A superior natural fact for the performance of any function or labor renders it easier instead of harder to perform the function or labor. It makes the burden ordinarily lighter instead of heavier, and consequently, upon the Cost Principle, *reduces instead of augmenting the price*. I say, "ordinarily," because the case may happen of a person having a high degree of natural ability for a particular kind of industry, and having at the same time, from some special cause, an unusual repugnance to its performance, and it must be constantly remembered that it is the degree of personal repugnance overcome which measures the price. As the rule, however, the taste or attraction for a given pursuit accompanies and corresponds to the degree of excellence in it, and in that case the remarkable result above stated flows from the principle.

86. Naturally enough, a conclusion so strikingly dissimilar to all that is now seen in practice or entertained in idea will be received at first blush with some suspicions of its soundness. It will be found, however, upon examination, that the consequences of admitting it are all beneficent and harmonious. They are, in fact, indispensable to the solution of the problem of true social relations.

87. *Talent, natural skill, or genius, distinguished from such ability as is the result of labor or acquisition, is one species of natural wealth.* It is not, like earth, air, and water, equally distributed by nature to all men, and cannot, therefore, be equally enjoyed by all. Those on whom it has been conferred in a high degree have a kind of enjoyment of it in the fact of its possession, which cannot be participated with others. It is the same with health or personal beauty, or a naturally graceful deportment. In this particular way, although it is natural wealth, it is individual wealth also. There are other ways, however, in which it is not individual or exclusive, but in which it may be partaken of by all around, as when we experience the pleasure of looking upon a beautiful countenance or a graceful figure, or when we enjoy the creations of another's genius, or the productions of another's natural endowments. This kind of enjoyment is bestowed by nature gratuitously, and is not confined to the individual who produces it. It is the common patrimony of mankind as much as air, earth, and water.

88. It follows from these considerations that neither the forensic talents bestowed by nature upon a Daniel Webster, nor the musical endowments of a Jenny Lind, nor the natural agility of the mountebank, constitute any legitimate or equitable basis of price, for the simple reason that they have cost their possessors

nothing, and it has already been settled that *cost* is the only legitimate ground of price.

89. Observe, in the first place, that I do not say that the labor which it may require on their part to *exercise* these natural talents is not a legitimate basis of price. On the contrary, I affirm that it is so, and that such labor is the *only* basis of price in the performance, and hence that the price of the performance is equitably limited by the precise amount of the labor in it, estimated according to its repugnance to the individual, relatively to other kinds of labor,—*not augmented one iota on account of the extraordinary natural abilities which the performance demands*. There is in that element no labor, no repugnance overcome, no *cost*, and consequently no basis of price.

90. Observe, in the next place, that labor expended prior to the performance, in *cultivating* the natural talent and fitting it for the performance, is an element of cost, a due proportion of which may be equitably charged upon each specific exhibition of the talent. This point will be more fully considered presently in treating of the constituents of *cost*. (121.)

91. It will be objected that under this system talent and skill receive no protection. Talent and skill are intellectual strength, and it is not strength but weakness which demands protection. Talent and skill now enable their possessors to subject the world as effectually, through its industrial relations, as prowess and physical manhood formerly enabled their possessors to do so upon the battle-fields of past history. The dominion of physical conquest is now partially becoming extinct. We are in the midst of the reign of intellectual superiority, which is far more subtle and intricate in the modes of its tyrannical action. The discovery of the true laws of social order will not be, therefore, the discovery of increased facilities for talent or intellectual power to exert itself for its own immediate and selfish aggrandizement, but the precise contrary.

92. At the same time talent and skill will always command, like physical manhood, a certain degree of homage, and secure, indirectly, more refined and yet more substantial rewards than direct appropriation would confer. In discussing the subject of price we are by no means discussing all the possible effects of performance, but only that one which forms the basis of a demand for a direct equivalent or compensation.

93. *Price is that which a party may properly demand AS HIS RIGHT, in consideration of services rendered.* It relates, therefore, to *exact justice* between the parties, and justice has in it no touch of mercy, or gratitude, or benevolence,—no tribute of admiration, no homage. It does not exclude the exercise of those sentiments after its own demands are satisfied, but, *for itself*, it knows nothing of that sort. Justice demands Equity, exact Equivalents, Burden for Burden; and will be satisfied with nothing else. To understand the appropriate sphere of these various affections we must *individualize* their functions. It is essential not only to the security of rights, but equally in order that benevolence or homage be *felt* and *accepted* as such, that the limits of each should be exactly defined. The rendition of justice is the basis, or platform, or prior condition, upon which benevolence must rest. The slave feels little or no gratuity toward his master for any act of kindness which the master may do, because he is conscious that the master is living in an unjust relation toward him, and that he *owes* him as matter of justice more than he grants as an indulgence. This apparent destitution of the sentiment of gratitude reacts upon the master, and he despises and depreciates the moral constitution of the slave. The fault is in the absence of the prior condition of *Justice*, which alone authorizes benevolence, which then inspires gratitude, and all conspire to institute and maintain friendly and harmonious relations. A charity bestowed while justice is withheld is always an insult.

94. Again, according to a law of the human mind, injustice persisted in begets aversion or hatred on the part of the perpetrator as well, toward the object of it. But justice cannot be rendered while one is ignorant of what justice is; and since no one who does not know that Cost is the Limit of Price knows what the limits of justice are, it follows that every one has been living in relations of injustice toward all around him. A partial consciousness of this truth tends still farther to inspire ill-will on the part of the governors toward the governed, of the employers toward the employed, and of masters toward slaves. Hence, it will be perceived that a denial of justice operates through two channels to prevent the natural flow of benevolence, by hindering its bestowment, at the same time that it enfeebles or destroys the appreciation of it by the recipient.

95. Still again, from ignorance of the landmarks of justice or Equity, acts are continually done under the supposition that justice demands them, and with no sentiment of benevolence, which should fall within the province of benevolence, while the same ignorance on the other hand hinders their acknowledgment as benevolent acts, and prevents, consequently, the appropriate sentiment of gratitude or reciprocal benevolence, which should be the result.

96. The magnificent testimonial bestowed by the English people upon Rowland Hill for his conception of the idea of cheap postage and his exertions in behalf of the reform had in it nothing discordant with true principles, because it was bestowed as a gratuitous homage and accepted as such. Whenever all obstructions to the natural exuberance of benevolence toward those who confer benefits upon us are removed by the establishment of equitable relations, such voluntary tributes repeated on all hands will furnish a richer inheritance for genius than the beggarly and precarious subsistence which now ensues from pensions and patent-laws. The testimonial to Rowland Hill was not the *price* of his services, any more than a bridal present is the *price* of affection. Had he opened an account of debtor and creditor with the nation, and charged them a hundred thousand pounds as the price of his services, gratitude would have been extinguished by the preposterous pretension, and benevolence have been converted into aversion and disgust. The people, ignorant of the law of equivalents as a principle, would have felt it as an *instinct*, and have been repelled unwittingly by the breach of it. To make the higher class of services a matter of price at all somewhat depreciates their estimate. The artist and the inventor is apt to feel something akin to degradation, when forced to prefer a pecuniary demand in return for the fruits of his genius. Every genuine artist has an instinct for being an amateur performer solely. There is an intimation in this fact that in the true social order the rewards of genius will either cease to be pecuniary altogether, or, if not, that they will be wholly abandoned to the voluntary largesse of mankind. (174.)

97. The Cost Principle deals wholly with price,—that is, with that to which the *party rendering the service should limit his demand, if fixed by himself*, not to what it is proper, or becoming, or natural that others should bestow as a gratuity, which latter is a matter *solely for their consideration*. This last is *not his affair*.

98. It is in this rigid sense that it is affirmed that Jenny Lind has no equitable right to charge more for an hour expended in singing than any other person should receive for an hour of labor equally repugnant, and which has involved equal contingencies of prior labor and the like. Even then price is then divisible among all who hear her. The refining results of this operation of the principle in diffusing the benefits of superior endowments in every sphere among the whole people will be traced out into infinite ramifications by the reader for himself.

To be continued.

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

A Spooner Publication Fund.

Lysander Spooner left no will. His estate consisted of a stock of printed pamphlets, of which he was the author, and an immense quantity of manuscripts. Many of the latter have never been published, and some of them are of high importance. His legal heirs are people who had no sympathy with or comprehension of his ideas and who regarded him as an outcast, — people manifestly unfit to have the custody of his interests. Consequently I have purchased of them the entire stock of pamphlets and manuscripts at no little risk and expense, and I intend to publish as many of the manuscripts as I can. For this purpose I now open a subscription, and appeal for aid to all who are willing to render it. To readers of Liberty I do not need to dwell upon the importance of the work. The manuscripts cover a vast range of subjects. I have not space even for their titles. Among them are treatises on finance, marriage, property, government, and religion, unpublished parts of "Natural Law," "Revolution," and "No Treason," and second and third letters to Grover Cleveland. This is but a mere hint at their value. Whatever is subscribed to this fund must be considered as an outright donation. I can give the subscribers no guarantees beyond the simple assurance that I will do the best that I can to properly put Mr. Spooner's work before the world *as he left it*. For the benefit of this fund his printed pamphlets will be sold. An advertisement of them will be found in another column. Some of them are rare, and may never be reprinted. All receipts from their sale above their cost to me will go to swell the fund. Let the orders and the contributions be numerous, generous, and prompt. The following have been received thus far:

Gertrude B. Kelly	:	:	:	:	:	\$10.00
Geo. W. Searle	:	:	:	:	:	5.00
Walter C. Wright	:	:	:	:	:	2.00

BENJ. R. TUCKER.

The Method of Anarchy.

To the editor of the San Francisco "People" Anarchism is evidently a new and puzzling doctrine. It having been propounded by an Anarchist from a public platform in that city that Anarchism must come about by peaceful methods and that physical force is never justifiable except in self-defence, the "People" declares that, except physical force, it can see but two methods of settling the labor question,—one the voluntary surrender of privileges by the privileged class, which it thinks ridiculous, and the other the ballot, which it rightly describes as another form of force. Therefore the "People," supposing itself forced to choose between persuasion, the ballot, and direct physical force, selects the last. If I were forced to the

alternative of leaving a question unsettled or attempting one of three ineffectual means of settling it, I think I should leave it unsettled. It would seem the wiser course to accept the situation. But the situation is not so hopeless. There is fourth method of settling the difficulty, of which the "People" seems never to have heard,—the method of passive resistance, the most potent weapon ever wielded by man against oppression. Power feeds on its spoils, and dies when its victims refuse to be despoiled. They can't persuade it to death, they can't vote it to death, they can't shoot it to death, but they can always starve it to death. When a determined body of people, sufficiently strong in numbers and force of character to command respect and make it unsafe to imprison them, shall agree to quietly close their doors in the faces of the tax-collector and the rent-collector, and shall, by issuing their own money in defiance of legal prohibition, at the same time cease paying tribute to the money-lord, government, with all the privileges which it grants and the monopolies which it sustains, will go by the board. Does the "People" think this impracticable? I call its attention, then, to the vast work that was done six years ago in Ireland by the old Irish Land League, in defiance of perhaps the most powerful government on earth, simply by shutting the door in the face of the rent-collector alone. Within a few short months from the inauguration of the "No-Rent" policy landlordry found itself upon the verge of dissolution. It was at its wits' end. Confronted by this intangible power, it knew not what to do. It wanted nothing so much as to madden the stubborn peasantry into becoming an actively belligerent mob which could be mowed down with Gatling guns. But, barring a paltry outbreak here and there, it was impossible to goad the farmers out of their quiescence, and the grip of the landlords grew weaker every day.

"Ah! but the movement failed," I can hear the "People" reply. Yes, it did fail; and why? Because the peasants were acting, not intelligently in obedience to their wisdom, but blindly in obedience to leaders who betrayed them at the critical moment. Thrown into jail by the government, these leaders, to secure their release, withdrew the "No-Rent Manifesto," which they had issued in the first place not with any intention of freeing the peasants from the burden of an "immoral tax," but simply to make them the tools of their political advancement. Had the people realized the power they were exercising and understood the economic situation, they would not have resumed the payment of rent at Parnell's bidding, and today they might have been free. The Anarchists do not propose to repeat their mistake. That is why they are devoting themselves entirely to the inculcation of principles, especially of economic principles. In steadfastly pursuing this course regardless of clamor, they alone are laying a sure foundation for the success of the revolution, though to the "People" of San Francisco, and to all people who are in such a devil of a hurry that they can't stop to think, they seem to be doing nothing at all.

T.

Beauties of Labor Politics.

John Swinton reminds his readers that the supply of presidential timber for the next campaign is now in order. He invites suggestions. Some have responded, but none have pleased him. It is a curious fact that the name of the man who in the not very distant past caused so much exultation and enthusiasm in the ranks of labor and so much confusion and impotent fury in the counsels of the great body of plunderers and drones is occurring to no one of these people. In vain will the impartial observer seek to explain to himself this sudden desertion of Henry George,—the new prophet who "lighted a sun" when he broached his land-value-tax scheme. The truth of politics is stranger than fiction, and "labor" politics, though still in its infancy, is already displaying unmistakable signs of great art and genius. There is a future full of glorious promise for the labor party, and I call for three cheers in its honor.

Labor party, did I say? I apologize; labor parties: for there are two in full swing, with hopeful prospects of another addition before long. There is the Union

Labor Party, standing on the platform of "everything in general and nothing in particular," and appropriately representing the hosts of labor who are sure they want something, but can't tell what; and there is the "George" party with the platform: "Tax us and make us happy, and Henry George knows all about it." These parties are holding conventions, organizing, and preparing to save the country. But their most valuable work consists in furnishing useful information about each other, and thereby enabling us to choose between them and decide with which we should cast our lot. Thus we learn from "John Swinton's Paper" that the managers and leaders of the "George" party are traitors and selfish schemers, whose policy is "rule or ruin," who antagonize the Union Labor Party through jealousy and personal ambition, and who, in the last campaign, made disgraceful and shameful bargains with the enemy, the hirelings of monopoly and jobbery. But how about the integrity, honesty, and reliability of the Union Labor Party? The New York "Leader" has nothing but sneers and cutting sarcasms for it. We are informed that, as a "labor" party, it is of no consequence whatever, but that there can be no doubt as to the part some of its moving spirits have played in the last campaign, when they tried to sell labor votes to Hewitt. . . .

Thunder and lightning! Are these the parties that feel it to be their mission to reform and remedy the abuses of the corrupted old parties? What remains for the sovereign American voter who, ballot in hand (for vote he *must*), is unable to determine whether he needs more to be saved from his friends than from his enemies? Ah! there is still some loyalty and moral worth left in the labor world. Powderly is the man, the conservative, practical, "American," sober-minded Powderly, and that solid and respectable element whom he represents,—these are the true friends of reform. Alas! even this last idol is cruelly smashed and shattered by pitiless reality. An official circular, duly issued, signed, and sealed, from an assembly of Knights, squarely accuses Powderly of being a tool of monopoly and charges him with treason and corruption. Poor Powderly! The pathetic and deeply touching scene at the convention, when he so nobly manifested his overflowing devotion to the American flag, seems to have been utterly lost on his ungrateful and unpatriotic followers. All this, however, is quite natural. There is no room for surprise in the world of politics. But, as the American citizen *will* vote, I would here nominate a ticket which has at least the merit of being bold, and on which all political parties, labor as well as capital, which, whatever their pretended differences, have at bottom one common purpose,—to deny liberty and perpetuate one or another form of spoliation,—can cordially unite.

For president of the United Despotisms: Jay Gould.
For vice-president: Jacob Sharp.

Platform of the consolidated political parties: "The people be damned."

As to all the offices at the government's disposal, they can be filled indiscriminately, for, whether "labor" or "capital" politicians get there, the platform is sure to be successfully carried out.

V. YARROS.

False Friends of Individual Liberty.

The Builders of Chicago, in their warfare upon the unions, profess to be the only original and Simon pure defenders of individual liberty. In a long proclamation recently issued they conclude with the following spread-eagle peroration:

Individual liberty is the dearest possession of the American people. We intend to stand by it and protect it in every emergency, and to our mind there has never been before presented an occasion more significant and decisive than the present, and in doing all we can to maintain it we feel that we are fighting, not for our own selfish ends alone, but for the welfare and protection of every individual in the land.

Individual liberty is not incompatible with associations, and associations are not incompatible with individual liberty. On the contrary, they should go hand in hand. We call upon all to sustain us in maintaining all that is good and in defeating all that is bad in this difficult problem of labor.

Liberty is our watchword, and this struggle is but a continuation of that endeavor which began a hundred years ago, when the little band of patriots at Concord bridge fired that

shot heard round the world, which was the first blow in establishing American independence.

J. M. BLAIR,
EDWARD E. SCRIBNER,
WILLIAM H. SAYWARD,
JOHN H. TUCKER,

Executive Board of the National Association of Builders.

So far, good; let us see how far they are willing to go in their virtuous endeavor to secure liberty. Does liberty exist where rent, interest, and profit hold the employee in economic subjection to the legalized possessor of the means of life? To plead for individual liberty under the present social conditions, to refuse to abate one jot of the control that legalized capital has over individual labor, and to assert that the demand for restrictive or class legislation comes only from the voluntary associations of workmen is not alone the height of impudence, but a barefaced jugglery of words.

The workman wants liberty to acquire a piece of land for a home, but he finds himself disinherited from man's birthright, unless he pays toll to some one who claims that a parchment title-deed has conferred upon him the sole right to dispose or to hold this land as he may see fit. And he himself by his labor has increased the value of the land he desires to purchase, for the pressure of population and increasing demand in a manufacturing community inevitably raises the price. In short, land values are a social product, of which only the legalized holder reaps the benefit. If the community had to pay a direct tax to the possessor of land instead of the present indirect tax in the form of rent, it is likely the National Association of Builders, or some other, would see the point, and pierce our ears with their vehement denunciations of this invasion of their individual liberty. Let them stand by their own logic, and denounce as infamous the great National Association that, through the process of legalization, renders a social product—land values—a monopoly for a few. Let the disinherited have a taste of individual liberty as well as the privileged landlords, and there will be less ground for dispute in the building trades. Individual liberty would settle the difficulty, if not their Association also.

Again, has the workman individual liberty to compete with the master builder? Can a union enter the market on equal terms with the great capitalist? The thought is absurd. But why not? Because behind the capitalist, as we know him today, privilege stands as support. To be consistent in asserting individual liberty, the Builders should repudiate that National Association that, through legalization, confers privilege and power upon capital,—that transforms the fruits of honest industry into a hideous Moloch which stands with outstretched arms to receive as sacrificial victims the toilers who made that capital possible. Capital in itself is man's best friend, the true saviour that opens the march of progress and that has transformed society into peaceable pursuits. But under the blasting hand of legalization, where privilege sits entrenched and mocks at penury and want, its mission is thwarted. As Satan is said to have been once an angel of light, so, in this denial of individual liberty to credit, capital has become a demon of hell. Be logical, gentlemen, and assert individual liberty for credit,—free banking,—and protest against the shackles which deprive you of this inalienable right.

Yet again, if they would have men enjoy individual liberty,—and they say, "we intend to stand by it and protect it in every emergency,"—where will they stand on the profit system? If they succeed in securing liberty "in every emergency," necessarily all restrictions cease. Privilege and restriction are the antitheses of each other; the one implies the presence of the other. Their own logic leads them, as we have seen, to the denial of exclusive privilege or monopoly of land or money,—that is, if they are consistent and understand the meaning of the words they use so flippantly. Individual liberty and chartered rights cannot coexist; Liberty and Authority are as directly antithetical as God and Devil. Consequently, when these Anarchistic Builders, provided they escape the clutches of Chief Ebersold and Clubber Bonfield, shall have established individual liberty, the profit-system must necessarily fall, for, under the absence of privilege and

restriction, freedom of trade and commerce, of production and distribution, would at once adjust itself to the minimum expense, and cost would necessarily become the limit of price.

As water ever seeks a level, and whatever may be the obstacles placed against its flow, the law holds good, so trade and industry are ever seeking freedom to flow where natural conditions indicate they should. It is not what liberty we still possess that is the fault, but the enforced restrictions which render that liberty as unreal as a scarecrow would be if labelled goddess of liberty. If the Master Builders want liberty, let them assist in removing all restrictions, and all the tyrannies of a "walking delegate," the necessity for limiting apprentices, and the arbitrariness of trade-unions will vanish as the morning mist before the rising sun.

Come out, gentlemen, and cease to be Anarchists in disguise. Thomas Paine said in his "Rights of Man" that:

It is a perversion of terms to say that a charter gives rights. It operates by a contrary effect,—that of taking rights away. Rights are inherently in all the inhabitants, but charters, by annulling those rights in the majority, leave the right by exclusion in the hands of a few. If charters were constructed so as to express in direct terms "that every inhabitant who is not a member of a corporation shall not exercise the right of voting," such charters would, in the face, be charters, not of rights, but of exclusion. The effect is the same under the form in which they now stand; and the only persons on whom they now operate are the persons whom they exclude.

As apostles of individual liberty, the Builders should recognize this, and pave the way for their own extinction as "bosses" by carrying their logic to its legitimate conclusions.

No man or body of men can demand individual liberty and consent to the least modification of that liberty. Individual liberty and free competition are identical. Individual liberty means complete freedom of trade and industry; neither the employer nor employee can have "rights" which give him the least economic power over his fellow man. If the Builders believe that some restriction, some legalized or chartered right, should be preserved, they are enemies of liberty, and should take their stand in some of the various schools of State Socialism, anywhere on the scale between Bismarck at one end and Laurence Gronlund at the other. The adherents of each, and of all intermediate schools, unite in decrying individual liberty as utopian, except, like the Builders, where they are personally interested.

DYER D. LUM.

The junior editor of "Lucifer" repudiates all responsibility for the gossip about my private affairs which appeared in its columns, and admits that its publication was a "great outrage" upon me. On this point, then, he is excused. But the senior editor, Mr. Harman, aggravates the offence by defending it. And even the junior editor pleads impulse and feeling in behalf of the writer. This is a foreign consideration. The article in question proved the writer to be a person much too contemptible for notice. My grievance is against the editor, whom I once thought of as a man who would not allow his impulses to betray him into indecency. Whatever he may do hereafter, I should be foolish to complain, for I know now what to expect. In our attitude towards men much depends upon this question of expectation. When Elisée Reclus, for instance, celebrated the illegal union of his daughters to the young men of their choice by a banquet given to friends and relatives, I was agreeably surprised at finding him so far advanced, and I referred to the matter approvingly. Reclus, so far as I knew, had no previous record on this subject. Mr. Walker now wants to know why I approved Reclus' course and denounced his. One reason is that from Mr. Walker I was prepared for the best and did not get it. But there is another and more important distinction. Reclus was nowhere guilty of the one and only thing which I have condemned in Mr. Walker as a betrayal of Anarchistic principle,—namely, the setting-up of legal marriage as a realization of this principle. Of Mr. Walker's publication of his sexual relations I have spoken simply as a piece of folly; in my first article I expressly

stated that that in itself should not deprive him of Anarchistic support against the interfering State. But Mr. Walker reminds me that I commanded Reclus even in this particular, and I am very willing to admit that, in speaking of "M. Reclus's wise example," I did not discriminate as carefully as I should have done. For this there were two reasons: first, my mind was dwelling entirely on Reclus's rebellion against legality; second, in 1882, when I wrote the words quoted, I did not have so strong a sense as I have now of the essential indelicacy which a man and woman commit when they announce from the housetop with a flourish of trumpets that they are about to sleep together.

Because I characterized as silly E. C. Walker's determination to stay in jail rather than pay costs, he ironically infers that "an entirely different principle was involved when Mr. Tucker went to jail rather than pay his tax." The difference is real, despite Mr. Walker's irony, though not so much in principle as in circumstances. My resistance to taxation stood on its own merits. Mr. Walker's resistance to costs occurred in an affair where he had already surrendered to the State by setting up a defence of legality, not confessedly as a device by which to slip from a tyrant's clutches, but professedly as a vindication and actualization of Anarchism in love relations. The silliness consisted in posing as a combatant after such an ignominious surrender, in straining at a gnat after swallowing a camel.

How many readers of Liberty would like a fine cabinet photograph of Lysander Spooner at fifty cents? Let all who would immediately send in their orders accompanied by the money, so that I may decide how many to print from the negative. Those who delay in ordering may have to pay a higher price. All receipts above photographer's charges will be contributed to the Spooner Publication Fund.

A Jumped-At Conclusion.

My dear Tucker:

In your Liberty of May 28 I find this:

The insinuation of the "Truth Seeker" that she [Mrs. E. D. Slenker] may be insane is a shameful insult. If that paper would put her in an insane asylum because it differs with her, I cannot see why it should combat the position of banker Truestell of Syracuse, who would like to imprison Anarchists because he differs with them.

Allow me space to say that I did not say, nor insinuate, nor do I think, that Mrs. Slenker should be put in an insane asylum. Neither did I say that Mrs. Slenker is insane. My words were: "Medical men assure us that people may be perfectly sane on all but one subject, but be verging upon insanity regarding that one." That is to say, people may dwell upon one subject so long, almost excluding all others, that it becomes with them a mania, and they become "cranks" upon it: such kind of folks were Jesus Christ, Mother Ann Lee, Mohammed Hashem, Lewis the Light, John the Baptist, and others. Mrs. Slenker confesses to have gone to extreme lengths upon a subject possessing her whole being. Nevertheless, that was her right, and so long as she did not invade others' rights by forcing her "information" upon them, she is morally guiltless. I have said this before, and shall probably have occasion to say it again, and I do not care to have your misrepresentation taken as my judgment in this case by those who read Liberty and not the "Truth Seeker."

Yours very truly, E. M. MACDONALD.

[There is no pertinence in Editor Macdonald's words, as quoted by himself, except as they hint at the insanity of Mrs. Slenker, and the effect of them is to give additional excuse for her persecution. There is no more reason for classing her with Mother Ann Lee because she makes one idea prominent than for classing Mr. Macdonald with Lewis the Light. If monomania in that sense constitutes madness, we are all lunatics. Macdonald's red rag is the Christian Church. Mine is the political State. Mrs. Slenker's is a depraved husband. Comstock's is a naked woman. In settling our rights it is not a question which of us is the craziest, but which of us observes the equality of others. Were Macdonald to be prosecuted for blasphemy, he would resent, and very properly, the conduct of any friend who should make the same remark about him that he has made about Mrs. Slenker. I do not doubt that he intends to stand for her rights. My complaint is that in doing so he has incidentally contributed a stone to the foundation of her persecution.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

THE POLITICAL THEOLOGY OF MAZZINI

AND

THE INTERNATIONAL.

By MICHAEL BAKOUNINE,

MEMBER OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WORKING-PEOPLES.

Translated from the French by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 100.

Therefore there is but one means of saving Europe,—the civilization of Asia. Such is the inevitable consequence of this law of solidarity which unconsciously unites all humanity, and which makes the destiny of each individual dependent upon that of his whole nation and the destiny of each nation upon that of all nations and tribes, of all human collectivities, in a word, large or small, which all together constitute humanity.

Civilize Asia! That is easy to say, but difficult to do; to civilize it in a manner to render it not only inoffensive, but useful to and in sympathy with the liberty and humanity of Europe! In official and officious regions, as well as in all circles where conservatism, doctrinarianism, and *bourgeois* authoritarianism prevail, much is said about civilization; indeed, today they talk of nothing else. But what is called civilization in such circles is pure barbarism, only refined and perfected in the direction of organization and not in that of the humanization of destructive and brutal forces. Civilization in this sense signifies exploitation, subjection, slavery, if not extermination. Bismarck, Thiers, the three emperors of Europe, the Pope, the Sultan, all the statesmen, all the generals, of Europe, are the knights of this civilization.

It is a long time since England especially, but Russia also, undertook this work of the civilization of Asia. The principal means are, first, conquest, and then commerce and religious propagandism. I have just said what I think of conquest. Of these three means commerce is doubtless the most efficacious. It brings Asia and Europe together by the exchange of their products, and by this means even establishes between them a commencement of real solidarity. The peaceful invasion of European merchandise must necessarily carry with it—very slowly, it is true—the successive introduction at least of some of the customs and habits of European life; but with these customs and habits are indissolubly bound up certain ideas, certain sentiments, and certain social relations, heretofore unknown in Asia; surely, insensibly, Asia is being penetrated by at least a few drops of that *human respect* of which she is utterly ignorant and which is the true, the only foundation of all morality and civilization.

Of reverence or of divine worship, which Mazzini preaches to us, probably to take us back to Asia, she has had only too much. All the religions which today still afflict the human world were born in Asia, not even excepting the new religion of Mazzini, which is in reality, as I shall presently demonstrate, only a very strange eclectic collection of Chinese, Brahministic, Buddhistic, Jewish, and Christian principles,—and if we should search thoroughly, we should find Mohammedanism also, the whole sprinkled with Platonic metaphysics and Catholicico-Danteistic theosophy. But what has been always lacking in Asia, the complete absence of which properly constitutes Asiatic brutality, is human respect. The life of man, his dignity, his liberty, count for nothing there. All that is pitilessly crushed in blood and fire by God, by castes, by the principle of authority, by the State. Nowhere can we see more clearly that these two principles, these two pestilent historical fictions,—God and the State,—are the intellectual and moral source of all slavery; whence it follows that, from the point of view of intellectual and moral propagandism, what must be done first of all to emancipate Asia is to destroy in its popular masses faith in any authority, whether divine or human.

In the Christian propagandism exercised today on so large a scale in China, in Cochinchina, in Japan, in the East Indies, and in Tartary, by the French Jesuits, by the Protestant Bibles of England and America, and by the Russian Popes, really capable of civilizing, of emancipating Asia, intellectually and morally? The question is answered decidedly in the negative by the facts. For almost three centuries already has Christianity, represented at first by the Portuguese missionaries, later by the Jesuits, and, beginning with the past century, by the English Protestants, tried to Christianize China, Japan, and the Indies. Vain efforts! At most they have succeeded in making some hundreds of thousands of men accept a few religious ceremonies, a few Christian rites; an absolutely external conversion, for not a single spark of the Christian spirit has entered into these souls. Mohammedanism, much better adapted, it seems, to these rude natures, at once contemplative and violent, idle in their daily lives, but destructive and furious when aroused under the impulse of any passion whatsoever, seems to carry on today a propagandism much more extensive and real than that of Christianity. As for Christianity, it has made a complete failure in the East. One would say that, after having vomited it from its breast, the East wishes to hear no further mention of it. This is so true that the few primitive churches which remain, either in Syria or in Armenia or in Abyssinia, are dying of inanition . . .

But even supposing that either Christianity or Mohammedanism should finish by spreading throughout the East, would this be a real progress for civilization, in the *human sense* of the word, the only one which, as we have just seen, can avert the horrible danger with which the Eastern world menaces the liberty of Europe? Have not these two religions for a fundamental principle, as well as all the other religions which have sprung from the East like themselves, the belief in divine authority and consequently in human slavery? I think I have no need to demonstrate it for Mohammedanism; but has not Christianity itself, whatever form it may take, Roman Catholic, Greek Catholic, or Protestant, always been contrary to liberty? I very well know that I may be pointed to the examples of a part of Switzerland, of Holland, of England, and of the United States of America,—not of Germany, I hope,—as proof, in opposition to what I have just stated, that Protestantism has established liberty in Europe. This is a great error. It is the economic, material emancipation of the *bourgeois* class on the one hand, and on the other its necessary accompaniment, the intellectual, anti-Christian, and anti-religious emancipation of this class, which, in spite of Protestantism, have created that exclusively political and *bourgeois* liberty which is today easily confounded with the grand, universal, human liberty, which only the proletariat can create, because its essential condition is the disappearance of those centres of authority called States, and the complete emancipation of labor, the real base of human society.

Moreover, is not the present state of Europe an evident proof of the absolute incapacity of Christianity to emancipate men and to organize society according to justice,—what do I say?—to even inspire their political and social acts with a somewhat human character? Europe counts today nearly a dozen centuries of Christianity and three centuries of Protestantism. What is its last official word today? The veracity of the Popes, the liberalism and humanity of the Mouravies, the Thiers, and the Bismarcks. Imagine all these great men, accompanied by their priests, their clerks, their generals, and their officers, not forgetting their great

manufacturers, their great merchants, their bankers, reigning as sovereigns in Asia in the name of a Christian civilization, acquiring renewed strength in the Divine sources of the old Oriental slavery! It would be then that Europe and humanity with her would be lost.

It is clear that, in the absence of a truly human and moral principle, there remains to the Europe of today, official and *bourgeois*, only one means of civilizing the East,—namely, commerce. The needs of the world's commerce have succeeded in overthrowing today all the walls with which the East had surrounded herself in the interest of her immobility and conservatism. Railroads are being built in the Indies, they will necessarily be built, sooner or later, in Asia Minor, in Persia, in Tartary, and in the Chinese Empire itself. Telegraph lines already bind Japan, the Indies, and Pekin itself with Europe and America. All this introduces the commodities and with them the social relations of Europe at the remotest points; all this tends to destroy the fatal stagnation of the Orient.

The Orient, these eight hundred millions of men asleep and enslaved which constitute two-thirds of humanity, will be forced to awake and put itself in motion. But in what direction and to what end? Behold the terrible question on the solution of which the whole future of humanity in Europe depends. Is commerce, as it is carried on today, capable of humanizing the East? Alas! no.

It enriches many commercial houses in Europe, it increases the accumulated riches of a much more limited number of great merchants in the East, but it does nothing for the amelioration of the wretched economic situation or for the social, political, intellectual, and moral emancipation of the populations of the East. How should it, since it does not and cannot do this for those of Europe? The commerce of England is certainly superior to that of all other countries in the world. But the economic situation of the English proletariat and especially of the peasantry is miserable. In London alone there are almost a hundred thousand individuals who do not know what they will eat tomorrow, and the fact of able workmen seeking, but not finding, work has become a common and daily fact in this richest and most prosperous of all the countries in the world.

Eastern commerce cannot civilize, cannot humanize the countries of the East for this simple reason, if for no other,—that it is founded principally on the misery and slavery of the people, a slavery and misery which are the principal foundation of the cheapness of Eastern goods, the importation of which into Europe enriches exclusively the great commercial houses of Europe.

From all this does it follow that the present Europe is absolutely incapable of civilizing or humanizing the East? Yes, it would have to be said, if there had not recently appeared a fact of the extremest importance, which opens new prospects for the civilization of the East. I refer to those hundreds of thousands of Chinese laborers who, pushed on by the surplus population of the Celestial Empire, are going to seek their bread today in remote countries, principally in Australia and California. They are very badly received and looked upon by the American workmen. This is very natural: accustomed to a miserable existence, they can sell their labor much cheaper and make a competition very dangerous to the labor of American workmen. On the other hand, habituated from their infancy to the hardest slavery—since that is the foundation of the religion of the East—and to bad treatment of all kinds, they are welcomed by the employers with double favor. The employers of America, as well as those of Europe and, in general, all men who are put in a position of command, are naturally more or less despots; they love the slavery of their laborers and they detest their revolts; this is in the nature of things.

The Chinese laborers are sober, patient, servile, and skilful. These are precious qualities to employers. But by these very qualities they degrade, not only with regard to wages, but morally, with regard to human dignity, the labor and consequently also the whole economic and social position of the laborers of America, from which results the growing hatred of the latter for the Chinese laborers. We know that in California monster meetings are held with a view to the expulsion of these Oriental slaves from the sacred soil of liberty.

This is not easy. Hundreds of thousands of workmen, organized in secret societies for protection against the persecutions of American workmen, are not to be driven across the ocean at a day's notice. Neither is it desirable, for this is perhaps the only way which the force of events and the necessities of international production have opened for the real civilization of the East. The presence and the competition of these Chinese laborers is doubtless very inconvenient, today, for the laborers of America, but it is salutary for China, for these hundreds of thousands of Chinese laborers are serving today in Australia and California their apprenticeship in liberty, dignity, rights, and human respect. We have already seen that, following the example set by American workmen, they have struck on several occasions for an increase of wages and an amelioration of the conditions of their work.

This is the first step in the path of human and real emancipation; this is the apprenticeship of humanity, of its foundation, of its aim, of its thought, of the only road to its emancipation, of its force,—“the foundation of human liberty and human dignity on emancipated and solidary labor by the collective revolt of the working masses, organized, not by the efforts of directors, guardians, or any official leaders whatever, but by the spontaneous action of the laborers themselves, with a view to the emancipation of labor and of human right, and thereby constituting the solidarity of each and all in society.”

The revolt of the laborers and the spontaneous organization of human solidary labor through the free federation of the workingmen's groups! This, then, is the answer to the enigma which the Eastern Sphinx forces us today to solve, threatening to devour us if we do not solve it. The principle of justice, liberty, and equality by and in solidary labor which is agitating today the working masses of America and Europe must penetrate the East equally and completely. The salvation of Europe is to be had only at this price, for this is the true, the only constitutive principle of humanity, and no people can be completely and solidarily free in the human sense of the word, unless all humanity is free.

To conclude:

It is not enough that the Latin, Celtic, German, and Anglo-German West of Europe should emancipate itself and form a grand Federative Republic founded on emancipated and solidarily organized labor. That this constitution may be enduring it is indispensable that the whole Slavic, Grecian, Turkish, Magyaric, Tartarie, and Finnish East of Europe should emancipate itself in the same way and form an integral part of this Federation. Nor will it suffice for humanity to triumph in Europe, America, and Australia. It must also penetrate the dark and divine East, and expel therefrom the last vestige of Divinity. Triumphant in Africa and especially in Asia, it must drive from its last refuges this cursed principle of authority, with all its religious, political, economic, and social consequences, in order that in its place human liberty, founded solely on solidary labor, scientific reason, human respect, justice, and equality, may triumph, develop, and become organized.

Such is the final object, such the absolute morality, of the humanity which Mazzini vainly seeks in his God, and which we materialists and atheists look upon as the constitutive principle, as the fundamental, natural law, of the human race.

THE END.

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

Papa's Own Girl in Topolobampo.

I have just finished reading "Papa's Own Girl," that novel of Marie Howland's which forms so important a part of the propaganda of the Credit Foncier. Truly there is much to praise in this little book. It is refreshing to read "a novel with a purpose," so clear-cut, simple, and straightforward, yet dainty, natural, and really charming withal. Some very hearty, full-blooded creations of fancy move through its pages, talking to each other, and to the reader, for all the world like human beings,—a thing rare enough in fiction to make a note of.

"Papa's own girl" was, to the best of her knowledge and ability, all that a fancier in reform girls could desire; and "Papa" himself, I rejoice to see, knew enough to swear when he was mad. Now I don't approve of getting mad; far from it; 'tis a waste and ridiculous excess,—an insanity, mostly; but, when a fellow is mad, there is no other way given among men by which he can so easily, harmlessly, and ornamenteally shoot himself off into the air as by delivering a volley of good, mouth-filling oaths. Swearing balances the circulation, expands the chest, and cultivates the voice and the imagination. 'Tis refreshing, romantic, poetical, historical, mythological, and—Ingersollian. Selah! I tell you seriously, my brethren, beware of the man who never swears. The chances are that the poison of wrath he has bottled up has cankered there till he is rotten within. This is plainly, though covertly, a free-love novel. To be sure there is marriage in it, but it seems to be of the "autonomistic" gender (neither he, she, nor it), and the whole code of its sexual ethics is after the order of liberty. Thus Dr. Forest makes kisses a part of his treatment for his lorn lady patients. Pretty Susie, being unfortunate enough, like some other not-wisely loving young ladies, to entertain an angel (baby) unawares, does not, like so many other conventionally "ruined" girls, make her ruin real by marrying the cause of it. And black Dinal comforts her with the somewhat startling consolation: "Dem accidents will happen mos' all de time!" Remark the doctor's talk with his wife and daughter previous to Clara's wedding:

Women are beginning to see that they are slaves in one sense. They are not permitted, legally or morally, to dispose of their affections according to their tastes. When a man assassinates one whom his wife regards too favorably to please him, he is generally acquitted by the courts. Common sense would show that the wife had sufficient interest in the matter to be consulted; but honor does not admit her rights. . . . Now, some of the best women in the world, and I believe the majority of all that ever lived, have been attracted, in a greater or less degree, by other men than their husbands. What will you do with the facts?

And so on. Observe, too, that Clara does not leave her husband because another woman has a place in his affections, but because she, herself, has none. Not jealousy, but eviction, sends her forth. And, finally, she contemns the law by marrying Frauenstein contrary to the order of the court. And even the Count declares that "all children must be legitimate," which is a neat enough sentiment, though, in it, he confounds legitimacy and right just like any ordinary *no-count* mortal.

In view of all this, what would be the status of "papa's own girl" in Topolobampo, should she advocate and apply "papa's" ideas there? Suppose she as falling in love with A. K. Owen,—what then? The "one law" of Topolobampo enacts marriage, and for her to love two men at the same time would be an intolerable horror. Evidently "papa's own girl," with her papa's notions, would be badly out of place in this one-horse heaven, where even Cupid has to submit to "directors." By the way, are not these directors some kin to the surgical instruments of that name,—mere arbitrary grooves, along which the tenetome of tyranny slides to the more effectual severing of all natural ties?

The ideas of this book on temperance are notable. Everybody seems to believe in moderate drinking; but when this leads to its not infrequent result and Dan becomes a sot, the ladies turn out and run a "Crusade" at the saloons. Prohibition is spoken of approvingly, and liquor-selling is prohibited in the Social Palace. Yet, right on top of all this, we are introduced to this remarkably homeopathic remedy for intemperance,—teach the children to drink wine and water. Ye gods! what a muddle! Wine-bibbing, "cognac in *cafe noir*," inebriacy, crusades, prohibition, and "hair of the dog to cure the bite." This remedy must be a new form of the vaccination craze. When you get to Mexico, Marie Howland, the "Greasers" will teach you a new trick,—having the babies smoke at their mother's breast. This undoubtedly destroys all immoderate craving for nicotine in after life; so just add the cigarette to the weak wine and water. But there is one thing that disturbs my faith. I was not suckled on weak wine and water; I doubt if I have imbibed a gallon of wine in my whole life; I have never even tasted whisky, brandy, gin, or "cognac in *cafe noir*"; and yet at the mature age of thirty years I find myself without craving for stimulants or narcotics, and can discover no symptoms of inebriacy or *delirium tremens*. Peculiar, isn't it?

What is the moral of this to Anarchists tempted to settle in Topolobampo? Just this. There the community is responsible for the health of its members, therefore controls their habits. If you are a plumb-line teetotaler, your chil-

dren might be compelled to use weak wine and water. If a hygienist, you might have to submit to vaccination and drugging; and, if not a hygienist, might find vaccination forbidden and have to submit to nauseous diet and swear-worthy soakings. If loving a fragrant Habana or social glass, you might find—as at present—their sale prohibited and their use "in every way discouraged" ("Credit Foncier," No. 36). And if "Papa's own girl" happens to have an instinctive affection for dogs,—those gentle, brown-eyed, demi-human quadrupeds,—she would do well to avoid Topolobampo, where prohibition is so popular that even dogs are prohibited. It would do her no good to quote the Scripture, "Love me, love my dog." This "dog-gone" law is equally operative against dogs, drinks, and "*bulld-headed eastern tenderfeet*" (curious pedals, those, it seems to me). Wonder if they would seem less contemptibly "tender" if vibrated judiciously beneath Mr. Owen's royal coat tails. A. K. Owen hath spoken it, and all the people have said, "Amen!"

Therefore, comrades, keep out of Topolobampo.

And even in Mrs. Howland's ideal palace, where Liberty (like a *mene, mene, tekel upharsin*) is blazoned on the wall, education is compulsory, and the poor workmen are to pay back the cost of their home with *six per cent. interest*. At least that is a not unwarranted assumption from the Count's speeches. What right had this man, who by his own confession did not honestly own more than \$500, the rest of his money having been obtained by the robberies of speculation or by inheritance from other robbers, to six one-hundredths of all the hard earned savings of these people for fifteen years? What right had he to more than an equitable compensation for labor performed? If he had no equitable title to his wealth, why did he not hasten to make what restitution might be in his power, and return the money to the poor, from whence it came? There would have been no "charity," only an indirect and tardy justice, had he given the palace to these people outright. And how much of this palace could an individual call his *own*, after he had worked hard for a share and more than paid for it?

One of the most unconsciously natural touches in this book is where the Count makes his first speech to his workmen. Just such a condescending, awkward, sure-to-be-applauded-as-eloquent speech as such a man might be expected to make. The jackanapes has even the impudence to tell these honest workmen that he is an aristocrat, and proud of his disgraceful title.

Frauenstein is about the only miscarriage in the book. He appears to "the reader with the penetrating eye" very different from what the fond fancy of Marie Howland would paint him.

Finally, on the fly-leaf of this book I find an "ad" of the Credit Foncier, from which I extract:

Its colonists are to be known as "*constructionists*" and "*individualists*," in contradistinction to a branch of socialists who favor *destruction* and *communism*. . . . It asks for evolution, and not for revolution; for inter-dependence, and not for independence; for co-operation, and not for competition; for equity, and not for equality; for duty, and not for liberty; for employment, and not for charity; for electricism, and not for dogma; for one law, and not for class legislation; for corporate management, and not for political control; for State responsibility for every person, at all times, and in every place, and not for municipal irresponsibility for any person, at any time, or in any place; and it demands that the common interests of the citizen—the atmosphere, land, water, light, power, exchange, transportation, construction, sanitation, education, entertainment, insurance, production, distribution, etc., etc.—"be pooled," and that the private life of the citizen be held sacred.

Fellow Anarchists, "heard ye ever the like of that now!" Topolobampo must be Thomas Paine's country,—"where Liberty is not."

J. WM. LLOYD.

GRAHAMVILLE, FLORIDA, MAY 15, 1887.

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The Spooner Memorial Meeting.

The services in memory of Lysander Spooner were held in Wells Memorial Hall, Boston, in the afternoon of Sunday, May 29, as announced in the last number of *Liberty*. The audience was not large, but very attentive, scarcely any one leaving the hall during the three hours and a half of speaking. Theodore D. Weld of Hyde Park, the anti-slavery veteran, presided, and speeches were made by Mr. Weld, Geo. W. Searle, Henry Appleton, J. M. L. Babcock, John Orvis, and E. B. McKenzie. It is of course impossible to do any justice to their addresses in *Liberty's* limited space, and therefore no attempt at it will be made, save in the case of Mr. McKenzie, who utilized so well the minute allowed him at the close that his brief tribute was especially admired. It is given here in full:

"**FRIENDS:** The life of our dead friend was an illustration of the truth of the words of Ruskin,—that the best service a man has to render his fellow-men is never tendered for pay. I have no time at this late hour to speak of Mr. Spooner's place as a legislator, as a jurist, as a financier and economist, and will only say, as he said at the grave of his friend, Edward Linton: 'He lived the life that he liked, the life that he wanted to live, and it was beautiful.'"

The following resolutions were read by Benj. R. Tucker, in behalf of the committee of arrangements, and received with enthusiastic applause:

Resolved: That Lysander Spooner, to celebrate whose life and to lament whose death we meet today, built for himself, by his half century's study and promulgation of the science of justice, a monument which no works of ours, however eloquent, can make more lasting or more lofty; that each of his fifty years and more of manhood work and warfare added so massive a stone to the column of his high endeavor that now it towers beyond our reach; but that nevertheless it is meet, for our own satisfaction and the world's welfare, that we who knew him best should place on record and proclaim as publicly as we may our admiration, honor, and reverence for his exceptional character and career, our gratitude for the wisdom which he has imparted to us, and our determination so to spread the light for which we are thus indebted that others may share with us the burden and the blessing of this inextinguishable debt.

Resolved: That we recognize in Lysander Spooner a man of intellect, a man of heart, and a man of will; that as a man of intellect his thought was keen, clear, penetrating, incisive, logical, orderly, careful, convincing, and crushing, and set forth within in a style of singular strength, purity, and individuality which needed to employ none of the devices of rhetoric to charm the intelligent reader; that as a man of heart he was a good hater and a good lover, hating suffering, woe, want, injustice, cruelty, oppression, slavery, hypocrisy, and falsehood, and loving happiness, joy, prosperity, justice, kindness, equality, liberty, sincerity, and truth; that as a man of will he was firm, courageous, tireless, obstinate, sanguine, scornful, and sure, and that all these virtues of intellect, heart, and will lay hidden beneath a modesty of demeanor, a simplicity of life, and a beaming majesty of countenance which, combined with the venerable aspect of his later years, gave him the appearance, as he walked our busy streets, of some patriarch or philosopher of old, and made him a personage delightful to meet, and beautiful to look upon.

Resolved: That, whether in his assaults upon religious superstition, or in his battle with chattel slavery, or in his challenge of the government postal monopoly, or in his vehement appeal to the Irish peasantry to throw off the dominion of privileged lords over themselves and their lands, or in his denunciation of prohibitory laws, or in his dissection of the protective tariff, or in his exposure of the balloon as an instrument of tyranny, or in his denial of the right to levy compulsory taxes, or in his demonstration that Constitutions and statutes are binding upon nobody, or in the final concentration of all his energies for the overthrow of the State itself, the cause and sustenance of nearly all the evils against which he had previously struggled, he ever showed himself the faithful soldier of Absolute Individual Liberty.

Resolved: That, while he fought this good fight and kept the faith, he did not finish his course, for his goal was in the eternities; that, starting in his youth in pursuit of truth, he kept it up through a vigorous manhood, undeterred by poverty, neglect, or scorn, and in his later life relaxed his energies not one jot; that his mental vigor seemed to grow as his physical powers declined; that, although, counting his age by years, he was an octogenarian, we chiefly mourn his death, not as that of an old man who had completed his task, but as that of the youngest man among us,—youngest because, after all that he had done, he still had so much more laid out to do than any of us, and still was competent to do it; that the best service that we can do his memory is to take up his work where he was forced to drop it, carry it on with all that we can summon of his energy and indomitable will, and, as old age creeps upon us, not lay the harness off, but, following his example and Emerson's advice, "obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime."

Mr. Tucker also read the following letter from Gertrude Kelly, which was the more highly appreciated because coming from one whose lecture in Boston last year and whose articles in *Liberty* and other papers had excited in Mr. Spooner an admiration to which he was never tired of giving voice:

Dear Mr. Tucker:

Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to bear testimony at the Memorial meeting to the wonderful value of Lysander Spooner's work to our cause, were it not that I think that the money which would be expended in going to Boston can be spent to better purpose in aiding in the publication of his unpublished manuscripts, or in increasing the circulation of those already in the market. I will cheerfully give ten dollars to be devoted to this purpose, provided that the publication be entrusted to no one who is at all liable to mar, add to, or subtract from, or in any way interfere with, Mr. Spooner's work.

In these times, when a wave of authoritarianism— if any-

thing, greater than that which swept over France at the time of its great revolution—is sweeping over all the countries of the civilized world, when all classes seem to vie with one another in demanding governmental interference, aid, and protection, it is important that the hands of those who hold aloft the torch of liberty should be well supported, in order that some light may go down to coming generations to prove that the age was not wholly dark.

Of the torch-bearers of liberty and justice in this country, none is greater or more worthy of support than Lysander Spooner. Of the beauty of his personal character, of his service to the cause of abolition, of his life-long devotion to what he conceived to be the truth, I will leave others, who had the good fortune to know him better than I, to speak; but of his services to the cause of Anarchism, to the cause of liberty and justice, I feel that I have as good a right as any other to offer my meed of praise. If Lysander Spooner had written nothing for us but his "Natural Law," it would entitle him to a place in our saints' calendar, if Anarchists may be allowed to have a saints' calendar. In this little pamphlet of twenty pages, he shows as clearly as if he had written a volume that, if there is no such thing as *natural justice*, then governments have no business to exist, as there is no such thing as justice to enforce, and all their pretences of enforcing justice are mockeries and delusions, and that, if there is such a thing as natural justice, any human legislation is wicked and absurd, — wicked if it tries to enforce any other than *natural law*, and useless, absurd, and unnecessary when it attempts to regulate and interfere with a science that is to be learned and applied like any other science. This principle might be elaborated and illustrated after the manner of Herbert Spencer; it might be shown in a thousand instances that, when justice was violated, disaster always followed, and in a thousand other instances that, when obeyed, peace and happiness reigned; but the principle could not stand out in greater clearness in a hundred volumes. Mr. Spooner takes the last step towards Anarchism, which Mr. Spencer has as yet failed to take—that is, that no collection of individuals, calling themselves a State or anything else, has any right whatsoever to compel a person to join it to protect himself from molestation.

Into the value of his "Law of Prices," "Universal Wealth," etc., and that masterpiece of research, logic, and close reasoning of the end of his days, his "Letter to Grover Cleveland," I have not space to enter. They are all, however, but applications and illustrations of the principles laid down in "Natural Law."

Though the recognition of the principles of justice and truth is not all that is necessary to morality (these principles must become part and parcel of men's natures—in other words, they must become *sentiments*—before they are effective moral agents), still the recognition of the principles of right conduct is a very important step, and the first step, towards right conduct, and this step Lysander Spooner as much as any man in our century has helped us to take. The best tribute we can pay to his memory, the best proof that we can give that we really appreciated him, is to continue, if not with the same ability, still with all the ability we possess, the work to which he devoted his life. That your meeting may help to promote this work is the ardent hope of yours sincerely,

GERTRUDE B. KELLY.
61 EAST SEVENTH ST., NEW YORK, MAY 27, 1887.

Victor Drury would probably have been among the speakers, had he not been previously engaged to speak at Minneapolis. The letter of invitation was forwarded to that city from New York, and his reply reached Boston too late to be read at the meeting. It is given below:

Dear Tucker:

Yours reached me here tonight. The news of the death of my old friend Josiah Warren, then of Edward Linton, and now of Lysander Spooner, has reached me in each case from Boston. If Boston kills more friends to true liberty, it must be that she produces more than other cities.

Lysander Spooner is dead, but his work is living, and in the work of large and true freedom few men living have accomplished half so much as our departed and greatly-regretted friend.

Vive sa mémoire!

It is impossible personally to pay a tribute to our departed friend. I simply write this to express a hope that we shall all labor to keep his memory green and to practically follow his teachings.

Truly yours,

DRURY.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., MAY 26, 1887.

At the door of the hall, upon a table attended by Josephine S. Tilton, copies of nearly all the pamphlets ever written by Mr. Spooner were exhibited for sale.

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The undersigned has purchased from the heirs of the late Lysander Spooner all his printed pamphlets and unpublished manuscripts, and proposes to the former to obtain money for the publication of the latter. The list given below includes all of Mr. Spooner's works, with the exception of five or six which are entirely out of print. Of some there are but three or four copies left, and there are stereotype plates of but few. Some may never be reprinted. Those persons who apply first will be served first. The pamphlets are catalogued below in an order corresponding closely to that of the dates of publication.

BENJ. R. TUCKER.

THE DEISTS' IMMORTALITY, and an Essay on Man's Accountability for his Belief. 1834. 14 pages. Price, 15 cents; soiled copies, 10 cents.

A QUESTION FOR THE CLERGY. A four-page tract. Price, 5 cents.

SPOONER vs. MC CONNELL ET AL. An argument presented to the United States Circuit Court, in support of a petition for an injunction to restrain Alexander Mc Connell and others from placing dams in the Maumee River, Ohio. 1839. 80 pages. Price, 25 cents.

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW RELATIVE TO CREDIT, CURRENCY, and Banking. Showing the unconstitutionality of all State laws restraining private banking and the rates of interest. 1843. 32 pages. Price, 20 cents.

THE UNCONSTITUTIONALITY OF THE LAWS OF CONGRESS Prohibiting Private Mails. Printed for the American Letter Mail Company. 1844. 24 pages. Price, 15 cents; soiled copies, 10 cents.

WHO CAUSED THE REDUCTION OF POSTAGE? OUGHT He to be Paid? Showing that Mr. Spooner was the father of cheap postage in America. This pamphlet embodies the one mentioned immediately before it in this list. 1850. 71 pages. Price, \$1.00; soiled copies, 75 cents. The same, minus the first 16 pages, which consist of a preface and a letter from Mr. Spooner to M. D. Phillips, will be furnished at 50 cents.

ILLEGALITY OF THE TRIAL OF JOHN W. WEBSTER. Containing the substance of the author's larger work, "Trial by Jury," now out of print. 1850. 16 pages. Price, 15 cents; soiled copies, 10 cents.

THE LAW OF INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY: or, an Essay on the Right of Authors and Inventors to a Perpetual Property in Their Ideas. Stitched in parts, but unbound. 1855. 240 pages. Price, \$1.25. Part I. of the same, containing 166 pages, will be furnished at \$1.00.

ADDRESS OF THE FREE CONSTITUTIONALISTS TO THE People of the United States. A refutation of the Republican Party's doctrine of the non-extension of slavery. 1860. 54 pages. Price, 25 cents; soiled copies, 15 cents.

A NEW SYSTEM OF PAPER CURRENCY. Showing its outline, advantages, security, practicability, and legality, and embodying the articles of association of a mortgage stock banking company. 1861. 122 pages. Price, 75 cents.

CONSIDERATIONS FOR BANKERS AND HOLDERS OF UNITED STATES BONDS. Showing that the author's system of paper currency cannot be legally prohibited or taxed, and that the legal tender acts and the national banking act are unconstitutional. 1864. 96 pages. Price, 75 cents; soiled copies, 50 cents.

NO TREASON.—No. I. Showing that the suppression of the rebellion finally disposed of the pretense that the United States government rests on consent. 1867. 14 pages. Price, 20 cents.

NO TREASON.—No. II. 1867. 16 pages. Price, 20 cents; soiled copies, 15 cents.

NO TREASON.—No. VI. Showing that the constitution is of no authority. 1870. 59 pages. Price, 50 cents; soiled copies, 25 cents.

A NEW BANKING SYSTEM. Showing the capacity of the country for furnishing an enormous amount of loanable capital, and how this capacity may be made operative. 1873. 77 pages. Price, 50 cents; soiled copies, 25 cents.

OUR FINANCIERS: Their Ignorance, Usurpations, and Frauds. Exposing the fallacy of the inter-convertible bond scheme, and contrasting therewith some rational conclusions in finance. 1877. 19 pages. Price, 10 cents.

THE LAW OF PRICES: a Demonstration of the Necessity for an Indefinite Increase of Money. 1877. 14 pages. Price, 10 cents; soiled copies, 5 cents.

GOLD AND SILVER AS STANDARDS OF VALUE: The Fragrant Cheat in Regard to Them. 1878. 29 pages. Price, 15 cents; soiled copies, 10 cents.

UNIVERSAL WEALTH Shown to be Easily Attainable. This pamphlet embodies "The Law of Prices," mentioned above, 1879. 23 pages. Price, 25 cents; soiled copies, 15 cents.

REVOLUTION: The Only Remedy for the Oppressed Classes of Ireland, England, and Other Parts of the British Empire. No. 1. A Reply to "Dunraven." This is the pamphlet of which the Irish revolutionary party distributed 100,000 copies among the British aristocracy and bureaucracy. 1880. 11 pages. Price, 10 cents.

NATURAL LAW: or, the Science of Justice. A treatise on natural law, natural justice, natural rights, natural liberty, and natural society; showing that all legislation whatsoever is an absurdity, a usurpation, and a crime. Part First. 1882. 21 pages. Price, 10 cents.

A LETTER TO THOMAS F. BAYARD. Challenging his right—and that of all the other so-called senators and representatives in congress—to exercise any legislative power whatever over the people of the United States.

A LETTER TO SCIENTISTS AND INVENTORS on the Science of Justice and Their Right of Perpetual Property in Their Discoveries and Inventions. 1884. 22 pages. Price, 25 cents; soiled copies, 15 cents.

A LETTER TO GROVER CLEVELAND on His False Inaugural Address, the Usurpations and Crimes of Lawmakers and Judges, and the Consequent Poverty, Ignorance, and Servitude of the People. 1886. 110 pages. Price, 35 cents.

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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER

Vol. IV.—No. 24.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1887.

Whole No. 102.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou stay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

The Avelings have gone to Australia to preach Socialism. This is good news for the Australian florists, tobacconists, theatre-managers, and hotel-keepers, but very bad news for the poor Australian laborers who will be bled to pay their bills.

I like what John Swinton says in favor of postponing the spelling reform: "Our present system of spelling is obstructive to knowledge, detestable to reason, and offensive to the eye, but we believe our modern social lazaretto can be fumigated even while it is in the ascendant."

There was a rumor abroad in Chicago the other day that the Supreme Court had decided to give the Communists a new trial, but it could not be verified or traced to its source. In the absence of more definite information, let us hope that it was not a wanton invention, but grew out of some confiding whisper of the truth.

A prominent Anarchist who is also an expert in electrical engineering writes to me as follows: "A funny example of State management has just been given in Paris. The prefect of police, an officer of the central government, has drawn up rules in regard to electric lighting in theatres, cafés, etc., which make such lighting practically impossible, and the municipality has ordered the proprietors of all such places to introduce electric lights at once."

Henry Seymour of the London "Anarchist" says that I am "very careful now to confine the application of the cost principle to exchange, whereas, if it holds good in exchange, it holds equally good in production. Directly applied to production, its absurdity becomes complete." Yes, absurd in the same sense that the differential calculus is absurd when applied to cooking one's dinner, or that the laws of logic are absurd when applied to the ejaculations of a man who has lost his reason.

Henry George thinks the New York "Sun's" claim that it is "for liberty first, last, and forever," pretty cool from a paper that supports a protective tariff. So it is. But the frigidity of this claim is even greater when it comes from a man who proposes on occasion to tax a man out of his home, and to "simplify" government by making it the owner of all railroads, telegraphs, gas-works, and water-works and so enlarging its revenues that all sorts of undreamed-of public improvements will become possible and unnumbered public officials to administer them necessary.

"Jus," the London organ of semi-individualism, combats the doctrine that surplus value—oftener called profits—belongs to the laborer because he creates it, by arguing that the horse, by a parity of reasoning, is rightfully entitled to the surplus value which he creates for his owner. So he will be when he has the sense to claim and the power to take it, for then the horse will be an individual, an ego. This sense and power the laborer is rapidly developing, with what results the world will presently see. The argument of "Jus" is based upon the assumption that certain men are born to be owned by other men, just as horses are. Thus its *reductio ad absurdum* turns upon itself; it is hoist with its own petard.

The idiocy of the arguments employed by the daily press in discussing the labor question cannot well be exaggerated, but nevertheless it sometimes makes a point on Henry George which that gentleman cannot meet. For instance, the New York "World" lately pointed out that unearned increment attaches not only to land, but to almost every product of labor. "Newspapers," it said, "are made valuable properties by the increase of population." Mr. George seems to think this ridiculous, and inquires confidently whether the "World's" success is due to increase of population or to Pulitzer's business management. As if one cause excluded the other! Does Mr. George believe, then, that Pulitzer's business management could have secured a million readers of the "World," if there had been no people in New York? Of course not. Then, to follow his own logic, Mr. George ought to discriminate in this case, as in the case of land, between the owner's improvements and the community's improvements, and tax the latter out of the owner's hands.

About Naming Things,—A Protest.

To the Editor of *Liberty*:

I have no desire to force a controversy on you that you seek to avoid; but I must protest against your dodging the issue you profess to meet squarely. You say you are willing to accept my paraphrase of Hay's lines, taking "material" in the widest possible sense. But then so can I and so can any man, Jew, Christian, Buddhist, or Stoic philosopher; and, in fact, without being a Mirabeau, I will undertake to "swallow all formulae" provided I am allowed such latitude of interpretation. You complain that Mr. Morse's objection to naming things tends to destroy language altogether; but his justification lies in this very stretching of terms until they become meaningless.

When you deny the existence of altruism as a motive, I suppose you mean to deny its existence altogether, and yet that seems too absurd a statement to attribute to you. That altruism is but a form of egoism I am in nowise called upon to deny, but that does not lessen its reality one whit. It is as true that there are people who take pleasure in securing the good of others as it is that there are some—happily not many—who delight in the torture of their fellows.

I am ready to believe that, in dying for liberty, you would be securing your own pleasure at the time, but certainly you would be sacrificing all material comfort, as words are generally used.

From the edge of harsh derision,
From discord and defeat,
From doubt and lame division,
We pluck the fruit and eat;

And the mouth finds it bitter, but the spirit sweet.

Now, my contention is that your present philosophy, when it has become more than an intellectual conception, when it has become translated into feeling, leaves nothing but the bitterness in the mouth; and hence that no one accepting it thoroughly will ever support any cause that brings on him even "harsh derision," not to speak of death. Death is never in itself pleasant; it can only appear so as a relief from intolerable pain; and when this pain is not physical, it must be evident that the true relief, according to the new philosophy, consists, not in dying, but in abandoning the ideas, the ghosts, on whose account one suffers. To die, or to make any sacrifice of material comfort, rather than abandon an idea is to render homage to a ghost.

Another point is that, according to this new philosophy, there can be no right and wrong actions; there can be at most but wise and foolish; there can be no such thing as the right of the laborer to his product,—he can have no more right to the product than to any amount, either greater or less; and, in fact, Stirner expressly declares that his "right," if we may use the term at all, is to what he can take, thus bringing the world back to

The good old rule, the simple plan,
That he shall take who has the power,
And he shall keep who can.

You are, then, obviously inconsistent (though I must admit there is no reason you should be otherwise) when you tell us that, while both are equally foolish, the New York Communists are criminals, while the Chicago Communists are honest and estimable people. You are equally inconsistent when you tell us, with an air of moral indignation, that Haskell is a convicted liar; for, translated according to your theory, this means no more than that on some occasion Haskell found, or thought he found, it to his advantage to state what was not the fact, and your profession now is that, if you found it to your advantage, you would do the same. Of course your tone would be explicable on the assumption that you sought to take advantage of the remnant of "superstition" in your readers; but such explanation would tell in favor of my argument, for it would be an evidence that each egotist would seek to keep his neighbors from becoming like himself.

In conclusion let me say that, on re-reading my last letter, I fail to see any justification for the caption you have given it. If I have asserted that egotism alone would destroy society, I have said the same of altruism. As Tak Kak has introduced mathematical comparisons, perhaps I may be pardoned a mechanical one. Egotism, then, is the tangential, and altruism the centripetal force, the composition of which keeps the individual elements of society moving in their proper orbits. Egotism alone would scatter the elements in space; altruism alone would crush them into a shapeless mass.

J. F. KELLY.

MAY 12, 1887.

[If Mr. Kelly does not like my use of the word "material," I will make it immaterial by discarding it, and will amend my offer thus: "I am perfectly willing to accept Mr. Kelly's paraphrase of John Hay's lines, leaving out the word 'material.'" This eliminates the objectionable "dodge." But "I must protest," in my turn, against Mr. Kelly's intimation that I "seek to avoid" discussing this question with him, if he means thereby that I do so through fear. That I do seek to avoid it is true, but for a different reason, which I will explain. Previous to Mr. Kelly's discussion with Tak Kak, Mr. Kelly and I had a long discussion of the same subject by private correspondence. In this correspondence it became evident that there was a hopeless misunderstanding somewhere. I think it was on Mr. Kelly's part. He doubtless thinks that it was on mine. Or else he thinks that I was hypocritical in the matter. I therefore said to him that I thought it useless to continue the discussion. He answered that he agreed with me. From that time neither of us attempted to renew it until he introduced me into his discussion with Tak Kak. The same reason which impelled me to discontinue the controversy keeps me from renewing it. But I think the subject a very important one, and am very glad to devote my columns to Mr. Kelly and Tak Kak in the hope that their controversy may end more satisfactorily than that between Mr. Kelly and myself. Far from being actuated by fear, I seldom have been compelled to put a greater strain upon my combative propensity than on this occasion, but I am sure that I should indulge it fruitlessly, and such a result would indeed "leave nothing but bitterness in the mouth." As to the caption of which Mr. Kelly complains, I can only express my regret if it failed to fit his article. Its selection was a matter of almost prayerful solicitude with me, and I was never more desirous of being accurate and just. If I failed, Mr. Kelly will avoid all danger of a repetition of such failure by furnishing his own headings hereafter.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART SECOND.

COST THE LIMIT OF PRICE:

A Scientific Measure of Honesty in Trade as One of the Fundamental Principles in the Solution of the Social Problem.

Continued from No. 101.

99. The objection that men of genius, inventors, and those who exercise callings which are purely attractive, are not provided by this principle with the means of obtaining a livelihood will be answered under another head. (174.)

100. There is another subtle and plausible objection which may be urged to this position, in relation to natural genius, talent, or skill, and which demands no little rigor of attention to detect its fallacy. It may be said that *Nature* deals with man liberally, in proportion to his endowments; that is, that she crowns with greater exuberance of results the exertions of the strong man and the wise man than she does those of the weak and the simple-minded, and hence that there can be no essential injustice in doing precisely what *Nature* herself does,—that is, in maintaining so much inequality as results from giving to each an equivalent in the products of others to the products of his own powers. If, on the contrary, a man who can produce more largely and better, from superior ability, exchanges with one who produces less abundant and inferior commodities, solely according to the intrinsic hardship or cost of the labor to each,—no reference whatever being had to the amount or quality of the products,—it is clear that the man of the highest capacity loses the advantage in the transaction which *Nature* has conferred upon him, and which seems, therefore, to be justified by the ordinances of *Nature*. It is clear that, if he gets in the exchange only so much of the products of the other as would have been the result of his own superior ability applied in that direction, he only gets what *Nature* would have given him if he had dealt directly with her. Why, then, is it not right that he should have as much advantage in the bargain as he has in the direct production?

101. The objection is here strongly put in order that it may be completely disposed of. It is answered as follows:

It is the destiny of man to rise into higher relations than those which he holds with *Nature*. When man deals with *Nature*, he is dealing with an abject servant or slave. There is no equality nor reciprocity between the parties. Man is a Sovereign and *Nature* his minister. He extorts from her rightfully whatever she can be made to yield. The legitimate business of man is the conquest and subjugation of *Nature*, and the law of superior force is the legitimate law of conquest and subjugation. But so soon as man comes into relations with his fellow-man the disproportion ceases. He is then dealing with his peers. The legitimate object of the intercourse is no longer the same. It is not now conquest and subjugation, but equipoise and the freedom of all. A higher relationship intervenes, and the balance of concurrent Sovereignties can only be established and maintained by acknowledging the law of that relationship. For the strong man, physically or intellectually, to avail himself, to his private advantage, of his superior strength, as the method of his intercourse with his fellow-men, is finally to accumulate all power in the hands of the few, and in the mean time to inaugurate the reign of discord, collision, and war.

102. This subtle but most important distinction is already practically acknowledged in a large circle of human affairs. The world is already sufficiently progressed, in civilized countries at least, to act upon this distinction between inanimate nature and rational beings, so far as relates to the immediate exertion of physical strength,—the simple force of bone and muscle directly applied. The strong man is not now justified by the common sense of right in seizing and appropriating the wealth of the weak simply because he can, while at the same time, when dealing with *Nature*, he is never reproved for compelling her to the utmost of his power over her. Right is distinguished from might with reference to men,—a distinction which, as respects *Nature*, does not exist.

103. As relates to intellectual superiority, the same distinction is likewise already acknowledged to an indefinite and fluctuating extent. The sharper is restrained from availing himself of his quickness of wit by the intervention of stringent laws and exemplary penalties. Upon what principle is that? It is the admission that man ought not,—that it is unjust or inequitable that man should use his superior mental endowments to his own private advantage, in dealing with men, while no such restriction lies upon him when dealing with *Nature*. He is bound to deal with them, contrary to the fact, precisely as if they had the same amount of strength and mental power as he has himself, or, rather, as if it were not a question of strength but of right; in the same manner as, according to the canons of international law, the large and powerful State recognizes the equal sovereignty of the smallest independent community. The law of intercourse between individual Sovereigns is the same as between the concrete Sovereignties of existing States. To commit a breach of this higher law of Sovereign peerage is to secure to the stronger party an immediate and apparent advantage, to the destruction of the less obvious but more substantial benefits resulting to both from the existence of a true social equilibrium. Such is the policy of the brigand and the pirate, who pounce upon their booty for the supply of their immediate wants,—because they can,—regardless of the fact that their practices will prove the disruption of society and end in the destruction of the very commerce upon which they prey.

104. In the intellectual sphere, the admission of this higher law has hitherto been made only up to an unascertained line. Superior talent or skill, naturally bestowed, have always been, and are still, practically recognized as giving superior right, except in the few extreme cases in which the enormity of the principle is too obvious to be overlooked, and in which the exercise of that superiority is defined by Fraud, Gambling, Swindling, or some other of the euphonious epithets by which society stigmatizes, in its ultimates, a rule of conduct which, in its more general and pervading applications, it sanctions and approves. Whenever the perception of this true law shall have been thoroughly awakened; when the public mind shall be wholly penetrated by the conviction that the employment of either physical or intellectual power, had by natural endowment, in any transaction between men, in such a manner as to gain an immediate and selfish advantage to the stronger party, is of the essential nature of fraud, swindling, and robbery,—society will rise to a new plane, and will then find a development as superior to our present civilization as that is to the savage state,—a development in which those who surrender most will as truly find their highest emolument as those who surrender least. Thus true science conducts us back, in some sense, to the sublime precept of religion: "He that would be greatest among you let him serve."

105. So far, then, as the individual consumes directly products of his own labor, he enjoys the immediate advantage of his own talent or skill, as the strong man enjoys his strength or the beautiful woman her beauty. But the moment he pro-

poses to exchange his labor with other human beings, it is the harmonic law that he shall renounce that advantage entirely, recognizing the full equality of the inferior party. To claim it is to introduce an element into the social relations as disturbing in its nature as it would be if the handsome woman were to claim of right superior rank by virtue of her beauty, or the strong man impunity from the law by virtue of his strength.

106. It is characteristic of the most progressed or humanized society that the strong recognizes the equality of the weak. Hence the constant advancement of woman in the relative scale of position,—the sinking of physical superiority before intellectual, and finally of intellectual before the spiritual, affectionate, and aesthetic. That sublime characteristic of the highest type of humanity is wholly wanting in the demand of the superior worker that the inferior shall make up the difference in excess of labor. It is preeminently exhibited, on the contrary, and the highest attainment of civilization achieved, when the basis of the exchange is shifted from the equality of products to the equality of burdens. The strong says to the weak, labor is painful and imposes a burden. It is not just between beings who hold human relations that you, who are weak, shall be required to endure a greater burden than I, who am strong. Hence we will exchange labor for labor, not according to its fruitfulness, but according to the repugnance which has to be overcome.

107. Take an illustration as between nations. A small but industrious and civilized people inhabit a country lying between the dominions of a powerful empire on one side, and hordes of treacherous savages on the other, who threaten to invade and lay waste the country. The feeble nation applies to the powerful one to extend a degree of protection over them by establishing forts upon the frontier and adding the weight of their influence in overawing the savage tribes. Assume that the cost of the aid thus rendered is equal to one million of dollars per annum, and that by estimate it saves the whole property of the weaker nation from destruction, the income upon which amounts to a hundred million of dollars. What tribute in the nature of payment shall the weaker nation render to the stronger? According to one rule, it will be an amount equal to the expenditure by the stronger. According to the other, it will be an amount equal to the benefit incurred,—namely, a yearly tribute equal to the whole products of the land. Is it not clear which is the humanitarian, courteous, or civilized basis of the transaction and which the barbarous one? According to the latter, the choice of the people whose safety is endangered lies between two sets of savages, each of whom will rob them equally of all they possess. Is it not clear, then, that the humanitarian basis of remuneration is not measured by the extent of the benefit conferred,—the *Value*,—but by the extent of the burden assumed,—the *Cost*. And is it not clear, again, in the case supposed, if the strong nation were still more powerful, so that the use of its name merely were a terror to its savage neighbors, and would suffice, with less extensive fortifications, as a mere demonstration of the *animus* to resist, or with no fortifications at all, to restrain them, that the *cost* of the defence would be decreased by such superiority of strength and weight of name, and that consequently the *price* of it should be diminished likewise, instead of being augmented thereby.

Carry out the analogy of this illustration to the case of the way in which natural talent and skill are made the basis of price in private transactions, and it will be perceived that the principle now acted on is the *barbarous* principle,—the principle of conquest and rapine,—the principle of an equality of benefits demanded between parties, one of whom is capable of conferring great benefits at slight cost, and the other only capable of conferring small ones at an equal or greater amount of cost,—a principle destructive of equality, equipoise, and harmony, and under the operation of which the weaker are inevitably crushed and devoured by the stronger, to the utter annihilation of all hope of realizing the higher and more beautiful phases of possible human society.

108. To illustrate still further. When a robust and hearty youth rises and stands, yielding his seat to a woman, an old man, or an invalid, he does so because, in consequence of his strength, it costs him less to stand,—it is less repugnant for him to do so than for the other. The *superior power* reduces the *cost*, and all refined and well-developed manhood admires the vindication of the principle involved, even while not understanding it as such. In this transaction there is no price demanded, but, if there were, it is obvious that the price to the robust man for yielding his advantage should be less than to the feeble, while upon the *value* principle it would be more. In this species of intercourse we already, then, draw the line between cultivated and advanced humanity, and barbarous or boorish humanity, precisely where these two principles diverge. With a more complete efflorescence of Humanitarian Ethics, true principle will supersede the false throughout the whole range of personal transactions. The adoption of the *Cost Principle* in commerce will not only insure the equitable distribution of wealth, and disperse the manifold evils which grow out of the pervading injustice of the existing system, but it will do more,—it will crown the common honors of life with a halo of mutual urbanity, and render the daily interchange of labor and of ordinary commodities a perpetual sacrament of fraternal affection.

109. It results, then, that the natural and necessary effect of the *Cost Principle* is to limit the relative power and advantage of the intellectually strong over the intellectually weak in the same manner as Law, Morality, Religion, Machinery, and the other appliances of civilization have already, in civilized countries, partially limited the power and neutralized the advantage of the physically strong over the physically weak, and to complete, even in the physical sphere, what Law, Morality, Religion, Machinery, and the other appliances of civilization have hitherto failed to accomplish, for the want of the more definite science of the subject.

110. But, in order to the general adoption of this regulating principle, is not the consent of the strong man indispensable as well as that of the weak? By what means shall he be persuaded to make the sacrifice of his superior advantage? Is not the appeal solely to his benevolence, and has not past experience demonstrated that all such appeals are nearly powerless against the controlling current of personal interests?

111. Certainly the concurrence of both the powerful and the feeble is alike requisite to the complete and general adoption of the Cost Principle, but that cannot be said to be necessary to commence its application. It has already been stated that the Cost Principle affords the means to the laboring classes, who are kept now in comparative weakness and ignorance, of stepping out from under the oppressions of capital and leaving it with no foundation on which to rest in its usurped superiority over labor. Hence the weak are enabled by it to cope with the strong, while the strong themselves will not long resist the innovation, for the reason that their own positive strength is also increased by the same means. It is only their relative superiority which is reduced by it. In other words, all classes will have their condition positively improved, the rich only a little less than the poor, so that the frightful inequalities of the present system will be obliterated and extinguished. An analogue of this effect is found in the material sphere, in the invention of gunpowder and firearms, for example. A pistol puts a small man and a large man upon the same footing of strength, or perhaps rather reverses it a little, as the large man presents a broader surface to the deadly aim. Still either party is a more powerful man with than without it. It serves to establish a balance

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of power, while at the same time it augments the power of both. It is the same with larger arms and larger bodies of men. Hence the pistol, the blunderbuss, and the carronade have been among the greatest civilizers of mankind. It is the same, again, with laws and the civil state which have been instituted to equalize the diversities of strength among men by substituting arbitrary rules for physical force. Like firearms and gunpowder, they are a barbarous remedy for a more barbarous evil, and will give place, in turn, with the progress of man, to the government of mere principles, accepted into and proving operative upon the individual mind.

112. In this manner the Cost Principle has in it the means of first compelling and then reconciling to its adoption those to whom the possession of superior intellectual powers or cunning, with the accumulations of capital, give now the ascendancy. This, however, only so far as such compulsion shall prove necessary. It is a grand mistake to assume, as the inclusive rule, that those who have the best end of the bargain in our present iniquitous social relations are averse to a reorganization upon the basis of justice. The ignorant and selfish among them are so, but it is among this superior class that the best and most devoted friends of the rights of man are likely to be found. The progress of the race has always been officered by leaders from among the Patricians. It is among those who gain the advantage, and are thrown to the surface and exposed to the blessed air and light of Heaven by the fluctuations of the turbulent ocean of human affairs, that the greatest development occurs; and along with development comes the sentiment of humanity and human brotherhood. The masses of men have seldom been indebted solely to themselves for what they have at any time gained. The most unbounded benevolence is often coupled with the possession of great wealth. But how often has the sentiment been repelled and made to recoil upon itself with disappointment and disgust at the results of its own efforts to benefit mankind! How often has the harsh lesson been taught to the rich and the good that the sentiment is powerless without the science,—that Love, without its complement in Wisdom, is blind and destructive of its own ends!

113. Hence, whenever a true science of society shall have been demonstrably discovered, when the means of permanent benefit to the race shall be unquestionably at hand, benevolent capitalists will assuredly be found in the first ranks of those who will concur to realize the higher results of human society, to which such knowledge is competent to conduct. The advanced and highly developed among men are always ready to sacrifice their relative superiority for the greater good of all, for no other reason than simply because they are men. Hence, again, although the Cost Principle is fully adequate to enable the poor, feeble, and oppressed classes to emancipate themselves from the oppressions of capital, it will, in practice, be put to no such strain. The future will show that the rich and poor will freely cooperate with hearty sincerity in the work of social regeneration, upon scientific and truly constructive principles.

114. It is proper at this point to show more explicitly the extension and comprehensiveness of the term *Cost*. It has been spoken of in the preceding pages chiefly as human repugnance overcome in the performance of labor. It is more accurate to define it, however, simply as *human repugnance overcome* in any transaction. It has both an active or positive, and a passive or negative, aspect, to which last a slight reference has already been had. (81.) The repugnance overcome in the actual performance of labor is the active phase of the subject, but there is also repugnance overcome in the mere sacrifice or surrender of any thing which we possess, and which we require at the time for our own convenience or happiness. This last is the passive aspect of *Cost*. Thus, for example, if I paint pictures or manufacture watches for sale, the cost, and consequently the price at which I must sell them, to deal upon the equitable principle, is the amount of labor contained in them; but, if I have in my possession—not as an article of merchandise, but for my own pleasure and convenience—a watch or a favorite painting,—say, for example, it is a present from a friend, for which reason I attach to it a particular value,—and you, taking a fancy to it, wish to induce me to part with it, then the legitimate measure of price is the amount of sacrifice which it is to me,—in other words, the degree of repugnance which I feel to surrender it, how muchsoever that may exceed the positive Cost of the article, and whatever relation it may hold to its positive Value.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 101.

"Look at him," said she, "and judge if I have not reason to fear everything from him."

For sole response, embracing his granddaughter and blessing her, Treor gave the dagger to the child!

There was urgent need: the old man now despaired completely, not only of positive success, but of their ability to longer hold Newington's forces in check. A last gust of the hurricane so lashed the sea that waves rose to the plateau and swept back with them a dozen Irishmen into the sea; the last vessels to brave the tempest lost their rudders and floated at the mercy of the wind, which, after having tossed them madly about in every direction, clashing them against each other, and causing new and irreparable damages from which the weaker ones went to the bottom, drove them suddenly out to sea, in rapid and disordered flight.

And this issue, foreseen, but against which they invoked a miracle, completed the demoralization already commenced, and wrung from the lips of the wretches who were growing weak under the influence of Lichfield's drug cries of a despair augmented by the rumbling noise, along the whole length of the hill, of an immense mass of soldiers ascending from all directions at once.

Sustained by the trumpets, which sounded incessantly, encouraged by their officers who marched by the side of their ranks, or by Newington who, from below, persistently ordered them to carry the position, exhorting and stimulating each other, swearing, cursing, blaspheming, and vituperating these rascals, these brigands, these drunken Irishmen, they ascended as if by ladders, in spite of the shot and stone which riddled them; they climbed like monkeys, uttering shouts of triumph when half-way up.

Treor and Paddy, taking Harvey aside, tried to get him to withdraw from the fray without delay. Heroism, it is true, counselled him to remain with his friends, to share their fate, their death, their tortures; but this point of honor would end in what? In depriving Ireland of the necessary leader, in decimating the army of defence, which, more than ever, needed a head to conduct the other troops of the country to revenge.

The defeat experienced by the contingent from the vicinity of Bunclody would not count if the agitator escaped, if he went at once somewhere else to direct the military operations.

A few hundred men less, the loss would be inappreciable; but if the general

should fall among the number, the forces at the disposal of the Revolution would be paralyzed, and the impression of a first repulse he alone could diminish by explaining it, by showing that they were not overthrown, by simulating—if he did not possess it—confidence in the return of victory under the colors of Ireland!

Harvey resisted, refused to hear, absolutely; he evaded their entreaties, seized a fallen musket and some cartridges, began to fire, and urged them not to desert their necessary posts as soldiers to hold this useless council of war. They persevered in their representations, very gently at first, very respectfully, but soon assumed an imperative tone. The vanity of the man, his apprehension of perhaps unfavorable judgments upon such a flight, his desire not to survive those whom he commanded, were so many weaknesses forbidden to a leader of an army, whose position, besides, was not entirely included in the midst of a handful of combatants shut into the narrow limits of a compromised position. And as he continually escaped them to lend a hand to the work of defence and to substitute himself at some difficult point for some tired Irishman dismayed by the advance of the enemy's ever growing forces, they ordered him—rebels, so be it! against his personal authority, but speaking in the name of the country in danger—to leave them without delay or else be adjudged guilty of violation of his oath.

Moreover, his retreat would not be accomplished without exciting events, without running the risk of death on all sides, and his bravery would not lack opportunities to manifest itself. By the road which he must take, down the cliff to the sea, he would risk a hundred times breaking his bones, being dashed by the waves against the rocks, or carried away by the eddies out into the floods from which he would never emerge, and the prospect of all these difficulties, of all this mass of perils conjured up to conquer, of this new battle after that from which he withdrew, decided him. He grasped silently the hands of his friends, and, with tears in his eyes, slipped away between the openings in the rocks, burning his hands terribly at the outset by too swift a slide over the jutting points of stone.

But, seeing him disappear, and doubting their defeat no longer, bewildered at the same time by the vociferations of the assailants who were approaching the crest of the plateau, some followed Harvey in his flight; and, quite beside themselves, not estimating the extent of the fall, they threw themselves into the abyss, fifteen or twenty of them, with their arms outspread and head first, rebounding on the wall of the cliff and swept off in the hurricane like so many empty manikins, and others plunging into the sand where their feet, alone emerging, struggled an instant convulsively.

And while they were looking with stupor and pity upon this singular and fantastic exodus, suddenly a shout of decisive victory, in which the voice of Bradwell mingled, crowned the height, whose valid defenders, still in possession of their wits, displayed new vigor and rage in opposing its easy capture by the enemy.

In a last spasm of patriotic energy, each one rushed desperately upon the English, not counting on salvation or quarter, their force increased tenfold by this thought of making the enemy pay dearly for their lives and of leaving their survivors less work to accomplish, as well as the fortifying example of their heroic death.

But, little by little, before the increasing number surging from all sides, the Irishmen, surrounded, assailed in the rear, on their flank, in front, succumbing, thrown down, conquered, lay disarmed in the agonies of death, writhing in vain, like the fragments of a serpent trying to reunite, and biting at the legs of their adversaries; in vain they rose again, with powers of muscle equal to those of will; now the complete triumph of King George's troops became uncontested, and nothing, no supreme attempt, no miracle could change the adverse fortune or delay their destiny, which was to die.

"Kill! kill!" howled from below the hoarse, raw throat of Newington; "kill the young, the old, the women, all, all!"

"Not another drop of blood, not another act of violence!" shouted Sir Richard on the other hand, who struggled with these demons to check their intoxication of murder, comprehensible during the action, cowardly after the victory.

He might sooner have appealed the tempest, and his officers, on his formal order, continued, after losing their voices, to order, by gestures and by sabre-cuts, the cessation of butcheries; but the soldiers continued, as in a dream, their abominable work, epic in its horrors, sniffing the blood which flowed and enjoying the contortions and grimaces of the dying as they would the most admirable play.

The unexpected and comical arrival of Lichfield, his ludicrous astonishment, his laughable disappointment when he found that Sir Harvey was gone, then his joy at seeing him below going along the shore under the arching waves, all his expressive mimicry, his clapping of hands, his exclamations diverted the murderers from their absorbing frenzy.

They all knew the price set on Harvey's head, and many were anxious to pocket it; those who were not enticed by the allurement of a reward so great understood perfectly how much more important it was to capture the chief of the insurrection than to exterminate a few hundred rebels; and on the heels of Tom Lichfield, who made off, the greater number rushed in pursuit of the agitator, flattering themselves that, with haste and a few shots skilfully fired, they could arrest him in his flight and then put him in irons.

And, except a hundred, they rushed off, yelling like hunters urging on dogs, certain ones imitating between their lips the sound of the horns; the hundred who remained, less infuriated, more tired, more docile, better disciplined, were induced at last to lay down their arms, especially by the promise that soon, perhaps, their passion for cruelty would find greater satisfaction.

In the midst of the last blows and the noise of death-rattles and imprecations, Richard sought Marian:

"Marian, I entreat you, do not prolong your obstinacy; have pity on yourself, have pity on them!"

"We are in your power; sacrifice us to your hatred."

"Appeal to my love . . . stronger than my reason, than my mercy. Humble your pride, make it a meritorious sacrifice to the general salvation. . . . It is not too late; gain me over to your interests."

"Pfulfil your duty as a conqueror!"

"You are beside yourself. . . . Examine my hands, not a trace of powder; my sword remains virgin in the scabbard! I have exposed myself to your fire a thousand times without answering!"

"I know it!"

"Not a drop of your blood can fall on my head; nevertheless, mine has flowed. . . . You can still, without crime, belong to me. . . . Do not refuse me. . . . Promise me that you will consent later . . . some day, when peace is concluded, the passions of both sides calmed, and resentment extinct."

"Never!"

"Reflect: the life of your brothers will pay for your rebuffs."

"The conquered buy pity, the saving of their lives! What cowardice! There are no cowards among us!"

A comparative silence was established amid the desolation of irreparable defeat, and they were disturbed only by the numerous agonies which were gradually being hushed in death.

Continued on page 6.

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

The Spooner Publication Fund.

Gertrude B. Kelly	\$10.00
Geo. W. Searle	5.00
Walter C. Wright	2.00
Victor Yarros	2.00

The above list reminds me that in the fortnight which has elapsed since the last issue of *Liberty* only one addition to it has arrived in response to my appeal, and I dwell upon the fact in grief and shame,—grief that the readers of *Liberty*, with all their professions, have so little practical sympathy or support to extend to such workers for liberty as Lysander Spooner, and shame that this is none the less the fact after I, for six years, have been doing my utmost as editor of this paper to create a sentiment of enthusiasm that could be relied on for practical results. In his feeble health and declining years Lysander Spooner worked without stint to leave behind him upon paper the truths which he knew, and among the people from whom there has yet been time to hear only the four named above have thus far signified their willingness to help in making these priceless intellectual treasures effective in enriching the minds of the people. Well, be it so! It is discouraging, but that is all. One voice will continue to cry aloud in the wilderness, though all others should become still.

BENJ. R. TUCKER.

On the Road to Anarchy.

"*Jus.*," the organ of the English Liberty and Property Defence League, printed a disappointingly brief report of a lecture on "The Limits of Liberty" recently delivered by Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe, of London, which must have been uncommonly instructive. Mr. Donisthorpe is a gentleman of extremely radical views and of still more extremely radical leanings. He is a thorn in the eyes of the London State Socialist fraternity, and not a few sentimentalists come to grief in attempting to answer his individualistic arguments. Sooner or later the logic of his position will force upon his reluctant mind the acceptance of Anarchism pure and simple, but thus far he has not yet completely lost confidence in his ability to maintain his present attitude. The report of the lecture tells us that, "after surveying very briefly the history of civilization, and drawing from the facts the conclusion that there was a decided tendency in the direction of the emancipation of the individual citizen from State-coercion, he proceeded to distinguish Anarchism on the one hand from Individualism on the other. While both were opposed to Socialism, the one maintained that the action of the State should be altogether destroyed, while the other held that State-action should be increased in certain departments of activity and diminished in others. The problem was, Where to draw the line; what should be left to individual freedom and what should be subjected to State-control?" Our attention is at once arrested, though we cannot repress

a smile at the thought that he is having the experience and undergoing the identical process which we went through before we finally evolved into Anarchists. It was the impossibility of drawing any such line, and the repeated and conspicuous failures of all those of our teachers who, while holding aloft the torch of liberty and illuminating and enlightening the world, stopped short of certain points in the belief that there was enough light thrown upon them, while really leaving darkness to prevail there, that made us Anarchists. We follow him:

He then passed in review the tests which have been successively put forward by Jeremy Bentham, John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer, pointing out that each of them had its weak point, and broke down wherever it was exposed to a strain. "The greatest happiness of the greatest number," he said, is meaningless, to begin with; secondly, the question arises, Of whom? Are we to calculate the happiness of living persons only, or of the countless millions to come? And, thirdly, who is a competent judge, and where is his "hedonometer"? Is it a greater triumph of statesmanship to make a few persons very happy or a great many persons tolerably comfortable? Is a very happy man twice or three times as happy as one who doesn't know that he has much to complain of? Mill's contention that the State was justified in interfering with the citizens only in its own self-defence was shown to be of no practical utility as a test of the value of legislation. Every law could be justified on those grounds. Even the Inquisition existed in self-defence; for surely a State could suffer nothing worse than the eternal damnation of its units. Then "the greatest happiness of each compatible with the equal liberty of all"—Mr. Spencer's formula—was shown to apply equally well to a Socialistic State, an Anarchic State, or any intermediate form, so long as the principle of Equality is conformed to. It was also pointed out that Mr. Spencer's second test, based on the difference between negatively-regulative and positively-regulative, was of little value, inasmuch as any law whatever could be stated in either form. . . . Mr. Auberon Herbert's distinction between direct and indirect coercion fared no better at his hands. By gradual shades of difference in the application of some sort of force the lecturer passed from what all would consider an unquestionable case of direct coercion to what all would regard as not coercion at all, and he defied anyone present to show at which point direct coercion ended and indirect began, and, furthermore, where indirect coercion ended.

Cheerfully assenting to all this, and admiring the analytical mind of the critical lecturer, we begin to grow somewhat fearful of the result. Why, he seems to have examined and considered all the objections to these authors on which the Anarchists based their conclusion that "the remedy for the evils growing out of of liberty is more liberty" and that, in the absence of any regulating principle, the intelligent self-interest and healthy natural sympathies of the people must be relied upon for settling all future difficulties. What if he should really astonish us by offering a solution of the problem? We are eager to hear his conclusion:

The conclusion arrived at was that no general principle can be formulated by which it can be stated beforehand whether or not any particular matter should fall into the domain of State control or private liberty.

Ah! Anarchism is saved. But, Mr. Donisthorpe, what are you going to do about it? Highly satisfactory "conclusion," this. Starting out to "distinguish between Individualism and Anarchism," to draw a line, you have "concluded" that Individualism is a baseless, uncertain, and unreal thing, without beginning or end; that the real issue is between State Socialism and Anarchism, and that one has to decide between these two practically, for there is no middle ground, as the Anarchists claim that *everything* can be achieved through voluntary association, and the State Socialists insist upon the State's absorbing everything.

It is evident that Mr. Donisthorpe cannot be long in reaching Anarchy. For him there is no alternative. But the "noble" sons of the thieves and pirates who "conquered" and enslaved the people of the United Kingdom, constituting the robbery-property and impunity-liberty defence league, should be given warning. They who want liberty to still further crush and oppress the people; liberty to enjoy their plunder without fear of the State's interfering with them; liberty to coerce Ireland; liberty to summarily deal with impudent tenants who refuse to pay tribute for the privilege of living and working on the soil,—these should beware of such friends as Mr. Donisthorpe. He is not safe.

A word in conclusion about Mr. Herbert Spencer, who, I notice, is an attentive reader of "*Jus.*" In the report of Mr. Donisthorpe's lecture Mr. Spencer's formula, "the greatest liberty of each compatible with the equal liberty of all," was misstated so as to read the "greatest happiness," etc. He immediately wrote to correct this error. Why did not Mr. Spencer see fit to answer those powerful criticisms and clear up those very serious difficulties which Mr. Donisthorpe so effectively raised against his distinction between negative and positive regulation of the relations between the individual and the State? Is Mr. Spencer determined to let Mr. Donisthorpe and others embrace Anarchism rather than extend them a helping hand? Or is it not in his power to save them?

V. YARROS.

A Compliment from Mrs. Besant.

In a discussion on Socialism recently in progress between Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant in the latter's magazine, "Our Corner," the former took occasion to quote against Mrs. Besant my recent criticism of her inconsistency in "stopping short of Communism in State Socialism," whereupon in her rejoinder she writes as follows:

Mr. Benjamin Tucker, as an Anarchist, would naturally charge me with not going far enough; in his eyes Collectivist Socialism is inconsistent and weak, Anarchism being the only logical and perfect system of thought. So Mr. Auberon Herbert, an extreme Individualist, regards Mr. Bradlaugh's Individualism as a very poor, weak-backed kind of thing, since Mr. Bradlaugh thinks that a majority may rightly impose a tax for a common object, whereas individual liberty demands that a man shall be left free to pay a tax or not as he chooses. Every one who does not go to the extreme length of every opinion held by some individual nominally belonging to his party must be prepared for reproaches of this kind. But I can support Mr. Benjamin Tucker's strictures with perfect equanimity, as doubtless can Mr. Bradlaugh any levelled at him by Mr. Auberon Herbert. And in truth Mr. Benjamin Tucker and Mr. Auberon Herbert are men of very much the same type, and are living examples of the truth of the adage that extremes meet.

I congratulate Mrs. Besant and myself on the calmness with which she is able to receive my criticism. It removes an otherwise possible obstacle from the achievement of my purpose, which was not to disturb her equanimity, but to induce in her the power of correct reasoning, to which a ruffled temper is supposed not to be conducive. Further, her good humor in this matter impels her to pay me one of the highest compliments that I ever received in placing me by the side of Auberon Herbert. Why, however, she should instance Mr. Herbert and myself in illustration of the proverbial meeting of extremes is mysterious to me, for I do not understand that Mr. Herbert stands at one extremity of anything of which I can be said to stand at the other. It is true that I look to liberty for the accomplishment of certain radical changes in the methods of acquiring property, which expectation I am not sure that Mr. Herbert fully shares, but neither of us, as far as I am aware, proposes to deny liberty in the smallest in case of becoming convinced of the correctness of the other's forecast of its results. T.

A Quack's Wry Face at His Own Medicine.

C. B. Reynolds, the Infidel lecturer, was recently tried in New Jersey for blasphemy, and convicted after a long and eloquent defence by Colonel Ingersoll. The "Truth Seeker" devotes several columns to an account of the trial, a large part of which consists of what seems to me outrageous abuse of the judge. I say this after a careful reading of the "Truth Seeker's" verbatim report of the judge's charge. It is impossible to understand how the editor dared to print it side by side with his comments, except on the assumption that his prejudices had so blinded his reason that he could not discern the discrepancy. My respect for the bench and its occupants approaches the infinitesimal, but on those rare occasions when a judge does behave decently I do not like to see him singled out for special mal-treatment. Once admitting, as the "Truth Seeker" always has, the legitimacy of the government and its courts, I see no exception to be taken to the judge's course in the case under discussion, if the words of his

charge fairly indicate it. What did he say? After Colonel Ingersoll had spent a day or two in telling the jury what a glorious thing liberty is,—as if courts established for the enforcement of statute law had any business with liberty whatever,—the judge, handsomely acknowledging the thrilling eloquence of the orator and the room for honest difference of opinion as to the propriety of the statute, explained to the jury, in the most calm, impartial, and judicial language, that there is a law on the statute-books of New Jersey against blasphemy, that this law represents the will of the people of New Jersey acting in the exercise of their sovereignty, and that the sole question for the jury was whether the defendant had violated it. He concluded with these words:

It is enough for us to know that it is the law, and, being the law, we are bound to enforce it; and if this defendant has been proved to your satisfaction, beyond the reasonable doubt I have referred to, to have committed the crime of blasphemy, it is your duty to convict him. If he has not, it is your duty to acquit him. Let him be acquitted, or let him be convicted, because he has either violated, or has not violated the law. Do not acquit him by violating the law yourself.

This last remark seems to be particularly obnoxious to the "Truth Seeker," which asks: "What could a spineless juryman do after a command like that?" Do? Why! he could do just what the judge told him to do,—follow the evidence and the law. The "Truth Seeker" appears to regard the judge's closing remark as equivalent to an assertion that an acquittal would be a violation of the law. By no means. It was simply a caution to the jurors not to acquit the defendant because they disapproved the law, but to convict or acquit him upon the evidence that he had or had not violated the law. It may be true that the judge's "passion sent the blood to his face in a flood," that "his black eyes twinkled with malice," and that he "pounded the bench to emphasize his points,"—the "Truth Seeker" makes these charges, and, not having been there to see, I cannot deny them,—but, if it is, the judge's manner was as unfitting an accompaniment to his language as would be the yells of a hyena to the cooing of a dove. Of course, to an Anarchist, who laughs at the law and all its ministers, the judge talked fudge, but only just such fudge as the "Truth Seeker" talks to Anarchists whenever it tries to combat them. Justice finds its most pleasing exemplification when quacks are compelled to swallow their own medicine.

T.

Art-Love.

Dear Comrade Tucker:

You still misunderstand my art attitude, I think. I teach nothing reactionary, if I know it. I indeed believe in ideals, but they are simply my art models. My Great Ideal is my perfected and happy self; my lesser ideals all relate to this. My ideals are my gods; yet are they my servants. In a certain sense they are "fixed ideas," yet I watch them with ever increasing keenness of criticism, and am always ready to unfix them, and "fix" them over, in the interests of my Ego. I am as "ghost-ridden" as Mr. Kelly, and believe most heartily in justice, morality, altruism, unselfishness, and all the rest; yet I believe in them merely because I consider them immensely conducive to my own happiness, which brings me close to your own position, I think. In other words, I claim to be an intelligent Egoist. I cannot tell when or where I first found these ideas, but it was years before I comprehended Anarchy, and they have done more, perhaps, than anything else to open my mind to it. I think even Tchernychevsky could find no fault with my idealism.

Therefore I cannot believe in "art for art's sake." I believe in art (as everything else) for humanity's sake, which, sifted down, means *for my own sake*. The spirit of that wise saying of the Boss Carpenter of Judea about the Sabbath fits my thought here exactly. Art was made for man, not man for art.

I showed you that I used the word *ulterior* in the sense of indirect or incidental, and the "absurdity" of which you accuse me is purely of your own construction by making what I called the direct object of fine art do duty for an ulterior object. I assume that every intelligent man practices art for his own sake; and all that my offending aphorism was intended to assert was that the true artist cared more for the benefits directly or necessarily coming to him from the practice of his art, as art, than for the indirect benefits which might accrue. In other words, in the true artist the aesthetic passion must somewhat predominate.

Happiness is not necessarily "later in time of achievement," but may coexist with immediate pleasure to the nerves of sense.

That you still misunderstand me is clearly revealed by your saying: "The true artist-lover refrains from dwelling upon babies precisely because he cares more for babies," etc. Now all that is contrary to my idea, and shows that you have misunderstood my whole argument from the first. 'Tis the stirpiculturalist who cares more for babies. There is no necessary connection between love-making and babies, except that parents perfected by love-making make better babies, just as parents developed by calisthenics or massage would. This is why I distinguished love from passion, or, to speak more scientifically, the love-passion from the simple sex-passion. Sex-passion is an instinct having children for its direct object, and is guided by what we call Nature, but in love this sex-passion is tamed, trained, cultivated, and turned into new channels by the intellect and for the pleasure of the Ego. In the highest and most artistic love-making the sexual forces, intensely vivifying and thrilling, are intelligently and skilfully directed, now here, now there, into every physical and mental faculty, until their power is spent, producing the most brilliant action in the faculties thus inspired. Therefore in artistic love-making, you will perceive, the elements and essences secreted by the sex-passion are not utilized in real reproduction, nor wasted in *sham reproduction*, but employed as aesthetic agents for the benefit of the person. But, so far as the magnetic forces are concerned, at least, this is best accomplished by exchange between the sexes; that is to say, we can best utilize our own magnetic sexual secretions by exchanging them for an equal portion of the magnetism of some one of the opposite sex. The function of the sex-passion is to secrete surplus vital power and expend it for reproduction. But the function of the love-passion is to take this secreted vitality, exchange it for power secreted by one of the opposite sex, and distribute this for the development, pleasure, and happiness of the organism. This is why I said: "Passion is begotten of natural selection, looking to the maintenance of the race; love is of artificial culture, looking to the perfection of the individual." Were I desirous of children, I should employ the simple, abrupt, paroxysmal sex-passion, for that throws all the vital powers to the reproductive centres. But the love-passion is not fit to be directly employed in reproduction, because it withdraws the reproductive stores for an egoistic feast.

But our enemies will say that we waste time and valuable space in these aesthetic discussions, while the world perishes and tyrants rivet their chains. Let us drop the subject, for, now that you understand me, I feel sure you no longer accuse me.

No, indeed, Mr. Tucker, I did not think you silly enough to maintain that Anarchism rests on no positive principle. But, because your language seemed capable of misinterpretation in that way, I strove for clearer statement. So far from regarding you as silly, there are few living men whose intellectual powers I more respect; few, if any, whose teachings seem to me so near the basic truth. The only thing that seems unwise to me about you is (as I have before told you) that merciless combative ness which makes you strike blows so hard that they rebound to your own hurt and discredit; estranging from you friends and comrades who, whatever their errors in judgment, are at least following liberty as best they may, and are valuable in their place both to you and the cause. But doubtless my supply of this sort of presumptuous advice already exceeds the demand.

Sincerely, J. WM. LLOYD.

MAY 29, 1887.

[When Mr. Lloyd finds himself in a tight place in an argument, his favorite resource is to accuse his opponent of what the logicians call *ignoratio elenchi*; that is, he says to him: "You, sir, have disproved something which I did not say, but what I did say you have overlooked." Then he proceeds to show that what he did say substantially agrees with his opponent's position. "You are right," he asserts, "but I was not wrong." Some time ago he answered Mr. Yarros in this way; now he meets me likewise. The disadvantage of this argument, if used repeatedly, consists in its establishment of the following unsatisfactory alternative,—either the opponent is a blockhead, or the criticised party is a very obscure and ambiguous writer. And in this case the alternative is not only unsatisfactory, but utterly confusing, because Mr. Lloyd has given me a certificate as a man of intellect and I have given him one as a literary artist. The consoling feature of the controversy is that I have elicited from him exactly what he claims to have elicited from me upon another matter,—clearer statement. It is true that Mr. Lloyd said in his second article that he had used "ulterior" in the sense of incidental, but it is not true that he "showed" it. On the contrary, I showed him, by calling attention to his context, that his use of the word necessarily implied the sense of later in time of achievement. If his meaning was other than his words implied, I could not be expected to know it. The same discrepancy between meaning

and statement appears in what he says of love and passion. Judging from his latest interpretation of his words, he had in view only the artist-lover who is not aiming at offspring. But his original words implied the contrary. I quote them: "A man makes a poor lover whose *sole* [italics mine] desire in love is to make that love beget offspring. The true artist cares more for his art and his pleasure in it than for its ulterior object." If these sentences do not refer to a man who not only wants children, but wants at the same time to make love, and if they do not assert concerning him that he is not a true artist unless he cares more for his pleasure in love-making than for what sort of a child he is to produce, then I do not understand English. As stated, it was a plain case of "art for art's sake," and as such I attacked it.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Mr. Spooner and the Postal Monopoly.

My dear Tucker:

I regret that you could understand me, in my remarks at the Spooner Memorial, as including the great man now gone in the number of those who are satisfied with the existing postal system,—for it was never in my heart to say it. As an example of the practical force of his character, I pointed to the effectual method with which he compelled the reduction of postage: first, by proving that the government had no exclusive power, under the Constitution, to carry the mails; second, by establishing a mail of his own from Boston to Baltimore, and challenging the post-office officials to contest the point in the courts. I expressly affirmed that his argument was conclusive and unanswerable. Instead of "going on" to glorify our postal system, I merely said, parenthetically, that it was generally believed that the government was serving us in postal matters better than any private corporation would do,—not dreaming that any one could possibly take me as reflecting Mr. Spooner's opinion. What he may have said to you within ten years is not at all to the purpose,—since it is not to be denied that in the course of forty years there was some progress in his thought. He claimed, in 1849, in a letter to M. D. Phillips, that the value of his movement did not end with the reduction of 1845, as that was only a preparatory step to a still further reduction,—a prediction which has been fulfilled to an extent he could not then have anticipated.

I recognize the generosity of the suggestion which you offer as an apology for me,—that, in my hurry, I failed to discriminate between his views and my own. But it is as offensive as it is generous,—for it would pain me if my reverence for the illustrious sage whose memory we both cherish with infinite gratitude were to be shadowed by such an im-

Sincerely yours,

J. M. L. BABCOCK.

JUNE 25, 1887.

[The main point—that Mr. Spooner looked upon the present postal system as an outrage which individual enterprise, if allowed, would drive out of existence—now being admitted, it is of secondary importance whether Mr. Babcock's memory of his speech, or mine, is the more accurate. I should not have made my protest had I not clearly understood him to say (and at least two other persons understood him as I did) that "no one now denies" that the government postal service could not be equalled in excellence by any private corporation. Knowing that Mr. Spooner did distinctly deny this, and that all Anarchists do deny it, I could not let such a statement, coming from a man as intimate as Mr. Babcock with Mr. Spooner and many Anarchists, pass unchallenged. If Mr. Babcock said what I and others think he said, then what Mr. Spooner said within ten years is very much more to the purpose than anything he said in the letter to M. D. Phillips. To sustain my view, however, I ask nothing better than that letter, which, like the pamphlet containing it, is full of passages which show that Mr. Spooner's battle was with the monopoly itself. I will content myself with quoting one. "It was my intention—had I been sufficiently sustained by the public—to carry the question to the last tribunal. But after a contest of some six or seven months, having exhausted all the resources I could command, I was obliged to surrender the business, and with it the question, *into the hands of others, who did not see sufficient inducement for contesting the principle, after the reduction of postage had taken place.*" The words which I have italicized show clearly that Mr. Spooner did not agree with these "others," but, even after the reduction of postage, would have continued, had he had the means, to fight the monopoly before the Supreme Court.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

Continued from page 3.

"You prejudge the sentiments of your companions in misfortune," asserted Bradwell.

"Ask them!" said the young girl.

And, appealing to her friends, she cried, in a loud and piercing voice:

"Do you know what Sir Bradwell offers me? To be his wife!"

A growling murmur of indignant protest against such an offensive proposition was the answer; but Sir Richard, immediately, to the stupefaction of his officers and soldiers, declared:

"If she consents, I will pardon you all for your reward."

"We refuse!" replied all in chorus.

"The lives of all spared," continued he.

"We refuse!"

"Immediate liberty for all, and no prosecutions in the future."

"We refuse!"

The officers present rebelled: the words of Sir Richard dishonored them; they consulted together vehemently: should they permit him to continue? Their duty told them to force him to silence, and, if need be, to demand his sword and put him under arrest as a traitor or a madman.

Nevertheless, the prestige of the rank and name of Sir Bradwell, the son of their general, caused a hesitation, during which Sir Bradwell, misled, went on:

"She has not revealed all to you . . . She loves me, and violates her heart in refusing me."

"A mistake! Englishman," cried Paddy. "It is I whom she loves, and the kiss which she gave me before us all betrothed us."

"And I have promised her to this brave boy, victim of your torturers, you brigand, you executioner's son!" added Treor.

By such lies both sustained the courageous attitude of Marian and forced Sir Bradwell to terminate this scene, so painful to the young girl whose tender weakness he publicly unveiled, and all that were left of the Irishmen, joining them, begged for immediate death.

Then Richard knew no bounds; with the face of a raving maniac, a bloody foam frothing on the edge of his lips, sneering and sinister, he turned to his subordinates:

"Seize one of these proud fellows and hang him there!"

A tree, which had resisted the tempest, stood between the rocks.

And, unbuckling their sword-belts, taking off their shoulder-belts and slashing them into thongs, and bringing out ropes from the bottoms of their sacks, the soldiers in no time made presentable halters and began to look among the heap of men for the first victim to sacrifice; but, in the embarrassment of the choice, all at once presenting themselves for death, they treated roughly the unhappy wretches who provoked them, they were brutal with them, and repulsed them with heavy blows of their muskets.

Edith advanced. Throughout the fight, standing conspicuously upon a rock, exposed to the hail of bullets, she had not had the fortune to so end her martyrdom, and, with her clothes riddled by shot, scattering on the ground the bullets retained in the cloth, she claimed the honor of heading the march to eternity.

"It is my right!" said she, "for no one hates you and despises you as much as I do!"

But they pushed her back roughly, recalling the words of Newington at the moment of Arklow's murder. Death would be a deliverance and life a burden heavier than all crosses.

"Me! me! whom Marian loves," demanded Paddy, with a frightful smile on his ravaged face.

"Me!" cried Treor, "I excited them to revolt!"

"Me!" said a curt voice, that of sergeant John Autrun, pale, believing no longer, after the scattering of the French fleet by the tempest, in the success of the Irish, and in a hurry to disappear that he might not witness their return to slavery.

"Yes, him, the sergeant, the deserter!" the soldiers cried together in a fury, and not without design, as they looked at Sir Richard out of the corners of their eyes, showing, by this chorus of maledictions against the traitor, of what punishment they deemed apostasies worthy.

And already, before the son of Newington had assented, the former officer of the Ancient Britons was swinging from one of the branches of the fir tree; on his blue lips a hurrah for Ireland expired with his breath.

"Long live Ireland!" shouted all the other candidates for the gibbet.

Quickly a second took his place by the side of the sergeant, and his dead body swung in the breeze created by the shouts of the brave Irishmen; then, as the isolated executions did not proceed with sufficient speed, and as each hangman made the others jealous, the soldiers rushed in a mass upon the prisoners, and each, choosing a victim nearest to his hand, the tree was soon filled, like a Christmas tree, with human puppets which the wind knocked against each other in an absurd manner.

"Long live Ireland!" cried the victims, before the rope grasped their throats.

"Long live Ireland!" came in a thrilling refrain from those who waited their turn at the gibbet.

And Sir Richard, stupefied, with leaden eye and mouth wide open, looked on at the ignoble spectacle of this bestial surfeit of base revenge, at intervals turning his eyes towards Marian.

Then, the young girl; a holy wrath boiling in her bosom, leaped upon the monstrous executioner, crying, in thrilling tones:

"It is for me that you are cruel, by me you shall cease to be so."

She raised her dagger over him, but, before she could strike, he seized her arm, and, as he grasped the fine, smooth wrist in his fierce fingers, the weapon fell to the ground; he picked it up, screaming to the soldiers like a demon of massacre:

"Kill, shoot, hang them all!"

Then, brutally driving Marian before him towards a path which led down at the side, he exclaimed:

"And you, away with you! away with you! away with you!"

CHAPTER IX.

It was very cold and the night was falling, invading with its darkness the great room in which Richard had taken refuge some hours since, now recovered from his bloody delirium, and plunged into a gloomy prostration, a dull despair, shaken, however, from time to time by a passing fit of barren rage against this pitiless, inflexible, invincible Marian. With his forehead in his hands, his eye wandering, and a bitter curl upon his lips, he saw again the heroic splendor of the young girl, superb in her audacity and pride, as she braved and threatened him. Ah! if she had only killed him, all would have been ended now!

To be continued.

A Letter Which Henry George Wouldn't Print.

To the Editor of Liberty:

The enclosed manuscript is a copy as near as may be of a letter sent to Mr. George for insertion in his paper and rejected by him. In reply to one of his correspondents who referred to Proudhon and Kellogg's views on interest, Mr. George asserted that those writers were ignorant of the subject they discussed, and that interest existed in the nature of things. He refuses, however, to allow any defence of the anti-interest position to appear, on the plea of lack of space for such trivial matters, and refers me and all others seeking light to "Progress and Poverty." This is certainly a most amusing exhibition of Popery. He writes as if the only possible dispute could be as to the meaning of the "most wonderful book since the New Testament," not as to its authority, as if no one could dare to call in question the conclusions stated in that book of which he himself is the modest author. I send the letter in the hope that it may serve to open the eyes of some of those well-meaning but over-trustful radicals who continue to regard Mr. George as both able and honest.

JOHN F. KELLY.

THE LETTER.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I have read with great interest your reply to "Morris" in the last number of the "Standard"; but I have not been convinced by it that Kellogg's assertion that interest, even at two per cent., would inevitably prove ruinous is untrue. I do not think that "Morris" is, and I am certain that Proudhon was not, led astray by confining his attention to borrowing and lending instead of taking a survey of the whole field of commerce. It was not interest on loans in the ordinary sense, but profit itself, that Proudhon was aiming at. Consequently it is begging the question to defend interest-taking on a loan by asserting that the borrower may make a still greater profit.

Your distinction between interest, increase of capital, and usury, payment for the use of a legal tender, is ingenious, but scarcely of much value unless you are prepared to show that the former would exist in the absence of the latter. Suppose I am possessed of capital and wish to engage in a manufacturing business; but that my capital is in such shape that it is not immediately available for that business, and that a forced sale would entail considerable loss. There are two courses open to me: either I must borrow money from some person having it to lend, or I must buy what machinery and supplies I need on time. In either case, however, ample may be the security I give, I must pay interest, in the one case directly, in the other in the form of higher prices. Consequently when I place my goods on the market, I have to charge not only for my labor and that of my associates, for the raw material and the depreciation of the plant, but in addition I must charge enough to pay the interest on the cost of this plant, and, if possible, enough additional to pay me a profit. Prices are thus raised to consumers, who in turn, if possible, raise the prices of their products. This, however, cannot be done by the poorest class of consumers, the wage-workers, and so on them ultimately falls the burden of interest-paying. Now I am compelled to pay interest on the money I borrow in order to procure stock, or higher prices for the stock bought on time, solely because of the monopoly allowed in the issuance of a circulating medium. That an association of persons possessed of capital could issue to themselves non-interest-bearing mutual-guaranteed notes, the association being secured by mortgages on the property of the individuals to whom the notes were issued, and that these notes would be capable of fulfilling all the useful functions of money, no one who investigates the subject impartially can doubt. Possessed of such notes, I can buy what I need without being forced to pay an advanced rate, since those of whom I buy would find them equally serviceable in their purchases of me or any other adherent of the association. This being the case, it is evident that what appeared to be a charge for the loan of capital is really a charge for the use of a circulating medium; and that the high rates paid by the wage-workers for what they buy would be at once lowered by competition in the presence of free money without an equivalent reduction of wages.

I think I have made out a sufficiently good case against interest by showing that it entails any unnecessary hardship on the masses of the people, but the hardship that it causes is not limited to the mere taking away of a portion of their earnings. Its chief evil is that every now and again it brings about a glut in the market and a financial panic. Were interest simply a tax on the producer, like that levied by the feudal barons, however large it might be, we could hope to live under it by harder work and improvements in the methods of production; but the curse of interest is that it forbids work, as a short analysis of capitalist production will show. Suppose a community in which there are a number of factories devoted to the supply of articles of general utility, and that the proceeds are equally divided between the employing capitalists and the employees. The immediate result, of course, is that the employees, the great mass of the people, are able to buy only one-half of the goods produced, and that the employers will not buy the other half since their wants for common articles are no greater than those of the employees. In consequence, commercial stagnation results, and the factories close for a time,—possibly some of the employers are ruined. In such a state of affairs some relief would be afforded by the introduction of a new industry, the production of articles of luxury, as this would tend to make the circulation more complete. The relief would, however, be imperfect at best, and besides would encounter grave obstacles to its success. For the capitalist who invests all his surplus income in luxuries is really abdicating his functions, since, although he continues to draw interest, he loses the power of increasing the amount he draws, and consequently will be rapidly distanced by any rival who pursues the accumulation policy. A glut sooner or later is therefore inevitable under the capitalist system, and the only remedy is the replacement of that system by one in which the laborer's wages will be sufficient to enable him to buy back his own product,—that is, one in which profit is abolished.

I am aware that economic writers generally speak of the hope of profit as a necessary incentive to labor; but this is evidently a confusing of terms, for all that is necessary as an incentive is that labor should receive a reward, and profit in the economic sense lessens this reward. Besides, if we suppose a community all the members of which are equally capitalists, —i.e., equally rich and with equal opportunities,—it is evident that profit would be reduced to zero and yet that labor would continue. Profit in the economic sense is in its nature one-sided and cannot be generalized; for if, in an equalitarian society, each one advances the prices of his product five per cent. above cost,—that is, makes five per cent. profit,—the net result is as if no one had made any. There is a sense, however, in which mutual profit (advantage) occurs,—for instance, the advantage arising from the division or specialization of labor; but here the advantage remains when exchange takes place at cost,—that is, when profit in the economic sense has vanished,—and hence its existence cannot serve as a defense of interest.

I do not intend by anything I have said to belittle the importance of the land reform movement. It is no doubt true that, were the power of landlordism to remain as it is, the advantages accruing from the reform I am advocating would be absorbed by the landlords. I am heartily in sympathy with the movement to abolish landlordism, and all I wish to point out is that such abolition is not enough. The party that seeks the emancipation of the proletariat must inscribe on its banner *Free Money* as well as *Free Land*.

JOHN F. KELLY.

61 EAST SEVENTH ST., NEW YORK.

Original from

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Reply to John F. Kelly.

Mr. Kelly asks what is there superstitious in respect for the rights of others? That depends on what is meant. Stirner uses the verb "to respect" in the sense of to stand in awe, and this not with reference to physical force. When desire and "sacred duty" coincide, there is no test presented.

I use the word egoism in only one general meaning, defined in No. 97. When the symbol is understood, accepted, and its meaning remembered, there is no difficulty in applying it, however many different manifestations there may be of the Ego. Vanity, which prompts men to say I—I—I, is popularly called egotism. It is a particular manifestation of the Ego. I recognize the fact that vanity is Egoistic and turned this to account to exhibit an "altruistic" benefit, but possibly cozening. One could raise trifling criticisms on the difference between an "altruistic" benefit intended for some others and such a benefit for all others. Eccentricity is individual, but the fact does not destroy the proper general meaning of individuality. Having already defined my principal term, what more is expected of me in that relation? To define popular variations indicating special developments? In such cases it surely suffices that the special meaning be made clear then and there, which was the case when alluding to vanity and introducing the popular term egotism so as not to falsify the popular spelling and at the same time not to convey the idea that vanity is the whole of Egoism. Men have different tastes and appetites. In gratifying any of them they exhibit Egoism. That is the reason why there are so many different kinds of the article.

Has it dawned upon Mr. Kelly that Egoism is perhaps not a bad word in itself, and that it might be stigmatizing personality to use it to designate merely repulsive traits of character? But will a "t" save the mark or drive philosophers to a hyphen?

I shall not object to a good thing for its name, even if I object to the name, and though evolutionary moralism puts out its head when it hears the hind part of its name. When unenlightened people have done harm, we will inquire what caused them to do harm. We need not disturb the "chestnut" style of religious controversy. The greatest reason why a particular Ego will not rob his neighbor may be that he does not want to do so. Why might not Mr. Kelly tell the readers of Liberty what Stirner said in reproach to the thief?

Bismarck must go with the Pope. Emperor Wilhelm and Vaterland are to him indispensable superstitions.

There is just this about all motives being Egoistic (it is like chemical substances being physical), — that for it to be a true statement the word "motive" must be restricted to a meaning which renders the proposition tautological. If a motive is a calculation with personal desire at the end, then only in the degree in which one is a real Ego can one entertain a motive. The hypnotized subject is otherwise moved, and not as a self-governing person; though we speak of him as a person, as we speak of a dead duck as a duck.

If promises disappeared, Mr. Kelly thinks that contracts and concerted action would become impossible except under duress, but I think that contracts will have to become mutually beneficial with appreciable continuity, and by beneficial I mean as well gratifying to the sentiments as to what are popularly appreciated as the material interests of the contracting parties. Every reasonable man knows that, when an arrangement is satisfactory to him, he will not break it up merely because the contract has expired. Even those who believe in the sacredness of promises and contract will admit as much.

I have yet to find the moralist who treats a promise as a law of nature, admitting of no exception, and so with always telling the truth, as when one is in the power of an enemy. The moralist has his superior reason. I have mine. To me a promise contains two elements, —namely, (1) the announcement of a purpose, and (2) respect for the "sacredness" of the engagement. The Egoist will either construe promise as an announcement, or will substitute the less misleading simple announcement. One who withdraws from his announced purpose, to our injury, must furnish reasons satisfactory to us or expect us to mark his conduct and deal with him as wavering or hostile.

It is really curious to read that, if pledges are valueless, "his colleagues would sell him out on the first opportunity." Does a natural man refrain from selling out his friends only because he has given a pledge not to do so? If so, it is much to be feared that he will sell them out in any event at the first good chance. The greatest traitor gives the most solemn assurances and invents the longest and strongest oaths. Better than all such vanities, follies, and credulities is this: Those who are against us must expect us to be against them, and those who do not love our way we do not want.

The Einzige is Stirner's term for the genuine Ego. Napoleon was not altogether such, but how much he lacked is immaterial to my reply. He had a number of propensities which certainly could not be argued away. Whatever he was, he was taken as an idol, deified and served by the unegoistic devotion of others who did the slaughtering and pillaging. To accomplish all this mischief it was necessary that there be national spirit and a variety of other hate-breeding superstitions, not only in France, but in the antagonistic countries.

Men have interests in each other prior to contract. Nei-

ther is the moralism which makes a promise sacred nor coercion in an Archistic sense necessary to contract. They can boycott the recalcitrant.

The Ego is not a spook, but an animal.

I have not attempted to prove Mr. Kelly superstitious because he retains the terms "ought" and "should." If the reader will refer to No. 97, where I alluded to Mr. Kelly's "particular use" of those terms, —not to the fact of his using them, —he will see the nature of Mr. Kelly's error on this point, which is surprising. And really Mr. Kelly, having formerly written on moral obligation, now takes a singular course in confining his gratuitous instances of the word "ought" to indications of probabilities, as How much ought this to measure, etc. If these illustrations illustrate adequately, one might infer that, when the moralist asks, How ought a man to act in certain circumstances? he only means how will he act? I use the same words myself not only to indicate probabilities, but also to indicate conduct which I will approve or disapprove for various reasons. A whist player ought not to trump his partner's ace. I ought not to write on both sides of this paper. An Anarchist ought not to vote. I ought to answer candidly, if at all. In each instance it is implied that the Ego has given himself a certain task, or has a certain purpose, and that something conditions its fulfillment. My liking will determine whether I play whist or not, whether I write or not. My dislike of tyranny will determine me, with information, to be a plumb-liner.

Curious reasoning is this: "It seems as if Tak Kak had so recently succeeded in getting rid of some of his incubi that," etc. "Of course he can scarcely be expected to grasp the idea, then, that," etc. I draw attention to the connective "then." The premise which is conditioned by "it seems," leads to a conclusion which is obviously Mr. Kelly's basis for asserting that "it seems." Because I "fail to grasp," I "seem" green, and because I am green, inasmuch as I seem to be green, I "fail to grasp." Perhaps I have given enough thought to the question to hold up my end. Is Mr. Kelly confident that I am very green? What length of time appears to him sufficient for self-examination? I am glad that the organ of the plumb-liners is liberal enough to let this discussion in even for amusement. Readers need a little entertainment.

Bradlaugh's perjury could have no interest for me except as illustrating the principle upon which tyranny, relative or absolute, may be combated, just as I spoke of passive resistance by gamblers.

The sense of honor which "gratifies" Mr. Kelly is by that word indicated to be Egoistic. If Mr. K. were one of those men who bend in pain and agony to gratify a tyrannous sentiment of honor, the aspect would be different. Adulterated sugar is called sugar, and adulterated, warped Egos are called persons "obedient to a sense of honor and duty."

If Mr. Kelly is not a "good citizen" or not a "cooperator," but simply a good resident and an advocate of equity in individual relations as resulting in something better than cooperative organizations, he will be denounced by those to whom not to be a "good citizen" is to be a bad man, and to whom not to vote is not to be a good citizen. Words in their primary and even secondary meanings tempt to acceptance, but often betray us in their further connotations or technical meanings. The secondary meaning of the word morals may be approved conduct, but under the head of secondary Mr. Kelly has introduced a distinction which may be referred to a third stage. When Belford Bax and B. R. Tucker speak of the inexpedient, they plainly mean that which they deem a mistake in judgment. When they speak of the immoral, they appear to mean that which they will condemn as to its temper or purpose. If the word morality might stand for the words good conduct, and immorality for the words bad conduct, then it would be equally open to all to use them judiciously with reference to any conceived good or bad, for an individual or group. But moralism as distinguishing itself from Egoism demands more. It will have morality to be the "truly" good conduct, and, if an individual is so organized that what is for his good is not for the good of the supreme spook of morality, he is not allowed in thought to be a standard of good for himself. Thus the moralists are impelled by the specific character of their idea to become dogmatic. Compare what I suggest as the real secondary meaning of the word "morals" with the common use of the word murderer; for what is true of moralism is true of particular words indicating moral acts. The Egoist may talk of temperance, duty, obligation, right, or anything else relating to conduct, but he will always intend to convey his individual judgment, and with reference to his own line of conduct, never to make himself the mouthpiece of a dogma. When the Czar kills a Nihilist, he calls it an execution, but the Nihilists call it a murder. When the Nihilists kill a Czar, they call it an execution, but the Czars call it murder. Still, though every one puts his own judgment into words which express the several parts of morals, the distinctive moralists are not content to leave the word morality in the same elective state.

For further illustration, there is Mr. Tucker's use of the word right in the article alluded to. As we give each other rights and give ourselves duties, when one says that a man has a right to do such and such a thing, I know that, whatever else he may mean, he means that it will be right so far as he is concerned. He is willing to let the man do that. Note the contrast with the course of certain men who have

urged others to do unwise acts because the theoretical right appeared.

To restrain some men by preaching devotion to the spook of moralism may be quite possible. The moralist makes an easy case thus, like the other religionists; nevertheless I distrust moralism. It draws comparisons between the actual and its ideal without well considering what can be realized and how. Drunkenness is immoral. Preach the welfare of the social life. Magnetize the drunkard. Still there is something in his stomach which moralism does not reach. What other evil will appear I do not know. Perhaps moralism preserves him to beget a race of drunkards or fanatics.

The perpetuation of the social life is a phrase in which the spook nests. After preaching, each person will translate it for himself and have his separate spook. Is society all living persons, or also all persons who are to live? The moralist may think of his children as contributing to form the ideal "society" which he carries in his head. If they die before maturity, "society" never is what he thought of. It does not include those persons whom he imagined as his grandchildren.

Are animals excluded from "the social life" simply in the degree of their inability to enter? If the answer is Yes, then moralism is a fiction. If the answer is No, then "moral" society is an arbitrary selection, —a characterization of and for themselves by a set of bipeds who have seized all advantages over less intelligent animals. The horse has feelings, but not such capacities as to render him the equal of the man. Now, if moralism fully respects life and feeling and happiness as such, the moral society will let the wild horse alone; but if the bipeds capture the quadruped, castrate him, make him a beast of burden and keep him in slavery, —ah, the unconscious hypocrisy! If, however, the moralist is determined to maintain moralism as his superior principle, he must respect the animals whose inability alone debars them from society. Let him kill the wolf in self-defence, but let him not kill the wolf because it kills the lamb, and then himself kill the lamb and eat it. It is not necessary that he take a horse to ride, or to draw a carriage. He can walk and carry burdens. Let the moralist set this example, or cease to preach moralism as a principle of disinterested respect for life and feeling as such. But what is there in a man that distinguishes him, except in degree, from other animals? The older moralists had a ready reply. They respected the immortal soul. If moralism is to be commended because Mr. Kelly can influence somebody, will he not be thinking himself that the doctrine of an immortal soul in the negro had something to do with setting negroes free? It is the Egoist's turn to laugh if the moralist finds that other ideas which are not true may have served to promote some good at times.

It is Egoistic to select for aid those who can and will aid us. Proudhon did not contemplate that we must give ourselves duties to all men without regard to their ability or willingness to be of us, with us, and for us. He was not one inch removed from Stirner in his view when he spoke of giving a youth a chance to show himself, and then, if he did not defend himself against oppression: "Frappez, ce n'est pas un homme!" (Strike, he is no man!)

I might further object to the term morality because it conveys the ideas of people who would interfere to repress vice, as well as the different ideas of Mr. Kelly's school. If Egoism is reproached for an appearance of like confusion in popular estimation, there are these differences, —that the various phases of Egoism are Egoism, but the so-called popular morality is to Mr. Kelly's school immoral; and also that Egoism does not pretend to make any rule at all analogous to morality. What the social welfare is must always be an individual opinion. What the pleasure of the individual is is a fact ascertainable by the individual, if anything is.

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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER PROUDHON

Vol. IV.—No. 25.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1887.

Whole No. 103.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

The immigration problem has received some attention from Know-Nothing Powderly, and he recommends a law that no one shall be allowed to land who cannot show that he has the means to support himself one year without employment. Nothing else is expected from Powderly, but that the Union Labor party should contain so much stupidity, ignorance, and inhumanity as to find such a policy suitable for its platform is indeed a matter for surprise. And this is the party of progress and industrial emancipation!

Two new publications are advertised in this issue,—one on the land question, the other on the money question. The former is the fifth number of Charles T. Fowler's "Sun," entitled "Land Tenure." It needs no recommendation to those who have read the previous numbers of this admirable series. The latter is entitled "The Iron Law of Wages," and is written by Hugo Bilgram,—a new name to the readers of Liberty. Mr. Bilgram has analyzed the money problem with remarkable keenness and by a method peculiarly his own, arriving nevertheless at conclusions substantially the same as those of Proudhon, Greene, and Spooner.

Readers of Liberty probably remember various paragraphs which have appeared in recent numbers exposing the ignorant misrepresentations of Anarchy that have proceeded from time to time from the pulpit of Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost of Newark. They will now be glad to learn that this preacher has had his eyes opened, at least partly. On Sunday evening, June 26, he preached a sermon in his church on "Christ and the Common People," in the course of which he referred to the Anarchists. The Newark "Evening News" reports him as follows: "I have heretofore believed that an Anarchist was an individual who went around armed to the teeth, and who would just as soon as not commit some desperate act. I suppose the very mention of the name turns your blood cold. I have, however, talked to a number of intelligent Anarchists recently, and I must confess that, if what they state is true, I have been deceived." And the "News" adds: "The speaker said that he had been surprised to learn that the Anarchists taught many things that were, in his mind, true Christianity." The clergyman who could say this in his pulpit, not only eating his own words, but flying directly in the face of what is perhaps the intensest prejudice now prevalent in the public mind, is certainly a brave man, and, despite his present adherence to Henry George's doctrine, I begin to have hopes of him.

I have often noticed that the best things that I write are the things that please nobody at all. I have not adopted this test, however, as an absolute criterion of excellence; otherwise I should take particular satisfaction in the paragraph that appeared some time ago in these columns regarding the English individualistic organ, "Jus." I cannot help suspecting, nevertheless, that there was something very good about it, in view of the unanimity with which it has been condemned. The principal contention is over my comparison of "Jus" with the "Commonweal," "Justice," "Freedom," and the "Anarchist." A writer in the "Commonweal" was the first to complain, his grievance

being that I had mentioned the "Anarchist" in this category in order to cast discredit upon the three other Socialist papers. Then the editor of the "Anarchist" wailed because I had instituted this classification for the express purpose of bringing his journal into dispute. And now, just as I was finding some solace in the thought that "Jus," at least, appreciated my compliments, I discover a nervous fear on its part lest individualism may get confounded with "Anarchism pure and simple." Alas! poor Liberty! As always, abhorred and despised, she must go her way alone for a long time yet to come. Luckily she is used to it. Though rejected by the builders, she is sure to become the head of the corner.

E. C. Walker declares that my assertion that he set up legal marriage as a realization of the Anarchistic principle is a reflection upon either my intelligence or my honesty. Mr. Walker will not deny, I think, that he has claimed that his marriage was Autonomistic,—his word for Anarchistic,—and that his defence in court was no compromise. His course, then, according to his claim, was a realization of the Anarchistic principle, and to test the truth of my assertion it remains only to inquire whether this course was a setting up of legal marriage. His own words answer the inquiry. "Our sole plea in the courts," he says, "was that mutual consent constituted marriage, and that this had been acknowledged by the highest legal authorities." Now, when a man is charged by the State with living with a woman without being married to her, and he makes answer that he is married to her, he is either dodging,—that is, compromising, and Mr. Walker declares that he did not compromise,—or else he means to declare himself legally married. I am ready to stake my intelligence and honesty against Mr. Walker's (though it is offering him large odds) on the result of any attempt that he may make to escape this alternative. And before taunting him on not daring to accept the wager, I will give him more time than he allowed me in which to answer his analogy of his conduct to that of Reclus's daughters. For, on finding no answer in the very next issue of Liberty, he immediately popped out the charge that I had "taken refuge in silence when confronted with an indisputable fact," whereas the truth is that my answer was already in type. By the way, does Mr. Walker recall the profound silence in which he took refuge, and from which he never emerged, after the appearance of an article which I wrote in reply to him, entitled "A Fable for Malthusians"? He should remember that he lives in a house built of very thin glass, and that the Massachusetts stone crop beats that of Kansas all hollow.

The Reward of Authors.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I received from you a few copies of the "Sun." I presume that Mr. C. T. Fowler is the editor and publisher at the same time. On the title page I read: "Copyright reserved by the publisher." I fell to thinking before I opened the book. What does this reservation of right mean? Surely it does not mean "legal right." Mr. Fowler would not degrade himself enough to send a copy to the Librarian of Congress in order to protect his right. I cannot think of that. What, then, does it signify? Moral right? Mr. Fowler is afraid lest I will reprint his book. Good heavens! would you mind, Mr. Tucker, if any other paper would regularly reprint your articles and pamphlets? May the gods inspire them with such a desire! I think that would be the greatest boon to your cause. It is just what we want. I well remember that,

when the first numbers of "Land and Liberty" (Zembla i Volia) appeared in Russia, some of the "legal" newspapers quoted and reprinted many articles with the innocent intention of refuting them. What a rejoicing there was in our camp! What a stir it made! Thousands who had never heard of the Socialist party began to think and feel an interest in the movement. The government did not fail to realize that the boys were "playing with fire," and of course silenced them. I believe that the publication of the "Proudhon Library" is far from being remunerative. Would you complain, that your rights are violated, should Lippincott or Appleton undertake the publication? You would wish them good luck, knowing that you will not lose, but gain, by their enterprise.

Let me reason. You publish a book. I buy it, read it myself, read it aloud to others, copy it for my friend, and if I like it, and want to give it a greater circulation for reasons of my own, I set it up and publish it. Must I go to the publisher or author and ask their permission? It is no more their property than the Bible is Moses's.

It might happen that an author would work all his life over a book and publish it, and that then another would reprint it and sell it at cost, thus depriving the author of his reward.

I don't care a straw for the author; I want to buy my books as cheap as possible, and have no wish whatever to pay more for what I can get for less.

The author will not be rewarded, and his life-long work will be in vain; he will be left destitute.

I will drop a coin for the poor, and make a collection for the destitute *literati*. It was for him to foresee all emergencies and publish his work as cheap as the other.

Then there will be no incentive, no stimulant, for authors to write books; progress will be hampered; there will be no literature.

I am not obliged to furnish incentives and stimulants with my money to any one. I will read my Bible until it shall be torn, and peruse my classics until they become rotten.

Then?

Why, this will be the best incentive and most efficient stimulant for authors to write and for publishers to publish.

Is it because the author or inventor is unable to contrive such means as to reap the whole benefit of his labor that one is justified in depriving him wholly of his due reward?

I become confused, and hasten to ask you to enlighten me on this subject.

C. S.

[If Mr. Fowler has taken advantage of the copyright law, I do not propose to discuss his conduct or motives. That is his own matter entirely. He may be governed by controlling reasons of which I know nothing. When he shall announce that he acted thus in order to exemplify Anarchistic principles thereby, it will then be time enough to criticize him, for he will then be in the same boat with E. C. Walker. Upon the question of copyright itself I agree with my correspondent, though I cannot endorse the whole of his argument. Unless he means to announce himself an outlaw, he does not wish to buy the author's books any cheaper than liberty and equity will let him; else he might better steal them outright without talk or ceremony. Nor is the matter of charity to the author pertinent to the discussion. The question is one of justice to the author and whether he can get it under liberty. The answer is that, when labor is left in possession of the capital which it produces unburdened by usury or taxation, the author and the inventor will not have to appeal to the rich in order to put their product on the market, but will be able to do so directly, and the start which they will naturally have of all competitors will secure them an equitable reward of their labor. Exact justice might not always be done, but a true conception of justice and such approximate realization thereof as is possible is all that can be hoped for.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

BY STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART SECOND.

COST THE LIMIT OF PRICE:

A Scientific Measure of Honesty in Trade as One of the Fundamental Principles in the Solution of the Social Problem.

Continued from No. 102.

115. It is the same, as already observed, even with reference to *natural wealth*, in which there is no positive Cost, and so of everything which we require, in kind, for our own use. (81.) Thus, for example, although land in its wild state is not rightfully the subject of price, and although, when simply enclosed, its positive Cost is the labor of enclosing it, yet, if I have selected a pleasant situation for my own habitation and culture, and am induced to part with it for the accommodation of another, the price in that case is legitimately augmented by whatever amount of repugnance I may feel to making the surrender.

116. The exact thinker will readily perceive the distinction between objects of all sorts which are required for personal convenience at the time, and surplus property or capital not needed for present use, or needed only as the means of procuring other conveniences by means of exchange,—between things properly in commerce, and things taken out of commerce by special appropriation. In the latter case the labor contained in or bestowed upon the property is the whole of its equitable price. In the former it is augmented by the amount of sacrifice experienced in parting with it, occasioned by the present need.

117. In the case of passive or negative Cost,—the mere repugnance to the surrender of what is at the time serving a personal purpose,—none but the party making the surrender can know the real extent of the sacrifice, or can judge with accuracy of the equity of the price charged. Hence, with reference to things not properly in commerce, a common average of estimate cannot be attained as in the ordinary case of exchanges. (195.) But even here the operation of the principle is quite distinct from that of value as the limit of price. The party making the surrender will satisfy his own conscience by estimating the degree of sacrifice to him, and not as under the value standard by estimating the degree of the want of the other party. In other words, whenever he has arrived at a price which he would prefer to take rather than not sell, he is restrained from going farther, without inquiring whether he has reached the highest point to which the purchaser would go. This distinction between the active Cost of the labor of production and the passive Cost of surrender is important in various ways, and especially, as we shall see, in settling the question of interest or rent on capital. (226.)

118. As it is the positive Cost of the labor of production, alone, which relates to things properly in commerce, it is that which is usually meant by Cost, unless the repugnance of surrender is especially mentioned in addition.

119. There is still another observation in relation to the comprehensiveness of the term Cost. Although it refers back, in its rigid technical sense, to the original labor of production, measured by its repugnance, and fixes the price in labor, still it holds good as the equitable measure of price with reference to all articles purchased with money, under the present system, and not traced back to their component, labor. Thus an article purchased for a given price in money, and sold again for the same amount of money, plus the labor of the transaction, is sold for Cost. *The Cost Principle is, therefore, merely the entire abandonment of profit making*, whether it relates to labor production or dealings in money. The method of keeping a shop and selling goods upon the Cost Principle, during the transition period,—that is, while the community is too small to supply all its own wants,—is to charge for each article its original money Cost with all the money charges and contingencies, in money, and the labor of buying, handling, and selling, in labor, the time occupied in the transaction being measured by the clock, and charged according to the estimated repugnance of that kind of labor. A yard of cloth is, therefore, so many cents in money and so many minutes in labor. The particulars of the management of such stores, and the immense power which they exert over the commercial habits of large districts of country within their influence, will be shown in Mr. Warren's work on Practical Details.

120. The comprehensiveness of the term *Labor* needs also to be defined. By Labor is meant, in the first place, not merely manual, but intellectual and oral labor as well,—whatever is done or performed by the hand, head, or tongue, and which involves repugnance or painfulness overcome,—the measure of price being based upon the well-known principle that man naturally seeks the agreeable and shuns that which is disagreeable or painful.

121. In the second place, the Labor by which price is measured is not always merely the particular performance done at the time. Whatever has required an especial skill obtained by previous labor, unproductive at the time, has its price augmented by its own due proportion of such loss, from previous necessary unproductive labor. For example, the surgeon may equitably charge for each surgical operation not only the time occupied in it, measured by its repugnance, but an aliquot portion of the time necessarily expended in acquiring the knowledge to enable him to do it in a skilful manner, according to the repugnance to him of that preliminary labor. So of every other necessary contingency,—*all necessary contingencies, such as prior preparatory labor, risk incurred, etc., entering into and constituting a portion of Cost*.

122. It results from what has been said that the basis of vendible property is human labor, and that the measure of such property is the amount of labor which there is, so to speak, laid up in the article owned. The article is the product of labor, and is therefore the representative of labor. Price is that which is given either for labor directly, or for property, which is the product of labor,—that is, for labor indirectly, and it should therefore be a precise equivalent for that labor. The only proper ground of difference, then, between the price of a side-saddle and the price of a house is the difference in the amount of human labor which has been bestowed upon the one and upon the other. It follows, again, that the mode of arriving at the legitimate price of any article whatever is to reduce it first to labor. For example: if we take a house to pieces we trace it back to trees growing in the woods, to clay, and sand, and lime, and iron, etc., lying in the earth. All that makes it a house, and entitles it to a price, as property, is the human labor that there is in it. That house over the way is, then, so many hours of labor at brick-making, so many hours of carpenter's work, so many of lime-burning, so many of iron-work, nail-cutting, so many at glass-blowing, so many at hauling, so many at planning, draughting, etc., etc., etc. The whole house is nothing but human labor dried, preserved, laid away. Each of these hours of labor in different occupations may have a different degree of repugnance, so that to estimate the gross amount of labor in the house it is necessary to bring them all to a common denomination. This is done by reducing them to the standard degree of repugnance in the standard labor,—corn-raising,—which is then expressed in the standard product of

that kind of labor,—namely, so many pounds of corn. Hence the price of a house, or of any other object, is said to be so many pounds, or so many hours, meaning so many pounds of corn, or so many hours of labor at corn-raising, in the same manner as we now say so many dollars and cents. By this means all price is constantly referred to labor, and rendered definite, instead of being referred to a standard which is itself continually expanding and contracting by all the contingencies of speculation or trade. (77.)

123. The first point is to obtain a standard for a single locality, after which it is quite easy to adjust the standard of other localities to it. Agricultural labor is first selected, because it is the great staple branch of human industry. The most staple article of agricultural product is then taken, which for this country, and especially for the great valley of the Mississippi, is Indian corn. In another country it may be wheat or something else, although Indian corn, wherever it is produced, will be found to have more of the appropriate qualities for a standard than any other article whatsoever, being more invariable in quality, more uniform in the amount produced by the same amount of labor in a given locality, and more uniform in the extent of the demand than any other article. At a given locality, or, as I have stated, at a great variety of localities in the Western States, the standard product of Indian corn is twenty pounds to the hour's labor,—the measurement by pounds being also more inflexible or less variant than that by bulk. If, then, in some other locality,—as, for example, New England,—the product of an hour's labor devoted to raising corn is only ten pounds of corn, the equivalent of the standard hour's labor there will be ten pounds of corn, while in the West it will be twenty pounds. It is the hour's labor in that species of agriculture which is therefore the actual unit of comparison, of which the product, whatever it may be, is the local representative. And in the same manner, in another country wheat may be the standard,—as, for example, in England,—and may be reckoned at ten pounds to the hour, or whatever is found by trial to be the fact. The reduction of the standard of one locality to that of another will then be no more difficult than the reduction of different currencies to one value, as now practised.

124. There is an absolute necessity for some standard of cost, and it is not a question of principle, but of expediency, what article is adopted. It is the same necessity which is recognized at present for a standard of value, which is sought for, and by some persons erroneously supposed to be found, in money. The question may still be asked: Why not employ money as the standard with which to compare other things, and as a circulating medium, as is done now? The answer is found in the uncertain and fluctuating nature of money,—in the fact that it represents nothing definite.

125. Money has professedly two uses: (1) as a standard of value, and (2) as a circulating medium.

First, then, as a standard of value, or a measure with which to compare other values. It does not even profess to be a standard of cost. It has no relation whatever to the cost, or, in other words, to the labor which there is in the different commodities for which it is given as price, because there is no question about cost in existing commerce, the value alone being taken into account. But value is incapable of a scientific estimate, as will be more specifically shown in the next chapter. (134.) Hence it is fluctuating because it relates to nothing definite. But what are the capacities of the yard-stick itself? Is it fixed or elastic? The theory is that gold and silver are selected as standards of value because the quantity of those commodities in the world is more uniform than that of most other articles. If the fact be granted, then gold and silver have one of the fitting properties of a standard. But gold and silver are not convenient as a circulating medium. Hence paper money is assumed as a representative of specie. So far very well again. There was a time when bank-paper was an exact representation of specie, if it represented nothing else. The old bank of Amsterdam, the mother of the banking system, issued only dollar for dollar. Her bills were merely certificates of deposit for so much specie. So far, then, the yard-stick did not stretch nor contract, while the paper money was more convenient as a medium of circulation than the specie. But with the development of the banking system two, three, five, or more dollars of paper money are issued for one dollar of specie on deposit. The amount is then expanded and contracted, according to the fluctuations of trade and the judgments or speculating interests of perhaps five hundred different boards of bank directors. How is it, then, with the inflexibility of your standard? Your yard-stick is one year one foot long and the next year five feet long. The problem of existing finance, then, is to measure values which are in their nature positively incapable of measurement, by money, which is in its nature positively incapable of measuring anything. It is therefore uncertainty \times fluctuation = price.

126. There is no such thing, therefore, in money as a standard of value. As a circulating medium merely, considering no other properties, nor the reasons why we should have a circulating medium at all, nothing better can be devised than paper money. It is thin, light, pliant, and convenient in all respects.

127. To make gold the standard of cost, instead of value, would be to take as much gold as is ordinarily dug in an hour in those countries where it is procured—say California—as the price of an hour's labor in other branches of industry equally troublesome and repugnant. This may perhaps be one dollar, which would make the price of labor a dollar an hour, and the difference between that price in this article and the usual price of labor in the same article—which is rendered necessary now, as the means of acquiring all other commodities—is some indication of the degree to which labor is robbed by adopting the value standard instead of the cost standard of price. But the fact is that no average of the product of gold-digging can be made. It is proverbially uncertain. The product of gold, therefore, regarded as a standard of any thing, is as nearly worthless as the product of any article can be. The demand for it in the arts is also exceptional and uncertain. Apart from the factitious demand resulting from the fact that it is made a nominal standard and a medium, it is not in any sense a staple article. It would be just as philosophical to measure all other industry by the product of the mackerel fishery, or the manufacture of rock candy or castor oil, as it would be to measure it by gold. The result of all this investigation is therefore this: that the product of gold, and, for the same reason, that of silver, is quite unfit for the first purpose we have in view, which is to select a staple species of labor with which to compare other labor, while corn or wheat does fulfill those conditions; and (2) that paper is just what is wanted as a circulating medium, provided it can be made to rest upon a proper basis, and represent what ought to be represented by a circulating medium.

128. Now, what is it which ought to be represented by a circulating medium? Clearly it is price,—the price of commodities. The pledge or promise should be exactly equivalent to, as it stands in the place of, the commodity or commodities to be given hereafter. These commodities, which the paper stands in the place of, are the price of what was received. The equitable limit of price is, we have seen, the cost of the articles received. The promise is therefore rightly the equivalent of, or goes to the extent of, the cost of the articles received. But the cost of an article is, we have seen, the labor there is in it, rightly measured. Every issue of the circulating medium should therefore be a representative of, or pledge for, a certain amount of human labor, or for some commodity which has in it an equal amount of human labor; and, to avoid all question about what commodity shall be

substituted, it is proper that a staple or standard article, the cost of which all agree upon, should be selected.

We return, then, to the Labor Note as the legitimate germ of a circulating medium.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 102.

Oh! for an end of the torture which he endured, his intense desire for her growing still more intense with the irresistible evocation of her luminous face! He would die, but at least holding between his shriveled fingers that soft and precious hand which he almost crushed and whose feverish heat remained upon his flesh and permeated his whole being.

Marian! The name constantly rose to his lips in a stammer, and left his throat in spite of himself; and, to touch anything of hers, no matter what, he held in front of him the dagger, as a monk in prayer holds before his eyes the divine crucifix, and with ardor contemplated the weapon, glittering in the expiring light of the fireplace, and its tapering blade insensibly magnetizing him into the mysterious ecstasy of a dream.

And suddenly he who had not been roused from his torpor by the thousand noises outside, or the haughty commands of Newington whose echoes reverberated through the vast halls, or the bustle of the soldiery still filling the courts, or the shots of the sentinels amusing themselves by firing at some inoffensive passer-by, trembled nervously at the sound of a silken train brushing imperceptibly over the thick carpet.

Enveloped in a loose wrapper of white satin, somewhat open at the neck, Lady Newington, with her long golden tresses and her undulating and charming step, advanced slowly and silently, looking, in the reddening brightness of a falling brand, like the marvellous apparition of a Fata Morgana. Insensible to the fantastic grace of this entrance, Richard, with knit brows, in an outbreak of malignant wrath, tried to rise and conceal from Ellen's look, as from a profanation, the dagger which he had wrenched from the Irish girl. The Duchess made this impossible; and as, with a seeming nonchalance, she leaned on Bradwell's chair, with a quick gesture she seized the weapon and took possession of it.

Bradwell gave an instinctive cry of terror.

"Ellen! do not touch it." . . .

"Why?"

"It is poisoned."

"Ah! bah!"

And the Duchess broke into a harsh, incredulous laugh, whose fleeting banter doubled the fascination of her being by parting her voluptuously moist lips over the milky whiteness of her teeth and lowering over her sparkling eyes her blinking lashes.

"My lady! You frighten me, you are playing with death. . . . I swear it to you." . . .

Ellen's laugh ceased, not under the influence of fear, but because of a sudden idea which imposed itself upon her, again transforming her mobile face and changing its artificial and provoking gaiety into an expression of diabolical cunning, of cold cruelty; and with her clear voice, impenetrable, enigmatic, cutting, and metallic as steel, she repeated:

"Poisoned! We will see!"

Very quickly she turned towards the window, with one push opened it wide, and gave the odd call with which she usually summoned her doves.

Bradwell recoiled with horror.

A frightful odor of blood reached them, borne by the wind from the height where the bodies of the Irishmen, not yet removed, were rapidly decomposing, and also the more pungent and stifling smell of fires which had been lighted.

Whirlwinds of black smoke passed, veiling for an instant the bloody purple of the heavens, flames darted from distant beds of coals, licking the horizon, upon which were outlined in a triple and interminable row the sinister shapes of gallows, and the deafening, exultant croaking of the ravens responded to the smothered sound of a vast and many-voiced sob, while the hastening flock of doves encircled the Duchess, smiling at them wheeling in their flight.

For three days, frightened by the tumult of the battle, they had been cowering in the towers of the castle, where, trembling, they awaited the end of the devastations in the neighborhood; and as the last gleams of the blazing roofs set on fire the surrounding woods, the poor, gentle birds, chilled and famished, flew joyously at the call of the kind mistress who usually petted them so much, pampering their greediness, and all flew around the marvellous young woman, making her a halo with their glittering wings, greeting her with a hosanna of joy, and celebrating her surpassing beauty in song.

But the beating of their agitated wings, their cooings, more tender than words of love, left the wicked Duchess indifferent, and the invasion of the entire band seemed rather to annoy her.

The Duchess called the nearest of the turtle-doves, behind which the others held discreetly back, Aisse, the favorite, whiter than the others, with a suspicion of a tuft of black, and black also on the breast, perhaps over the heart, and who wore about the neck a loop of gold from which hung an enormous diamond, glittering in the night like a clear star when, amid the darkness, she left her nest to come and knock at Lady Ellen's window.

Instantly Aisse alighted, light as flame, placing her pink feet on the shoulder of the Duchess, and with her round beak kissed the divine ear of Ellen, who, unscrewing the cover of her sweetmeat-box of colored porcelain, pricked a square of apricot paste with the point of the dagger.

"You are not going to try the virtue of the poison on this dear little creature!" cried Sir Richard, in sudden indignation and extending his hand to prevent the crime.

But the bird had already snapped up the *bonbon* in a fatal hurry, fearful of the movement made to save her, which she interpreted erroneously as intended to deprive her of a delicacy; and the Duchess, moreover, helping her, she had scratched her palate with the blade deep enough to make the blood flow.

So successful was the experiment that, before the eyes of the horrified Bradwell and of Lady Ellen, who was radiant at the promptness of the result, the dove suddenly exhaled a plaintive sigh, and, with the anguish of a human creature in her golden eyes which grew dull, she stiffened her supple limbs, and, rendering up her life, fell on the carpet, while her mates of the pigeon-house, surprised and mournfully disturbed, with their narrow animal instinct, felt vaguely the abomination of what had passed, and flew swiftly away, bewildered, frightened, silent, and melancholy.

"Monstrous! monstrous!" cried Sir Bradwell, looking sadly at the bird which the Duchess thrust away from her with her foot.

The excessive sensibility of Sir Richard at the insignificant death of a bird made her laugh, coming the day after he had ordered his frightful executions, his furious massacres; she answered his silly tenderness, his indignation over a tribe, with a contemptuous shrug of her shoulders, considering that the corpses of his victims were rotting hideously, without burial, and, shaken to and fro by the wind in the branches of the trees, would soon shed swarms of worms upon the ground.

And, *à propos* of that, she questioned him regarding the scandalous and ridiculous scene in which he had exposed to public view his sentiments in regard to the young Marian, and she refused to believe in the veracity of the account which had come to her, though from twenty different sources.

"Tell me, I beg you, that you did not open your heart, as beggars expose their sores to excite charity, and that you did not receive a lesson in dignity from this young girl, from all the Irishmen shouting the refrain of 'Long live Ireland!' It was a falsehood that they told me, was it not?"

"Not at all."

"You were mad, then; unsettled by the fight or drunk with too much whiskey, taken before the action to nerve you up."

"My lady!"

"What! I seek a motive, an excuse for your unspeakable conduct, and you push away the support which I offer you? You acted, then, in cold blood?"

She questioned him closely, breath to breath, in a rising wrath, at first light, contemptuous, and contained, but now flagrant and brutal; and as he did not answer, as he averted his darkening face, saddened, doubtless, by the picture of the adventure which she evoked, the irascible young woman, forgetful of decorum, of her bearing, seized him by the facing of his coat which she shook to rouse him from his insulting reverie and force him to a categorical explanation.

"Richard," she resumed, "answer me, I wish it, and answer me in the way that I desire. Lie, if necessary, if lying will quiet my alarm. You did not possess your reason. Is not that the truth? Or else—you see I am generous—you feel towards the Irish girl the revival of a worn-out fancy."

"Ellen!"

"You felt a desire for her of old, before falling in love with me; she is agreeable, has ingenuous, exciting ways, and your jealousy is irritated at the thought that this tender and sweet fruit will one day be plucked by some boor before your face."

"Enough! enough!"

He was suffering terribly, and a vehement wrath was arising within him. To hear his love and Marian's misfortune so treated and in such a tone, when the very name of the young girl in the mouth of the Duchess, soiled with criminal kisses and the grossest sensuality, seemed to him a stigma upon the chaste and respected virgin!

But, notwithstanding the folds in his menacing forehead and his harsh voice, he did not impose silence on his mistress, whose eyes flamed with spite, and she went on, violent, perfidious, odious:

"Only confess that it is the simple desire of the flesh which holds you, and I will grant you permission to content yourself."

Indignant beyond all expression, he put his hand on her lips to close them; but, drawing away, she continued:

"In war, this is easy: she refuses, take her!"

An expression of supreme disgust and intense pain at the same time leaped from Richard's throat at the sight of this unworthy condescension, this obliteration of the moral sense and the baseness of this advice of the tempter.

And the Duchess, put beside herself by this insulting reception of her conciliatory proposition, by the sentiments roused in the mind of her lover, walked rapidly up to him, folding her arms, her face thrust forward, darting from under her half-closed lips the thunderbolts of her overflowing fury, and, shaken by a convulsive trembling, said in a hiccupping voice:

"Then with her you would not dare? It is not as with me, whom you have taken by force, without scruple. . . . Take care of your remarks, which outrage me! . . . Your Marian". . .

Bradwell, trying to regain his equanimity, preserved an enervating speechlessness, foreseeing disagreeable consequences from this harpy's miserable outburst, and feeling in himself a disposition to violence if Lady Ellen did not cease her attacks on the young girl.

She perceived, under Richard's outward calm, the thought which was evolving in his mind and saw in his twitching hands the itching for violence; so she promptly resumed her interrupted sentence:

"Your Marian, you would not touch her! On account of her virginity, perhaps . . . ah! ah! ah! do not trouble yourself: many a fine day, doubtless, has she run in the fields!"

She purposely used this coarse expression, which she had heard in the conversations of the servants at the castle, or, in former days, among the country people about her father's parsonage. A more discreet circumlocution would not have so deeply wounded Richard, who in his distress was seeking revenge, and this broad language would irritate the wound caused by calumnious assertions.

The infamy of the proceeding did not escape him; she knew perfectly well, from having informed herself, as a false detective, the irreproachable reputation of the young girl; but, in her thought, besides satisfying her hatred, the outrage, formulated with this indecency of idea and by such revolting images, would pollute Marian, would sully her horrifying halo of sinless purity, would ruin his *protégé*, and would destroy the power, made a hundred times stronger by her refusals, which she exercised over Sir Bradwell.

But the immediate effect of this venomous insinuation might be dangerous to her, might complete the exasperation of him whose privacy she so monstrously invaded, and she shivered with fear as she felt the young man's hand graze her cheek.

Starting to strike the provoking, hateful face, his hand had suddenly swerved on the way, and the Duchess, who mechanically and convulsively grasped the hilt of the dagger to answer the brutal blow, the unpardonable offence, stood wondering, looking at Richard's face.

He bent no longer on his look as piercing and cutting as the steel in the hands of the executioner; restless, shaded with a sudden sadness which gradually darkened them, his eyes traced in space an imaginary outline, and fixed themselves, beyond the walls of the apartment, the confines of Cumsten-Park, the limits of the village, in the distance, in search of Marian.

Lady Ellen's low and vulgar invective had roused in Sir Bradwell's mind the thought of the frightful peril which perhaps menaced the young girl at this very hour on the roads swarming with victorious soldiers in the terrible country where the troops were going through their evolutions, with blood on fire, greedy for the joys which crown triumphs.

Alone, without a defender, without defence; Paddy Neill doubtless hanged or butchered; Treor a prisoner in a casemate of the castle; without the weapon

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

The Spooner Publication Fund.

Gertrude B. Kelly	\$10.00
Geo. W. Searle	5.00
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Why Wages Should Absorb Profits.

Van Buren Denslow, discussing in the "Truth Seeker" the comparative rewards of labor and capital, points out that the present wage system divides profits almost evenly between the two, instancing the railroads of Illinois, which pay annually in salaries and wages \$81,936,170, and to capital, which Mr. Denslow defines as "the labor previously done in constructing and equipping the roads," \$81,720,265. Then he remarks: "No system of intentional profit-sharing is more equal than this, provided we assent to the principle that a day's work already done and embodied in the form of capital is as well entitled to compensation for its use as a day's work not yet done, which we call labor." Exactly. But the principle referred to is the very thing which we Socialists deny, and, until Mr. Denslow can meet and vanquish us on that point, he will in vain attempt to defend the existing or any other form of profit-sharing. The Socialists assert that "a day's work embodied in the form of capital" has already been fully rewarded by the ownership of that capital; that, if the owner lends it to another to use and the user damages it, destroys it, or consumes any part of it, the owner is entitled to have this damage, destruction, or consumption made good; and that, if the owner receives from the user any surplus beyond the return of his capital intact, his day's work is paid for a second time.

Perhaps Mr. Denslow will tell us, as we have so often been told before, that this day's work should be paid for a second and a third and a hundredth and a millionth time because the capital which it produced and in which it is embodied increased the productivity of future labor. The fact that it did cause such an increase we grant, but that labor, where there is freedom, is or should be paid in proportion to its usefulness we deny. All useful qualities exist in nature, either actively or potentially, and their benefits, under freedom, are distributed by the natural law of free exchange among mankind. The laborer who brings any particular useful quality into action is paid according to the labor he has expended, but gets only his share, in com-

mon with all mankind, of the special usefulness of this product. It is true that the usefulness of his product has a tendency to enhance its price, but this tendency is immediately offset, wherever competition is possible, — and as long as there is a money monopoly there is no freedom of competition in any industry requiring capital, — by the rush of other laborers to create this product, which lasts until the price falls back to the normal wages of labor. Hence it is evident that the owner of the capital embodying the day's work above referred to cannot get his work paid for even a second time by selling his capital. Why, then, should he be able to get it paid for a second time and an infinite number of times by repeatedly lending his capital? Unless Mr. Denslow can give us some reason, he will have to admit that all profit-sharing is a humbug, and that the entire net product of industry should fall into the hands of labor not previously embodied in the form of capital, — in other words, that wages should entirely absorb profits.

tribute to the credit-monger than the latter pay to the insurance-monger, and the one class will be as safe from bankruptcy as the other is from fire. Yet Mr. Atkinson, whose daily life should keep this truth perpetually before his mind, pretends that the laborer can achieve the social revolution by living on beef-bones and using water-gas as fuel. Can any one think him sincere?

T.

No Method in the "Sun's" Madness.

The New York "Sun's" governmentalism is above suspicion, and so was its sanity — until recently. But some of its latest utterances would seem to indicate that it was not simply its own interest in maintaining the present condition of things that made it so reckless and uncompromising an upholder of the thousand and one government-created and law-sustained monopolies which are rapidly destroying every distinctive feature of this new world. It proves itself to be State-crazy and verging upon a state of dangerous lunacy. Not long ago it startled its sensible readers by the wild declaration that there is but one step from boycotting to assassination, which is tantamount to saying that no man has a right to choose and decide for himself with whom he shall associate, what he shall read, where he shall get his daily supplies, and on whom he shall bestow his favors. It virtually said: once having become a reader of the "Sun," you are bound to support it as long as you live, or as long as the owners find it profitable to continue its publication; it may offend and insult you; it may lie about you most outrageously and damnable; it may fill its columns with vituperation and abuse of everything that you respect and approve, — still you must send in your regular subscription, or else be denounced as an assassin. Can the love for government reduce men to still more pitiful idiocy? The "Sun's" latest "shine" demonstrated that it can.

Some trouble occurred in a certain minor labor organization in consequence of the appropriation by the financial secretary of the funds entrusted to him, and the indignant members, unwilling to cause themselves greater annoyance and loss by lodging a legal complaint against the defaulter, simply resolved to expel him and expose his villainous conduct to his fellow-laborers in order that he might be treated according to his deserts. What is there in this act that any person of ordinary sense could object to as criminal and illegitimate? A number of people have agreed to sever their connection with an individual who misused and robbed them, and also to warn others against him. This, nevertheless, was a text for a bitter and violent attack upon the labor body in question by the "Sun," which charged them with having assumed the function of a criminal tribunal. It claimed that the robbed parties had no right to pass judgment upon the thief until they secured his conviction by a jury through the legal and State-provided machinery. To be a good citizen, then, one must cease to be a man, a freeman, an individual. Such logic can only add to the strength of the Anarchistic protest against the existence of the State, but, coming from the "Sun," which professed to labor for freedom and favor a government which governs least, it teaches us to beware of such friends of liberty. All believers in government of man by man inevitably fall a prey to this terrible malady and become raving maniacs.

V. YARROS.

Mr. Perrine's Difficulties.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I suppose I should feel completely swamped by the great waves of satire which have rolled over my head from all directions but the front.

Still I feel able to lift my hand, and make the motion of scissors.

I have had the fallacy of a part of my argument so clearly pointed out to me by another than Liberty that I did not think it would be necessary for its editor to go so far around my position as to deny the sanctity of contract in order to refute me.

Indeed, my only hope of Liberty now is that it will define some of its own positions.

I have heard a great deal of "spooks" and "plumb-lines," but I cannot clearly see the reason that contract has ceased being a "plumb-line" and become a "spook," unless we have to allow that much liberty for an argument.

Will you please explain what safety there may be in an

individualistic community where it becomes each man's duty to break all contracts as soon as he has become convinced that they were made foolishly?

Again, it being the duty of the individuals to break contracts made with each other, I cannot clearly see how it becomes an act of despicable despotism for the Republic to break contracts made with the Crow Indians, unless the ideal community is that in which we all become despicable despots and where we amuse ourselves by calling each other hard names.

Indeed, as I have said twice before, you seem to me to deny to others the right to make and carry out their own contracts unless these contracts meet with your approval.

I am aware now of my error in assuming that the authority of the State rested historically on any social contract, and those points which were brought in in your reply as secondary are the main objections to my position.

The true authority of the State rests, as Hearn shows in his "Aryan Household," not on contract, but on its development; a point at which I hinted, but did not clearly develop.

However, I do not feel warranted in entering with you into any discussion from that standpoint till I am able to find out more clearly what Liberty means by *development*. In your reply to me, you seem to think of it as a sort of cut-and-try process; this may be a Boston idea absorbed from the "Monday Lectures," but I think that it is hardly warranted by either Darwin or Spencer.

I tried in both of my letters to insist on the existence of a general line of development which is almost outside the power of individuals and which is optimistic. By its being "optimistic" I mean that, on the principle of the survival of the fittest, our present condition is the best that it is possible for us to have attained. You do not deny man's divinity, "neither do you deny his degradation"; from what has man been degraded? You do not accept an Eudicite state; then what do you mean by "man's degradation"?

The idea of development which admits of a degradation and which expects Liberty's followers to arrest the "wasteful process" which has already made trial of everything else and is now in despair about to make the experiment of Anarchy is something new to me that I must ask for a more complete exposition of the system.

FREDERIC A. C. PERRINE.

NEWARK, N. J.

[Mr. Perrine should read more carefully. I have never said that it is "each man's duty to break all contracts as soon as he has become convinced that they were made foolishly." What I said was that, if a man should sign a contract to part with his liberty forever, he would violate it as soon as he saw the enormity of his folly. Because I believe that some promises are better broken than kept, it does not follow that I think it wise always to break a foolish promise. On the contrary, I deem the keeping of promises such an important matter that only in the extremest cases would I approve their violation. It is of such vital consequence that associates should be able to rely upon each other that it is better never to do anything to weaken this confidence except when it can be maintained only at the expense of some consideration of even greater importance. I mean by evolution just what Darwin means by it,—namely, the process of selection by which, out of all the variations that occur from any cause whatever, only those are preserved which are best adapted to the environment. Inasmuch as the variations that perish vastly outnumber those that survive, this process is extremely wasteful, but human intelligence can greatly lessen the waste. I am perfectly willing to admit its optimism, if by optimism is meant the doctrine that everything is for the best *under the circumstances*. Optimism so defined is nothing more than the doctrine of necessity. As to the word "degradation," evidently Mr. Perrine is unaware of all its meanings. By its derivation it implies descent from something higher, but it is also used by the best English writers to express a low condition regardless of what preceded it. It was in the latter sense that I used it.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Theoretical Methods.

From the raw recruit in the Salvation Army up to the Theoretical Anarchist, none are lacking in "methods" whereby man may be saved. The religious recruit who, perhaps, has just heard of Jesus is filled with sublime faith. In his exuberant optimism earth and heaven seem about to unite, peace is to reign everywhere, and happiness fill every soul. But one thing is lacking,—faith. So he sets out, like Bunyan's Christian, steadfast in purpose to convince the world that the *code mecum* of temporal and eternal success is but this one thing: Think as I do, and you will be saved! But, alas! men have listened to the old song for centuries, and heaven

has not descended nor earth ascended to supernal bliss. Here, as elsewhere, difference of views is a constant factor. What Proudhon calls "the force of events" has led to wider and wider differentiation of character, and consequently of methods. We will leave the religionist to his theoretical method, and sadly smile as we pass by.

The statesman—from the public minister to the itinerant demagogue—also has a method, a "Morrison's Pill" for all social ills. Having outgrown the delusion of the Fifth Monarchy men, who sought to intersect the parallel lines of religion and politics, keeping one eye on earth and the other wildly staring at the hollow vault that re-echoed back their loud appeals, the statesmen sees but one method,—the ballot! *Eureka!* let workmen adopt political methods for economic ills, put We, Us & Co. in office, and the problem is solved! But again the constant factor appears; in spite of harangues, preaching, and able editors, men will not think alike. Here and there are those who assert that this mingling of political and economic methods is but a repetition of the former folly.

The Prohibitionists see the world redeemed when all men abjure rum or are unable to obtain it. If they perversely assert to be virtuous, it is proposed to inject virtue into them. The Socialists of the "orthodox" stripe have been persistent, in season and out of season, in demonstrating to the world that, when their "propaganda" has brought all men to one way of thinking, incompetency will be able to select competency, or capacity, to run the social machine. The Coöperator also turns his little "crank," and, in haste to realize results, gathers himself together and starts a society in the south or west, where he proposes to socialize "Millerism" within the State. But, again, to all these schemes the constant factor remains,—that the Apostle is only an apostle to the few.

And last, though not least, appears the Theoretical Anarchist, who, while abjuring "systems," still as vociferously asserts the validity of his unpatented "method" whereby the Millennium is to be inaugurated. True, it has failed hitherto,—in Ireland, for instance, but there the "method," not "system," when it came to the test, found that existing political methods had far greater attractions. Strange! but "twas ever thus," and so it will be again while the State remains. Let us listen and see if we do not catch the old time-worn cadence, so long familiar to our ears:

"Had the people realized the power they were exercising, and understood the economic situation, they would not have resumed the payment of rent at Parnell's bidding, and today they might have been free."

Salvation Army hymn again! "The force of events" within the State will ever lead the attraction of State methods to predominate. The State must go! How? I neither know nor care; I have no patented or unpatented "method" to foist upon a long-suffering community. Let the inevitable come as it will; I can protest then as now. If the "brutal Communists" of Chicago, as Liberty called them, had been more theoretical in their methods, they would not now be lying under the shadow of the gallows for "conspiracy" to resist invasion of individual rights.

In fact, to realize "the method of Anarchy," I am forcibly reminded of an incident which occurred when I risked my life to spread cheap labor over the South. A young lieutenant was sent out with a platoon to make a reconnaissance, and on his march came to a river which was not fordable. Drilled in army methods, he followed his instructions to make a requisition on the quartermaster if he needed anything. "Realizing the power he was exercising and understanding the military situation," he sent in a requisition for a platoon of men eighteen feet high! If he had waited till the water had run by, he might have crossed easily, but then, as now, nature and men remained constant factors.

Sadly, DYER D. LUM.

[It is no wonder that Mr. Lum feels sad. I should feel not only sad, but ashamed, if the responsibility of the above article rested on my shoulders. It is such a bundle of absurdities, such a labyrinth of analogies that cross each other at every turn, such an unmethodical mass of errors, that it is impossible to pursue any method in answering it. There is so little about it that is structural or organic that it must be dealt with more or less at random. Perhaps I shall strike in a not altogether wrong direction if I point out to Mr. Lum that the State which he is trying to abolish is not the State as institution, but simply the existing State. He is like the slave who is so utterly destitute of an idea, so thoroughly incapable of a generalization, in short, so entirely and exclusively practical, that he cannot appreciate the remoter fact that his oppression rests upon an almost universal belief in mastership, but can see no further than the concrete master whose lash he feels. If one of his fellows were to reason from the latter back to the former and seek some method of striking at the foundation of the tyranny, this slave would sneer at him, as Mr. Lum sneers at the "Theoretical Anarchist"; but to one of his fellows who

should snatch the lash from the master's hand and beat him to death, though with no other thought than of straightway kneeling to another master, this slave would lift his hat, as Mr. Lum "lifted his hat to the thrower of the Chicago bomb." I care as little as Mr. Lum how the State goes, but I insist that it shall really go,—that it shall be abolished, not reformed. That it cannot be abolished until there shall exist some considerable measure and solid weight of absolute and well-grounded disbelief in it as an institution is a truth too nearly axiomatic for demonstration. In the absence of such disbelief the existing State might be destroyed by the blindly rebellious or might fall through its own rottenness, but another would at once arise in its stead. Why should it not, how could it be otherwise, when all believe in the necessity of the State? Now, it is to create this measure and weight of disbelief that the "Theoretical Anarchist" is working. He is not trying, like the religionist, to convert the whole world to his way of thinking by a never-ending series of individual conversions, or, like the politician, Prohibitionist, and Socialist, to get a majority upon his side, or yet, like the Coöperator (whom I am surprised to see cited as "theoretical"), to retire from the busy world to build a play-house in the wilderness; he is simply addressing himself to such persons as are amenable to reason to the end that these may unite and here and now enter upon the work of laying the foundations of Liberty, knowing that, these foundations once laid, the structure must rise upon them, the work of all men's hands, as a matter of economic necessity. This is a work that must be done sooner or later, and the sooner the better. If, as Mr. Lum conceives, the destruction of the existing State by force is inevitable, no fact more than this should incite the "Theoretical Anarchist" to immediately concentrate all his energies upon the work which he has laid out. If ruin is to confront us so soon and surely, all the greater need of seeing to it that Liberty, and not Authority, shall be the architect of the succeeding social structure. If Mr. Lum and his friends, the Communists of Chicago (whose characterization as "brutal" Mr. Lum in the past, when less anxious to score a point against me, has carefully and correctly attributed to "X" instead of to Liberty), had devoted one half the energy to this "theoretical" work that they have expended in preaching the gospel of dynamite and proclaiming "the logic of events," not only would none of them "now be lying under the shadow of the gallows" (the desirability of which position I do not perceive as clearly as Mr. Lum), but very likely there would now be enough "Theoretical Anarchists" to begin some work similar to that which C. T. Fowler is outlining in his luminous "Sun." If Mr. Lum can demonstrate the impossibility of creating such a force as this, he will not only knock the bottom out of "Theoretical Anarchism," but he will reduce every species of Socialism to a utopian dream. But, until he can, it will be futile for him to fight "Theoretical Anarchism" with analogies based on such impossibilities as the recruiting of men eighteen feet high. The two methods must be proved equally impossible before the analogy will hold. I have not touched all the weak points, but perhaps I have said enough. At any rate, as Proudhon has been referred to, I cannot close more aptly than with these words from his "What is Property?" "There is one truth of which I am profoundly convinced,—nations live by absolute ideas, not by approximate and partial conceptions; therefore, men are needed who define principles, or at least test them in the fire of controversy. Such is the law,—the idea first, the pure idea, the understanding of the laws of God, the theory: practice follows with slow steps, cautious, attentive to the succession of events; sure to seize, towards this eternal meridian, the indications of supreme reason. The coöperation of theory and practice produces in humanity the realization of order,—the absolute truth. All of us, as long as we live, are called, each in proportion to his strength, to this sublime work. The only duty which it imposes upon us is to refrain from appropriating the truth to ourselves, either by concealing it, or by accommodating it to the *temper of the century*, or by using it for our own interests." —EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Continued from page 3.

which would have protected her against violence, whether she had used it to repel the first attempt of those attacking her or had turned it upon her own breast and thus offered to their lust only a rigid corpse; harassed surely every minute, at the turning of the roads, at the corners of hedges; assailed, thrown down, without the resource even of flight, so exhausted was she by the emotions of the day,—she was falling a prey to the vile passions, not only of the single aggressor of the moment, but of all the brutes who crossed her path.

The poor unfortunate! and, by the side of the real dangers which she ran, what signified the words with which the Duchess tried to sully her? How much more culpable was he than Lady Ellen, he who had exposed, condemned Treor's granddaughter to this flight beset with traps, with ambuscades, with snares, with surprises a hundred thousand times worse than death?

Evidently his only rôle, in order to repair the wrong, if there was still time, was to leave the castle at once, and not return until Marian should be found, taken to a safe place, and confided to sure friends, to careful guardians provided with the authority necessary to over-aw the English troops.

While he was beating about in the darkness on the roads converging upon the battle-field, where, worn out and wounded, the poor, sweet child had perhaps laid since the evening before, awaiting help or preferable death, some reliable soldiers, not brutes like the others, should make a similar and more extended search in other directions.

To be continued.

Socialistic Letters.

[Le Radical.]

I have already told you, my dear friend, that the socialization of the means of production is a dogma; that a dogma is proclaimed, taught, imposed; that it has its faithful, its apostles, its sectarians, its priests, its martyrs, and its visionaries; but that it is not opened, justified, demonstrated.

The dogma is by nature mysterious and obscure, and you ask me to throw some light upon it, on the ground that I have taken as my motto: "Whatsoever is not clear is not true."

Has any one ever thrown light on the dogmas of transubstantiation, incarnation, and the trinity? And yet millions and millions of men have believed in them. For them men have disputed with each other, beaten each other, tortured each other; for them generations, entire nations have been annihilated; and they have cost the wars of the Albigenes, the massacres of the sixteenth century, Saint Bartholomew, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the Inquisition.

The socialization of the means of production is the religion of the day; it has its adepts from the North to the South, from the Orient to the Occident; it is confessed in journals, magazines, meetings, congresses; it commands armies; and you, profane man, ask it to bring you proofs!

Have its adherents asked for proofs? And they are almost as numerous as the stars of heaven—visible to the naked eye. Have its apostles, its leaders themselves asked for proofs?

They have believed; believe! They have followed; follow! They have given the word of command; obey!

You make objection that you, being a libertarian, are not obedient; that to follow under such conditions is to take one's place among Panurge's sheep; and you send me the triumphant argument that you cannot believe without knowing.

Alas! no more can I.

Let us learn, then; and since one is never so well informed as by himself, let us inform ourselves and run for a little while, over mountains and through valleys, to lay hold of the said dogma and find out for ourselves whether it is so refractory to analysis.

It forms a part of the Christian baggage. Christianity is a championship of the exploited, the wretched, the poor, against the exploiters, the powerful, the rich.

Against the iniquity of distribution it has protested by the instinctive as well as unconscious cry of every social revolution in its infancy: Communism.

Listen to the fathers of the Church.

Saint Basil says: "The rich man is a thief."

Saint John Chrysostom: "The rich man is a brigand."

Saint Jerome: "Opulence is always the result of robbery."

Saint Clement: "It was iniquity that gave rise to private property."

Conclusion:

No more private property, everything in common, and then no more thieves, no more brigands, no more opulence, and no more iniquity.

You see, the solution is simple, direct, convenient, and easily dispenses with knowledge and even with thought. It may be subject to some illusions and disenchantments.

Application (*Acts*: 4: 34 and following):

"Neither was there any among them that lacked: for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold,"—today they would add tools, and the distribution indicated in the next verse would be made in kind, —

"And laid them down at the apostles' feet: and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need."

That is the pure Communistic doctrine, as simple as the child just born, and not yet articulated in view of the resistance of those people who, under the pretext of liberty, are disinclined to go to lay no matter what at the feet of no matter whom, and to go to beg, from the hands of no matter whom, no matter what.

Penalty:

"But a certain man named Ananias, with Sapphira his wife, sold a possession,

"And kept back part of the price, his wife also being privy to it, and brought a certain part, and laid it at the apostles' feet."

"But Peter said: 'Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost?'—the auditor of the time, —'and to keep back part of the price of the land?'

"And Ananias hearing these words fell down, and gave up the ghost: and great fear came on all them that heard these things."

Christian Communism inaugurated the tradition of all Communisms, past and future, which have always included in their methods of action a salutary terrorism.

"And the young men arose, wound him up, and carried him out, and buried him."

To add to the terror:

"And it was about the space of three hours after, when his wife, not knowing what was done, came in.

"And Peter answered unto her: 'Tell me whether ye sold the land for so much?' And she said: 'Yea, for so much.'

"Then Peter said unto her: 'How is it that ye have agreed together to tempt the auditing committee? behold, the feet of them which have buried thy husband are at the door, and shall carry thee out.'

"Then fell she down straightway at his feet, and yielded up the ghost: and the young men came in, and found her dead, and, carrying her forth, buried her by her husband.

"And great fear came upon all the church."

This fear aiding, they continued, in the course of the centuries, to bring the prices of things, then the things themselves, actual property real and personal, and place them in the hands of the Christian collectivity, as it is called today.

You understand, of course, that the "hands of the collectivity" is a metaphorical expression, and that these hands practically resolve themselves into a certain number of individuals appointed to receive private property and to distribute it afterwards, "according to needs." Now, hands, though made to receive and even to distribute, are also excellently fitted to retain. You know the proverb: "What is good to take is good to keep."

And besides, hands are attached to arms, and arms to bodies endowed with strong appetites, passions, and other qualities, which do not abandon individuals, even in collectivity.

The delegated administrators, the executive committees of the Christian collectivity,—vicars, priests, bishops, popes,—quickly discovered that the best Communism is that which begins at home.

To each according to his needs, said the constitution.

These chiefs of the Christian community,—for delegates, even though elected in the most democratic fashion in the world, always become chiefs in communities,—popes, bishops, priests, and vicars had need of good food, fine clothes, splendid residences, and they distributed them to themselves; their appetites coming as they ate, they also had need of vast domains, numerous servants, and even immense collections of serfs, and they satisfied these needs according to the formula.

The needs of the shepherds being thus appeased, there doubtless was not much left for the sheep; nevertheless, when they were too bare, having been too closely shorn, and when they were too hungry, and if they bowed very, very low and even begged upon their knees, a few bits were thrown them from the social warehouse . . . by way of charity.

The people, who had risen against exploitation, again became subject to exploitation. Their hatred of the rich had created rich; their cry for freedom died out in a slave's prayer, and the most horrible, the most stupefying, the most debilitating, the most degrading, the most humiliating of systems marked the logical development and end of an attempt at Communism undertaken by reformers of conviction, who were courageous, energetic, sincere, honest, devoted to the point of sacrifice, to the point of persecution, to the point of martyrdom, to the point of death.

Through having abandoned their goods, men had lost their liberty, their dignity, their security.

ERNEST LESIGNE.

The Kerry Anarchists.

Dear Mr. Kelly:

I have great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of your last letter, together with a very large instalment of *Liberty* and several numbers of the "Proudhon Library," etc. Such invaluable matter shall be utilized to the best advantage.

Until Henry Appleton's latest contribution to *Liberty* appeared, the numerous friends and admirers of that great reformer doubtless might have entertained some lingering hopes of his return to the Anarchistic fold. I don't know whether it would be too much to ask Honorius of the "Irish World," before he sets fire to the boats, to take one retrospective glance at his old comrades who are working night and day for the abolition of the organized State, in case he fails to point out or explore this imaginary "vast mountain of government" outside of it.

In a recent issue of *Liberty* I perceive that Comrade Benj. R. Tucker asks me to explain why so many young people should have been found within the Roman Catholic church at Brosna sufficiently rid of superstition to protest against the gross impertinence of the priests on the occasion when he thought to pass sentence of excommunication on a young couple. The parish priest gave public warning from the altar one Sunday that, "unless this pair had separated before seven days, they would be treated as they deserved."

The young couple attended on the following Sunday (right or wrong), accompanied by several friends, to hear the parish priest's ultimatum. His Reverence commenced by stating that there were only three or four couples in his parish rightly married, as all the other married parties kept their relationships carefully concealed from the priests. You see, this was tantamount to defrauding the vicar out of so much hard cash by way of "dispensation." He also asserted that the people of Kerry were the descendants of thieves and robbers and outlaws who, in the reign of Queen Bess, had to fly before the forces of the crown; that they found shelter in the mountains of Kerry, and the present inhabitants were descended from them! Then there was an ominous shake of the head, accompanied by low guttural mutterings, signifying brimstone and fiery pits. Having been delivered of so much by way of introduction, he did not feel surprised that such a people should have totally disregarded and despised his own authority by holding communication with those unhappy wretches, etc. The parties already named left, and were cheered lustily.

I remember another exodus from the church when the people were denounced as robbers and red republicans for adopting the "No-Rent Manifesto" and "Hold the Harvest."

In the neighboring parish of Mount Collins, County Limerick, the people were denounced for "Moonlighting" a few Sundays ago by their priests, who said that "it was a wonder that the ground did not open and swallow them up," and that they were "the scum of society and the pliant tools of the *Kerry Anarchists*." Since then the people of Mount Collins, when called on to pay Easter dues, unanimously refused to contribute one penny to the support of their slandering pastors.

The "Criminal Law Amendment (Ireland) Bill" will become law,—a sure sign how that lumbering old machine called the British Constitution has failed to hold Ireland in chains. Many will fly from this country in consequence of this new persecution by the organized State, while others may be imprisoned or exiled.

But far dearer the grave or the prison
Illumined by one Anarchist's name
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame.

Oh, Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright!
Profuse of bliss and pregnant with delight,
Eternal happiness in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty guide thy laboring train.

Fraternally yours,
BROSNA, COUNTY KERRY, IRELAND, APRIL 21, 1887.

MICHAEL HICKEY.

[Those who do not remember Mr. Hickey's letter and my comments in No. 95 should read them in connection with the above communication. The fact of the week's notice given by the priest makes the matter clear. I thank my earnest Irish comrade for his kind explanation and for the excellent work which he and his neighbors are doing in a country where it is most needed.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

A Criticism That Does Not Apply.*To the Editor of Liberty:*

It pains me to see your frequent attacks on Henry George, as they make the defenders of monopolies secure in the knowledge that there is discord in the ranks of the reformers. It appears to me — though I may be mistaken and will gladly accept arguments and refutation — that one important point of the land question has escaped your attention, just as the vital point of the money question does not seem to be clear to the editor of the "Standard." It is my conviction that in a state of perfect liberty, assuming the existence of "intelligent egoism," the people will combine for mutual protection, and among other things will enter a social compact creating an equitable right of property. They will also protect their members in the possession of the land they till, or on which they ply their trade or build their homes. But, since some land possesses advantages over other land, they will demand an equitable remuneration for this protection and renunciation, especially if it can be shown to cost the consumers of whatever is produced under these special advantages exactly as much as the holder of the land is able to obtain as "rent" (Ricardo's "rent," John Stuart Mill's "unearned increment"). The community would therefore collect the rent in the form of taxes, — i. e., equitable pay for the right of possession, — and, to be perfectly fair, should divide the proceeds among those consumers who, through the operation of the law of supply and demand, were forced to pay more than the average cost. But as such distribution would be practically impossible, the proceeds of this taxation should be used as nearly as possible to the advantage of those to whom it equitably belongs. Can you suggest a better disposal than Henry George does? If so, we are ready to hear. But please admit, or else refute the statement, that the collection of rent by the community would be the natural outgrowth of equitable social compact entered for the sake of order and peace in a state of perfect liberty among intelligently egoistic beings.

You cannot convince Henry George of the error of his position in relation to capital, if you deride the truths he advances together with his errors. Let us reason together and I am sure we can ultimately unite on one platform, — i. e., the abolition of all *unjust* laws, of which the permission given to individual persons of appropriating the unearned increment (which has a natural, not an artificial, origin) is not by any means the least.

EGOIST.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 11, 1887.

[My correspondent, who, by the way, is a highly intelligent man and has a most clear understanding of the money question, should point out the truths I have derided before accusing me of deriding any. I certainly have never derided the truth contained in Ricardo's theory of rent. What I have derided is Henry George's proposal that a majority of the people shall seize this rent by force and expend it for their own benefit, or perhaps for what they are pleased to consider the benefit of the minority. I have also derided many of the arguments by which Mr. George has attempted to justify this proposal, many which he has used in favor of interest and other forms of robbery, and his ridiculous pretence that he is a champion of liberty. But I have never disputed that, under the system of land monopoly, certain individuals get, in the form of rent, a great deal that they never earned by their labor, or that it would be a great blessing if some plan should be devised and adopted whereby this could be prevented without violating the liberty of the individual. I am convinced, however, that the abolition of the money monopoly and the refusal of protection to all land titles except those of occupiers would, by the emancipation of the workingman from his present slavery to capital, reduce this evil to a very small fraction of its present proportions, especially in cities, and that the remaining fraction would be the cause of no more inequality than arises from the unearned increment derived by almost every industry from the aggregation of people, or from that unearned increment of superior natural ability which, even under the operation of the cost principle, will probably always enable some individuals to get higher wages than the average rate. In all these cases the margin of difference will tend steadily to decrease, but it is not likely in any of them to disappear altogether. Whether, after the abolition of the State, voluntary co-operators will resort to communistic methods in the hope of banishing even these vestiges of inequality is a question for their own future consideration, and has nothing whatever to do with the scheme of Henry George. For my part, I should be inclined to regard such a course as a leap, not from the frying-pan into the fire, but from a Turkish bath into the nethermost hell.

I take no pleasure in attacking Mr. George, but shall probably pursue my present policy until he condescends to answer and refute my arguments, if he can, or gives some satisfactory reason for declining to do so. — EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Dr. Anthony Thinks It Heart Disease.*To the Editor of Liberty:*

As I understand thee and like thinkers, a part of Anarchy's platform, if it can be said to have a platform, is free banking. This seems faulty, or, at least, not a finality, and I would be glad if, for the sake of ultimate truth, thee would do what thee can to clear the matter up.

The shrewd lad who applied to a bank president for employment and, getting a negative reply, dexterously dropped a pin, and, on turning to leave, innocently stooped, picked it up, and by this evidence of care and economy secured the coveted place and soon fitted himself to become wealthy and permanent resident of Canada, well illustrates the opportunity and method of securing, by some, the fruits of others' toil that free banking, etc., affords.

An honest exterior covering a dishonest purpose within, time, a trusting people, and convertible wealth are, in this line, the elements of success. All these exist unlimitedly.

Do not the present hour and all hours call for a realizing sense of what and why sin is sin that thus a change of heart, so to speak, may be had in us all and right action be the result simply because other action will be known to defeat the end — our common happiness — sought?

As Spencer has well said, we cannot expect golden grains from leaden instincts.

Plainly, it seems that a state of rectitude and brotherhood which alone is compatible with free money or free banking will call for neither.

How is it? JOSEPH ANTHONY.
COLETA, WHITESIDE CO., ILLINOIS, MARCH 30, 1887.

If Mr. Anthony will read the opening chapter of the second part of Stephen Pearl Andrews's "Science of Society" (Numbers 95 and 96 of Liberty), he will find his doctrine that a right heart leads to right conduct examined at considerable length. Though I do not coincide with all that Mr. Andrews says, he sufficiently disposes of the argument that, because wisdom is an outgrowth of love, therefore we need not try to discover social laws. Even if the premise be true, no such conclusion follows. As Mr. Andrews points out, "it is as if one should assert that the sense of hunger naturally impels men to find the means of subsistence, and hence that no man need trouble himself about food. Let him sit down, quietly relying upon the potency of mere hunger to provide the means of the gratification of his appetite." When Mr. Anthony italicized the word "known," he answered himself. Consistently he should have said "felt." Saying "known," he acknowledges that we need a change of head rather than a change of heart. Now, when Dr. Anthony once gets his head right, he will diagnose society's case differently. He will see that his patient is suffering, not from heart disease, but from consumption of the blood, — that is, a restriction of the circulating medium. That in all kinds of business between man and man there is more or less opportunity for fraud no one denies. But that free banking affords such an opportunity in any special sense is pure assumption on the part of Mr. Anthony. On the contrary, the claim of its advocates is that it will do more than anything else to keep the fruits of toil out of the hands of the idlers. They sustain this claim by facts and arguments. Has Mr. Anthony ever examined them with care? He gives no evidence of it. Let him do so, and then I will give him space in Liberty to try to answer them if he thinks he can. But if he wishes to further exhort people to a change of heart, I must refer him to his friends, the religionists. They have an infinite variety of newspapers, and will doubtless welcome him with open arms. — EDITOR LIBERTY.]

State, Church, and Strong-Box.

[Chicago Express.]

Government is a suction-pump, with its draught-pipe anchored in industry's pocket. It draws the valuables out of that pocket, and forces them into the pocket of idleness. This is the agent that makes the many poor, while it makes the few rich. The rich in turn loan the plunder to industry, at usury, acting as a blaster on the wound made by government, intensifying the disease, till it becomes unendurable. The church then comes along and applies a poultice composed of two parts, one to "bear the burden for Christ's sake," the other a small sprinkle of charity, — the mite it can spare from support of the priesthood. A small mite it is, too.

Robin Hood Redivivus.

The following from the London "Jus" is printed here with great satisfaction, not only because of its intrinsic excellence, but because, being an editorial utterance, its closing sentence places that paper squarely in opposition to compulsory taxation:

A certain Quaker was so enamored of peace that he was ready to fight for it. Professor Huxley loves liberty so dearly that he would use coercion to bring it about. A little judicious despotism, he thinks, might well be exercised today with a view to forcing men's minds into a proper frame of such sort that they will tomorrow clamor for liberty. We trust we are not misrepresenting him. "Some people," he said, "carry the doctrine of voluntaryism so far as to think that even taxation should be voluntary. It is not worth while to discuss the question whether it is abstractly right or abstractly wrong to employ the authority of the community for compelling the payment of the sums necessary for the purposes of education. Whatever may be the *ultimate* state of the world, we are not at the present time advanced enough to leave to private enterprise general measures for the public welfare." And now comes the grand argument for coercion. Coercion is the road to liberty. Thus, speaking of free libraries, "if there were no other excuse for State authority in this matter, the very excellent one is sufficient that the existence of these libraries will more than anything tend to bring about that state of mind in which compulsion will become less and less necessary, and more opportunities will be given for voluntary effort." To coerce men for their own good is an old cry, but to coerce men in order to prepare them for freedom is quite original, and worthy of Professor Huxley. But, alas! in the very next sentence he lets the cat out of the bag. He only wants to catch the individualists. "We want to get support from all sides, and do not mind for what reasons it is given." Has it never occurred to so clear-headed a thinker as Professor Huxley that to compel men by brute force to pay for what they do not want is sheer robbery, and that those who advocate it are neither better nor worse than pickpockets, burglars, highwaymen, brigands, and thieves?

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Consistency.

Let no man hurl anathemas at me because I am inconsistent. As blind revolt is the ultimate right of a nation, so blind inconsistency is the ultimate right of the individual. I admit, intellectually, that two pieces of mince pie are too much. Nevertheless I eat two,—nay, if I can get them, I eat three pieces and suffer the consequences. Shall any man charge that my intellectual admission was insincere, merely because my conviction was not strong enough to counteract my gluttony? Or, if I admit the correctness of Anarchy theoretically, am I a dog because the old Archical Adam clings to me in my practice? Advocating violence, am I utterly condemnable if I commit none; or, advocating non-resistance, shall there be no forgiveness for me if I forget my principles and break somebody's head?

Away with consistency! It is a delusion. What I really think and what I really do is of import, even though my thoughts be contradictory among themselves and be negatived again by my acts. But what I think I ought to think and what I do because I think I ought to is of no importance, no value, no consideration.

Wonderful will be the results when physiology shall have succeeded in deciphering the play of the atoms of the brain; when the first dawn of a new idea shall be discerned in the displacement of its corresponding nerve tissue; when its advance and coördination with other tissue-registered ideas shall be noted; when in time it predominates so far as to influence action; when it becomes a moving force, a religion, permeating every fibre, influencing every breath.

Until then the virtues of inconsistency will be unapreciated.

Finally, as I recognize that almost all the evil of the past and present is done by men in deference to some outside principle, against their nature, for the sake of an alleged consistency, I deem it for myself the highest duty to be inconsistent: I should be inconsistent with my principles were I not inconsistent with them.

JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON.

[As I know no way of answering Mr. Robinson except by showing the inconsistency of his argument either with itself or with some truth which I suppose him to admit in common with the rest of mankind, and as success in showing such inconsistency would, by Mr. Robinson's own statement, only make him more enamored of his position, I shall not make the attempt. He will not complain of this neglect, inasmuch as, in saying that he deems it his *duty* to be inconsistent and that what he does because he thinks he *ought* to is of no importance, he admits that his attitude is not worth consideration. For myself, however, I wish to add that I always judge deliberate inconsistency by the end in view and the adequacy of such a method of attaining it. From this standpoint inconsistency between belief and conduct may sometimes be defensible. Inconsistency between beliefs held by one person at the same time can never be deliberate. Such inconsistency always springs from ignorance or inadvertence, and it can be only a kindness to point it out.

—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER
PROUDHON

Vol. IV.—No. 26.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1887.

Whole No. 104.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty:
Silence that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

The "Standard" quotes approvingly the Ocala "Banner's" remark that "the way to defeat Henry George is to answer his arguments." Nevertheless, it is a policy which the "Standard's" editor studiously avoids in dealing with his own opponents.

Let no reader skip the exquisite piece of satire, by a Socialist upon a type of Socialist unfortunately too frequently met, which is reprinted in another column from the London "Today." No one familiar with the keen and witty style of G. Bernard Shaw will be deceived as to the paternity of the article by its anagrammatic signature.

The New Haven "Workmen's Advocate" has just discovered "Professor Ely's Fall." If it had had Liberty's sharp eyes, it would have seen that he never rose, except in the estimation of the easily cajoled and the unthinking. As long ago as 1883, when Ely's first book appeared, Liberty pronounced and proved the author a charlatan. Such reputation as he enjoys he owes largely to the stupidity of short-sighted Socialists who, caught by his hypocritical professions of impartiality, put him forward almost as an apostle and who are just beginning to realize that they have been victimized.

Liberty recently noted the revolution in the office of the Detroit "Advance and Labor Leaf" by which the editorial management of that paper passed from the hands of John R. Burton into those of Captain J. M. McGregor, under whose administration it has been an organ of the Henry George doctrine. It now takes pleasure in noting a second revolution, by which Captain McGregor confines himself to the business management and is succeeded in the editorial chair by Comrade Joe Labadie. There is a stock company, to be sure, to keep Labadie in order, but, rampant Anarchist that he is, he has a will of his own, and where there's a will there's a way. With his Anarchistic views, independent mind, and power of vigorous expression, he is sure to make the editorial columns of the "Advance" a treasury of wit, wisdom, and virility.

In the Boston "Investigator" recently an article appeared over the familiar initials, "E. B. F.", rebuking the editor for one of his characteristically equivocal comments upon the Comstock law, and reminding him that laws are made, not by the people, but by political bosses who so manipulate political machinery that they induce the people to go through the farce of voting them into office, after which they legislate at the bidding of those who offer the most "boodle." The fossil who sits in the editorial chair made a solemn effort to refute this position, and then unwittingly endorsed it himself in the same issue by printing without comment, upon the editorial page in editorial type, a long extract from Herbert Spencer concluding as follows: "Here [in America] it seems to me that 'the sovereign people' is fast becoming a puppet which moves and speaks as wire-pullers determine."

Henry George, in his enthusiasm for taxation, goes so far as to defend the right of the taxing power to "at any time impose taxes so high as to destroy the value of any kind of property," and rests his assertion on the statement of Chief Justice Marshall that "the

power to tax involves the power to destroy." Which remark is as true as it is brutal, but it takes for granted the power to tax. Its author is the same John Marshall of whom Lysander Spooner said that he "would have been a great jurist, if the two fundamental propositions on which all his legal, political, and constitutional ideas were based had been true," these propositions being, "first, that government has all power, and, secondly, that the people have no rights," and the rightfulness of taxation is one of those false assumptions in the use of which Mr. Spooner declared him an adept. As far as liberty-loving people are concerned, Mr. George might as well try to justify his scheme by citing the authority of the Czar of Russia as by citing that of John Marshall.

I would never have believed that the local column of a newspaper published in a village of no special interest to me could have been made to command my attention, but somehow or other Editor Pinney of the Winsted "Press," with whom I recently conducted a lively tilt, contrives to dish up the daily doings of his little borough in a style which I cannot resist. Thus it happens that my eye lit, in a recent number, upon a paragraph reading as follows: "We call attention to the warning of the special town meeting for Monday p. m. next. It will bear particular scrutiny. We are not prophets; but if the construction put upon this document by people skilled in the interpretation of legal points is correct, we predict that the meeting of Monday, whatever its issue, will be followed by another meeting, in order to make things right all around." 'Tis ever thus, my friend, in affairs of State,—in the running of that clumsy mechanism which, though you buffet and maul it so vigorously, you think indispensable to human welfare as soon as an Anarchist similarly smites it.

"John Swinton's Paper" is publishing a series of articles entitled: "Wage-Slavery as Viewed by a Wage-Slave." They are written by A. S. Leitch of St. Louis. In the seventh of the series he says: "The 'free money' theory here becomes ridiculous. If every shoemaker could run a little cobbler's shop independent of every other fellow-workman, and other trades the same, then the 'every-one-his-own-banker' theory might be carried out; if two or ten thousand are to combine in a co-operative manufactory, using all the modern labor-saving machines applicable to the trade, then the medium of exchange, money, must be based upon the same cooperative principle." This shot flies very wide the mark. I have yet to meet the advocate of free money who insists that every one shall be his own banker or who objects to the issue of money by cooperation. If Mr. Leitch has ever met such a person and will tell me how to reach him, I, as an advocate of free money, will endeavor to show him the error of his ways. What the friends of free money are fighting for is the right both of individuals and of co-operators to issue money when and as they choose, and what they are fighting against is the laws which in in any way make it impossible for either individuals or co-operators to exercise this right. This, and nothing else, is the free money theory, and he who says that it "here becomes ridiculous" becomes ridiculous himself.

Henry George was recently reminded in these columns that his own logic would compel him to lay a tax, not only on land values, but on all values growing out of increase of population, and newspaper properties

were cited in illustration. A correspondent of the "Standard" has made the same criticism, instancing instead of a newspaper, "Crusoe's boat which rose in value when a ship appeared on the horizon." To this correspondent Mr. George makes answer that, while Crusoe's boat might have acquired a value when other people came, "because value is a factor of trading, and, when there is no one to trade with, there can be no value," yet it by no means follows that growth of population increases the value of labor products, for a population of fifty will give as much value to a desirable product as a population of a million." I am ready to admit this of any article which can be readily produced by any and all who choose to produce it. But, as Mr. George says, it is not true of land, and it is as emphatically not true of every article in great demand which can be produced, in approximately equal quality and with approximately equal expense, by only one or a few persons. There are many such articles, and one of them is a popular newspaper. Such articles are of small value where there are few people and of immense value where there are many. This extra value is unearned increment, and ought to be taxed out of the individual's hands into those of the community if any unearned increment ought to be. Come, Mr. George, be honest! Let us see whether your doctrine will lead us.

Cart and horse are all one to Henry George. He puts either first to suit his fancy or the turn his questioner may take, and, no matter which he places in the lead, he "gets there all the same"—on paper. When he is asked how taxation of land values will abolish poverty, he answers that the rush of wage-laborers to the land will reduce the supply of labor and send wages up. Then, when somebody else asks him how wage-laborers will be able to rush to the land without money to take them there and capital to work the land afterwards, he answers that wages will then be so high that the laborers will soon be able to save up money enough to start with. Sometimes, indeed, as if dimly perceiving the presence of some inconsistency lurking between these two propositions, he volunteers an additional suggestion that, after the lapse of a generation, he will be a phenomenally unfortunate young man who shall have no relatives or friends to help him start upon the land. But we are left as much in the dark as ever about the method by which these relatives or friends, during the generation which must elapse before the young men get to the land, are to save up anything to give these young men a start, in the absence of that increase of wages which can only come as a consequence of the young men having gone to the land. Mr. George, however, has still another resource in reserve, and, when forced to it, he trots it out,—namely, that, there being all grades between the rich and the very poor, those having enough to start themselves upon the land would do so, and the abjectly poor, no longer having them for competitors, would get higher wages. Of course one might ask why these diminutive capitalists, who even now can go to the land if they choose, since there is plenty to be had for but little more than the asking, refrain nevertheless from at once relieving an over-stocked labor market; but it would do no good. You see, you can't stump Henry George. He always comes up blandly smiling. He knows he has a ready tongue and a facile pen, and on these he relies to carry him safely through the mazes of unreason.

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PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART SECOND.

COST THE LIMIT OF PRICE:

A Scientific Measure of Honesty in Trade as One of the Fundamental Principles in the Solution of the Social Problem.

Continued from No. 103.

CHAPTER IV.

VALUE DISTINGUISHED FROM COST.

129. The second grand result from the principle of Equity—Cost the Limit of Price—is that the *value of labor or of a commodity has nothing whatever to do legitimately with fixing the price of the labor or commodity*. This proposition would be deduced partially from what has been already shown; it requires, however, to be more explicitly stated and more conclusively demonstrated. It is, as well as the result considered in the last chapter in relation to natural skill or talent, quite new, and therefore surprising.

130. There is certainly nothing more reasonable, according to existing ideas, than that "a thing ought to bring what it is worth." No proposition could be more seemingly innocent upon the face of it than that. (19.) There is no statement upon any subject upon which mankind would more generally concur, and yet that statement covers a fallacy which lies at the basis of the prevalent system of *exploitation* or civilized cannibalism. It is precisely at this point that the whole world has committed its most fatal blunder. It will be the purpose of this chapter to expose that error so obviously that it can no longer lurk in obscurity even in the least enlightened mind. To that end I beg the especial attention of the reader to the technical distinction between *Value* and *Cost*,—a point of great importance to this whole discussion.

131. "What a thing is worth" is another expression for the Value of a commodity or labor. The *Value* of a commodity or labor is the *degree of benefit* which it confers upon the person who receives it, or to whose use it is applied. The *Cost* of it, on the other hand, as already explained, the *degree of burden* which the production of the commodity or the performance of the labor imposed upon the person who produced or performed it. They are therefore by no means the same. No two things can possibly be more distinct. The burden or cost may be very great and the benefit or value very little, or vice versa. In the case of an exchange or transfer of an article from one person to another, the Cost relates to the party who makes the transfer, the burden of the production falling on him, and the Value to the party to whom the transfer is made, the article going to his benefit. It is the same if the object exchanged is labor directly. It follows, therefore, that to say that "a thing should bring what it is worth," which is the same as to say that *its price should be measured by its value*, is quite the opposite of affirming that it should bring *as much as it cost the producer to produce it*. Hence, both rules cannot be true, for they conflict with and destroy each other. But we have already seen that it is exactly equitable that Cost be adopted as the universal limit of price,—in other words, that as much burden shall be assumed by each party to the exchange as is imposed upon the opposite party. Consequently the accepted axiom of trade that "a thing should bring what it is worth" proves, when tested by simply balancing the scales of Equity, to be not only erroneous, but, so to speak, the antipodes of the true principle. Such is the result when we recur to fundamental investigation. It will be rendered equally obvious in the sequel, by a comparison of the consequences of the two principles in operation, that *Cost* is the true and *Value* the false measure of price.

132. But although Value is not the legitimate limit of Price nor even an element in the price, it is, nevertheless, an element in the bargain. *It is the Value of the thing to be acquired which determines the purchaser to purchase.* It belongs to the man who labors or produces an article, estimating for himself, as we have seen, the amount of burden he has assumed, to fix the price, measured by that burden or Cost. He alone knows it, and he alone, therefore, can determine it. It belongs, on the other hand, to the purchaser to estimate for himself the Value of the labor or commodity to him. He alone can do so in fact, for he alone knows the nature of his own wants. By the settlement of the first point—the Cost to the producer—the Price becomes a fixed sum. If the Value then exceeds that sum in the estimation of the other party, he will purchase; otherwise, not. Hence the Value, though not an element in the Price, is an element in the bargain. The Price is a consideration wholly for the vendor, and the Value a consideration wholly for the purchaser.

133. As this is also a point of great importance, let us state it again. If you require and desire to obtain one hour or one year of my services, or the results of those services in commodities, which is the same thing, it is a matter which does not concern me,—it is impertinence on my part to concern myself with the question of the degree of benefit you will derive from such services. That is purely a question for your own consideration, and determines you whether you can afford to give me the equitable price of my labor,—whether the *value* to you equals the *cost* to me,—that is, *it determines the demand*. Your estimate of that value or benefit to you may be based on considerations obvious to others, or upon a mere whim or caprice to the gratification of which others would attach no importance. But it belongs to the Sovereignty of the Individual to gratify even one's whims or caprices without hindrance or interference from others, at his own cost, which is, when the services of others are required to that end, by paying to them the cost to them of such services.

134. On the other hand, it is equally an impertinence for you, in the case supposed, to attempt to settle for me the degree of attraction or repugnance which there is to me in the performance of the services which you require. No one else but myself can possibly know that. No one else can therefore fix a just price upon my labor. Hence it follows that *both value and cost enter into a bargain*, even when legitimately made. But *value* goes solely to determine the *demand*, and is solely cognizable by the *purchaser or consumer*,—by *him who receives*, while *cost* (or *burden*) goes to determine the *price*, and is solely cognizable by the *seller or producer*,—*by him who renders*. By this means the cost of each one's acts is made to fall on himself, which is the essential condition to the rightful exercise of the Sovereignty of the Individual. If you over-estimate the value to you of my services, you endure the cost or disagreeable consequences of your mistake or want of judgment. If I, on the other hand, under-estimate the cost or endurance of the performance to me, the cost of that error falls on me, submitting each of us to the government of consequences, the only legitimate corrective. If, again, I over-estimate the cost to me and ask a price greater than your estimate of the value to you, there is no bargain, and I have lost the opportunity of earning a price measured by the real cost of the performance, so that the cost of my mistake falls again

on me; while—the market being open, and a thorough adjustment of supply to demand being established—others will make a juster estimate, whose services you will procure, and you will suffer no inconvenience. Competition will regulate any disposition on my part to overcharge. (160.)

135. All this is reversed in our existing commerce. The vender adjusts his price to what he supposes to be its value to the purchaser,—that is, to the degree of want in which the purchaser is found,—never to what the commodity cost himself; thus interfering with what cannot concern him, except as a means of taking an undue advantage. The purchaser, on the other hand, offers a price based upon his knowledge or surmise of what the degree of want of the vender may force him to consent to take. Hence the cannibalism of trade.

136. But it is objected that in the case supposed above, while nominally adjusting my price to the degree of repugnance to myself, I may in fact take into account the degree of your want, and charge you as much as I think you will endure. This objection, otherwise stated, is simply this,—that the Individual, in the exercise of his sovereign freedom, may abandon the *Cost Principle*, or, in other words, the true principle, and return to the value, or false principle. That is, in other words, again, simply to affirm that there is nothing in the true principle to force the Individual to comply with it, to the extent of depriving him of his freedom to do otherwise. This is granted. Any such compulsion would infringe upon the principle of the Sovereignty of the Individual, which is, if possible, still more important than the *Cost Principle* itself. Once for all let it be distinctly understood that the principles of Equitable Commerce do not serve directly and mainly to coerce men into true or harmonic relations when destitute of the desire for such relations. Their first office is, on the other hand, to inform those who do desire such relations, how they may be attained. If it is assumed that there are no such persons, then, certainly, the supply of true principles, of any sort, is a *supply* without a *demand*,—but not otherwise.

137. The secondary or indirect effect of true commercial principles in operation will be, however, correctional, and in one sense coercive, but coercive in a sense entirely compatible with freedom. It will be to throw the consequences of each one's deviation from right practice upon himself, leaving him free to exercise his own Sovereignty, but free to do so, as he ought, at his own cost, while they will surround him with a public sentiment in favor of honesty more potent than laws, at the same time that they will remove the temptations now existing to infringe the rights of others. It will be seen at another point that competition, which is now the tyrant that forces men to be dishonest, will, under these principles, operate with equal power to induce them to be honest. (160, 206.)

138. An illustration of the entire disconnection between Price and the Value to the purchaser is found in the one-price store, in existing commerce. Upon this plan of trade the prices are fixed by the merchant-vender of the goods, and each article is labeled at a fixed and invariable amount. The customer has nothing whatever to do with fixing those prices. On the other hand, it is the purchaser alone who determines whether the Value of an article to him is sufficient to induce him to purchase at the price fixed. In these particulars the operation is the same as that of *Equitable Commerce*. It differs, however, in the essential particular that the merchant, in fixing his prices, is governed by no scientific principle. The prices are not adjusted by any equitable standard. They rest upon an uncertain and fluctuating basis, partly Cost, partly the necessities or cupidity of the vender, and partly the supply and demand or the supposed Value to the purchaser. Value is thus made actually an element of the price in a general way, though not in the particular case. The vender refuses to vary his price according to the particular Value to the particular purchaser, but he has previously taken into the account the general value to purchasers at large. The case is only good, therefore, to illustrate the single point for which it was adduced,—namely, the separability of Price and Value to the purchaser,—the fact that they are not necessarily commingled with each other. The ticket at the theatre, the public lecture, the railroad, etc., furnishes another illustration of the same fact. The price is invariable, and the purchaser is left to determine for himself whether the *Value* equals the *Cost*; if so in his opinion, there is a bargain, otherwise not.

139. As respects the propriety of measuring Price by Value, in the first place, it is essentially impossible to measure Value EXACTLY, or, in other words, to ascertain the precise WORTH of labor or commodities.

Cost is a thing which looks to the past, and is therefore certain. Value is a thing which looks to the future, and is therefore contingent and uncertain. A bushel of potatoes lies before us. It is possible to estimate with accuracy how much human labor it ordinarily takes to produce that amount of that article, and how disagreeable the labor is as compared with other kinds, and then we have the standard cost of the article; but who will undertake to say what the value of that bushel of potatoes is as it stands in the market? Value, remember, is the degree of benefit it will confer upon the person or persons who are to consume it. That value, it is obvious, will vary with every one of the fifty thousand persons in the city who may chance to purchase it, and will vary with the extremes of saving twenty human lives (as it may do on shipboard, for example) and nothing at all, for the potatoes may stock a larder already overstocked and be permitted to decay, appropriated to no beneficial purpose whatsoever. As every one of the twenty starving persons would gladly have given at least ten thousand dollars for his share of the potatoes rather than not have had them, the value of the bushel of potatoes is any thing between cipher and two hundred thousand dollars.

Take a more complicated case. It is possible to calculate how much it costs, down to the fraction of a cent (or, more properly, of an hour's labor), to convey a man from New York to Albany on a first-class steamboat,—the Isaac Newton or the Hendrick Hudson for example,—taking into account the cost of construction, the cost of running, the number of persons regularly traveling among whom the expense is to be divided, etc. But who will undertake to calculate the different values of a trip up the Hudson to the eight hundred or thousand persons who gather at the wharf at the departure of one of those magnificent boats? One is neglecting his business at home and going on a speculation in which he will lose a thousand dollars. How much is the trip worth to him? There is a bridegroom and bride going off to enjoy the honeymoon. How much in hard money is the trip worth to them? There stands a poor invalid who hopes to recover a little health by the cool breezes on the quiet river. There is a young man fresh from school, just starting out to see the world and gratify his curiosity. There is a sharper who will cheat somebody out of a few hundreds before he gets back, and so on. What is the *Value* to each of these of a trip up the Hudson? Value is the benefit to be done to each. How big is a piece of chalk? How much is considerable? How far is a good ways? And yet all the political economy, all the calculations of finance, all the banking, all the trading and commercial transactions in the world, are based upon the idea of the measurement and comparison of *Values*. Even Mr. Kellogg, Mr. Gray, and others who write as financial reformers, and whose labors in demonstrating the oppressive operation of interest or rent on money are invaluable, fall into the same error. Mr. Kellogg has a chapter "On the Power of Money to Measure Value," and asserts without question that this is one of the legitimate functions of a circulating medium.

140. It is possible, it is true, for parties to form an estimate of relative values,

based upon their present knowledge of all future contingencies, and thus to prefer one thing to another in a certain ratio; but the very next event which occurs may show the calculation of chances to have been entirely fallacious, and the real value of the object, on the one hand or the other, to be entirely different from what was anticipated. Hence, every exchange, based upon the comparison of values, is a speculation upon the probabilities of the future, and not a scientific measurement of that which already exists. All trade under the existing system is therefore speculation, in kind, the uncertainty differing in degree, and all speculation is gambling, or the staking of risks against risks. The instrument of measurement is equally defective, as has been already shown in discussing the nature of money. (77, 125.)

141. In the next place, if it were possible to measure Values precisely, the exchange of commodities according to Value would still be a system of mutual conquest and oppression,—not a beneficent reciprocation of equivalents. This will appear by one or two simple illustrations.

142. I.—Suppose I am a wheelwright in a small village, and the only one of my trade. You are traveling with certain valuables in your carriage, which breaks down opposite my shop. It will take an hour of my time to mend the carriage. You can get no other means of conveyance, and the loss to you, if you fail to arrive at the neighboring town in season for the sailing of a certain vessel, will be five hundred dollars, which fact you mention to me, in good faith, in order to quicken my exertions. I give one hour of my work and mend the carriage. What am I in equity entitled to charge—what should be the limit of price upon my labor?

Let us apply the different measures and see how they will operate. If Value is the limit of price, then the price of the hour's labor should be five hundred dollars. That is the equivalent of the value of the labor to you. If cost is the limit of price, then you should pay me a commodity, or commodities, or a representative in currency which will procure me commodities, having in them one hour's labor equally as hard as the mending of the carriage, without the slightest reference to the degree of benefit which that labor has bestowed on you: or, putting the illustration in money, thus; assuming the twenty-five cents to be an equivalent for an hour's labor of an artisan in that particular trade, then according to the *Cost Principle* I should be justified in asking only twenty-five cents, but according to the *Value Principle* I should be justified in asking five hundred dollars.

143. The *Value Principle*, in some form of expression, is, as I have said, the only recognized principle of trade throughout the world. "A thing is worth what it will bring in the market." Still if I were to charge you five hundred dollars, or a fourth part of that sum, and, taking advantage of your necessities, force you to pay it, everybody would denounce me, the poor wheelwright, as an extortioner and a scoundrel. Why? Simply because this is an unusual application of the principle. Wheelwrights seldom have a chance to make such a "speculation," and therefore it is not according to the "established usages of trade." Hence its manifest injustice shocks, in such a case, the common sense of right. Meanwhile you, a wealthy merchant, are daily rolling up an enormous fortune by doing business upon the same principle which you condemn in the wheelwright, and nobody finds fault. At every scarcity in the market you immediately raise the price of every article you hold. It is your business to take advantage of the necessities of those with whom you deal, by selling to them according to the *Value* to them, and not according to the *Cost* to you. You go further. You, by every means in your power, create those necessities by buying up particular articles and holding them out of the market until the demand becomes pressing, by circulating false reports of short crops, and by other similar tricks known to the trade. This is the same in principle as if the wheelwright had first dug the rut in which your carriage upset and then charged you the five hundred dollars.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 103.

But the Duchess, reading the brain of her lover like an open book, made formal opposition to this plan of rescue; and, as Richard, sceptical regarding the moral means to which she might resort if he should think of disregarding her command, turned his eyes questioningly towards the dagger which she continued to handle in her agitation with feverish movements, she threw the terrible blade into a corner, and with a smile, expressive first of pity and then of a passion which also disarmed her and brightened her face with an ardent and caressing tenderness, she said, as if no quarrel had taken place:

"Ah! my Richard, how wrongly you judge me! Kill you that you may not run after this Marian! Kill you,—that is, close forever those dear eyes from which emanated the vivifying light which first roused love within me, and seal with ice that mouth from which infinite happiness flowed so long in my veins, as from a marvellous fount! Exhausted for me since the birth of the kisses which you give to another in your barren ecstasies, I am dying, my heart withered, my soul consumed with a devouring fire which kindles unspeakable wrath within it. Kill you! but I wish, on the contrary, your re-opened lips to distil for me anew their wild intoxicants, while they shall drink from mine and from my fragrant body the joys for which you constantly thirsted but so recently."

"Say the philter which destroys reason, honor, and conscience," said he, in the beginning of an excitement which was the precursor of his defeat.

By recalling these sensual memories which she enumerated with agitated modulations of her warm, golden voice, in which mingled languishing strains of violincellos and the lulling music of an orchestra dying away in the distance, she regained him. In the orbs of the changing eyes of this magician of love all mad desire glittered by turns, through them passed the delicious languors weary of gratification, and the allurements of feverish renewals of voluptuous delights half revealed itself behind the trellis of her fawn-colored lashes, completely disorganizing the weakening resistance of Bradwell.

And she asked herself, laughing inwardly at this declining transformation of the hostile and faithless will of her pliable lover, why she had allowed herself to be governed by a stupid, vixenish passion, which disfigured her without any doubt, lowering her to the level of the commonplace creatures of ordinary households, of the mistresses of the market-place, of the Ariadnes of dens of ill-repute.

The trivial, filthy taunt, in her mouth fashioned for the wayward and delicately delusive phrases which ensnare, this frenzy demeaning her lascivious being so irresistibly fascinating when she wished it, what nonsense, what madness to set up anger against anger, when, by caressing ways, by "the old times" of carnal emotions, and by exciting words skillfully recalled, she could succeed so completely in melting the harshness of rage at its paroxysm, however justifiable, and of spite, however comprehensible!

In truth, Richard's attitude had disturbed her self-possession, inducing in her

a momentary irritation so prompt and sharp that she bade farewell to reflection, to calculation.

See! For twenty-four hours she had forced herself to avoid him in the apartments of the castle, through which he passed alone; he was recovering from his discomfiture in regard to Marian, his sadness in such states of mind plunged him into a brown study, and she thought it expedient not to meet him; but after this lapse of time, could she calmly allow him to remain in his philosophico-amorous meditations eternally on account of the same object?

And when, obeying an irresistible and unavoidable force, she approached the subject regarding which she could have wished not to appear disturbed, partly from prudence, partly from vanity, Richard avowed squarely that which propriety, respect, gallantry forbade him to confess; she urged him to deny the scandal learned by her from divers sources, and he persisted in building it up; she exhorted him to a pious lie which would calm her, and he declined to satisfy her. Zounds! any one, equally irascible and even less gullible than she, would have overstepped the boundaries, would have descended to the same shameful triviality, and the same low, passionate, bitter, virulent violence.

But she would be more careful in the future. Moreover, she needed only to gain time, till the death of Newington which now would not be long in coming. Afterwards, captivated by caresses, enchain'd by the bonds of an effective moral complicity,—the Duchess flattered herself,—Sir Richard, although he might still long for his cursed Marian, would be forced to entirely renounce her, if tragic events, in which he possibly would aid, did not first oblige him to give her up for lost.

And, smiling at this near future of peaceful, orderly adulteries, Lady Ellen, more coquettish, and made more alluring by her purpose of seduction, resumed her irresistible artifices, the recitals which sent feverishly erotic thrills through Richard's body, stirring the blood in his arteries till it mounted to his head like intoxicating wine, and quickening his amorous sensibilities. In his exultation his eyes discerned through her glittering spangles the radiant nudity of Ellen's body, and his dilating nostrils breathed the fresh and intoxicating perfume of the exquisite flesh of the young woman whom he now desired with all his might.

Nevertheless, he still dreamed of the lonely one, of her who, in this thick night, in the moaning north wind, in the cold in which the black and leafless trees shivered, was perhaps drawing her last breath, overwhelmed by suffering, by horror of the darkness, of the solitude, of the frightful unknown concealed in the gloom, by the natural fear of death, at her age so hideous and inconsolable.

He dreamed especially of her whom some soldier, some wretch, some robber was violating perhaps at this very hour, in the night, like a coward, with no one even to help her, with no possibility of her cries, lost in the gusts of wind, reaching the ears of any one whom she might call to her rescue.

Still possessed by his mania!

But Lady Ellen would not take offence at it, would not become excited; these last clouds would soon vanish, chased away by the light puff of her breath with which she bathed Richard's fevered brow, sighing, simulating a sorrow which swelled her breast, and all at once, in a crushing need of consolation, leaning on her lover's shoulder.

He did not embrace her yet, although burning with desire to do so; but, at the contact of her supple form, which moulded itself to his, penetrated by the magnetic warmth radiating from those diabolically seductive limbs, he did not possess the energy to repulse her, even gently, although he mentally conjured Marian to exorcise him from the charm, from the witchery which enveloped him and insinuated itself through the net-work of his veins and through every pore of his skin!

And the Duchess, slowly, in a mournful scale, now enumerated the chapter of her regrets. No: she knew now, he had never loved her except materially, with a passion which possession satisfied, and as he would the first comer, a servant, no matter which one of her chamber-maids, young, pretty, and sweet. Was she mistaken? Let him deny it, then! He had not the audacity, and she pressed him with questions.

Surely she did not believe that he had not had other women before her, peasants, *bourgeoises*, fine ladies, not to say prostitutes, and in the mass of these commonplace conquests, caressed one minute with transport and then quickly forgotten, she counted no longer; it was frightful; it was enough to make one die of grief and shame; she no longer had any greater place in his esteem, in his gratitude, than all those fleeting, doubtful passions at which people sometimes blush.

"Ellen!" protested Richard, feebly, but she did not stop.

"Yes, at which they blush; for often," she continued, "one sees such cases; a young man, beautiful as a heathen god, abandoned himself to the equivocal and mercenary embraces of an old and ugly courtesan, worn out by a whole population of lovers by night, by day, within the hour, or he even pursues with his sensual madness some shapeless, dirty wench, spotted with the filth of her revolting trade."

"Ellen!" said Sir Bradwell, anew, with a swelling heart and pressing her against his broad chest with a tenderness not at all concealed.

But the Duchess was not contented with this testimony. In complacently unmasking before Richard the picture of the base and ignominious loves upon which the youthful ardor of beginners feed, she aimed to suggest to his mind comparisons between the lot of others and his own happiness, favored with an admirable mistress, in her triumphant prime, surrounded by the most fervent adoration of all who came near her, and whom he had but to say the word in order to possess alone.

Since Marian escaped him, Marian the virgin, at least he might conceive, on hearing this account of the clandestine couplings of the common herd, a dread of being given up to such himself if he did not cling to the Duchess, and this apprehension strengthened Lady Ellen as the beginning of a future and firm constancy on the part of the lover who had just given signs of releasing himself from her charming and golden bonds.

She resumed her instructive discourse.

"Pardon!" said he, at last slipping his arm around her flexible form, the intoxicating velvet of which his fingers felt, enraptured, through the material of her wrapper, as they buried themselves in the bend of her prominent and firm hips.

At the same time he again drew the Duchess towards him, the forehead of the young woman at the height of his lips; but was he not then conquered, and did the image of the young Irish girl still float between them? She struggled, refused herself, saying with a faint voice, in which there was an appearance of a sob, Sir Richard held in his arms only the mistress of his body if in the kisses which she received there was no soul.

And, disengaging herself, with averted head, pressing her eyelids as if tears were flowing which she wished to drive back or conceal, she declared that she would not belong to him henceforth unless he loved her first of all for her heart.

Though, up to this time, she had been only the flesh which infatuates, which intoxicates, and upon which one may gorge and surfeit himself, she would not lend herself longer to these vile, degrading embraces, which lowered the highest of women to a level with the lowest, and all to a level with the beasts; and she

Continued on page 6.

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than that of the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

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Father McGlynn.

How funny it all reads,—the "excommunication," cursing McGlynn inside and out! What a string of heavenly celebrities are invoked! Quite new to this generation. But not a terror, it would seem. Nobody's afraid. McGlynn goes on serenely, and the thousands who packed the Opera House in Philadelphia last Sunday night, mostly Catholic, rose *en masse* to cheer him. He was their hero. Why? Because he would not go to Rome. He withstands the pope and defies him; tells the Head of the Church that he has no right to do this and that. Curious. What sort of a Head has the Church got in these modern days that common priests and their flock can say: "O Head, you have no right," etc.? What right have priest or people to say this? Verily, no right as Roman Catholics. Only the poor right of human beings. But *that* they have waived by their membership of a church that does not recognize it, permit it, or have aught to do with it, except to put it down.

"Ah!" the reply comes from these McGlynn "Roman Catholics," "in all matters of religion concerning the Church we submit. But not as to our politics in America, or our views on social problems here."

But, alas! for them, the Roman Church knows no such distinction. It is all "religion" with the Roman Church. Could it maintain the power, verily, little else would be left to a world that the Christ is to bring to his feet by means of this his Church, as the Church claims.

But Father McGlynn insists that it is not so, and he is still as good a Roman Catholic as ever.

At the same time both he and Mr. George dwell upon the fact that the great social struggle now begun for the industrial emancipation of the people is pre-eminently a religious one. In all their meetings they sing, "Nearer, my God, to thee," and other religious hymns. You cannot, they affirm, divorce religion from life.

Now, all Pope Leo has done is to say, "Just so, and therefore I propose, as Christ's vicar, to regulate your life, the *whole* of it."

What remains for Father McGlynn?

Simply to fall back upon his own human right to regulate his own life for himself and let the Church go. What he appears to be trying to do is to reduce the Church to a mere salvation-insurance agency for the future world, denying it all prerogative for dealing with the world that now is.

But everybody sees in this age of approaching common sense that the Church, so bereft of function,

would become speedily an affair of very little import. No; Pope Leo has no such suicidal vision before his eyes. The Church is political and social. It is quite as much for this world as for any other; yea, *more* so. How much more Father McGlynn and his insurgent brethren must learn by experience. And is not the Church consistent? If it can claim divine authority over Father McGlynn's soul, why not also over the body that for the time being holds that soul? How can the Great Shepherd guide the flock into heaven, if he lose sight of it in its most perilous wanderings on earth?

Verily, the Good Shepherd is not so remiss in his duty.

It seems, then, that Father McGlynn must submit wholly, or not at all.

As an American, as a man, let the decision be, "not at all."

Neither to popes nor to kings, far or near, let him submit. His only refuge is in the Sovereignty of the Individual, the individual and supreme control of his own affairs.

then, should there not be a considerable number of defensive associations in England, in which people, even members of the same family, might insure their lives and goods against murderers or thieves? Though Mr. Read has grasped one idea of the voluntary taxationists, I fear that he sees another much less clearly,—namely, the idea that defence is a service, like any other service; that it is labor both useful and desired, and therefore an economic commodity subject to the law of supply and demand; that in free market this commodity would be furnished at the cost of production; that, competition prevailing, patronage would go to those who furnished the best article at the lowest price; that the production and sale of this commodity are now monopolized by the State; that the State, like almost all monopolists, charges exorbitant prices; that, like almost all monopolists, it supplies a worthless, or nearly worthless, article; that, just as the monopolist of a food product often furnishes poison instead of nutriment, so the State takes advantage of its monopoly of defence to furnish invasion instead of protection; that, just as the patrons of the one pay to be poisoned, so the patrons of the other pay to be enslaved; and, finally, that the State exceeds all its fellow-monopolists in the extent of its villainy because it enjoys the unique privilege of compelling all people to buy its product whether they want it or not. If, then, five or six "States" were to hang out their shingles, the people, I fancy, would be able to buy the very best kind of security at a reasonable price. And what is more,—the better their services, the less they would be needed; so that the multiplication of "States" involves the abolition of the State.

All these considerations, however, are disposed of, in Mr. Read's opinion, by his final assertion that "the State is a social organism." He considers this "the explanation of the whole matter." But for the life of me I can see in it nothing but another irrelevant remark. Again I ask: What of it? Suppose the State is an organism,—what then? What is the inference? That the State is therefore permanent? But what is history but a record of the dissolution of organisms and the birth and growth of others to be dissolved in turn? Is the State exempt from this order? If so, why? What proves it? The State an organism? Yes; so is a tiger. But unless I meet him when I haven't my gun, his organism will speedily disorganize. The State is a tiger seeking to devour the people, and they must either kill or cripple it. Their own safety depends upon it. But Mr. Read says it can't be done. "By no possibility can the power of the State be restrained." This must be very disappointing to Mr. Donisthorpe and "Jus," who are working to restrain it. If Mr. Read is right, their occupation is gone. Is he right? Unless he can demonstrate it, the voluntary taxationists and the Anarchists will continue their work, cheered by the belief that the compulsory and invasive State is doomed to die.

Gronlund, George, and Proudhon.

Laurence Gronlund's pamphlet on the "Insufficiency of Henry George's Theory," written, I presume, to secure the ascendancy of the State Socialists over the followers of George in the councils of the United Labor Party, is for the most part keen and strong. He effectually disposes of George's weak justification of interest, his absurd inverse ratio between rent and interest, his confused use of the word value, his poetical but utterly uneconomic dream that the nation can live in luxury on the proceeds of a single tax on land, his short-sighted expectation that an increase in wages will follow the abolition of the land monopoly though the monopoly of capital should be untouched (Gronlund shows that such a reform might actually decrease wages), and his erroneous accounting for "over-production" and recurring crises by mere speculation in land.

But, when Gronlund attempts to account for the phenomena last mentioned, he fails as utterly as George. According to Gronlund, they are due to the wage system, competition, and private enterprise. He shows truly enough, as Proudhon showed long before him, that gluts in the market arise because the wages

Original from

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

of labor will not buy back its product. But suppose wages should increase to an equivalence with product. Then there would be no over-production, and still the wage system would be in existence. Not the wage system, therefore, but insufficiency of wages is the proximate cause of over-production. The remoter cause, the reason for this insufficiency, is to be found, not in competition, where Gronlund seeks it, but in its antithesis, monopoly,—monopoly, not simply of land, but, first and most of all, of money. Free money, accompanied or followed by "occupying ownership" of land, will abolish interest, rent, and profits, establish an equality between wages and product, and make over-production, panics, and enforced idleness impossible.

This was the central idea in Proudhon's economic teaching. Having answered George, why does not Gronlund answer Proudhon? Does he prefer, like George himself, to answer only the weakest of his opponents? Or does he fight shy of Proudhon, remembering his unfortunate experience in trying to answer him seven or eight years ago? At that time Gronlund had just come to Boston from St. Louis under the auspices of W. G. H. Smart, then an active State Socialist. He was put forward by Mr. Smart and his friends in a sort of "See the conquering hero comes" fashion. I was the recipient of one of his first visits. He told me that he had heard of me as the translator of Proudhon, that he had read none of Proudhon's writings, that he knew nothing of his thought, and that he desired to understand him. At his request, therefore, I lent him "What is Property?" I think this occurred on a Wednesday. On the following Saturday an advertisement appeared in the Boston papers, announcing that Mr. Gronlund, on that Saturday evening, would address a certain labor meeting on the subject, "Proudhon, the Quack." This title indicated the summary and confident manner in which he proposed to sweep out of sight the author of fifty volumes after a three days' reading of only one of them. The address itself established two things conclusively,—that he told the truth when he said to me that he knew nothing of Proudhon's thought, and that in his three days' reading he had learned precious little of it. As far as I remember, he said literally nothing that was not an utter misrepresentation of Proudhon's position and arguments. I will give one instance as a sample of the whole. Proudhon devotes a chapter to showing that "property is impossible," explaining that he means by "property" wealth legally privileged with the power of usury, and by "impossible" incapable of permanent existence. In other words, he shows that usury carries within itself the seeds of its own inevitable destruction. Gronlund, with book in hand and opened at this chapter, referred to it substantially in these words: "This man declares that property is impossible. How absurd! Do we not see property before us? Do we not own property? Is it not actually in existence? How ridiculous, then, to claim that property is impossible! What better evidence could be desired that this author is a quack!" Not one word to show the audience what Proudhon meant; not one word to show that he himself knew what he meant. And yet he declared that he had read the book thoroughly.

When he had finished his speech, one of his hearers, who had read Proudhon to some purpose, claimed the floor, and read the following words from the book which Gronlund had criticised: "We discover, singularly enough, that property may indeed manifest itself accidentally; but that, as an institution and principle, it is mathematically impossible. So that the axiom of the school—*ab actu ad posse valet consecutio*: from the actual to the possible the inference is good—is given the lie as far as property is concerned." Of course this passage alone served to turn Gronlund's ridicule back upon himself. After reading other extracts which disposed with equal effectiveness of Gronlund's remaining misrepresentations, the speaker asked the audience which was the quack,—the man of science and learning who had spent a long life in laborious and studious analysis of the most important social problems, or the man who, after three days' examination of a small part of the results of the other's labors, pretended to adequately discuss and summarily condemn them as quackery. The question needed no answer, and the speaker sat down, leaving Gronlund

sitting before the audience, as his own patron, Mr. Smart, expressed it afterwards, "in the attitude of a whipped school-boy."

Perhaps the castigation then administered made Gronlund a wiser man. The strength of his criticisms on George would seem to indicate as much. If so, it would be interesting to see him once more try conclusions with the great thinker against whom he was once so eager to enter the lists and whose thought has now ten times the influence in this country that it had then. Discretion, it is true, is said to be the better part of valor, but it may be fairly claimed of the acknowledged leader of the State Socialists of America that he should either demolish the arguments of Anarchism, or else admit that it, rather than State Socialism, is the remedy for the existing social evils.

T.

"To produce wealth in the shape of coal," says Henry George, "nothing is needed but a bed of coal and a man." Yes, one thing else is needed,—a pick-axe. This neglect of the pick-axe and of the means of obtaining it is a vital flaw in Mr. George's economy. It leads him to say that "what hinders the production of wealth is not the lack of money to pay wages with, but the inability of men who are willing to work to obtain access to natural opportunities." That this lack of access, in the proportion that it exists, is a hindrance to production is indisputable, but in this country it is but a molehill in labor's path compared with the mountain that confronts labor in consequence of the lack of money. In fact, the lack of access is largely due to the lack of money.

Powdery wants it to be understood that he is not a candidate for re-election. He probably intends to devote his energies and powers (such as niggardly nature has endowed him with) to the "cause of temperance," which, according to the sentiments expressed by him in Boston lately, turns out to be the only really worthy cause, as intemperance is the root of labor's misery and suffering. Wonder if he ever read the platform of the Knights of Labor, a knowledge and perfect belief in the principles of which he more than once declared essential to being "covered with the shield."

Mr. Bolton Smith of Memphis asks through "John Swinton's Paper" if any one can "seriously maintain that the good of the masses would be consulted by depriving government of its powers as school-teacher, letter-carrier, geologist, agricultural chemist, and the like." Well, Mr. Bolton Smith, I, and not a few others far superior to me in intelligence, have maintained just that for many years, and have managed to keep straight faces most of the time. In fact, we never smile except when we are asked some such question as yours.

Still in the Doleful Dumps.

To the Editor of Liberty:

In your comments on my article on "Theoretical Methods" I am struck with as much amazement as was Dr. Johnson at the volatility of the fishwoman. Dismissing the personalities "theoretically" assumed,—for abuse couched in language suitable to the requirements of Boston Culture rather than of Billingsgate needs no consideration,—I may humbly suggest that it needs no "reader with a penetrating eye" to see that the apparently infinitesimal point in my letter lay in its assumption that wind, or preaching, would not abolish entrenched Authority, and, I might have added, has invariably led to overt acts which, though we theoretically deprecate, legitimately result while human nature remains what it is, so far below the plane of your philosophic thought.

The assumption that I oppose the State as now existing rather than the principle upon which it rests,—Authority,—is purely gratuitous. I have stated in the columns of Liberty that I regard at the basis of every dispute in modern history the conflicting principles of Authority and Liberty. That I believe the existing political State in imminent danger of destruction does not demand that I should array myself on its side until the theorist has had time by "addressing himself to such persons as are amenable to reason, to the end that these may unite and here and now enter upon the work of laying the foundations of liberty." At the risk of another attack I still regard this as savoring of Salvation Army tactics. As I stated: "Let the inevitable come as it will, I can protest then as now!"

The distinction made by you that you sought *abolition* and *reform* had no warrant outside of your fertile imagination.

The assumption that, my view of the outlook being granted, there is the more need for constructive work might have point if Liberty were the sole constructor and I its opponent.

Although your reply was longer than the article itself, it did not touch the prominent point that "the constant factor remains,—that the Apostle is only an apostle to the few." Even if the existing State should go down in revolution to be replaced by another State in its stead, I believe that my voice would be equally as potent for constructive work in the discussion that event would engender as at present. And these conclusions I hold in spite of the combined opposition of Mr. Tucker in Boston and Mr. Grinnell in Chicago. To call one "absurd," "unmethodical," a "slave who is so utterly destitute of an idea, so thoroughly incapable of a generalization," etc., have their use in raising a cloud of dust to conceal the combatant's weakness, but are lacking in argumentative force. My letter and your reply present in striking contrast the pessimistic and optimistic view of things. Will Authority wait for passive resistance to concentrate? I doubt it, even at the risk of again being euphemistically called a fool. Still sadly,

DYER D. LUM.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

[There was no abuse in my comments on Mr. Lum's article. In the opening sentences I was obliged to characterize the article as a whole in order to explain why I should not undertake to unravel all his blundering entanglements. Having done that, I devoted the rest of my space to solid argument against so much of his position as seemed worthy of any attention. This argument he does not meet. It is true that wind, or preaching, will not abolish Authority. That is why I always objected to the Chicago men's harangues as strongly as to their bombs. Not wind, or preaching, but reason, or teaching, is the only weapon that Authority need fear. This weapon is never needed so much as when wind has precipitated overt acts. Therefore let us forge it in advance; and, even though the overt acts are sure to come, let us discourage and delay them all that we can, in order that we may have the more time to forge. That is Liberty's policy; that is the Anarchistic policy; that is the policy of common sense; that is the policy the wisdom of which Mr. Lum cannot successfully dispute. It is true that Mr. Lum sometimes writes articles in which he squarely attacks Authority and squarely favors Liberty, but I was not answering one of those articles. He generally writes sensibly, but his lapses into nonsense are unhappily so frequent that it is impossible on such occasions to treat him as a man of sense. "The apostle is only an apostle of the few," but each of the few becomes in turn an apostle to a few more, and thus thought ever widens the circle of its influence. The insinuations that I have arrayed myself on the side of the existing political State (if that is the meaning of Mr. Lum's mysterious sentence) and that I have entered into partnership with Lawyer Grinnell were thrown out by Mr. Lum in anger. In his saner moments he knows them to be groundless.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Anarchy Defined by Henry George.

As it continually falls upon Liberty to severely criticise Henry George, his ideas, and his policy, it is the more anxious to admit and assert all that can be truthfully admitted and asserted in his favor. It is certainly in his favor that he should be able and willing, in answer to a correspondent, to state with an approximation to fairness the doctrine of the Anarchists. This he did in the "Standard" of July 23 as follows:

The terms "Anarchist," "Communist," and "Socialist" are very liberally used nowadays by people who have not the slightest conception of their meaning. An Anarchist, in the true sense, is not one who believes in or advocates violence. He is an extreme individualist, one who would carry to its uttermost the political doctrine that that government is best which governs least; accordingly he would have no government at all. He would have everyone free to do as he pleases, believing that where this absolute liberty prevailed no one would please to do wrong to another. In India it is said that there is a people who do not punish delinquents by force. If a wrong be done, the fact is ascertained judicially, but no sentence is imposed. The offender, however, becomes an outcast. He is perfectly free. His individualism is preserved. But his fellow men will not associate with him. That is a type of Anarchy. Violent outbreaks against the existing order of things, which are usually attributed to Anarchists, are not the work of Anarchists at all. Anarchists are non-combatants. Liberty of Boston is the organ of Anarchy in this country.

Continued from page 3.

reproached him with having dishonored her by the depravities of a passion without ideal, when, knowing nothing about love, she had aspired, in the delicacies of her nature, to the simple outpouring of souls, to the poetry of hearts in communion.

An excellent actress she hid her eyes with her little plump hand, reiterating with sighs her bitter and heart-broken censure:

"No, no! Richard, you have not acted like an honest man!"

What became of the griefs of Marian, by the side of these wrongs of Sir Bradwell toward the Duchess, which she pointed out to him in the depths of her grievous affliction? Treor's granddaughter ran only an imaginary peril to her body; at least the uncertain catastrophe hanging over her would not touch her moral being; while in Lady Ellen's case it was her mind, her emotions, her most sacred sentiments that Richard had perverted. Ah! how this crime outweighed the responsibilities assumed in regard to the Irish girl!

And he, in the examination of his conscience, feeling himself culpable, confused by this specious revelation, at once overflowing with immoderate desire, and, impelled with sincere remorse, full of longing and repentance, he sprang towards his tottering mistress, and without suspecting the pretended fainting-fit which she invented to complete her conquest, he covered her with kisses to bring back the sweet breath and pardon on the pale face to revive the enchanting smile.

To be continued.

Shutting Up an Individualist.

[London Today.]

Not long ago I was in a third class carriage on the Metropolitan Railway, returning from a debate on Socialism at the Hall of Science. An elderly man, snugly swathed in several overcoats and comforters, entered the compartment and sat down opposite me. He was an odiously comfortable, self-satisfied man,—one who obviously wrapped up too much, loved a juicy steak with onions, took his glass of toddy with relish, and was perfectly content with society whilst it enabled him to continue so indulging himself. All this I need not say, made him offensive in the highest degree to me, who am a vegetarian, a teetotaller, a connoisseur of top coats, and a socialist. He planted his umbrella cheerfully upon my toes, and immediately apologized. I concealed as well as I could the detestation with which he inspired me, and politely assured him that it did not matter.

"I see you at the 'Awl of Science jes' now," he said.

"Sir," I replied, distantly,—for I really could not stand his beginning to talk to me: "I have been at the Hall of Science."

"Yes," he said: "don't I tell you I see you there. I think them Socialists wont go there in a hurry again after the shewin' up they've ad. Now, 'ow can men be such idjits?"

"The Socialists," I retorted warmly, "are noble-hearted men; and if you really suppose that the futile evasions and contemptible quibblings of their opponents can for a moment discourage them, you evidently don't understand Socialism."

"No more I don't," he said, with exasperating complacency.

"Well, sir; and whose fault is that, may I ask?"

He answered, in one word, "Theirs."

"Certainly not," I said. "On the contrary, yours, sir, yours; emphatically yours."

"Not a bit on it. Fur won I? A honest inquirer, that's wot I am. Wen Socialism come up four year ago, I sez, 'wot is it?' and I couldn't get a straight answer to that nowhere. Then I asked: 'Is Bredlor again it?' and I found straight enough that he war again it. I knowed Bredlor for many a year; and I knowed that, if there were any sense in a thing, he war the man to find it out. I went to hear 'Yndman debate it with Bredlor; and—"

"Mr. Bradlaugh was confuted, silenced, exposed, smashed, and annihilated in that debate," I said, interrupting him defiantly.

"He recovered from it with a suddenness su'prisin' in a man of his years," observed my fellow-traveller, with calm which made me loathe him. "I do not deny that 'Yndman said many true things; but wen Bredlor put to him the questions whic arose in my mind,—that's wy I believe in Bredlor: he brings out wot I want to 'ave brought out,—no satisfactory answer come. 'Yndman spoke disrespectful wen he compared civ'lization to a wooden 'am'; and, wen it were put straight to him what would become of a little house property, such as I have down in Clerkenwell, he as good as said that it would be twisted from me and 'ev' to the rag, tag, and bobtail. Hows'er, we all thought there was summat in the Federation then. I b'lieved they were twenty thousand strong; and the thing was new; and they had an air about them."

"They had in their ranks men of the first distinction," I said, "and they had at least a hundred thousand members. Now, though only four years have elapsed, the numbers are quintupled; and three or four other societies, equally numerous, are in the field beside them."

"And all so busy, too, that not more nor a hundred-and-fifty or so ever has time to come to a meeting. No: they're bust up,—hexploded. There never was nothing in it from the very first. There was Morris the poet: he wrote notthink under thirteen bob a book; and so none of his knew much about 'im until he blew on the fraternity business by starting another Socialism shop in competition with 'Yndman. Then there was Bax, wot looked twice as like a poet as Morris: he went with him. I went to hear Bax explain Socialism once. He's a clever un: not a doubt of that,—powerful clever,—too clever for them as picks up their edification anyhow. I listened to him for a hour; and not a blessed word did I understand. He wanted to make hout that, if I believed in takin' honest interest for my money, my hidears wouldn't 'old their contents, like as if my hidears was jugs. Bax aint wot I call a man of business. Then there's the Fabians, a sort of genteel Socialists that invites the hothers to come and lecture to 'em, and then sets on 'em to pull 'em to pieces. What's their opinions, I should like to know? And how many of them is there? And who are they?"

"Their opinions are socialistic," I replied. "As to how many there are, I should say about two hundred thousand, including the branches."

"They all fits into Willis's Rooms, and no great packing neither," he said.

"Every member is not present at each meeting," I retorted. "And as to who they are, I cannot enumerate so vast a body. But on the executive they have Mr. Hubert Bland—"

"I see him in the cheer at their meetings," he interposed. "A hoverbearing gent with a heye-glass and—"

"Mr. Bland is my particular friend," I said hotly; "and I request you not to—"

"No offence: no offence," he said, with unimpaired good humor. "There is 'im and Mrs. Besant, she's a Malthusian; and I hear Fielding and Burrows and 'Yndman often pint hout that Socialism and Malthusianism is dead again' one another. Then there's Webb, wot writes articles shewing what benefactors millionaires is; and Holiviar wot Champion calls the harm-cheer socialist; and Podmore, wot is in a ghost-catchin' business down in Dean's Yard; and Bunnard Shorr, wot noone regards as serious."

"Sir," I said, "I have the highest opinion of Mr. Bernard Shaw; and I decline to listen to the slightest disparagement of him."

"Then I would rec'mend you to keep his company hexclusively. But I mean no offence." (Here, to my secret disgust, he insisted on shaking hands with me.) "I will name no further"

names; but I say there is the hitherto conceit in them Fabians; and noone can't tell what they're driving at anymore than the hothers. Some of 'em is that bloodthirsty that quiet people are frightened to jine 'em. Hothers is not proper Socialists at all. Some is all for Parliament and law-abidingness: more is for layin' 'old of heverthinkin', and doing away with government. Between 'em all, nobody can make out Socialism, though heverbody asks about it."

"Stuff!" I said, contemptuously.

"Well, come," he remonstrated. "You say you're one of 'em. Wot is Socialism, now, yourself?"

Though I had been for years an ardent Socialist, this question had never occurred to me; and I was, I own, unprepared to answer it. I looked as profound as I could, and began, "It is a difficult matter to explain."

"Don't I tell you so?" he said persuasively. "And if you was to hexplain it, and me to trouble myself to take it in, the very next Socialist I met would tell me that you didn't know nothin' about it. What society might you belong to, Mister?"

"I am a Fabian," I replied with enthusiasm, producing a sheaf of tracts. "Allow me to present you with a little literature which will perhaps clear up—"

"No," he said, gently but firmly repulsing my offering, "I've read 'em all. Them as is not meant as gammon is himproving; but they don't bring the main point 'ome to me. Besides, how am I to know whether the Fabians is right or no. 'Yndman, I'm told, laughs ready to split wen the Fabians is named. Morris don't say nothin' about 'em; but p'raps he thinks the more; for it stands to reason that, if he thought much of 'em, he'd jine 'em. None of 'em seems to know rightly where they differ, or whether they differ or not. That shows that they don't know their own mind. It's dreamin': that's what it is. Mere Hutoian dreamin',—fancying that human natur' is going to be different."

"So it is," I hissed at him. "So it is."

"Wot!" he said. "No more selfishness? no more cheatin'? no more ignorance and disease and crime?"

"Certainly not," I replied. "Under Socialism, men will feel that each lives for all and all for each."

"Especially hall for heach," he remarked.

"Not especially all for each," I exclaimed. "Quite the contrary. Again, under Socialism, perfect sanitary arrangements will put an end to disease; and life will be indefinitely prolonged. Compulsory State education will render ignorance impossible. There will be no conceivable motive for crime where all are free and fearless."

"Jealousy, for instance?" he suggested.

"There will be community of wives, and therefore no jealousy," I said.

"S'pose the wives objects," he persisted.

"In a state of socialist enlightenment they will know better than to object, sir."

"Let's 'ope so," he said, evidently unconvinced. "Let's 'ope so. You aint married, I see."

"What do you mean by that remark, sir?" I cried, now fairly heated. "What right have you to rush to conclusions concerning a perfect stranger? I am of marriageable age; and I am not labelled as a single man. You cannot see, as you insufferably pretend, that I am unmarried. You have only guessed it. It happens that I disapprove of marriage on principle; but I will not allow you or any man to insinuate that my condition can be inferred by my personal appearance."

"Not from your pu'snal appearance, but from your views concerning the henlight'nin' effect of Socialism on wives," he said placably. "But I meant no offence,—none at all." (Here, fearing that he was about to proffer another handshake, I thrust my fists into my pockets and glared at him.) "Do you find that Socialism sweetens your tempers among yourselves, now, if I may make bold to ask?"

"It does so in the highest degree," I replied. "It shews us that we are brothers and equals; and so it is impossible for us to cherish bitter feelings towards one another. Ill-temper is merely a phase of the system."

"Meanin' the bodily system,—the constitution, as it were?" he inquired.

"No, sir: the accursed capitalistic system, under which the worker is ground down by a brutal compeli—"

"Yes," he said hastily, "I know all about that."

"Do you?" I sneered, my rage growing upon me.

"I've heard it pretty often," he said. "Touchin' competition, some Socialists sez they're quite agreeable to it,—that they depend on it to keep things straight under Socialism. Hows'er, we wont say more about your little differences, as I shall be getting out presently, and am willing to part friends with you. But, concerning your tempers, I would put it to you that for downright abuse and bad language to them as differs from you, your papers beat anything I ever see in print. And—"

"It is false," I cried. "We protest against tyranny; but we never condescend to mere vituperation. Why, you disgraceful old scallawag" (I was now getting almost angry), "do you suppose that we will suffer you and your like to dictate to the workers what language they shall use? I know what you want. Class legislation, class education,—"

"No I don't," he said, edging away towards the door, and looking a little pale. "I never—"

"Oh yes you did," I shouted. "What were you saying just now? You are one of those that would grind the last farthing of surplus value out of the rickety bones of a starving child. I know your sort. But there is a day coming; and I advise you to tremble,—aye, and to look sharp about it; for the day is nearer than you think. There are forty-two millions of Socialists in England already."

Here the train stopped; and he got out quickly, shut the door, and grinned at me through the window.

"Aye," I continued, "you may grin; but take care you don't find your head grinnin' some day on the spike of one of the railings of the new Temple of Humanity."

"I'll see you in a gaol first," he said; "you and the rest of your forty-two millions. You'll fit in a small one. Why can't you learn to tell the truth? D'y'e take me for one of the poor fools you talk down to in Trafalgar Square, when you 'aven't the sense to remember that all Hindland, for once in a way, will read your speeches next day, and judge of you according."

I rushed to the window and thrust out my head as far as I could as the guard called to him to stand back: "You dare to call the people fools," I shrieked, as the train moved off. "Remember 1789. Beware of 1889. Beware of the guillo—" Here my head came into contact with the railway arch; and for some seconds I was not quite sure that I was not myself decapitated. But, even if I had, it would have been very little consolation to him after the setting down I had given him. I advise every workman who finds himself attacked by some foul-mouthed friend of the exploiters to throw off all craven fears, and speak out boldly, as I did. We can make these people afraid if we shew them a determined front, and convince them that we are no longer deceived by their phrases. That done, they will fly before us as they fled from Marseilles before the cholera, and from Nice before the earthquakes; and the future is ours. We will then find out what Socialism is from experience, which is, after all, the only trustworthy teacher. *Vive la Revolution Sociale!*

REDBARN WASH.

A Final Statement.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I suppose I owe the readers of Liberty an apology for continuing to occupy space in discussing a subject in regard to which I am told "everybody" thinks me in the wrong. Well, "everybody" will soon have a chance to read something else, as, whatever may be the result of the present letter, it will be my last.

I must congratulate Tak Kak on the ingenuity he has displayed in discussing the obligation of promises. He construes my statement that promises must, in order that society be preserved, have a binding effect, to mean that without definite promises we are without any obligations toward each other, and valiantly combats this doctrine. I do not think that even "everybody" will need to be told that I hold no such opinions as are attributed to me, and that, on the contrary, they are (or were) Tak Kak's own. It was to him and not to me that you replied, Mr. Editor, in the matter of its being proper to kill the Chinese because we had made no agreement with them. What I contend is that it is impossible to base a society upon contract unless we consider a contract as having some binding effect, and that the binding effect of a particular contract can not be due to the contract itself. That is to say, no special obligations could be created for us by a contract unless we were under some general obligations towards each other already, one of these being the keeping of faith. I have no doubt whatever that with the further advance of society the rôle of formal promises or contracts will be reduced, and this for two reasons. On the one hand, the greater steadiness and evenness of business will not necessitate so many special contracts to promote security; and, on the other hand, what you have called the implied contracts, and what I call the general moral law, will be more widely observed.

Tak Kak claims that right and wrong are individual notions. This is true in the same sense that all our physical conceptions are individual notions. But in this latter case, though our individual notions may differ ever so widely, we are not led to deny the objective reality of the things they represent, and to assert that one may hold one opinion just as well as another. A sangrado, who holds, when his patient dies from bloodletting and starvation, that the true cause is that the blood was not drawn freely enough and not enough water given for nourishment, is just as much entitled to his opinion as the most learned physician; and the "economist" who, when exchange stagnates, upholds the rightfulness of usury and declares the societary sickness to be due to the smallness of the rate of profit has as much right to express his ideas as the most ardent Socialist. The facts remain, however, that over-bloodletting means death to the individual, and usury societary disease. I believe, therefore, that, while the individual is, and must ever be, for himself the arbiter of right and wrong, these latter exist independently of him, and that moral progress consists in the approximation of the various individual conceptions (and, following these, of actions) to conformity with the objective reality. As I look at it, men have not to create justice, but merely to discover what justice is and live in accordance therewith. To me it is as certain that there is a science of justice as that there is a science of optics.

Since the word obligation raises such a storm, and I have used it so often, I ought, perhaps, to explain it. I use the term because I know of none other that expresses the idea; and I fail to see any reason why any one who repudiates the notion of free-will, as I do, should object to it. Everything I do I do because I am obliged to,—because the stronger forces in me at that time make that way. If my ideas and feelings were mere "furniture" for my ego, of course it would be different; but I know of no ego other than the combined ideas and feelings at any given time. A promise to do a thing, then, obliges me, simply by bringing forces to bear that would not have come into play if the promise had not been made; obliges me, in other words, because the me after the promise is not the same as before it.

Tak Kak's attempt to reconcile Proudhon and Stirner is so weak that it might be sufficient to ask in reply why any young man should even be given a chance to show himself. As an admirer of Proudhon's, however, I feel called upon to resent an attempt to cast what I regard as a stain upon his memory. Now, Stirner expressly attacked Proudhon, and, though Proudhon did not reply to him especially, so far as I am aware,—probably he did not know of him,—he replied most energetically to Stirnerism in "De la Justice." From that work I take the following passages:

What is, in fact, this Justice, if not the sovereign essence that Humanity has throughout all time adored under the name of God, that philosophy in turn has never ceased to seek under diverse names, the Idea of Plato and Hegel, the Absolute of Fichte, the pure Reason and practical Reason of Kant, the Rights of man and of the citizen of the Revolution? Has not human thought, religious and philosophical, since the beginning of the world, constantly turned on this pivot?

Justice is everything at once, for reasonable beings, principle and form of thought, guarantee of judgment, rule of conduct, aim of knowledge, and end of existence. It is sentiment and notion, manifestation and law, idea and fact; it is life, mind, universal reason. As in nature, according to the expression of an ancient writer, subsconcurs, conspires, and consents,—as, in a word, everything in the world tends

to harmony and equilibrium,—so in society everything is subordinated to Justice, everything serves it, everything is done at its command, according to its measure, in view of it; it is on it that is built the edifice of interests, and, to this end, that of knowledge: while it, itself, is subordinated to nothing, recognizes no authority outside of itself, serves as an instrument to no power, not even to liberty. It is, of all our ideas, the most continuously with us, the most fecund; the only one of our sentiments that men honor without reserve, and the most indestructible of them all. The ignorant man perceives it as fully as the *savant*, and, to defend it, becomes in an instant as subtle as the doctors, as brave as a hero. Before the splendor of right mathematical certitude pales. Therefore is the building up of Justice the greatest business of the human race, the most magisterial of the sciences, the work of the collective spontaneity rather than of the genius of legislators, and it will never have an end.

This is why, O People, Justice is severe and suffers no rillery. Every knee bends before it, and every head inclines. It alone permits, tolerates, hinders, or authorizes: it would cease to be, had it need, on the part of any one whatever, of permission, or authorization, or tolerance. All hindrance to it is an outrage, and every man is bound to arm himself to vanquish it. Very different is religion, which has been able to prolong its life only by becoming tolerant, which, in fact, exists only through tolerance. This is enough to say that its rôle is finished. Justice, on the contrary, imposes itself and unconditionally: it suffers nothing contrary to itself; it admits no rivalry, either in conscience or in mind; and whosoever sacrifices it, were it even to Thought or to Love, shuts himself out of human society. No truck with iniquity. O democrats: let this be your peace-device and your war-cry. —*Tome I*, pp. 41-43.

Justice, as described in the last two paragraphs cited, is exactly that Truth which Stirner describes as having overthrown God and which must now itself be overthrown, because it imposes itself and is not owned.

After the inorganic and legendary period of which I spoke in the preceding chapter, a primal legislation was given to consecrate slavery and the distinction of castes: this was the law of egoism of which Moses will immediately furnish us an example.

The law of love, expressed by the Gospel, came afterwards, antithesis to the law of egoism, and supposing a third term, as synthesis or balance, which can be only the law of JUSTICE. —*Tome II*, p. 282.

Such was the law of egoism according to which a man, making of another man his servant, his organ, attributed to himself by human and divine authority all that the other man was capable of producing, leaving him, like a beast of burden, only what was necessary for his subsistence.

We shall see now how this reconstitution took place, how the law of egoism came to an end and was replaced by another less rude, which, without realizing Justice, always in the state of utopia, nevertheless served as a pathway to it. —*Tome II*, pp. 293-4.

Like all neophytes, before being admitted to the light, I had to reply to the three usual questions:

What does man owe to his fellows?

What does he owe to his country?

What does he owe to God?

To the first two questions, my reply was very nearly as might have been expected; to the third I replied by the word:

Justice to all men,

Devotion to one's country,

War to God,—that is, to the Absolute,—

Such was my profession of faith. —*Tome II*, p. 309.

Justice is higher than the affection which attaches us to our father, mother, wife, child, or comrade. It does not prevent our loving them; but it makes us love them in another manner, with regard to humanity. It is for this that Justice was made God, and that he who has renounced God continues to adore Justice, even though it be nothing else than the commandment of himself to himself, the principle and law of social dignity.

From all that precedes it follows—and this is a point on which I cannot insist too strongly, since it is the foundation of human morals—that Justice does not reduce to the simple notion of a relation declared by pure reason to be necessary to social order, but that it is also the product of a faculty or function which has for its object the realization of this relation, and which comes into play as soon as man finds himself in the presence of man. —*Tome III*, p. 150.

These passages are stronger than I would write, and they conclusively settle Proudhon's position. I do not expect nor wish that any one will adopt these opinions simply because they are Proudhon's; but the knowledge that an able thinker like Proudhon held certain definite opinions in regard to a subject which he had deeply studied ought to be sufficient to cause any one to bethink him before committing himself to contradictory ideas.

It has not been explained to me yet how, if Tak Kak's ideas are right, there can be any other wrongs than errors of judgment. Tak Kak, in fact, declared in one of his earlier letters that he could not recognize wrong except as imprudence; and yet now he draws a line between mistakes in judgment and errors as to purpose. If I were only anxious for an argumentative victory, I might claim this as an acknowledgment of my position; but what follows it is so confused that I refrain from doing so. Tak Kak says: "It will have morality to be 'truly' good conduct, and, if an individual is so organized that what is for his good is not for the good of the supreme spook of morality, he is not allowed in thought to be a standard of good for himself." This is a complete mis-statement. So long as he confines himself to thought, however improper his ideas may be, morality has no concern with him, beyond pointing out that action in accordance with such ideas would cause wrong to others; but when this being, organized so that his "good" leads him to commit actions injurious to others, actually commits them, morality has commands to utter, commands growing more and more positive with the advance of society. Persons so

organized must either learn to control their anti-social impulses, or they will inevitably be weeded out, until only those are left the pursuit of whose individual "good" does not interfere with the like pursuit on the part of others.

Tak Kak says now that a man would not sell his friends, but the essence of his and Stirner's teaching hitherto has been that one has no friends,—has only property. Friendship implies equality, the recognition of others as like one's self, while, according to Stirner, the ego is alone, surrounded only by *things* which it is for him to use to his best advantage. I do not think that any one who looks on his friends merely as things from which profit to be extracted will hesitate about selling them.

I will now step aside, Mr. Editor, and await the glorious results promised as the result of the crusade against morality,—the outburst of enthusiasm and generosity to spring from the preaching of the gospel of selfishness. (By the way, why not use the plain term selfishness instead of egoism?)

JOHN F. KELLY.

JULY 3, 1887.

Note.—The italics in the extracts from Proudhon are his.

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The Obscenity Spook.

[Winsted Press.]

The Boston "Investigator" says: "On no account would we defend obscenity in any one." There is the point where in we differ from the "Investigator" and many others who are with us in defense of Mrs. Slenker and other victims of Comstock and the obscenity laws. What is there so very terrible about obscenity? Did it ever pick anybody's pocket or break anybody's leg? Never. We do not believe it ever did any positive injury to man, woman, or child, yet one might think it a veritable devouring monster, spike-tailed and split-footed, judging by the aspect of horror put on at the thought of it by some men who are quite bold in the fac- ing of other mythological demons.

We say that is no worse to swear by the realities of nature as exemplified in the human body than to swear by a holy ghost. One is obscenity, the other profanity, and both may be vulgarity; but we believe that a man has as much right to be vulgar as he has to be vain or foolish or to wear a white hat. We are not to be frightened by names into utter forgetfulness of the principles on which human liberty rests and always must rest.

Let the sisters and the cousins and the aunts utter their feminine squeal when a man says "damn it." It is not best to stop and explain that the man didn't mean to say damn it, and that profanity is a dreadful, dreadful sin, on no account to be defended in any one. Yet this is precisely what many are doing in this matter of obscenity. They hear the feminine squeal, they think they see a bugbear coming in the clouds, and they reverently cross themselves and put on a very saintly face, as if something had happened, or was about to happen, to shake the foundations of the universe, and they must look out how they are caught sympathizing with it or with those connected with it.

As long as men of solid understanding and sound sense strike this attitude whenever the mad dog cry of obscenity is raised, such victims as Elmira D. Slenker will suffer outrage at the hands of the mob and by the law that is made for the mob. As long as this attitude was preserved towards blasphemy, Abner Kneeland and his kin were never safe from arrest. Not till men ceased to treat blasphemy as a serious offence deserving punishment; not till they sneered it down and scouted it as anything more than a venial offence against the canons of good taste; not till they asserted their right to blaspheme,—did the blasphemy laws cease to be a menace to free thought and free speech. So with obscenity laws. They will remain to pester the lives of reformers and thinkers and throttle the truth as long as men who ought to know better mind and moulder over it, and concede that obscenity is indeed a very grave and grievous crime.

No man is afraid that his own morality will suffer from any amount of exposure to obscene literature. But his neighbor, his beloved neighbor, for whom he goes to church, and joins the temperance society, and plays the hypocrite generally,—he must preserve his neighbor. It is astonishing how devoted some people are to the moral well-being of their neighbor; and how careless they are in exposing themselves to the contaminations of vice, to save their neighbor!

Now this sort of hubub in the name of propriety and purity has gone on long enough. It is time that clear-thinking men ceased to be frightened by the cry of obscenity and refused to admit the necessity or justice of treating obscenity as a crime. This will after a while kill the law as the kindred law against blasphemy was killed. Any treatment of the subject in a way to simply excuse this person or that one on the ground of good intentions, or false accusations, or what not, will effect little for reform.

The natural right of any man or woman to write or print obscene language and send it or receive it through the mails should be maintained. The treatment of such an act as a crime should be denounced. The law of public opinion is sufficient protection against private annoyance or flagrant wrong.

There is no consistent middle ground. If obscenity is a hideous crime, then the law is a righteous one and should be enforced on all alike. If, as we contend, obscenity is only an offence against good taste and the customs of refined people,—a vulgarity,—then the government should cease meddling with it and punishing people for it as if it were a crime.

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